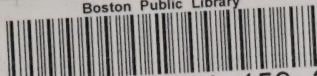


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JAN. - JUNE

The Great Idea: H. G. Wells and Others

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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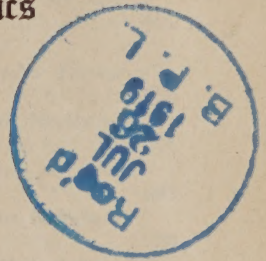
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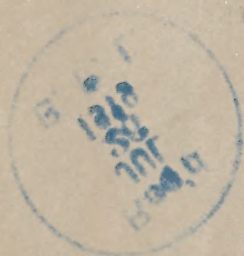
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1919

THE RUSSIAN

[These sayings on war and peace were set down by Madame Fedorchenko, a Russian nurse, from talks which she overheard among Russian soldiers at the front in 1915, 1916, and 1917. From a large amount of material they are selected, translated, and arranged. These detached utterances of wounded soldiers, many of whom could neither read nor write, lying in their cots, were spoken without premeditation or thought of the nurse's presence. Beyond translation, they are printed absolutely without change. Foreshadowing the inevitableness of events, they seem to penetrate the mystery of Russian character.—THOMAS WHITTEMORE.]

WAR, war! To some expected, unexpected to others. Many a man is unready, unprepared, body and soul. The crude gray forces were driven forth, to be the laughing-stock of the nations, with nothing made clear to them; on the principle evidently that, having lived miserably so far, they might as well die for no reason they knew. Straw was good enough for us Russians to fight the Germans with.

By the wish of Wilhelm, by the order of Antichrist, war has been let loose over the world. War has eaten the corn in the land, and war has cut down nations by their roots. From the beginning of time there has been nothing like it. War is more dreadful than thunder, it is sharper than lightning, and is not more merciful than the wrath of God.

A cloud has gathered amid the clear day; war has come amid the Russian people. The women weep, and the girls, and the little children; the old men brood and swear.

At first, when they took us, seven-

teen of us, from our village, we knew nothing, only just felt bad. At every station we raised a row and swore at the girls, and we sang all the way; but we were homesick all the same. Then they began to drill us, and to some purpose, inasmuch as we even fell off in flesh. And they treated us most contemptuously, just as if we had been fools. Yet we were by no means fools. We all were used to farm-work, every mother's son of us. I worked under my father, and he was very strict. The only free time I had was when I worked at a factory for four months. On my way here I cried right along; I felt I was taking leave of life. Mother has been dead these fifteen years, yet I kept moaning, 'Mother, mother!' as I cried.

Our mother sent for us all. I came from the factory, and these were her words: 'Live, my son, long; but live so that your life may not seem long to anyone else.'

I used to attend to a garden. My father was a gardener, and my grandfather also. They were good gardeners.

My grandfather learned gardening abroad, and my mother was a gardener's daughter. That is why I am such a soft fellow. From our earliest age we have never seen blood, and have enjoyed flowers, but at the war we live only with worms and beetles. They dug me up by the roots from my garden, like an old pear tree. What sort of a soldier am I?

I was taken to the war as a chauffeur. I had always, from a child, had a knack for machinery, and in Belgium I learned all about motors. I drove my man right up to the Germans. By the side of us rode cavalry in helmets; they charged, hewing right and left. And Gregory, — before the Lord, I am not lying, — after wounding a man, seized him by the collar, threw him down under his feet, and kicked him and stamped on him, till he gave up the ghost. I met Gregory after that, and I shamed him. 'You a democrat? No, but a vile hound, that's what you are! Is that what you were taught in Belgium? A German is a man all the same, and you handled him worse than a rat.' He wanted to fight me, he was so ashamed of himself.

I had but a brief spell of good living. Mostly I lived miserably. And now I have risen. I have become an important man. And I laugh at everything. I stopped believing in God while I was still a shepherd boy. I said, 'I do not believe; strike me!' There was a great thunderstorm; but He did not strike me. I never particularly cared for life, and did not particularly thank papa and mamma for the gift. But now that they need us for the war, they call us 'brothers,' and 'boys,' and 'dear children.'

Whose is the blame? Who can be reproached with the sin? If we only knew that, if we knew! Is it the Germans, is

it the Pagans, is it the Austrians, or the Bulgarians? One's soul has been sold, and no man is guilty of the war. War itself has come from the other world, and war itself will finish itself.

I am learning everything afresh. The Lord, the Son of God, said, 'Do not kill.' That means, Kill, without mercy! 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' means, Take his last crust; and if he will not give it quietly, hit him with an axe. It was said, 'Do not defile your mouth with unclean words'; but here, Sing vile songs about your mother, to make it merrier for your souls! In a word, grow wolves' teeth for yourselves, and if it is too late and they won't grow, here is a bayonet for you, and cannon, to bite your neighbor under his ribs. But to make a real soldier of me, my back must yet be flogged with whips.

I hate the enemy so, I dream of him at night. I dream I am lying on top of a German, a sturdy fellow, and he won't get killed. I reach out for my bayonet and he takes hold of my hand. I cannot overcome him. I stick my fingers in his eyes, trying to make a hole right through to his brain. At last I find the way! And I am so glad, my very blood boils with joy.

Here you kill a man and get praised for it. Only you don't draw any pleasure from that. What can be worse than taking life? And if you do, you know that you do a forbidden thing. You feel much better if your conscience torments you. If you pay the whole price for your sin, it is gone.

In times of war miracles happen even to the like of us. How that is, I don't know. My feet gave out; I lagged behind and lay down for a brief rest in a ditch. I thought, 'They must pass here,

not far off, and I'll catch up with them.' There I lay, and heard them marching, marching. Night was going, morning was near; but I was powerless to move. I heard them tramping, tramping, nothing but infantry; their boots stamped regularly in time. I thought, 'Lord! there are not so many of us around here. Suppose they are Germans!' I raised my head a bit and looked. So far as I could see, the place was full of the dead. They were disposed in companies, in white winding-sheets. I could hear the tramp, but these seemed to lie flat, like a mist. I lay still as death.

We heard groans, entreaties, questions. We dared not answer; it is forbidden; besides, we did not understand. Woods were all about, and we could not see. But when the moon mounted up, like a rolling ball, we saw; we were surrounded with wounded and cripples, who crept up to us, begging for help. But we could not take them on our horses.

The priest called me to him, and said to me, 'Your sins are many and great. You are more intelligent than the rest, so you have more to answer for.' Had I but known what was coming! We were going there with no thought of blood. Indeed, I kept telling the boys to be careful not to kill the man. But we could not possibly let the scoundrel go scot-free. But when we got there, we began beating him; while he shrieked, we beat him to silence him, and when he stopped shrieking, we just went on. And so it was we killed him, while we never intended to!

He approached me; but instead of looking for my wound, he began to fumble about my pockets. I felt deadly faint, but anger revived me, and I tried to shriek. He squeezed my throat. I

succeeded in throwing him to one side. 'Swine that you are,' I shouted, 'dress my wound! I don't need your help to find my purse.'

I took aim at him, and did not know who it was, but hoped it would turn out to be a German. I aimed from a branch. I took long aim, and shot very luckily. He fell flat, and turned out to be a German, and healthy as a bull.

I tied his hands, and when we came to the little wood, I tethered his legs like a goat's. I said, 'Sit down, we will rest.' He sat, and I at once stuck a cigarette between his teeth. He grinned, but looked very blue. I asked, 'Are you an officer?' He nodded. I asked, 'Are you a soldier?' He nodded. I could not make it out. I smoked and considered how to make him appear as important as possible, when I brought him in, so that I might get a reward. I finished smoking. 'Get up,' said I, 'and come along.' He was silent. I repeated it sternly, but he remained still. Then I looked. He was grinning, and the cigarette between his teeth had gone out. I touched him and found he was dead.

Whether I lay long, I do not know. There were stars. One had to move, and I crept up the hill. On the other side of the hill I knew were the Germans. The rockets were all to the left, and I was glad of that. As I crept on, I heard their talk. I looked, but there was nothing to be seen, only, close at hand a fire blazed up. A sturdy German had lit a *primus*, and was boiling coffee — and the scent of it! 'O Lord!' I thought, 'if one only had that, how good it would be!' My mouth was full of saliva. I crept on; he sat waiting for his coffee and looking at the fire. I fell on him from behind, to strangle him quickly. He died silently, evidently from fright. I took the coffee and

drank it, burning myself in my haste. I drank it up, and carried off the coffee-pot and his helmet.

I unbuttoned his uniform and found the portrait of a young lady: here it is. I don't carry it about merely because she's handsome, but I feel sorry for her, the poor orphan. He used to warm her with his heart; and now I'm sorry for her.

We don't have to answer for anything. Whether the Germans win or whether we win, no one has to answer for it. But among the Germans, it is said, everyone is held responsible, and has to know what he does. Are they taught as we are taught, ra-ta-ta, and ta-ra-ra? No! They are shown how their enemies live, and what their customs are. And when they return after a fight, they are questioned as to what they have done. Each one carries out what is ordered. The Germans will teach us many things, but while they are teaching they will torture us.

I was so stupid once that, when I lay down to sleep, I used to fold my hands in a cross on my breast, in case anything appeared to me in my sleep. But now I fear neither God nor the devil. After I had stuck a bayonet into a man's stomach, it was as if something had fallen away from me.

When the Lord started the Sun on its course in the sky, laughter blossomed among men. They say the Sun is to die some day, and it is true that things point that way. Even since I was born, I can see that men laugh less than they used to.

Father, father! I ask you to teach me, for Christ's sake. I am afraid, I fear death. If I come to Paradise they will ask what good I have done; and

what have I done? Nothing. If I worked, my heart burst with anger, and when I rested, I slept without stirring.

There is no sin in that, that I can see. If I do a thing, and God sees it all, it means that it depends on his will to permit it or not to permit it. If my little one goes near the fire, I'll drag him away and spank him; or if I see his intention in time, I will not permit it. Now God sees everything. If anything bad happens, that too is his will. There is no sin in God.

Whatever one may say to him, he hits you in the face. For a 'Just so!' he'll knock your teeth loose. Well, I could not stand it, but one might not complain. Complaints are not accepted against messieurs the officers. And what sort of a monsieur was he? He had been serving as a clerk in the office, and doing everything for himself. And now he has climbed to be a man! No colonel or general would knock one about so.

I could not endure it. Was I a boy, to be so beaten? I went to report it; but instead of justice, I was sent to prison, and again beaten; and when I returned, I was ridiculed. Life was very hard for me. But here I forgive everything. We are all suffering together.

Take the officers, now, the command; of course they are not always kind to us. Still, they do no little good. They teach you at the very beginning, not merely to handle your rifle, but if need be, to read and write; and that will be of the greatest use to us after the war. And who sees that we are clothed, and shod, and fed? To take away our command would be the same as taking a door from its hinges. We should be running out into every kind of weather. So better keep still.

He received a letter, and shut himself up for some three hours. Then he called me. 'Ivan,' said he, 'tidy up the hut.' But it had already been tidied up that morning. 'Yes, sir!' I turned about and moved things from one place to another. Having turned about long enough, I went out. A bit later he called again. He was sitting with the letter in his hand and seemed strange. 'Ivan, tidy up the hut!' said he. Again I turned things about, and went out. A bit later he again called me, for the same thing. What, thought I, can have so upset him? When I had left the hut, he shot himself.

The two of us, Semion and I, carried our sheep by turns. It was alive, but did not hinder us much. Still, we got so tired, we sat down to rest, and before we knew it, fell asleep. Through my sleep, I heard Semion softly calling me, and saying the Germans were quite near. Sleep fell from me as if it had never been. I sat up, staring into the dark night like an owl, and seeing nothing. Neither could I hear anything but the booming in my own ears from fright. When I had recovered my breath a little, I did hear: true, it was the Germans! And from the time I left home I was afraid of nothing so much as being taken prisoner. Our sheep somehow rid itself of its bonds and plunged into the thicket, making a considerable noise, which fear magnified into thunder. Who else would think of an animal at such a critical moment? Yet my Semion jumped up, and rushed after the sheep; and that was the last of him. The Germans were after him in no time; they fired; then I could hear that they were getting farther and farther away. So I ran in the opposite direction, and toward morning I found our men. But no news of Semion. And he has a family at home. And all for a sheep!

Oh, yes, it hurts when you get wounded! But you get over it, and live on. You eat and drink and talk to people, and are again a man among other men. But the poison gases! To pay for those, many, many Germans should be killed. Nothing could be worse than gas. It twists you and tortures the soul out of you. You won't ever be glad again, not for one little hour.

I cannot say it was very terrible. When I was wounded, I forgot all the world; there I lay and shrieked, and felt no shame. And I cannot say that it hurt so very much; but the thought came to me that I was now alone in the whole world, and so I might do anything. And so I lay and shrieked, then called for 'Mother!' That's all. Then they picked me up. The wound proved of no importance.

My leg was all covered with boils and burned like fire. He said, 'He's pretending.' Think of that, when I wanted to die, I suffered so! How could I work at digging trenches? The clean bandage felt like lead, and if sand got inside, it felt like hell-fire, so intense was the torment.

Oh, what a terrible time we had! When the first wagon arrived, Semion Ivanovitch alighted from it and said to his wife, 'Get the children ready, and get together our really necessary things; we are ordered out of here.' The woman sank down weeping and wailing at the top of her voice. A crowd assembled in an instant; it was as if a thunderbolt had struck the village, and all were crying. Some were striking their heads against the ground, others tearing at their hair. One old woman fetched out a young heifer, put her arms around her neck, and howled; and so did all the dogs, for company. Well, they had to be loaded into the wagons by force, as

they could not be persuaded. Most of them barefoot — rain, mud, cold, a terrible, terrible time at its very worst.

How many ruined children I have seen here! One was so thin that I cannot get her out of my mind. Think of it! In a single hour soldierdom made a wreck of her life. Her mother was beaten to death, her father hanged, and her sister outraged and tortured to death. She was left — not more than eight years old! — with a baby brother who had not been weaned. I began to give him bread as gently as I could, and tried to stroke his head; but he squealed like a wild animal, and with that cry set off to run over anything that lay in his way. After one's eye had lost sight of him, one could long hear how he cried like a beast from grief and loneliness.

Wheat, every ear of it, praises God. It is the trumpet of the Archangels. But amid the corn dead soldiers are lying, ours and theirs. The corpses are fresh, and do not yet cause a smell; the field smells more. And among the corpses, children are wandering, lost. A woman who had decided to run away took a baby on her arm and a little one by the hand. The little one broke loose and was lost amid the corn. They were mostly two-year and three-year children. The people here have handsome kiddies, but they are so frightened that they have long forgotten how to cry; they seem to have lost their voices. They seem stupefied, and dirt and tears have dried on their faces. And some are bloodstained; perhaps they have been beaten. Our Sisters of Mercy began to wash and feed them. They were as silent as dolls. Only when they had gone some ten versts did they recollect themselves and begin to howl. War is hard on the children.

In the wood stood a cross, someone's

grave. I sat down there and did not feel uneasy. At midnight clouds collected under the firs, and the fog crept coldly over me, and sadness seized my heart. I remembered all my griefs. Evidently he must have died suddenly, to be buried in a grave in the middle of the wood. And he must have suffered much, for now that he's dead, he sows sorrow all around him.

In that wood we used the pots that had held the water brought to wash the dead with. Lots of berries and mushrooms grew in that wood, but no one cared to gather them. People said that beasts and birds used to go there to die. It was an uncanny place. In times of drought mists would rise above it, like curling smoke, and a breath of corruption came from it. At night people were afraid even to walk past it. Voices were heard there, and those who heard them did not live long.

That — a church? More like an old chicken-house! It makes me laugh. For I have been, from a child, a diligent churchgoer. Now, their houses are like palaces, with clean beds, wardrobes, and cupboards, sofas, crockery, roses in the front yard, cut and trimmed as if by the barber's hand. But the church might be a stable. It is not so with us. Cockroaches, dirt, a heavy smell that sticks in your nose, that's our *izba*. We sleep in it until the birds wake up; then we eat our fill of bread, and are off to the fields. But we are zealous in worship, and build nice houses for God.

About Masha, a great grief has befallen me. By ill luck I went home. I wrote to say that I was coming, but they did not get the letter. Thirty versts I went by rail, then hired a horse and arrived in the evening. The window was lit up and I looked in. Masha was seated, and beside her some stran-

ger who had put his hand on her breast, and was sitting quietly so. My soul felt like bursting. I wished to break in, but reason restrained me. I knocked at the window. She rose so quietly that it was evident everybody knew about it, and that this kind of thing had been going on long. She came to the window, shaded herself with her hand from the lamp, saw me, and trembled. And I was so glad at their fright that I shook all over. She went back and looked at the man. She told him, and he prepared to run away; but I struck her a mortal blow, and in the morning I drove away to the town, and spent all my money with girls there.

I still had ten days left after the journey, and from the first moment sadness seized me, to think I should so soon have to go back. I did n't have a single hour's happiness. I was afraid to let my heart thaw; I was expecting great grief ahead of me. I shan't again accept leave. God take it!

I no longer want to go home, I saw such things there. I will buy some land here, and will behave well to the inhabitants, so that the blood spilt may be forgotten. More than a little of our own blood also has been spilt. The land is fertile with blood, and it will yield good crops. People will soon forget the war.

I was not to blame. The ice on our river had broken up with the spring. The ice crashed like thunder. Our river is a deep one; steamships go in it. So the river with the ice moved in the early morning, and I had gone to a bath in the suburb, and was returning, being weak after serving in the regiment. I heard a cry; I looked up and saw two boys leaping from one block of ice to another, and the ice was twisting about like shavings in the fire. 'Uncle, help

us! Uncle, help us!' But how was I to help if I did not wish to lose my own life? I did not help. Then folk collected, shouted, and screamed; and the boys were drowned.

I took one swallow of it. It burned, it grew dark before my eyes; a moment later the fire spread through all of me with my blood. I had to laugh against my will, just like a little child, and I forgot all my troubles. That's how I began to drink.

I should like to drink a barrel of vodka. That was what I always had to be at when I was unhappy. And now, as one's life is that of the beasts, it would be better to be like a beast in all.

We loved our mother, and did n't wish to cause her any grief. Our father was a drunkard and used to beat her till she was red all over. I used to pray God to let me grow up quicker. 'Wait a bit,' I used to think. 'By and by you will learn what it means to drag mother about by her hair!' But when I grew up, I took to drink. At first my father and mother used to beat me, but I grew stronger and beat my father, and (sin though it was) I beat my mother, too. There was a fine defender for you!

A woman should be kind and respectful, not envying another woman for her husband, a careful mother of her children, an orderly housewife, zealous toward God, and faithful to her home. Oh, you woman-spindle, twisted by toil! While the peasant labors in the field and works till he gets a bent back, let the wife enter the hut like a sun, sweep up the rubbish, bake the bread, and teach the children sense and knowledge!

I feel queer here sometimes at night before I fall asleep, if I am tired. I seem to be not myself, and I try to

think of some word, some gentle tender word, such as 'blossom' or 'dawn,' or something like that, something sweet and pleasant. Then I will sit on my cot, and keep repeating that word to myself, ten times or more. And then it seems as if a kind hand caresses me, and so I go to sleep.

My heroic action was this. We were lying close up to their defenses, and for four days had not been able to climb out; we lay like reptiles. There was not a dry spot; one could not get accustomed to it. And H——, the ensign, had been caught on the wire when we had started to attack. At first he asked for help, called on the men by name; but one could not show one's nose without being shot. Then he only groaned and breathed heavily. That went on for four days, and he still lived. It is a sin to grumble at God, but here one says, 'Why be careful of one's life if one cannot spare one's soul?' I could n't endure it, and took him off the wire; but I got wounded. Then there was an attack, and our men captured the post.

I am very handsome myself. Women swarm about me like bees round a flower, and I'm not one to refuse them; but I am always expecting things to be different. For what is it like? — just like dogs or cows. Perhaps it will yet come about; I am not yet twenty-three. Beauty must be good for something, or else it's only like sugar in tea.

And then the staff sent some Jews to us. It was a joke. One roared like a whale, and another, as soon as he came, lay down as if dead. He was pale, but his ears wagged. Another, more forward, was always creeping up to the officers and whispering. But there, whisper or no whisper, we must all keep together. We sat in the trenches all night, and when we got there we entered

a house with Stepa Kovalev, and saw a lot of goods of all kinds. We did not know what they were all for. All sorts of articles! Our enemies do live well! We spread a blanket and began to put things into it. What was for each of us we could settle later. And, truth to say, it was a sin. All the same, if we did not take it, others would — there was no owner. There is nothing worse than to abandon a house, but it was not pleasant to stay there, either, especially not for a woman. O Lord, when one sees a woman, one neighs like a stallion. Then, weep or not, one had to act. As we were wrapping the things in the blanket our Jew appeared. 'Lads,' he said, 'that won't do.' We were silent. He went on jawing and we held our tongues. He became excited and shouted, and the captain came. He was amused, but could not help himself, and had to forbid it. He laughed, but ordered us to give up the things. Well, the Jew got it hot from us and from the captain. He went off to the hospital.

Here I am homesick for birds. I remember my boyhood, not only for the beatings I used to get, but also for the delight I had in birds. If Dad, as sometimes happened, would not let me into the house, I used to sleep all night somewhere in a hollow among the vegetable gardens. There were elder-shrubs all around, and the birds' berries. Before the sun rose, the birds would be tuning up in the bushes, trying their voices. In the early morning how their voices feel the sun! So full of joy are those voices, the sun could not but appear in answer to that resounding call, could not but appear.

I was allowed to go out. I went to see the animals and the birds. What beauty unspeakable there is in the world! Some birds are clothed in feath-

ers of every hue in the rainbow, and have eyes like precious stones. And such animals! Incredible! There is the lion, now, the king of beasts. The crowd stands around him, gazing with idle curiosity. But he lies quiet and won't stir, and looks right through you, as if you were not there at all. He is seeing something of his own, quite different. You feel the strength under that hide, a strength like cast steel; and his very calm is terrible. Believe it or not, as you will, but the earth breathes. Only your ear is not always attuned to hear it. Life makes too great a noise around you; we never have leisure, either to look or to listen closely. But there are peculiar days and nights, when the soul tears itself from the material and sees and hears earth live; as you might say, her own separate life. She stirs the swaying grasses and the waters; breathes in vapors, in mists, in the fragrance of flowers, in the exhalations of all living things. So immense is the life of the earth that man can sense it only by feeling, not from knowledge. I think monastic life is the real thing, the stillness that could make many things clear; but where find such retreats?

It sometimes happens that something good comes to you, perhaps a letter from home, saying that all are well, and send their love. And forthwith your soul weakens, and you begin to have all sorts of things the matter with you, and the sum of your sins increases. No! a man should have a stiff soul, tight-laced, trained to think of only one thing; then would there be no room for sin.

Do not pine, lad; what's the use? So very little will be wasted out of life, the merest trifle. You're so very young. The war is making havoc of the whole world. One soul is like one pea in a bag, which, without being

shaken, finds its way to the bottom. The main thing is — preserve life.

One thing a soldier regrets, which is that he has a head on his shoulders. Ah, if he had only arms and legs, he would fight without sorrow, and gain glory for his Tsar.

A blue flame flashed up; a lad ran to the light of it, and grasped it in his hand. The fiery bloom burned his hand, but he did not open it. His heart sank within him, for there were voices and a great noise in the wood; sometimes that, and then again such an unearthly dead silence, as deafens the ear not less than noise. He closed his eyes tight, and through his eyelids he saw devils of various shapes and sizes, who all rushed up to him, but could not strike him. He walked through fire and through water, and through deadly thickets, through this incomprehensible devilish mirage. The live fire blazed in his hand, burning him to the heart, but uttering promises. 'Carry me, lucky one! for the great good fortune I bring. Think of something; give me some order; I will get and bring anything wished for. Let not devilish temptations lure thee. Do not destroy thy soul, nor anybody's soul. This bloom has power in the night, if carried through the mirage. Fortune, success and all good things shall be thine, and joy, love, and heart's ease.'

Thick and ancient woods; one cannot see through them, one cannot pass through them; one can only sing about them in ancient songs. Such woods stand with no path in them. There is such strength in the earth as can overgrow man's roads with wild grasses, and bury them beneath fallen branches, and drive swift currents over them. In the wood there is a different life, not for men's eye. And the devil is there.

One says to another, 'He is no sort of man if he has not read Pushkin and those other writers.' Just think what the fellow who says that imagines! Why, none of us have read them; and are we really not men? He's read them, and yet there's no sense in him! He's weak in body and weak in character, he's easily frightened, he's cross with himself and with the others. He's not a man but a skunk, and that's all your Pushkin's worth. But among us there are real heroes. I can't forget that one, he insulted us so.

He mimicked very well and seemed cleverer than the other simple folk, but when it came to business he was no good. He could tell anything and invent anything, and put songs and tales together well, but he lived only on someone else's hump. Such a fellow could perhaps have found a place in a town; there people loaf the whole day; but the village keeps hold of your hand. If you have n't a hand, you can't feed yourself.

What's the use of talking? As if the like of us were ever asked to talk! At home I was a good scholar. I used to go to the teacher's every day for a separate lesson. He liked me for my cleverness; and indeed I was apt in all things. If I heard a poem but once, I did not have to learn it, I remembered it. I figured out problems in my mind. I could mend a watch or clock as quick as I could look at it. I could understand anything. So I understood that this was not the kind of people that were wanted for the war. And now I am in the infantry; here I sit, like a dog leashed for hunting, and see and know nothing.

Never had I seen such a jasmine. It was not a shrub but a tree. The smell held one's soul. In such a thicket of

jasmine were we posted. We lay down; one could hardly breathe, so strong was the scent of the jasmine. In my head, an old-wife's fairy tale seemed to be repeating itself. There were no real thoughts, nor weariness nor fear; only the fairy-tale. But before long the tale ended. The thing fell right among the jasmines, and I ceased to dream, just as Stepnyack, with an oath, began to regret his legs. He had lost both of them. I had lost an eye at the very same moment. Let the smart old wife tell him stories.

I remained there; had they forgotten me? I was on guard. I lived there a day, and ate dry rusks. The second day there were no rusks left. On the third day I was so hungry I went to search for some mushrooms and found them. I boiled water in a tin and swallowed it with the mushrooms, but threw it all up. What was to be done? No one came for me. By the evening I was ready to die; my stomach ached and twisted, and I was sick. I had an attack of cholera. Then they fetched me to the barracks. Such was my fate.

Inventions, say I, fibs! All that stuff about the soul. The soul is a good thing in the body. And the body is good when in constant activity. Therefore, work, look around you, attend to earthly things. They keep talking of the soul, the soul! and at the same time live like swine.

Go, go, do not wait! Go to beg in the village. Seeking the Lord goes a strange man with a little lad, — a gray one with a white one, — blind and bold, beyond our sight onward to the blue sea, to the edge of the earth. With labor to Paradise, for the maimed and the sinners — out of the thick darkness. Go wanderer, over the earth, winter and summer.

I have got a little property by the war. I did not rob; and what money I have received was given me by a Jewish woman. I took their part. I was looking on when our country-folk, with whips, were making an old Jew gallop over a hedge. He was a hundred-year-old Jew, with curls, dry, with white socks on his legs, and with hair yellow-gray. I went up to them. 'Don't you fear God? The Jew is old. What a sin!' They let him go, and the Jewess thanked me and gave me money. I took it. Ten kronen!

I think I shall have time to run there. I do so want that shirt; it is a nice one, and I want to see the woman, the laundress. A fine woman, she has given me no offense. And an Austrian came to meet me — I from one end of the village and he from the other. And the woman's hut was at the Austrian's end. I rushed into the hut and seized the clothes on the shelves, just what there was; then seized the woman and made for the door and ran. But they shouted and fired. Not one of them hit me! And I had got four pairs of trousers and a warm shirt. I now have a dowry, ready for my wedding.

I went to the window; tap, tap! A woman opened it, a timid woman, who trembled and did not speak. I asked for bread. On the wall hung a cupboard from which she took bread and cheese, and she began warming some vodka on a *primus*. I ate, but there was a noise in my ears. I thought no power could tempt me from this spot. Again came a tap, tap! at the window. The woman opened as she had done for me. I looked up and saw an Austrian tumble into the hut. We looked at one another. A piece of bread stuck in my throat till I was ready to vomit. What we were to do, we did not know. He sat down and took some bread and cheese.

He gobbled it and tucked away at it no worse than I had done. The woman served the vodka hot, two cups of it. And we began to drink just as if we were chums. We drank and ate, and lay down on the bench, head to head. In the morning we parted. There was no one to give us any orders.

Should I inform on him, or should I not? I wanted to, his speeches were so very much against all law. It was not alone that he abused the command — he went for the Tsar himself. Had I informed, it had been good for me; our company commander would have had to give me a bill of three roubles, and those lower down would have respected me. And you know it is those lower down who are nearest to us. Yet I held my tongue. I did not take any leaflets, as that would have been against my oath of allegiance; but I listened, and that was sin enough. But he was such a fascinating speaker. If you ask me why I did not inform, I could not tell you. But the fact remains — I did not. He would bewitch you. We are only too well prepared. Wronged in every way, humbled, living worse than animals, waiting all the time for somebody to teach us; so we listen. We do not follow him — we are afraid; but we do listen. As to informing, God forbid!

As soon as it was dark, we went. They helped us down into their trench. What a trench! More like a palace. And don't the dogs live in clover! Coffee and rum the first thing. They chattered away, but every other word was 'Kamerad, Kamerad.' Their officer distributed leaflets, very politely. We took them — why not? Most of us could not read, so no harm was done; and why should we be rude? So we ate and drank and talked, and now it was time to go home. Half an hour later

we were firing at each other. Comradeship is one thing, service is another.

Do you think one has to be a special kind of man to kill another man? It does not take much effort to do that. You come home, you find want everywhere — the children half-starved, the wife dried to a stick, and blaming you and nagging at you for it all. Your own belly rumbles all day with hunger. And then a thief comes by night and tries to steal your only remaining wretched horse. Well, when you catch him, all you think of is to put the evil thing out of the way. And so you kill him.

There is no kind feeling in my soul for those who have remained at home. When I read that things are going badly for them there, I am glad. Let them, think I, eat one another up like reptiles for having sent us into torment.

It is beyond human strength to destroy that monster — War. There is no end or limit to it. So how could anybody be leisurely thinking in a leisurely way about domestic affairs or comfortable living? Think of your soul. That is what everything depends on in the next world. As to this world, our life in it can hold neither light nor joy.

THE REMARKABLE RIGHTNESS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

It looks Chestertonian as I write it. As if a world of concrete things were to be gathered into the titular abstraction; or as if Kipling's rightness were presently to be proved remarkable in that it is all wrong.

And yet, I think, Chesterton or no Chesterton, — where is he, by the way? — I mean precisely what I have set down: Rudyard Kipling's remarkable rightness. Right, because time has sustained him against scoffers; remarkable, because no one originally expected that particular kind of rightness from him.

This is not to be a discursive or an exhaustive discussion of Kipling's ut-

terances on planetary or even racial questions. I have not annotated his complete works with his 'rightness' in mind. Indeed, to treat him exhaustively would be a very difficult task; for the sum of his wisdom is made up, not of a few big 'works,' but of an infinite number of significant brevities. My only excuse for dealing with him at all is that I have lived a long time with the prose and verse of Kipling, and that my knowledge of him has reached what Henry James called the point of saturation. I will not pretend that I have read every word he has ever printed in the Allahabad *Pioneer* or even in the *London Times*; but I know him very well. I belong to the generation that took its Kipling hard. My friends who

are five years older or five years younger never took him quite so hard as that. They knew other gods.

Rudyard Kipling, in his later life, has suffered under two great disadvantages: his insistence on a political point of view which was unpopular, and the gradual diminishing of his flow of masterpieces. The dullest people will tell you smartly that he is 'written out'; the cleverest will tell you that he was precocious, but always cheap, if not vulgar. Perhaps someone will fling *The Female of the Species* at you. This paper is not to be a catalogue of Kipling's virtues, nor yet of his achievements. But I should like you to consider with me for a few moments that little volume of verse, *The Five Nations*. I take *The Five Nations* purposely, for it is the Kipling of *The Five Nations* that I mean. Not the better known Kipling of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* or *The Seven Seas*. But supremely the Kipling I refer to.

Two things changed the Kipling we first knew: renewed residence in England, and the Boer War. Of course, he was always an imperialist; he always loved Lord Roberts — as long ago as the *Plain Tales*, when Kipling was at once younger and cleverer than anyone else. But he saw these things, then, from the angle of India; he was an imperialist only in embryo. He cared more for the British army — in red — than for the British navy; and Anzacs were not within his vision.

Then — by devious paths — he returned to England; and England held him as it held the man and the woman in *An Habitation Enforced*. The Boer War came; and *The Five Nations* tells how he reacted. He has gone on very consistently from that day, developing, but never swerving from the path of his conviction. England did not listen to him: the Liberals of the first decade of the twentieth century did not pro-

pose to listen to anyone who wrote short stories for the sake of the plot and verse for the sake of a Tory idea. They were much too serious in Great Britain, in those days, to hearken to Rudyard Kipling. And, so far as I know, neither Lord Roberts nor Kipling ever said, 'I told you so.'

Yet listen to 'The Lesson': —

It was our fault, and our very great fault — and
now we must turn it to use;
We have forty million reasons for failure, but not
a single excuse!

How one has heard that rough-and-ready poem reviled — in the early nineteen-hundreds! Even now one recalls abusive editorials in American newspapers about the poem which mentioned

... the flannelled fools at the wicket ... the
muddled oafs at the goals.

'Oblige me by referring to the files.' I remember those taunting comments very well. Not an editor but was so sane that he could make his little mock of Kipling as an extremist. But if you will get out *The Five Nations* and read 'The Islanders' through soberly, you will curse those editors for fools. 'Preparedness' is so familiar to us all now, not only as a word but even as an idea, that we can hardly believe intelligent people were calling a man names fifteen years ago for stating axioms. We are always thinking the days of Galileo are over. But they are not; they never will be; the human race instinctively and always has it in for Galileo. Kipling could get an audience for tales and ballads and jungle-books; but the moment he tried to speak nationally, he could not get an audience. Even now, they would rather read H. G. Wells.

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye
learn how a gun is laid?
For the low red glare to southward when the
raided coast towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little
time to learn.)

'Yes, thanks,' came the sarcastic answer from all the wise British millions; 'we jolly well *do* wait.' And they 'jolly well' did; and a dozen years later it all came true, and their sarcasm was put where it belonged. That is, if they had the sense to see it.

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them,
or ballot them back from your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?

Well: it very nearly came to that. But I suggest that you re-read 'The Islanders.' I cannot quote any more. Every word of 'The Islanders' is true to make one weep; and it was the storm-centre of *The Five Nations*. How many thousands of people felt that, in writing 'The Islanders,' Kipling had destroyed his own reputation! Doubtless the Germans would have felt the same way about 'The Parting of the Columns'; though, if they had read it and had taken the trouble to believe it, it would have saved them a good many millions spent in propaganda. But the Germans were quite as stupid as the British public.

There has been more than one reason, as I have said, for the waning of Kipling's popularity. In the first place, he does not give us so many good stories as once, in the full flush of his genius, he did. That is a perfectly legitimate reason. Then, too, he has had an unlucky trick of seeing ahead. When 'The Edge of the Evening' was first published (in 1913), it passed for hysteria. Only 'fools' believed in German spies — in 1913. But there are other causes more insidious and more potent. He stands, not only politically for the highest type of Toryism, — at least, one fancies he does, — but for a lot of other outdated things: pious attachment to the soil; romantic love, enduring, clean outside and in; the beauty of childhood and the bitterer beauty of parenthood; patriotism unshrinking and unashamed;

loathing of the mob and the mob's madness and meanness; the continuity of the English political tradition, from Magna Charta down; religious toleration; scrupulous perception of differences between race and race, type and type; the White Man's Burden. And I doubt if, even now, he is an ardent believer in Woman Suffrage.

Almost any one of these attitudes would have been enough to damn him with the British democracy. One quite understands that *The Five Nations* would not have been Mr. Lloyd George's *vade mecum*. One perfectly sees why Mr. Asquith, following the usual tradition, passed Kipling over for the Laureateship in favor of a gentleman whom few people had heard of and no one could read. ('The Widow at Windsor' probably shocked Balliol as much as it shocked Queen Victoria.) No Kipling-lover, for that matter, particularly wanted Kipling to be Laureate. One even realizes — though this time with amusement — why he is *persona non grata* to 'the brittle intellectuals that crack beneath the strain.' The intellectuals say that he is good at times for children, and often for the vulgar, and take their refuge in not taking him seriously. The intellectuals have been Russianizing themselves, in these last years; and Kipling's laughter at that phenomenon must have been unholy. They could scarcely afford to feel him remarkably right, it would prove them so remarkably wrong.

As I say, one quite understands why the gorged and flattered workingman, the demagogue, and the 'brittle intellectual' have not read him or listened to him; but it is none the less a mystery that someone should not have listened to him and seen that he was eminently sane on many vital points. There is, after all, no one living in England who writes so well, who is so nearly master of the English language. But

one has to conclude that his audience has made up its mind only to be amused during a train-journey.

II

There was a merry little international correspondence in 1914 or 1915 over 'The Truce of the Bear.' What did Mr. Kipling say *now*? It was all a great joke on him. People also raked up 'The Man Who Was.' I believe Mr. Kipling never replied to his humorous questioners, or, if he did, it was to the effect that a man, like a government, might change his foreign policy with changing conditions. Still, everybody was very much amused, and for some reason (it can have been only his unpopularity) very much pleased. Perhaps they had not forgiven some of the other poems in *The Five Nations*, and looked to discredit Kipling by pitching on 'The Truce of the Bear' as they had once pitched on 'The Islanders.' With Russia driving back the Teutons on the eastern front, I do not see that Kipling, as a patriot, could proceed to defend his ancient position very loudly. But I do not remember — here I speak under correction, for his war-poems are very elusive — that even since 1914 he has written of Russia as he has written of France. And I have often wondered if, in the last months, he has not taken a very private comfort in his own refrain of years ago, —

Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that
walks like a man.

He may at least feel that he was essentially right about Russia, if incidentally wrong. If I am not mistaken, 'The Truce of the Bear' was written on the occasion of the invitation to the first Hague Conference. We took it that it was the Tsar whom England was to mistrust. Very likely. But I cannot help believing that Kipling had a pri-

vate suspicion that the Hague Conference was all tommy-rot. Which, obviously, it was, pragmatically judged. The sheer decency and competence of certain Russian generals did save the world in the first year of the war: let us never forget it. There never was a Russian steam-roller, but the Germans thought there was going to be one. Let us, as I say, never forget it. But for the last year, the Russian people has been behaving allegorically in the sense of the poem.

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering
near and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering,
man-brute guise. . . .

When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws
like hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril — the time of the
Truce of the Bear!

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at
the door,

Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and
o'er;

Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his
hands at the flame,

Hearing our careless white men talk of the mor-
row's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began: —
'*There is no truce with Adam-zad — the bear that
looks like a man!*'

I should be particularly sorry to say anything that German propagandists would like to have said. It is perfectly impossible for the average person to know what is the proper and what the improper attitude to take to Russia at the moment. Even those in high places might be forgiven for being perplexed. What the average person perceives is that the Russians are behaving very much, and very vividly, like 'the bear that looks like a man.' Certainly they stood up at Brest-Litovsk 'in wavering, man-brute guise.'

The only point of all which is that the folk who made so merry, a few years ago over 'The Truce of the Bear'

had better find another joke. One does not base the rightness of Kipling on his merely having been a little less ridiculous, in a given instance, than his contemporaries wanted to think him.

I wonder, too, — still as I turn the pages of *The Five Nations*, — if there is not a tonic value to-day in the poem called 'Sussex.'

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That, as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground — in a fair ground —
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike —
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

The windy internationalism to which we are so often invited, nowadays, to listen, would deny it — might even call it '*chauvinisme de clocher*.' The reply is that people actually do feel as Kipling says they do. He has always tended to serve (in his own phrase) the God of Things as They Are. Granted, for the sake of argument, that it would be good for you to love all men and all countries alike, the fact remains that you do not. If that is your duty, most decent people do not perform their duty; their fathers did not, and their children will not. Even the most radical internationalists wish to substitute class-consciousness for patriotism — on the whole, a less enlightened chau-

vinism than the other. And, judging from the present war, they have not been able to pull even that off.

As for saying that one has the same sense of personal insult in seeing a foreign land invaded as in seeing one's own, that is nonsense. France has been the home of the spirit to many of us; the thought of an invaded France is of a bitterness hardly to be borne. But though one has lived in it and loved it, one is not so angry, in the very depths of one, at Teuton occupation of France as one would be at Teuton occupation of one's own soil. I will not say what German invasion of my own New England would be to me. 'Ten generations of New England ancestors' would rise up to curse the enemy. But even an invaded Oshkosh (and Oshkosh is a mere name to me) would be to me, an American, an even deadlier insult than an invaded Paris. I should take it more personally, I know. And if that can be so for us, in our far-flung, heterogeneous republic, what must be the case with the children of homogeneous France? If I know that I should feel that way about Oshkosh, what must the Kentish man feel about Kent, the Devonshire man about Devon, the Englishman about England? Did not all sane Americans between Bangor and San Diego react in precisely similar fashion to Herr Zimmermann's plans for Texas? I have never even been in Texas, but Texas belongs to me and I belong to it.

No: say what you please, geography is the great human science; it is more intimate than biology. And Kipling has had the sense to see it because he really knows something about the *genus homo*. It was a delightful phrase of the Frenchman's that charmed our youth — 'the passion for the planet'; but are we not a little undeceived now? Do we not at last realize that the only real 'man without a country'

is the cosmopolite? If there be such a person.

I can almost hear someone quoting ironically, —

But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

That is very taking; and in a sense it is true, thank Heaven. But I fancy Kipling would want to modify it now. At least he would like to write a footnote containing a careful definition of the word 'strong.' It would not apply to the average German.

Kipling was called, for many years, by the pacifist-Liberals, a jingo. All imperialists were, *ex officio*, jingoes. Some of these people have got into their heads, by this time, the conception of a 'preparedness' that makes for peace, and realize the difference between a real jingo and a man who wants to avert war in the only way possible when a considerable portion of the world remains militaristic. We all know by this time that, if England had been prepared in 1914, there would have been no war in 1914; that, very probably, if Sir Edward Grey had been empowered to say, at the proper instant, that England would fight, there would have been no war in 1914. Had 'The Army of a Dream' been there, the mailed fist would not have been shaken at the world. But that is ancient history. It is to be hoped that everyone who preached preparedness in the old days is not now stigmatized as a jingo. If anyone still thinks of Kipling vaguely as a war-mad imperialist, let him read 'The Settler': —

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain,

Our love shall redeem unto life;

We will gather and lead to her lips again

The waters of ancient strife,

From the far and fiercely guarded streams

And the pools where we lay in wait,

Till the corn cover our evil dreams

And the young corn our hate.

That is not the accent of the dyed-in-the-wool jingo.

And here again, — still out of *The Five Nations*, — the 'Half-Ballad of Waterval': —

They 'll never know the shame that brands —

Black shame no livin' down makes

white,

The mockin' from the sentry-stands,

The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.

We are too bloomin' much polite,

But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .

Since I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity.

Written at least fifteen years ago — and still, I fancy, the core of the matter. Certainly very different from imperialistic-militaristic conceptions of the rights of prisoners as exemplified by — Wittenberg, let us say.

III

All these later quotations go to show merely that Kipling need not have been so slanged for *The Five Nations*, since in much of *The Five Nations* he has pretty well expressed fundamental British feeling — as is now, day by day, being proved. And — let us face it squarely — fundamental British feeling is on the whole the most decent on earth. As Americans, we like to think that we share it. No one, to be sure, paid much attention to the poems just cited: they took it out in criticizing things like 'The Lesson,' 'The Islanders,' and 'The Old Men.' Now we find that in those much-execrated poems he told the simple truth. Why not admit it? Admit, that is, ungrudgingly, not only that he has been right since 1914, but that he was right much earlier, and that it is the other people who have had to shift their point of view.

But policies — as well foreign as domestic — have, from of old, made bitter enemies and excited acrimonious controversy. No one could have said

anything worse about Kipling than political folk in all the serious English reviews were saying (before the war), all the time, about their political opponents. You could never take up one of those famous periodicals without feeling that vitriol had been spilled in your very presence. If there is a special rhetoric of vituperation, the English political article was its textbook. We milder Americans gasped. No Southern gentleman, on the floor of the Senate, ever went quite so far.

So we should expect Kipling to be called horrid names by those who disagreed with him politically, because that is English political manners. No one really minds, except as one has always resented the doom of Cassandra. What one does mind, what one does resent, is the judgment of the 'intellectuals' on Kipling's general human knowledge. They seem to agree with Oscar Wilde that, in turning over the pages, 'one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. . . . From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. . . . He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvelous things through key-holes, and his back-grounds are real works of art.' Even Henry James spoke of him tentatively, as a young man who had gone a long way before breakfast. Politics always make people see red; but the human emotions in general, people ought to be able to discuss amicably. And the intellectuals have never been willing to discuss Kipling at all. When he is dead, they will, of course. But at present they still consider him negligible.

Now no one — unless Rudyard Kipling himself — is less tempted than I to set Rudyard Kipling up as 'saint and sage,' or to try to establish a Kipling philosophy or a Kipling cult. You may take a man seriously without taking

him religiously, I should hope. But the intellectuals take other people religiously, not to say seriously; and why Kipling is to be forever relegated by our arbiters of taste to the ranks of the frivolous or the hysterical or the vulgar, passes the normal understanding.

Two demands can respectably be made on a writer, in order that he should be taken 'seriously': that he should be to some extent a master of style, and that he should have sane and serious things to say about life. To those who insist that Kipling is not a master of English style, one has, really, — now I come to think of it, — nothing to say. Especially as many of them will tell you, with straight faces, that Galsworthy, or Arnold Bennett, or someone else, *is* a master of style. Mostly, it means that they care so little about what he says that they belittle his way of saying it. They persist in taking a purely momentary point of view. Kipling, I fancy, can afford to await the judgment of posterity. He is destined to become a great English name.

There are probably several reasons for this critical scorn. One is that he writes short stories, and short stories are not yet as dignified as novels — unless the writer be Maupassant. Some of the critics have never read anything but the earliest Kipling. Largely, it is because they have not the faintest approximation to a Chaucerian or Shakespearean sense of life, — life, good and bad, high and low, grave and gay, — and they find no charm, no 'distinction' in the blessed, common, earthy Englishness of the English scene. Most of all, they are uninterested in the very universality of the emotions and events he deals with: patriotism, love, childhood and parenthood, duty, and death. Nor have they much taste for laughter. As for tradition, they are so busy scrapping it, that they are not concerned

with illustrations of its continuity and deathlessness.

I could get up a better brief for Kipling on the human score, if I were not making it a point of honor to stick to *The Five Nations*. For Kipling has gone on very much, even since then. *The Five Nations* deals particularly with the Boer War and reactions after the Boer War. His more explicitly 'human' wisdom is not to be found there in greatest measure. Yet in some ways *The Five Nations* came home to us just now more than other things, when we were in the midst of the very war which he therein prophesied.

Take the 'Chant-Pagan.' When the war is over, there will be some millions of Englishmen (to leave out the other Allies) who will come home singing that chant — if not literally, then in spirit. In fact, that is the most encouraging thing in all Kipling for the reformers — except that I do not believe the returned soldier will care much more for the English industrial paradise than for the 'Squire an' 'is wife.' Even old-age pensions and the abolition of great estates, and all the other articles of Lloyd George's faith, are not going to make him happy. He is going to know too much about real values. There is just a chance that, after having saved England in the field, he may save England at home. There will — God send! — be so many of him. No man can prophesy; and yet already, in America, one hears people wondering about our own boys, in the very sense of the 'Chant-Pagan.'

Naturally, as I say, the more personal human relations are not dealt with in *The Five Nations*. But there remains 'The Second Voyage.' I do not know that anything saner or wiser or more poignant has ever been written about that love between man and woman which is the bulwark of Occidental civilization. No one can deal more ten-

derly than Kipling with the idyll between boy and girl — look at 'The Brushwood Boy.' He can even deal convincingly with the great illicit love (though it is not a favorite theme of his) — witness 'Without Benefit of Clergy' and the great paragraph in 'Love o' Women.' But the love that he most often treats is the love between husband and wife: the love that is built on shared tears and laughter, on deep domestic sympathies and clean sex-attraction, the love that many waters cannot quench. In 'The Second Voyage' he explicitly renounces all others; it expresses love, if you like, more or less according to the prayer-book. He sacrifices to the god of Romantic Marriage. If you choose to put it that way, there ain't a lady livin' in the land as he'd change for 'is dear old Dutch. Perhaps that is why they call him vulgar. Many of our 'serious' contemporaries appear to resent any account of human relations that is both vitally human and essentially decent, because it leaves at one side their two preferred groups: the very sophisticated, and the criminal classes.

I suspect that one difficulty, for the more sincere, if still brittle, intellectuals, lies in the unconventional verse-forms which Kipling often affects. They can stand any amount of slang in prose, but they cannot endure it in verse. At least, they do not believe that 'high seriousness' can wear such a garb. I dare say they would throw out even 'The Second Voyage' on the score of unconventionality. Well: let them. I was going to quote some of it, but I am too out of temper with the intellectuals. They may read it for themselves. And probably none of the moderns would be able to endure the mention of 'Custom, Reverence, and Fear.' I give it up. But they need not think that Kipling's own education in the matter of sex-relations stopped with the Gadsbys.

To the mind of the serious Kipling-lover, the thing that grows more and more impressive is his universality. Perhaps it seems to some an unimportant list of allegiances that I have mentioned: 'pious attachment to the soil; romantic love, enduring, clean outside and in; the beauty of childhood and the bitterer beauty of parenthood; patriotism unshrinking and unashamed; loathing of the mob and the mob's madness and meanness; the continuity of the English political tradition, from Magna Charta down; religious toleration; scrupulous perception of differences between race and race, type and type; the White Man's Burden.' Many a man has had a tablet in Westminster Abbey for a lesser creed. And almost no one has sought his wisdom and his delight in so many places or so many classes of society. Engineers, subalterns, ladies of the manor, cockney privates, Hindu bearers, Boer farmers, half-caste Portuguese nursemaids, Gloucester fishermen, bank clerks, reporters, young English children, German scientists, law lords, public-school boys, lamas, pilots, children of the zodiac, even the beast-folk of the jungle — what a Shakespearean welter, and, humanly speaking, what a Shakespearean result! It is the 'good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth.' And the far-flung adventure has brought Kipling back to a very simple but not too easy code. At least, one cannot say that he sticks by the most English of English traditions because he has never seen anything else. He has had room and chance to choose. He has ended by being very orthodox, not to say conventional, about the fundamental human duties; and he reads history with a canny eye. But I do not think anyone can accuse Kipling of being a stick-in-the-mud. 'With the Night Mail' does not look so Jules Verne-ish now as it did when it was printed.

Perhaps some day we shall even have to give the benefit of the doubt to the later 'flight of fact' called 'As Easy as A. B. C.' Though I admit that that is going far.

Just there, I did leave *The Five Nations* for the moment; but it is impossible to mention 'As Easy as A. B. C.' and not also quote some of 'MacDonough's Song.'

Whether the People be led by the Lord,
Or lured by the loudest throat;

If it be quicker to die by the sword
Or cheaper to die by vote —

These are the things we have dealt with once,
(And they will not rise from their grave)
For Holy People, however it runs,
Endeth in wholly Slave.

Whatsoever, for any cause,
Seeketh to take or give
Power above or beyond the Laws,
Suffer it not to live!

Holy State or Holy King —
Or Holy People's Will —
Have no truck with the senseless thing.
Order the guns and kill!

Saying — after — me: —

Once there was The People — Terror gave it
birth;

Once there was The People and it made a Hell of
Earth.

Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!
Once there was The People — it shall never be
again!

Easy enough to see why Kipling is not popular. Yet Kipling is by no means the only person who is warning us that mob-rule may come and sweep away our institutions. Most people who fear that event are doing their best to ingratiate themselves with the mob before it wholly loses its temper. I confess that — politics apart, and as a mere matter of dignity — it is a comfort to hear some man speak in another spirit and sense than that of craven conciliation. I have not quoted from 'MacDonough's Song' because I think it is a great poem; but because it is perhaps the most nakedly, bla-

tantly 'unpopular' thing Kipling has ever written. There it is, openly admitted, in all its offensiveness — his greatest crime. Damn him for it if you feel inclined, but confess that to write as uncompromisingly as that is better manners than to have loathing or fear in your heart and honey on your lips. 'We reason with them in Little Russia,' says Dragomiroff in 'As Easy as A. B. C.' Well, it looks as if, several generations ahead, that might still be the method in Little Russia. The story was written in 1912.

The Five Nations ends with 'The Recessional,' which preceded the Boer War by three years. And there is nothing to add to the 'Recessional,' even now; except that Germany needs to read it, at present, more than England does. All that I have meant to do is to point out that Kipling was right about preparedness, right about the Colonies, right about Germany, right about Russia, right about the Boers, right about Kitchener, right about demagogues and 'labor,' right about the elderly politicians, right about the decent British code, right about patriotism and the human heart — right about love. And that for all those things (except the last) he was slanged as if he were wrong. In political matters, 'thought is free,'

with us, at least. But in the matter of literary criticism, it seems a pity not to realize the worth and distinction of the few people we have who possess either. I have been told that Kipling still sells better than any other author in America. When I think of Harold Bell Wright, I hope, for the credit of America, that it is true. Perhaps the attitude of the intellectuals is mere snobishness, which cannot consent to think a best-seller literature. But, as I say, it is a pity that the greatest living master of English style (for Conrad's is a restricted field) should not be confessed to as such by the few who still profess to care about style. One would not mind so much if they did not commend such a lot of third-rate stuff.

I am glad that Kipling himself has the vulgar consolation of royalties. He has, to be sure, — I repeat, — the disadvantage of telling the truth prematurely. If we have just about caught up with *The Five Nations* — well, let us hope that the argument from analogy will not work in this case: that we shall never have to catch up with 'As Easy as A. B. C.'; that that, at least, may not be an instance of his remarkable rightness. For it does not make one happy about the immediate future.

THE TRENCHES AND THE CHURCH AT HOME

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

EVERYONE must realize that the churches cannot possibly come out of this war in the same state in which they entered it. Nothing is going through this fire without becoming malleable, or, becoming malleable, can resist the pressure of remoulding circumstance. And the men of the army will wield an enormous influence in all the changes. Conscription was an impartial hand, that reached down into America's population and brought up men out of every tribe, tongue, people, nation, creed, and stage of culture. The average man always has been here, but now he has been put where we can reach him; he has been given a chance at publicity such as he never had in civil life, and a place of eminent respect where we mind deeply what he says. The chaplains and Y.M.C.A. secretaries, in particular, are living with him, eating, sleeping, fighting, dying with him. He becomes through them religiously articulate where he once was dumb; and because there are millions of him coming home to sway the future of the nation, he is tremendously important. The churches, facing a new day of unpredictable changes, may well see all that they can see through his eyes.

This stressing of the religious importance of the men in the trenches does not mean that they are becoming saints. There is nothing remotely resembling a revival of religion at the front. Our boys are heroes, and because desire is strong, some insist on presenting them

with halos. The actual fact is that war presents a manner of life where religion has a tragic battle even to survive. To be sure, great souls shine brightest against dark backgrounds. So some whose spiritual life in milder days was little noted, flame out in brilliant faith amid war's horrors, like flares that light No-Man's Land at night. Such men have sometimes given fortunate permanence to their spiritual triumph by enshrining it in letters home, and these have been published so that all could read. And because the folks at home have no other way of judging what is going on within the soldiers' minds than by such literary memorials, these letters have been taken as typical. The whole army has been imagined as stirred by war to faith in God, to lives of prayer, and even to an abiding experience of spiritual exaltation.

The fact is far otherwise. The reason for religion's hard struggle at the front must be evident to everyone with imagination enough to put himself in the soldier's place. How lively and acute can a man allow his finer sensibilities to be, when he lives in verminous dugouts, is surrounded by gruesome death, and from time to time plunges into terrific slaughter? The only hope of carrying on is for him to reduce his sensitiveness to the minimum, to habituate his mind to a cool, impassive observation of things horrible, to learn to jest over sights that he once would have fainted at — in a word, to toughen his spirit against the impact of his life and to become as thoughtless as he can. Experience at the front tends to obscure the

loftier ranges of the soldier's life. A devout lover of music, since killed in action, confessed that he did not miss music, because he 'was n't carrying on with those faculties.' Says one chaplain, 'In the trenches, thoughtlessness, in the literal sense of the word, is almost a necessary part of the soldier's equipment.'

This is not saying that these men are not religious. In magnificent ways they are fundamentally religious. They have given self to the more-than-self in unstinted dedication. The very necessity of minimizing life, of which we speak, is the acutest point of their self-denial. And in the cause which they are serving with their very lives, one is sure that the great majority of them feel the divine purpose; in serving it, they seek the help of God. But there is no 'revival' at the front. The soldier does not think overmuch about his religion; he talks about it less; he hates the man who tries to pry into it. It is hard enough to live the part of it that lies next at hand. And one who watches him asks only the chance to help him to do that, —

Hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty!

This subnormal life of the trenches, however, does not mean that our soldiers are negligible witnesses about religion and the church. Of all the men of our generation I would choose to know what *they* think about God, and the institutions that are supposed to represent Him, and the people who are accustomed to proclaim Him. I would choose them, not simply because they are the epitome of our American manhood at its best, but because this experience of war, in spite of the self-limitation which it imposes, has been an apocalypse to every sensitive man who has gone into it. Non-essentials inevitably fall away; the conventional

trappings and drapery of life are torn asunder; men, freed from traditional bias, look first-hand at the grim, elemental facts of life. They are not going through this mingled hell of agony and heaven of devotion without growing wise. The church may well desire to know what they are thinking.

The average American churchman needs a new slant in his view of the relationship which we at home bear to these men in the trenches. We call them 'our boys.' It is a phrase compact with affectionate sympathy and pride. It implies the solicitous attitude of experience toward youth. They still are boys to us. And one who lives with them perceives with thankfulness how marvelously amid war's havoc and monotony they do preserve their boyishness. Their endless good spirit; their refusal to take anything very seriously; their happy-go-lucky fatalism about their chances in the battle; the ludicrous nicknames by which they camouflage the most tragic incidents of war; their extravagant happiness over a little extra food or a specially comfortable billet in a barn; their refusal to complain about anything important, like being blown to pieces; and their insistence on complaining loudly about everything unimportant; and, over all, their joyous conviction that they are invincible — such things are a perennial revelation of the soldier's boyishness, and they make the billets just behind the front the most cheerful place on earth in time of war.

But only a shallow observer can suppose that these men are really as boyish as they appear. In this experience they are going down into the heart of life. They have faced a cause that asked of them their all and they have made the great decision. Death, that skillful discriminator between things transient and things eternal, is their constant companion. They go out night after night,

on roads or into trenches, where high explosive shells sing all around, and shrapnel bursts almost as thick as fire-flies shine on country roads in June. They are often frightened — as one boy said, 'frightened but not afraid!' And while they do not think overmuch, — they cannot and still live, — their thinking moves by clear, sharp, sudden strokes to the gist of things. They see what matters most. They hate cowardice, selfishness, snobbishness, tyranny. They love courage and self-forgetfulness and loyalty and deathless faith that right will win. The best among them have been initiated by this war into an insight that neither books nor schools nor threescore years of civil life can give any man. And the pith of the result is this: they have been where only the elemental needs of men are real, where only the fundamental faiths and virtues matter, and they swiftly divine the essential from the accident. They have a quick instinct for what is genuine, for what rings true and really counts. Above all, they hate ineffectiveness and make-believe and unreal talk. And what they hate they have no patience with; they have learned to fight; they are not tolerant. Woe to the man who even now in France addresses them with unctuous phrase or conventional doctrine or wordy exhortation! He will lose his audience and speak to vacant seats before he has well begun.

And these men, by millions, are soon coming home!

That glorious, ominous fact the churches seriously must face. We Christians in America have been asking ourselves, ever since this war began, what we could do for the boys in France. We need now to face another question: what are these returning soldiers going to do to the churches in America? They yet are overseas — three thousand miles of water between

our cherished traditions and their growing insight. Perhaps there still is time. But every day they have become more impatient of sham, intolerant of ineffective words, sick of narrowness and bigotry, scornful of emphases that do not matter and of pretensions that are full of wind. Every day they have learned to face real facts and to fight hard battles. When they come home, they will turn a half-unconscious but scathing scrutiny upon the church and all her ways. Already, as one chaplain says, 'our boys' look upon the folks at home as 'children in experience' compared with them. They went out, boys; they will come back like the Judgment Day.

II

Let this be said with emphasis, — because without it the judgment of the soldiers cannot be understood, — that when they think of churches, they mean *churches*, not the chaplains or the Y.M.C.A. Whenever some phosphorescent tidal-wave, like Dr. Odell's article in the February *Atlantic*, rises to overwhelm the churches, we instinctively raise up the Y.M.C.A. as a bulwark against the flood. See what we are doing in this trying time, we cry; how great the enterprise of the churches' men, how effective their service, how splendid their statesmanship! Within measure, this appeal is just. The Christian Associations do represent the churches in action for the army. Their birth and sustenance are in the churches, their men and women come from the churches. No institution that can throw out such vital and effective means of service is moribund; no society whose representatives can do what the chaplains are doing at the front is in decay. But, so far as the soldiers are concerned, they feel a difference between the churches and these splendid expressions of Christianity's vitality.

And they are right. Back in America's towns and villages our churches stand — Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian, and what not. With their sermons, ceremonies, prayer meetings, Sunday-schools, Ladies' Aids, Men's Clubs; with their pastoral visitations and their social gatherings, their finances and their fairs, they are the churches. Is it well with *them*? That question we may not evade by praising the Y.M.C.A.

Moreover, when the soldiers in their thinking fall foul of the churches, they do not necessarily lack devout admiration for Christian people and Christian ideas. One gains among our men in France an impressive sense of the universal influence of religious life and thinking in the United States. Thousands of service stars in our Christian homes and in the chancels of our churches represent these men; their spiritual roots are back in the meeting-houses of America; multitudes of them have their early, hallowed memories intertwined with Christian traditions and customs; and now in France they are unspeakably grateful for the service — motivated by Christian spirit and beautiful with Christian filiations — which for their sakes pours from church and home.

A visitor cannot see, unimpressed, among the bastions of a Napoleonic barracks, a company of Americans at a chaplain's service, welcoming new members into the Church of Christ, with representatives of twenty-two denominations, there present, voting to receive them. Or in Y.M.C.A. huts on Sunday evenings one cannot hear, unmoved, hundreds of our men singing, often with no books, the hymns that they have loved back home. Not easily forgettable such scenes! — five hundred men, just going up to battle, singing in a great chorus, —

'I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless.
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
 victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me!'

Against the background of just such scenes, however, the feeling of so many in the army about the churches becomes the more startling. To hear a man, once a leader in the Christian work of church and college, and lately facing grim events in France, cry out in animated protest against the 'milk-fed Christianity' on which he was brought up; to hear him, not flippantly but in agony, berate 'the utter unreality of the old sentimental religion' on which the churches suckled him; to meet his scornful denunciation of the churches' 'dope' even while he was resolving to find God, not lose Him, in this war, is to be aroused from the complacent lethargy which times of peace too often have induced. The information which one gleans in the army does not concern the splendid efforts that the Christian people have been making since war broke out: it concerns the state of the home churches which these men knew before the war began.

To be sure, no one supposes that he can reduce even to a semblance of unity the bewildering diversity of life and opinion in the army. Some of these men will come back from their experiences saints and prophets, and some will return debased and brutalized. Some of these men will bring back a spirit of sacrifice and a capacity for coöperation which will enrich the social life of America for a generation, and some will conclude that they have done their bit and that the world henceforth owes them a living. Thousands of these men never have had interest in the churches and never will have, and other thousands are utterly loyal to the churches and will return with deep thanksgiving to the congregations

which they left. But I do not see how, even amid this confusion of contrarities, one can live long with the army without encountering a certain clear drift and major emphasis among those men whose intelligence and character make their opinions alike most easy to obtain and most difficult to neglect. And this drift and emphasis are very disconcerting to a churchman.

So far as I can see from months of living with the army, there are some things in the churches' life on which the hostility of the soldiers especially will fall. For one thing, how intolerable to those who have caught the devotion of the army is a certain habitual selfishness in the churches' appeal to men! If in France to-day, in speaking to the soldiers, anyone suggests that perhaps they soon will die, that if they do they may go to hell unless they are 'prepared,' and that therefore they had better believe something religious to avoid the sad contingency, that man incontinently shuts up, or else he leaves France, or more probably he does both. The soldiers will not listen to him; the army will not tolerate him. The reason is not simply that playing on morbid fears is an assault on the army's morale: a deeper reason makes this all too familiar appeal of the churches unendurable. There is a fundamental antipathy between such talk and the spirit in which the whole army is living. The former is thoroughly self-centred. The latter is gloriously self-forgetful.

To be sure, soldiers are not super-saints in their lack of all care about themselves. Self-regarding motives never can be absent from complete humanity. Not a few in the army still look to religion as a means of safety, from shell-fire if not from hell-fire. They use God as a last recourse in desperate emergency; they regard him, so one chaplain reports, as 'little more than an extra rifle'; their religion is

sheer magic for selfish purposes. At their best, however, the soldiers, when they think about themselves, rejoice in the personal enlargement, the inner satisfaction, the individual rewards for valor, the anticipated share in future victory, which are the just recompense of sacrifice. They care deeply about the quality and fibre of their individual lives. In the fellowship of a common task they would not for the world have to make the humiliating confession of Masefield's sinner,—

'The harm I done by being *me*.'

And even such high self-regard is subordinate; the fore-front and cutting edge of all the army's thought is for the success of the crusade. 'I used to wonder at the Cross,' an American soldier in France said to me; 'not now! I think that Jesus was a lucky man to have a chance to die for a great cause.'

How can many of the churches in their present mood expect to appeal to a man like that? Come to God that you may be safe — will *that* do? Come to God for there is in his hands solace for believers — will *that* do? 'Far more important than your work in France is the preparation of your souls to meet the Lord who speedily will return' — words used by a preacher to troops on an American transport; will *that* do? Will any mean, self-centred motive do?

Let no one suppose that soldiers are blind to this contrast between selfish religion and the spirit of the army. One of the British chaplains quotes from an English officer an opinion, the full import of which no modern churchman can afford to miss: 'The reason I don't like religion, padre, is that it's such a selfish thing. It simply threatens sinners with hell and promises comforts to the good.'

Now, religion can afford to be called many names; but in this generation of

splendid self-sacrifice, for religion to be called 'a selfish thing' is to condemn it to irretrievable perdition. Many will cry at once that this officer's verdict is unjust — a gross caricature and perversion of the facts. And it is unjust to all progressive Christian thinking. But as I recall a long and intimate association with the churches, I am not so sure that with clear conscience I can charge that soldier with misrepresenting the appeal, to which I have listened till my soul grew sick. As a lad, I was frightened half to death because I feared to go to hell — not by my family, bless their sane and wholesome spirit! but by the church. At nine, I suffered tragic torments because I thought that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and so was 'lost.' All through my lusty youth I perjured my soul almost beyond redemption in collective expressions of a deep desire to

Wash my weary feet
In the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan!

And while the finest, sacredest things of life have come to me out of the church, and my deathless gratitude belongs to her, a hidden anger still is there against this wretched play upon my selfish fears and selfish hopes.

When to-day we hear the most popular evangelists still consigning whole classes of our citizens to hell, while all the leading ministers and laymen of the community applaud; when we hear still the old appeal that men should come to God because they thereby save themselves for future bliss in a golden paradise; and when the chief effect of the war on multitudes of American Christians has been to set them interpreting the prophets to discover the date of the world's end and of their own ascension into glory, how can we say that that English officer was utterly unfair? The churches for generations have

been urging upon us an individualistic and self-centred gospel. We have been continuously supplied, in hymns, in liturgies, in sermons, with Jonathan Edwards's dominant ideal, 'I make seeking my salvation the main business of my life.' Even when this self-regarding motive has not been centred on a *post-mortem* heaven, it has been centred quite as selfishly on this present life. God, a gigantic policeman, forever clubbing those who break his traffic regulations, and feeding with goodies from his ample pockets those who mind his word, so that one had better keep upon his kindly side — H. G. Wells is not the only one who was brought up in the churches on that kind of deity. It was a senior chaplain, who, returning from the front, wrote of our religious thinking, 'It has descended through a steady gradation of selfish prayers and anti-social hymns, till it reaches its final degradation in that definitely and shamelessly unchristian chorus, which was recently so popular in revivalist meetings, —

'That will be glory — glory for me.'

Against the background of the millions of self-forgotten men who fought in France, how dark this record looks! Many a soul is being saved there. Many men, returning, will bless America with a heft and range of character that they did not have before. But they did not go to France to save their souls. They forgot themselves, and went to France to save the world. They are learning that innermost salvation that never comes except through social sacrifice; they have found their lives by losing them in a cause. In the midst of them one feels furiously the shame of the selfishness with which the churches often angle after men.

A lieutenant in the British army writes, 'The war has undoubtedly widened the gulf between the man and

the churches.' I see no reason to suppose that that will not be true in the armies of America. A God who calls men to

. . . smite the lies
That vex the groaning earth,

these men can understand. A God who sets men to hard tasks and gives them inward power to battle through to righteous victory — war introduces thoughtful men to Him. The Christian God of costly moral purpose, building His Kingdom among men — if the church would only lift Him high! But in the name of all the mighty social tasks that await the concentrated energy of the race, now and in the days of reconstruction, let the churches stop making men suppose, what one chaplain says the soldiers think, that religion is nothing more than a 'bribe for protection by a benevolent God!'

III

When the returning soldiers open their assizes, another indictment will undoubtedly be pressed against the church: the pettiness of her sectarian emphases. From the days of the prophets until now, august souls in religion have tried to make first things stand first, and to save the church from her arch sin of 'specializing in irrelevancies.' And in our generation, the belated futility of our denominations, the shame of our stress on dead issues and our negligence of live ones, has been so obvious, that scores of voices have been lifted in agitated protest. But still our churches, for the most part, have jogged on their complacent way. Circumferential trivialities have become the business of the churches. The intellectual classes, trying to think real thoughts about live issues, have gradually drifted away, until Christianity faces to-day, in the defection of the universities, not from religion but

from the churches, a crisis of the first magnitude. The forces of labor, fighting real battles for immediate needs, have passed in multitudes from alienation, through hatred, into contempt of the churches. Social idealists, mystified by the carelessness of the ecclesiastical establishments about the great ends of social reformation, have appealed until weary, and in droves have sought other instruments of service, other sources of inspiration. Thousands, grown spiritually thin on the dry husks of theological speculation or platitudinous exhortation, have gone off into sects, both sane and crazy, to seek some contact with reality. And millions, still members of the denominations, wistfully loyal to the life for which the denominations are supposed to stand, hold hard by God, but find the churches' message and programme uninteresting and unimperative.

And now the crack of doom sounds over the old world as it used to be, and all things are melted and remoulded before our very eyes. Do we of the churches still think that in undisturbed serenity we can jog on in the old rut?

That this is a real issue, as critical as any which the church has faced in all her history, one feels who has lived with the men in France. Whatever else this war has done to thoughtful men in the army, it has made them see that life is short, that only a few great things in religion matter, and that it is a waste of breath to spend much time on accidentals. The main issues of religious faith often loom large at the front. 'God and Heaven seem more real here in the presence of suffering and death,' writes one soldier, 'than they ever did at home.'

But the minutiae of our denominations — what possible importance can the returning soldier see in them? They are an impertinence. Protestants of all kinds, Catholics and Jews, men

of forty different nationalities, speaking many tongues and approaching God by many avenues, have lived, endured and died in France together. They have not weakly submerged their differences in the common thought, but they have learned to love and honor many men from whom they differ more than some men with whom they well agree. They have grown impatient of false and insignificant divisions between themselves and their comrades. They would not easily tolerate being told that they must not fight beside an American Indian because of King Philip's War, or beside an Englishman because of Saratoga. It seems obvious and important in France that the tasks which unite modern men in a common enterprise for the weal of humanity must not be broken up by insistence upon differences that should have died a natural death years ago. And plenty of the soldiers see that this thing which must not happen *is* happening in the churches. Excommunications because of forms of baptism or theories of the Eucharist; debates waged with weird fury over whose hands were laid upon whose heads in apostolical succession; heresy trials about old miracles or fine points of authorship in Biblical literature; quarrels over creeds that the Christians of the second century fought the Gnostics with, or in the fourth century used against the Arians; ferocious insistence on points of doctrinal difference that were live questions when Knox shook Scotland or Calvin in Geneva held intellectual court for all Europe, but which it is a shame now to keep from decent sepulture—what sense is there in basing our churches upon these, in making ecclesiastical divisions follow the boundary lines which these denote, and in causing men, like our soldiers now, to think that Christianity chiefly is concerned with the maintenance of these?

Writes one lieutenant, 'The majority have not the foggiest idea what Christianity is all about!' Write six chaplains in a concerted statement, 'Men have absolutely no clear conception of the Christian religion.' Well, why should they have? Washington Gladden surely would not be alone in saying, 'While therefore I had as large an experience of churchgoing in my boyhood as most boys can recall, I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say that churchgoing helped me to solve my religious problems. In fact, it made those problems more and more tangled and troublesome.'

Is this judgment harsh? Then let a returning soldier speak for himself. He came home from war and went to church, and this is what he wrote: 'The sonorous ritual was recited with prosaic monotony; the scriptures were read without sympathy or understanding, as though their language were too sacred or too unhuman for mortal articulation; the singing was a thing of faint and feeble beauty, dwelling afar from human emotion in the sanctified east, a thing of delicate frailty in which it were sacrilege for the assembly of the faithful to have any part or lot; the collection of the metallic offering was accepted as a welcome diversion from the more solemn and sanctimonious routine; the sermon was a stunted dissertation upon the importance of the Church, the greatness of her mission upon earth, the value of her consolation when one is not finding everything rosy in the secular world, and ending with an appeal to everyone to do something vague and ethereal and indefinite for Christ, in order that they might obtain a spiritual certificate of fitness for a state of felicity in the world to come. . . . This lifeless conventionality, this numb inertia, this sterile stagnation, this insipid, lukewarm Laodicean pap!'

I will not vouch for the justice of

that. Only I know that a Christian soldier came home from war and, endeavoring to go to church for help, wrote that. And there are very many Christian soldiers coming home!

Granted that they are not infallible! We need not make them popes because they are heroes. Anyone who knows them understands that they are not even noted among themselves for nicely balanced, even-handed justice. They make snap judgments like other men; rather more than other men, they are given to swift, hard condemnation of things that they do not like. They are not famous for finesse. But while the soldiers' judgment often is abrupt and fallible, we know well, when we cease poulticing our consciences with soft complacency, that any impatience of the soldiers with our belated sectarian divisions is justified.

For a long time now we have been concocting excuses for our lamentable situation; we have grown fluent with historical explanations of present ills, and with comforting analogies of other institutions' similar misfortunes. The day for this pleasant dalliance is over. Whitewash cannot forever support rotting timbers. The hour of the church's crisis and of her splendid opportunity has struck. An aroused spirit of religious faith, social hope, and splendid sacrifice is rising among men. It centres around great matters, not trivialities. It must have gangway. And the present churches are about as well fitted to express and further it as are the boundaries of ancient Indian tribes to form the basis of the new League of Nations.

IV

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about these criticisms of the churches which we have just discussed, there is one point on which, in the British and American armies alike, I

have found absolute unanimity. The men of the army quarrel with the negativeness of the churches' ethic. The British chaplain who, better than anyone else I know, has a grip on the religious conditions in his army, writes, 'I am beyond all question certain that one thing which repels Tommy in our churches is our negative attitude toward life.' We of the churches, in our pleasant day-dreams, love to picture Zion calling the evil world to righteousness. It is a shocking experience therefore to discover that our most virile manhood strenuously objects to our whole idea of what righteousness is. The soldiers seriously think that the character which the churches seek consists of little more than abstinence from a multitude of pleasurable things. In the midst of a tremendous generation, when men are rising to superhuman heights of positive character in service of gigantic aims, the churches often stand, in the imagination of the soldiers, insisting on a list of prohibitions, which the army as a whole regards with sheer contempt; thinks it narrow, negative, piffling; passes it up as unworthy of a real man's ambition to observe.

At first I was disposed to call this interpretation of the church's teaching most unjust. And so far as many churches are concerned, it is unjust. But I remembered the minister who preached a long Sunday evening sermon, for the acknowledged purpose of persuading a few of us to sign a pledge never to drink sweet cider as long as we lived. I remembered with resurrected wrath that, as a boy, I missed my one and only opportunity to hear Edwin Booth in *Hamlet* because some brethren stirred my sensitive conscience on the wickedness of the theatre. I recalled the agonizing scruples induced by fervid sermons against everything that a normal boy wants to do, from dancing the Virginia Reel to reading George Eliot's

novels. The whole programme of negative ethics, which the churches have so insistently proclaimed, came up out of the limbo to which years of forgetfulness had consigned it. If everywhere in the army one finds these splendid men thinking of Christian character in terms of negation, whose fault is it? For years the solicitous, paternal attempt of the churches to build a protecting hedge around their people's character has been confirming the idea that the marrow of Christian duty is 'Thou shalt not.' Granted that the vanguard of the churches is far beyond the spot where this criticism strikes! One returns from France with the impression graven deep, that the vanguard of the churches is very much smaller than he used to think, and that the bulk of the churches is a long, long way behind. The righteousness of the saints, in the general estimation of the army, is little more than *anti* — *anti* dance, theatre, cards, drink, smoke, profanity, and all fun on Sundays.

Some of these things we all may earnestly hate and vigorously fight; in others of them we well may see the peril; but that the demands of Jesus on human life should be so emasculated that discipleship to Him becomes a list of negations, however important, is one of the major sins of the churches. And it is a sin whose nemesis now has its foot upon the church's doorsill. For whatever war is bringing out in these men overseas, it is surely eliciting the masterful, positive elements in character. Courage, self-devotion, fortitude, unconquerable cheer, fidelity to comrades, loyalty to undertakings, perfect willingness to die for their cause — these things seem great in the army. One understands, as he never could before, Jesus' moral emphases: spiritual virtues, supreme; spiritual meannesses, most damnable; sins of sudden passion, tremendously disapproved but merci-

fully forgiven. As one takes the moral measure of some of the worst of these men, rough as sin but loyal as the saints, one keeps recalling a verse of the gospels: 'Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.'

A sergeant of the British Regulars, seeing gas-patients die, — twenty-four hours of drowning agony, — exclaimed to a friend, 'This sort of thing makes me want to suffer everything for everyone once and get it over!' Consider such a man going home to hear some dominie, who never came within sight of so vital a Calvary, urging through a whole sermon the sin of baseball on Sunday afternoon. Is this overdrawn? Yet it is a picture that hangs in the minds of the soldiers. They honestly think that the ethical interest of the churches chiefly centres in just such questions of abstinence.

These soldiers see ahead of them a generation facing prodigious problems, on whose successful solution the weal of humanity depends. They see arising questions of international organization and of social justice, which, unanswered, will make defeat out of the most splendid victory that they can win. They see the need of great character directed to great ends. They do not want to die in vain. They want a fairer, more fraternal world to show for their travail. But only vaguely, if at all, do they associate the churches with that deep desire or rely on them to help much in achieving it. The churches which they have known have impressed multitudes of them as having no ethical enthusiasm for anything except negative ideals of individual behavior. And one returns from France vehemently feeling that, in the midst of so great a generation, to be a small man or a small church obsessed by piddling prohibitions is disgrace.

Can written words make this fact sharp enough to pierce clean through the church's self-content? Donald Hankey has said that many of the finest characters in the army, whom Christ would have loved and in whom he would have seen his spirit, are often, not only unallied with the churches, but utterly unaware that that sort of character has anything to do with the aim and interest of the churches. I know no competent observer, in the whole line of France, who would not, with whatever regret, consent to that lamentable report. The church as the organized force of militant righteousness, fighting the evil of the world — how fair a picture! But multitudes of these men in the army, utterly unchurched, are not representatives of the world's evil. They are the very salt of the earth, its benediction and its hope. This is the point of the sting which drives a lover of the churches out of his silence into this agonized complaint. The only use of the church is to gather up humanity's best, to be the coöperative unit where those who would fight for the highest against the lowest may take their stand. And lo! the church is failing just there. The best is escaping her. It is finding other voices to speak through, other agencies to work through; and in individual characters, like multitudes of these men in the army, it rises to superb heights, careless of the churches, sometimes scornful of them.

Let the matter stand, sharply put! For generations the churches have been calling men to fight the world's worst; their present task is, first, to see if they can somehow become once more the rallying-point of the world's best. Urgently we desire these men of the army to accept Christianity. But before we succeed, many of our churches will have to get a type of Christianity that it is worth the real man's while to accept.

v

Such are the places of obvious conflict between the men in the trenches and the church at home. One other might be added. Comradeship is the glory of the army, and in that comradeship previous wealth, rank, occupation do not count. Only manhood matters. I do not see how these soldiers are coming home to many of our churches, where pews are owned or rented, and where the congregation is so seated that a man's relative income can be estimated by his comparative distance from the altar of the Lord's sacrifice. The class-divisions in our churches are in ill accord with the democracy of the army. There is a shocking incongruity between an attack at the front — rich and poor, learned and ignorant, prominent and obscure, going over the top together — and a congregation in a wealthy metropolitan church singing, —

'Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war.'

As one considers these accusations which the spirit of the army brings against the churches, — the selfishness of our appeal, the pettiness of our sectarian emphases, the negativeness of our ethic, the undemocratic quality of our fellowship, — he sees that they are no theoretical complaints. They fall upon us all in vital spots. Some, in this last generation, were for saving the churches by keeping them theologically and ritually orthodox; some were for saving them by making them liberal; and now the army drags up the manhood of America where we can talk with it — and behold! the soldiers do not know much about our points of controversy, take little stock in any of them, waste no time to think or wind to talk of them, but seem to feel that, liberal or orthodox, our churches may incontinently be consigned to obliv-

ion unless they can make some vital changes in their *life*. Some of the soldiers are liberals; they consciously think in modern terms and argue modern problems; some are so orthodox that they lay bets, calling Y.M.C.A. secretaries to hold the stakes, as to whether they have guessed right the date when the forty-two months of Revelation's thirteenth chapter predict the ending of the war! The men in the trenches have no distinctly theological message for the churches whatsoever. The army's specialty is not speculation.

But these men are learning everything that fellowship in devotion, sacrifice, suffering, and death can teach. At their best they are very gallant gentlemen. At times a minister who lives with them turns bitterly upon himself — O sleek and satin-voiced dominie, what can you tell these men about life's realities? And when these men smite the churches with their criticism, they strike us where we live.

These accusations of the soldiers pierce like spear-thrusts into the heart of a churchman with the army. His comfort is that a deeper message from the army's men still is lurking underneath. One who lives with them feels at times not so much the sharpness of their criticism as he feels the poignancy of the appeal which, often dumbly, they are making to the churches. I heard a lecturer, speaking to a great audience of Americans in France, turn aside to plead with them about the church. He pictured to them their possible return to America, not negligent of the church, or alien, but concerned to blow to smithereens the conventionalities that impede her usefulness and to make of

her again the place where those who march with God can find their point of rallying. Not even denunciation of the Kaiser called out more long and eager cheers.

Once let these men feel that the churches have been stabbed wide awake, that, like all other institutions in this direful, slaughterous generation, they are resolutely planning for a new and greater day, and the best men of the army will run out to them. Atheism is negligible at the front. The army as a whole believes overwhelmingly in God and immortality. The churches' day of crisis with the army's men is also her day of unprecedented opportunity. Let the churches proclaim social aims worth fighting for, not a mere selfish gospel of safety; let them lift up the central faiths of the Christian life, with the fringes hanging how they will; let them make ethical negations only the shadows cast by the great light of positive ideals; let them practise as well as preach fraternity; and, doing these things, let them draw together in one common cause, because they have learned how much they all agree and how insignificantly they differ! They need not fear the return of the army, if they will do that.

Facing this coming decade with its unbounded opportunities to fight for things worth while, I should desire before all else to be a Christian minister. But to be a contented minister, a conventional, placid minister, soothingly mellifluous on Sunday while the whole world is on fire — that is anathema! As in every great generation of the church, the glory which the ministry offers to robust young men to-day is the glory of a fight.

THE IRISH MIND

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I

I WAS a plain American, interested, but a little naïve, when I entered Ireland in the spring of 1918. I believed then, like most Americans, that Ireland should have come wholeheartedly into the war; and I think so still, except that I know now that Ireland will have suffered most because she stayed lukewarm. I believed, like most Americans, that Home Rule was a good thing and should be put through; and I still so believe, but see the complexity of the problem. I was a little weary, as are most Americans, of the endless fuss over Ireland while the world was burning; but now I realize that, however insignificant in a universal conflict may seem the Irish political squabble, the mind of Ireland is important, is significant for us and the future, and is deeply misunderstood by general friend and general foe in America.

I hear in the clubs, 'Who is interested in Ireland?' and I wish to answer, 'Millions of Irishmen in America and Canada and Australia, and in our armies in France, who are storing up confusion and bitterness.' The question was a foolish one. I hear, 'What difference does it make what happens to Ireland?' and my answer is, 'Will it make no difference for the future if in Ireland democratic government scores a conspicuous failure?'

It was my privilege to see in London the library of German propaganda printed for neutral countries and captured in the course of the war. Half of

it treated of race-problems, and of that half, two thirds was on Ireland. Do we still sneer, as in 1914, at German propaganda?

I entered Ireland by the green hills of Ulster, and moved freely through County Antrim and Belfast. I talked there with bishops and deans of the Church of Ireland, and fine upstanding generals and county families in their walled gardens — friendly people, solid, simple, more voluble than the Scotch, but with hard-gripping minds like theirs, that took one thing at a time and wrung it. They had worked for their comfort, made prosperous land out of a waste of whin and gorse, and would keep it against Prussian or Sinn Féin — that was my impression. Speculation upon world-politics did not interest them; they knew little of the new England, less of America; the war was the war, and they intended to fight it out — that was all there was to that subject. They were a perfect type of the *genus* Tory, with his limitations, and especially with his virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and the steadiness which comes from caste.

I talked with bankers and manufacturers and gardeners and cabbies — Presbyterians this group and representing the Orange wing of the Ulster party, but, like the others, proud of Belfast and of the relative prosperity of the North of Ireland. Belfast is a black city, a depressing city, full of overdriven faces, but full of energy, too, and the signs of success. Here it was religion one heard about, and the dangers of

Roman Catholic domination; it was customs and excises and the fear of a lazy South battenning upon Northern taxes that they talked of; it was the shiftless Celt, who still gets his water from rain-barrels and yet thinks he can run the country; the Pope and the £42,000 he draws annually from Ireland, 'And how much would he be getting under Home Rule?' And I formed, I think, a just idea of the 'case' of the North — her right to safeguard her economic prosperity, the honest fear of a vote controlled by the church, her unwillingness to let slack, spendthrift Dublin run neat, orderly Belfast. But I left, wondering why these sturdy Scotch-Irish folk were so timorous. Why, unlike their ancestors in the colonies, they dared not run risks in order to gain the benefits of a united island; why these builders of ships and weavers of linen, who alone had made commerce and local government successful in Ireland, were so resolute to cling to England's skirts, even at the cost of perpetuating Irish division and rancor among their own minorities; so afraid to venture union with a people whose practical efficiency they despised. For while all in the North argued their right to stay in the Union, no one supposed that this would satisfy anyone in Ireland but themselves and a few Unionists of the South.

Later I traveled south through the meadows of County Down and past those dim beautiful mountains of Mourne, in a country so rich and so peaceful that one could not but reflect uneasily upon the men who kept it in turmoil. My compartment was full of officers of the British army of occupation; in the villages I saw children half-naked and wholly dirty; on a platform was chalked, 'Down with Home Rule,' and 'Fight for every country except your own.' And so I came to beautiful, disheveled Dublin, a city of the soul,

with dirty finger-nails and a torn dress and a nasty temper and a voice of the angels.

II

While I lived in Dublin I saw much of Nationalists and those intenser Nationalists who, in all but republicanism, are really Sinn Feiners. I talked with friends of George Moore and the Celtic twilight, who loved me because I was an American, and insulted me in the hope of surprising an admission that America came into the war 'bought by English gold.' I talked with Æ in his workroom frescoed with Celtic gods, where he strides from his mountainous desk of pamphlets to paint in an Irish scene, then turns back to economics, or pure milk, or poetry. A black-bearded man with burning eyes and a voice that chants, he gave me my first idea of the intensity of life in Ireland.

I talked with poets consuming in an hour a week's rations of emotion. I talked with John MacNeil, ascetic, intellectual leader of the Sinn Fein party, whose judgment kept the Easter rebellion from becoming a national disaster; who thought clean and cool on all points except the relations between England and Ireland. I talked with radical priests; with Unionists in government service who, after a second glass of port, became equally Irish and almost as radical; with scholars, business men, women, intellectuals; and began to see that nationalism in Ireland (I mean the emotion, not the party) was a religion; was a passion so strong that arguments which ignored it for questions of efficiency or profit were untrustworthy.

I met, too, the wilder Sinn Feiners, in assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefinitely. There were labor leaders present, whose sense of Ireland's international responsibilities was struggling with distrust of what they thought was an 'English war.' No

one in a press censored with more vigor than intelligence had explained to them why it was also America's. There were destructive radicals, who added to Ireland's hereditary grievances all grievances that the supposedly downtrodden have voiced anywhere, and slid from Bolshevism into Nationalism, and from Nationalism into Pacifism, with easy inconsistency accompanied by vituperation. There were fanatic women who kept their watches an hour and twenty-five minutes behind the official time, because 'summer time' was an English invention and real Irish time ought to be twenty-five minutes slower still. There were melancholy idealists, pure of motives, noble of heart, drunk with vision and with wrath; and truculent chaps with angry eyes and a general expression of having been kept too long out of a fight. To them all I talked America and American ideals in the war, not hesitating to express views in sharpest conflict with their own; and I was sometimes agreed with, usually understood, always listened to tolerantly. (Except for an excited poetess, who challenged me because in our own Civil War we had thrown the tea into Boston harbor while now we were tied to the apron-strings of Britain!) For as the Irishman once looked to Spain and then to France, so now he looks to America for sympathy. And I came away convinced that the so-called Pro-Germanism of Sinn Féin (a very few individuals excepted) was like much of their extremist politics, mere froth and spume floating up from a troubled mind out of joint with the times and mishandled by those in authority, signifying rebellion against circumstance but no treason. And with this conclusion I find the calmer sense of England agrees.

Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Moderates of the South, in the exciting days when the Convention was closing, and just before

conscription, at the moment of expected preliminary settlement, struck Dublin into a mute rage in which fear and indignation had equal parts; the time when the extremists of either party were seeking walls against which to set their backs.

It was easy to admire the system of agricultural coöperation, founded by Sir Horace, which is making rural Ireland comfortable; easy to sympathize with the belief of many Moderates, both Catholic and Protestant, that poverty and waste and alcohol are more dangerous to Ireland than England, or Orange Ulster, or radical Sinn Féin. The imagination warmed to a programme, not exclusively political, which would make of Ireland, not a second-class England, but a civilization based, like Denmark's, upon scientific agriculture, free as might be from the evils of industrialism, yet successful and populous. I remembered that Ireland had halved her population in the past while Great Britain had been doubling hers. I considered that the years between 1914 and 1918 have not demonstrated the surpassing value of a civilization moulded by industrial countries where the normal life is of the factory or the sweat-shop; and I wondered why such a programme seemed so little to interest political Irishmen; why we heard so little of it in America. It was like a cool draft after the chill of Ulster commercialism, the vaporous heat of Sinn Féin ideology; but it was clearly not the accepted potion for Ireland's ills — yet.

Night after night I talked half the night through in Ireland, and I was showered with documents from every party — books, leaflets, letters, statistics, reports, clippings, economic solutions, religious solutions, political solutions, complaints, until, as I looked over my desk, all Ireland seemed to be shouting in print, 'This is what I want;

this is what will cure me'; and no two voices cried alike.

Later, in England, the complexity of the problem was only increased; for England realizes, as America seemingly does not, that Ireland cannot go on as she is without clogging the wheels of international progress; and there is no man in any party who does not have his bitter opinion as to what thing is best to do. And of course I formed my own opinion which, unimportant though it is, I shall probably be unable to keep out of this essay. But more important than any opinion seemed the conviction borne in upon me that all things I had seen and heard were symptoms of some inner malady. That, at least for us Americans, it was better to sweep away all statistics and documentary solutions, discourage the pamphleteer and the writer of letters to the press, and try to understand the Irish before we took a hand in the universal game of solving the Irish question on paper. And I found myself equally convinced that the humblest attempt was worth while, not only because the steady earnestness of Ulsterism and the invigorating Nationalism of Sinn Fein are the best fruits of Ireland, but also because these lovable, vivid Irish have disappointed us in the war, because they puzzle and irritate us, because it will be so easy for us, as for them, to make irrevocable mistakes.

III

To begin then with apparent but not real harshness, if I may be allowed to present my diagnosis, the atmosphere of Ireland is psychopathic, and the Irish, South and North, and, what is more curious, the English who are sent to rule them, all, at one time or another and in different fashions, manifest clear symptoms of abnormality. Ireland is like those interesting abnormal cases

which specialists have to handle, where the patient is sometimes a genius and sometimes subnormal, where every trait that is really characteristic, good or bad, is magnified until it threatens to crush all the others. There have been many such cases among famous individuals, — Poe was one, Nietzsche was another, — and science seeks them out keenly because by their exaggeration of traits common to humanity they have become large-print books in which the qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dangerous to itself and others because it cannot, like a patient, be kept under easy observation; because it may at any moment carry through the unexpected, ruinous act. Yet, even in partial derangement, it may exhibit, for the world to read, virtues as well as vices more emphatic than those of less turbulent races.

The fanatic patriotism of the radical Sinn Feiners is abnormal. It burns so intensely that their judgment is affected. Great Britain, in spite of her creditable world-history, in spite of her modern leadership in social reform, they see only through the darkening lens of Irish history. Hatred of England is like a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real ones, — especially the historical grievances which mean so much to Irishmen, — but they are magnified. Sir Horace Plunkett's epigram, 'Irish history is for Ireland to forget and for England to remember,' has been applied on neither side of the Channel. And their own virtues are also magnified — the strengths and the loyalties and the ideals of their patriotism. Ireland is full of men who are willing to die for a principle, although they cannot agree with each other as to which principle to die for. 'I want to fight in this war,' I heard an Irish poet say; 'I

want to be conscripted; but I think I ought to let myself be shot for refusing. I don't mind dying, but I should like to die for Ireland.' Particularistic patriotism this is, like the patriotism of Prussia; but if it is less practically effective, it is also far nobler. Intense and fine and also self-regarding, it is the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the world. In brief, it is the patriotism of the man who has a genius for being just patriotic — who is, thus far, abnormal.

Ulster, with her determined 'stand-patism,' is abnormal in quite another sense. Is there such a thing as abnormal normality? If so, Ulster has it. It is normal to care for one's pocketbook, to distrust visionaries, to prefer a low tax-rate to soap-box oratory. Telephone Belfast, they say, and your business is done in five minutes. Telephone Cork, and it takes fifteen. Telephone Dublin, and they reply, 'Ah, call again to-morrow.' It is normal to be proud of a clever, hard-headed community which is as pleased with the *status quo* as most of us were before 1914. But to be as wholly and successfully Tory as the ruling class in the North of Ireland is abnormal. The Bourbons were also abnormal in this respect, but the Bourbons were stupid and Ulster is not. She merely manifests a typical case of being completely satisfied with the state of life into which it has pleased God to call one. All she wants is to be let alone; 1913 (English Liberals say 1774) was quite good enough for her; there would be no desire for change in Ireland if mischief-makers would keep their mouths shut. The war is a good war; her system of industries based upon cheap labor is a good system; the Protestant religion is a good religion; all is for the best, — as the Deist-Tories of the eighteenth century used to say, — if only Dublin and the Liberals and the

Labor Party would let well enough alone.

It is not surprising that Ulster has been popular with a British government which had to keep the Empire going in war-time; but such a warm-hearted desire to stop the clock is certainly abnormal. These fine, steady, self-reliant Scotch-Irish, full of Puritan dogmatism and practical efficiency, are museum specimens exhibiting in its unmixed condition the conservatism possible to man. Indeed, when one breaks away from the fold, he becomes, not a moderate, but a radical Nationalist like George Russell, or a Sinn Féiner like John MacNeil, and puts drive into the ideas of the opposite party. Everywhere in the world except in Ulster they are wondering what will happen after the war. Ulster knows — nothing will happen!

It cannot be denied also that, by some curious process of infection, the actions of the British government in Ireland have become abnormal also by comparison with their procedure elsewhere. The friends of the government praise its attempts to conciliate or its efforts to 'hold down' Ireland, according to their views, but wonder at the inconsistency of doing both together. The enemies of the government maintain that no policy whatsoever is to be found, but only the resultant of attempts to soothe the party which at a given time is likely to make the most trouble.

The truth is that it is extremely difficult to handle abnormal conditions and keep your head. A wise Cabinet proposed to accept the report of the Irish Convention, and then, in spite of imperfections, to pledge itself to put through its moderate proposals. A perturbed Cabinet, on the day the report was delivered, announced immediate conscription in Ireland, even though knowing that this would make impos-

sible any 'Moderate' solution. A panicky Cabinet, a little later, suspended conscription in Ireland in hopes that the Irish would become 'Moderates.' This is not normal British policy or British sanity. I am, indeed, not the first by many to observe that the Britisher in Ireland, or treating of Ireland, loses his tolerance, his patience, and sometimes his balance, and often becomes either a despot, or a weakling, or (if he stays long enough) a radical Sinn Féiner.

The disease, however, is an Irish disease, and it is in Ireland that it must be cured. In Ulster it is constitutional, and will probably yield only to operation, or atrophy of the obstructing parts. Ulster is relatively happy, and rightly so; for, no matter how reactionary in policy, she has earned self-respect. She is useful in the war, which is certainly more than can be said without reservation of the rest of Ireland. She is making money. And furthermore, her excessive desire to let the future take care of itself is less punished in this world than any other abnormality. Except in times of revolution or rapid change, it runs with the wheels of ordinary living, and often directs them.

But the malady in Southern Ireland is more dangerous and more sharply affected by the difficulties of the present. In some respects this Ireland is, I think, the unhappiest country in all this unhappy world. Others — Serbia, Roumania, Belgium — are infinitely more miserable, but they have not unhappy souls. The chief reason is that all her emotions of patriotism, hate, love, desire for action, are suppressed. I do not mean suppressed in the sense of being put down by force, like seditious meetings, rebellious organizations, or scurrilous newspapers. I mean suppressed by circumstance and the conflict of the emotions themselves.

IV

The history of Ireland up to the last century has, of course, been one long tale of suppression in every sense the word can bear; but I am not referring to inherited maladies, although no one can deal intelligently with Ireland who fails to take into account the reaction of her past upon a people vividly, abnormally conscious of it. I speak rather of the immediate suppressions of the present. Patriotism, for example, in Ireland, even among the bitterest Sinn Féiners, is a mixed brew of fierce love for Ireland with enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies; and when their distrust of England blocks the way of sympathy with democracy, the result is a choked utterance and hysteric actions. Hate for England is an honest, though not an admirable sentiment in Ireland, but even that gets no free outlet, for whatever England may have been in the past or may intend in the future, it is clear even to the most impassioned intellect that she has been fighting an avowed tyrant. And it is evident to more thoughtful observers that the anger hurled at liberal-minded, present-day England should often be reserved for Ulster, or a wing of the Tory party, or for mere unfortunate circumstance. Love for Ireland turns to gall daily as the Irish factions wrangle and backbite and forget, not only the larger issues of the war, but even the welfare of Ireland. Suppressed desire for action is the keenest torment of all. It has always been characteristic of Irishmen to spend their energies freely wherever feeling ran high. They have been in all wars everywhere among white races, and in politics wherever a man speaking English could vote. They have always loved action more than the fruits of action; and yet in our war — the greatest of enterprises — they stood aside or entered with troubled hearts. They went about

their business (and few Southern Irishmen care fundamentally for business) while the rest of the world dropped prose for rough poetry and emotional sluggishness for intense activity. As a result, minds are fevered; they became like mischievous boys kept indoors on a rainy day. Suppression is always dangerous. When windows are shut, the house grows sour and mouldy.

But this suppression as one sees it in Ireland is perhaps also only a symptom. The real malady of the Irish state results from deeper causes, and is of the tragic sort of which great drama is made. Irish literature is solemn with its note. Irish brawls attain a dignity because of it, which we of the outer world admit by the attention we give them, but are at a loss to understand. In Ireland, the age-long, universal conflict between realist and idealist fights its sharpest and least conclusive battles. In Ireland, this conflict in philosophies of living, like everything else, is abnormal, and its exaggeration may explain abnormality in other directions and may be the ultimate cause of her unfortunate suppressions.

You cannot bring twelve men together anywhere in the world without feeling their division into tough and tender-minded, into those who are interested in facts and those others whose minds are stirred chiefly by ideas and emotions. And the tough are usually too tough, the tender too tender, and conflict between them is inevitable. So it is in Ireland, where a South which, in spite of its shrewdness, is predominantly idealist and 'tender-minded' faces an Ulster and a landed aristocracy which, in spite of its sentimental obstinacy in religion and economics, is realist and 'practical.' And there is this added circumstance, that it is 'tough-minded' realists in England who have usually governed or tried to govern the Irish idealists. Even Spenser became a real-

ist when he turned from Faeryland to write of the Irish about him.

Barring the Ulster party, some of the Southern Unionists, and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, Ireland is the most hopelessly idealistic of modern nations. Life proceeds from idea to emotion, not from fact to fact, and happiness depends upon a state of mind, not upon welfare of body. Talk proceeds in Dublin with fiery lightness because the speaker for the time breathes and lives in the ideas which form and reform as he speaks. In the country the peasants are rich in humor, joy, and sorrow in huts that an American 'dago' would despise. Ideas, principles, emotions, which with us seldom see the light, are the worn coin of Irish currency. All pockets are full of them, and on their exchange the business of life is based. You are poor without them, wealthy with them, even if in poverty and distress. It is the rich and facile idealism which Dr. Johnson could never understand in Goldsmith, which we love and condemn and misunderstand in the Irish to-day.

In its upper ranges, this Irish idealism is a desire for spirituality, for poetry, for beauty of thought and feeling, and so is in sharpest conflict with our prosaic industrial civilization. This is the idealism of the Irish literary movement and of the fine minds among the Sinn Feiners. It is 'unpractical' only in its tendency to go around facts instead of over them. In its lower ranges, this idealism manifests itself as a desire for joy and 'easiness' of living, and so is opposed to current conceptions of efficiency, industry, and progress for the sake of getting on. It may be due to climate, or to race, or to circumstance, but undoubtedly it is there. We as a nation, and England as a nation, want an orderly, progressive, productive state. The Irish wish a happy one, which might conceivably be disorderly,

unprogressive, and just productive enough to keep the citizens going; and almost certainly would not be efficient according to our ideas of efficiency. Grattan's Home Rule Ireland was a scene of wild disorders, yet all testimony goes to prove that it was relatively a happy time for Ireland, when Irishmen, in the midst of corruption and conflict, were better satisfied and more productive than before or since.

This same too logical idealism makes trouble in international affairs. All Nationalist Ireland warmed to President Wilson's declaration of the rights of small peoples and a rule of justice. His programme, with all its implications, was better understood there than even in America. But when it came to supporting the Alliance which alone could make it effective, principle encountered fact, and the Irishman became indecisive. Sentiment for Irish self-determination collided with the rough fact that he must fight for England in order to win the right to it. Ireland became sullen, unhappy, a liability, not an asset, in the world-struggle for better international government.

Facts, indeed, elude them. 'If England,' I said to a conservative Sinn Feiner, 'is beaten in this war, as you believe she will be, the burden of fighting off Germany will fall crushingly upon France and America.' — 'If England is beaten, and France and America must carry on the war,' he replied, 'there'll be no men but only old women left in Ireland.' — 'What good will your handful of soldiers do us *then*?' was the inevitable answer.

It is the refinement of these ideals into a national programme which gives Sinn Fein its strength. Otherwise it would be less than Bolshevik, for it would be inspired merely by hate, poverty, and the desire for power. 'I do not understand Sinn Fein,' said one of the best known of the Nationalist

M.P.'s. 'It is not a party; it is an emotion, or a dissipation.' That is precisely true. The Sinn Fein party is after ends not means; and its ends are Irish self-respect, a sense of national being, the right to live and think and act in an Irish way. The means — no one seems to have thought out the means in terms of a possible Ireland in an existing world-empire; and hence they run all the way from peaceful penetration to open rebellion.

The strength of the Ulster party is its realism, and its position is exactly opposite. Here the means are all codified and can be put into statistics: so much prosperity to be protected from Southern inefficiency, so many determined Protestants afraid of Roman Catholic domination. But its ends are the maintenance of a *status quo* which has not allowed a really peaceful moment to Ireland for hundreds of years. This is realism with a vengeance, the acute sense of the needs of the present which keeps men sane and also makes them dangerous in an age that is changing its garments. Extreme realists like Sir Edward Carson, stiff-necked and efficient, extreme idealists like Pearse, the educational reformer, who rebelled in order to advertise the danger of neglecting Ireland, are in inevitable conflict with a hopeful settlement as well as with each other. Thus a cleavage in temperament runs throughout Ireland, and between Ireland and those Scotch and Welsh and English who, by the logic of circumstance, are set to govern an 'intractable' people.

v

Personally, I think that there will be no final solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanos, where the hidden fire of human grievance will always break out until the cooling of the

Irish temperament crusts over her hot emotions. The 'practical' man will always oppose the man whose ideals are emotional, as long as there are black and white in the world; and in Ireland they are purer bred in their respective temperaments than elsewhere. Yet evil conditions have enormously aggravated, if they have not caused, this conflict.

And there is a middle party in Ireland, whose remedies may save her from ruin. Sir Horace Plunkett, or someone of his quality, is its predestined leader. It will stand for the economic independence of Ireland and a policy which will make it possible for her to prosper without extending the unlovable factory system into regions better suited for agriculture; and it will point to a half-million farmers who already have won their way out of poverty by such a programme. It will be a party of conciliation between Catholics and Protestants. It will favor a separate state or states for Ulster, on the American model, but keep her bound to Ireland, where she belongs, first by trade-relations, and second by the religious and racial affinities of her little-heard-of Nationalist minority. It will advocate Home Rule, of course; but a status that at present will of necessity be less independent than Canada's or Australia's. For Ireland, internationally regarded, is now England's back door, and, until the world is surely made safer, will remain so.

Against such a policy, dreamers among the Sinn Féin and Tories in Ulster will irrevocably struggle, and the battle will last beyond our generation. If only a moderate government can be kept in the saddle, one hopes that the battle will last, and keep Ireland so busy and so interesting to Irishmen that the rest of the world may be permitted to profit by her genius without being distracted by her woes. I am not of the opinion of those whose heaven on earth

is a stretch of fat prairie upon which all men are equally prosperous, think alike, work alike, agree in everything as their cattle agree, and die like their crops, leaving nothing but wealth behind them. There must be some patches of irritation left on the earth's surface, or we shall all decline into sluggish mediocrity; and Ireland is bound to be one of them. We cannot make a plodding and sensible community — a Holland or a Pennsylvania — out of a national personality which, whether by harsh circumstance or native tendency, is now part genius, part fanatic, part hard-headed materialist. We have room, indeed, for a turbulent Ireland, if only for the by-products, the sparks of wit and poetry and idealist anger shooting worldwide and kindling. But an Ireland with a grievance, an Ireland forced into dependency, with the faults of a dependent, an Ireland spreading the infection of prejudice and hate — that is a different matter.

My conclusion then is, that it is a waste of energy for Americans to bewail Ireland or to condemn her; to support Home Rule or the *status quo*; to argue for dominion government or stern repression, until they better understand the inner nature of the Irish mind and the conflict that is waging. After that, they will still violently disagree upon the responsibility for the present situation and upon the means of curing it, but at least they will not beat the air.

It is not loss but gain to feel the powerful fascination of Ireland. I would rather talk in Dublin than elsewhere, save in the Elysian Fields; I would rather walk in the Dargle or on Antrim moors than anywhere except in my own New England; I would rather live, if life were to be all excitement and spiritual conflict, in Ireland than in any country of the world; I would rather be with an Irishman in a trench than with a Prussian in heaven. But if Ireland ceases

to be a pricking in the side of civilization; if she becomes a country where a man can be native and yet keep his temper; if from the joy of living near beautiful mountains, in a country greener than spring in America, in a society rich with humor and easily pleased with the daily business of living, is to be abstracted the pathos of physical misery, the bitterness of conflict and suppression, it will be because the Irish mind finds stable levels and can accept and apply practical cures and suggestions. We must dimly understand that mind, or we, only less than England, will pay a price.

The Prussian programme is said to have been to drive out the Irish and colonize the island with Saxons and

Bavarians. They were willing to govern Ireland, but not the Irish. What she really needs is a free fight, legally arranged for, umpired but not interfered with — a continuous performance in which every Irishman can join without fear of being jailed by a timorous England. Weapons cannot be allowed, although many think that they would be the more merciful arbiters. Tie hands and feet if you will, — in other words make the struggle constitutional, — but permit no peace without victory and no appeal to England or America. Not until they have fought it out, will the Irish mind be cured and realist and idealist compromise in Ireland. And compromise, self-determined, is the only hope for a stable Irish government.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF SILVER MOUNTAIN

BY PETER BLACKTHORN

I

'PERFESSORS don't know everything. Why there's things happened right here in Silver Mountain that would clean stall a perfessor.'

Billy Jackson, proprietor of the Ethiope's Rest, and frontiersman of a generation's standing, stared at me beligerently for full ten seconds, and convincing himself that he had a potential listener in his grasp, suggested that we sit on the porch and get a bit of the afternoon's breeze.

The porch in question was built out over the water. Across from us the fire-charred forest swept down to the water's edge — a black, violent con-

trast to the vivid blue of the sky and the soft blue-gray of the placid lake. The day was hot, and Silver Mountain had been almost deserted since early morning, because of a vague rumor of a gold-strike ten miles to the north. Mine host had time on his hands and he liked to talk.

'No, sir, there's fellows come along and make you think that everything you know ain't so.'

He filled his pipe and gazed out over the water, a contented figure of a man, with a round, genial face and graying hair.

'Now, you're a stranger up here, and maybe you ain't acquainted much with the boys yet,' he went on, settling him-

self comfortably to the business of narration. 'Some of the best of them are up in the Ungava country, and some of them are just ramming around the North here, footloose, friendless, and free — and there might be some of them that had n't ought to have stayed at home no-how. But you sure must have heard of old Tabby? What! You haven't? Well, what *do* you fellows hear of back there?

'Well, Tabby's one of the things the books ain't explaining. He can sit on a safety-valve till a boiler blows up and never even get singed. Read of a big disaster in the North, and you'll find Tabby in the middle of it. Everybody else dead, and Tabby ain't even wounded. Fossil Johnson, he's the camp Socialist, says that Tabby's been trying to get out from under the ekermonic pressure, but that the system's so goldarned rotten that a man can't even die under it. But I never took no stock in that, because Tabby's been awful lucky. Struck the Little Queen, and sold her to Fossil for three hundred thousand. The system don't seem to have hurt Fossil none either, but to hear him wolf about it, sure makes you plumb sorry for the man. Fossil's mean, in a way. Yes, sir, he's so darn mean that he'd live on milk if Doc told him to — and it's two hundred miles to a cow.

'Well, sir, it was Tabby I was thinking about. There's something phoney about that man. That last time we lost Silver Mountain, — when she was blew up by the powder-cache getting in the way of a forest fire, — Tabby done it again.'

Mr. Jackson meditated a moment, drawing quickly on his pipe.

'Maybe Silver Mountain was n't much to look at them days; but we liked her. She was all right for her size. She's a heap bigger now and better for business, but she ain't the same. Why,

in them days there was n't a man in camp that would think of shaving oftener than once a week — not even the Logican. Of course, the Logican was different from the rest of the boys, but he meant all right. When he blew into camp he shook us up quite a lot. Just looking at him, I mean. Some sporting-goods house had took him under its wing and wished an awful lot of hardware and leather goods on him. But it was the camera bee that bit him the hardest. We used to put in two, three hours a day trying to dope out what he come up here for. Windy Bill O'Rourke held and maintained that it was blit affections. Windy's strong on romance — got thrown out of college in Dublin, Ireland, for stabling his horse in his bedroom. But Fossil Johnson sets it down to the kid's being druv to the jungles by ekermonic pressure. One day we put it up to Tabby, and he suggests that we ask the kid. So Windy puts the question, and the Logican says that he has heard that the greener a man is the better his chance at striking it rich; so he'd come after the big haul. That's how he got the name, Logican. Windy sewed it on to him.

'But after that Tabby seems to take a shine to the kid. Acts as though he's afraid somebody's going to pick on him. And I guess it did make it easier for the Logican, at that. People don't p'soom on Tabby's friends much. There's that about Tabby — even when he ain't upstot.

'Now old Tabby has been rolling into the North and picking up money, and rolling out and spending it, for twenty year; and since Hughie Chapin got drowned while they was shooting the rapids in the Woman River, he's played a lone hand. He's been the first to stake in some of the best camps in the North, too, old Tabby has, and he never was tight with the boys. Staked

what he wanted and passed the straight tip. Be gone for a year or two, Lord knows where, and then, when you'd most forgot him, you hear that the Dogrib Indians up on the Great Slave has killed all but one man of a party of whites — and dang my soul, if the sole survivor ain't Tabby every time! Or if it ain't that, there's a yarn floating around about a lone prospector crossing ice that's so rotten that it goes out one jump behind him. Tabby again!

'Yes, sir, there's something phoney about that man. And Windy Bill O'Rourke was smart enough to see it while it was worth real money. I'll admit that he got into me deep. But I was n't the only one. He rung the bell on Fossil, and he sure did spear Fawghorn McFee.

'It come about this way, far as I can say. Tabby had got plumb sentimental over Silver Mountain, being as he had staked out the first mine in the district and it had made good, big. He rooted for a library, and even thought maybe we ought to put a preacher on the payroll in case any women and children should blow in. Still, he was n't parsimonious on the point. But he was hot for making Silver Mountain the City Beautiful, and him and Fossil would wrangle for hours about a design for a municipal centre. Every time a shack goes up, Tabby's right there to see that a false front with windows goes on to give a two-story look to her. And no sooner is the sign calling attention to the new refreshment parlor hung out than the Logican's on the job with his camera, drawing a bead on the works. Then they get out picture postcards, and Indian Joe the mail-carrier would sure get his. But Joe was wearing a grouch them days, no-how, because the boys was all reading Montgomery Ward catalogues. How that Indian does hate a catalogue!

'Well, purty soon the Logican takes

to feeling mighty important, and you can see him most any time snooping around with his camera, looking for points of general intrest. He was right on hand to get the evidence when Windy Bill O'Rourke paints Fawghorn's big yellow dawg — red and blue it was he painted her. The Logican drew a bead on the dawg and the paint-cans and on Windy. He'd 'a' got a piture of the court-room, too, only Windy was that onreasonable the Logican had to hide out a couple of weeks after Fawghorn let on he had the pitures for exhibits. Windy said that, if he could find the Logican, he would get him to take some pitures of his phonograph-horn after Fawghorn's dawg got through chewing on it. But Tabby kept the Logican from coming out just then. He figgered that Windy just wanted to shoot the kid up a little. And all Windy had to pay for humiliating the dawg was four dollars and costs, anyway. Costs come a little higher, as I remember it. Somewheres around a hundred or two. All the boys had to testify one way or the other. That was one of the best trials this camp ever held. Yes, sir, she was a stem-winder.

'So things kept going along like that — old Tabby orating about the "Garden spot of the World," "the Model mining-camp," the "Camp that reminds you of Home," and what-not, and the Logican working the camera and keeping a record of events, important arrivals, and general progress. I'll admit, too, they had us kind of buffaloed.'

Mr. Jackson laughed a trifle self-consciously, and waved a fat arm in the direction of the immense sign which attracted attention to the long, rambling, log building.

'Now take that sign of mine,' he continued. 'It ain't bad — that is, I've seen worse. Used to call the place the

"Dead Nigger," owing to an incident that happened to Black Ben one night when the boys found a couple of kings in his pam. Now she's called the "Ethiope's Rest." There ain't never been another Ethiope in camp since Ben left us, but the name's all right, and you got to admit she's painted so you can see her the minute you hit the town and from clean across the lake.'

He broke off and waited for me to assure him that the sign was an effective sign. Then he put his pipe in his pocket, bit the end off a cigar, and settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

'Take Fawghorn McFee's place,' he proceeded. 'Before the Logican started flooding the world with piture post-cards of Silver Mountain, it was known as "Temptation Bar." But look at her now! "Here I Succome." I hand it to Fawghorn. Some men are just natchelly smart when it comes to naming things. Windy's the world's champion heavy-weight when it comes to describing things right; but Fawghorn sure showed a burst of speed when he thought of "succume." There's something about that word that plumb *raises* a thirst.'

'Well, sir — oh, yes, I was talking about Tabby and the Logican. Well, Tabby took the kid into the jungles two, three times, kind of trying the Logican's luck, I figger. But it was n't long before he give it up. Said the Logican might find something if he stayed in bed till an earthquake shook it up and hit him with it, but that there was too many white whiskers in Tabby's chin to allow him to wait for no miracle. So he kind of grub stakes the kid to be camp piture-taker, and goes on with his gold-hunting lone-handed.'

'The next spring the boom hits Silver Mountain. Shacks sprout all over the camp. Eric, the camp Swede, blows in with his wife, and four kids all looking the same size to me, though maybe

some was bigger than the others. We get some regular waitresses and a lawyer, and Hippo Dobbs lays in a barber-chair that spins around and rocks this way and that. Then the mining engineers drift in, and half a dozen surveyors, and the old camp gets civilized and all shaved up, and some of the boys send home for the wives.

'So Tabby drives the Logican like a fat sled-dawg, taking pitures of this and that. But all the same I know that Tabby's about through with Silver Mountain. He don't care for civilization, and wherever you see her setting in, you can shove in your stack that there's going to be an empty shack in the front row of the town. He likes the idee of starting camps, Tabby does; but after they grow up a little bit, he gets all hemmed in.

'The Little Queen was developing fast, and Fossil Johnson was the big man around here. Everybody was waiting to see her begin to ship gold before they dropped their money on prospects. All the boys what could afford it was sinking shafts on their claims, so as to make piture propositions which is easily sold if there's ever a real strike. And all this work sure keeps the Logican on the jump. Whenever he hears there's even a new black-smith-shop going up on a claim, he's right there to draw a bead on her. And the owners get all washed clean and in range, and buy fifty or a hundred of the pitures. The kid sure does fine and begins to grow fat.

'But when we all pool and build the powder-house, — sheet-metal she was, and a mile from town, — the whole camp gets into the piture. She was some powder-house, too, is what I mean. She was n't exactly a sky-scraper maybe, being only one-story, but she was all right. Old Fossil Johnson barks out a spiel about the growth of coöperation in the North, and how fine

it was to all have an interest in the camp's powder-house, and how this was the first step toward easing the ekermonic pressure. Course there might have been some there who thought Silver Mountain was coöperating to buy Fossil Johnson a powder-house, being as he had the only big plant in the district; but that was n't no occasion to start a shooting, and everybody took Fossil's line of talk in good part. When he gets through speaking, half the crowd drifts over to Fawghorn's, and half wanders over here, and we all celebrates the completion of the first ownerless building in Silver Mountain.

'The Logican gets into the spirit of the play, and draws a bead on the "Here I Succome," and then foots it down here and gets the crowd and the sign in the piture. Then he sends all the pitures and the write-up back home, thinking maybe one of the New York papers might be interested in such a rip-roaring celebration. Maybe they was. We don't follow the New York papers regular, seeing them only once or twice a year.

'Well, sir, it was n't long till there was three hundred ton of giant powder in the powder-house. And we was all interested — somehow. When conversation kind of petered out, you could always start something by remarking that there was a new supply of powder coming up the river, or that you'd heard she was getting low.

'Then a guy drifts in with a moving-piture show — stirred us considerable, too, for a time, specially the Logican. But the fellow had to go and get all mixed up with Fawghorn in a game of draw, and darned if he did n't lose the whole works to the "Here I Succome." Then it is n't long before Tabby takes it away from Fawghorn in a game of stud, and the old camp gets a new burst of speed and becomes the moving-piture centre of the North.

'Tabby sends out for a regular camera, and the Logican starts taking pitures of the boys and the lake and the Sunday crowd here at the Ethiope's Rest. Yes, sir, we get up water-sports and foot-racing, so as to get pitures of real life in the Far North. The Logican wolfs around all the time because it ain't winter, wanting dawgs and Klondike sleds for atmosphere. But even Tabby can't pull a blizzard for him in June, so he sticks to canoeing on the lake and swift-water stunts till he has the boys as natural as any play-actors you ever see. Why, when they look into the old camera and grin, you want to holler "Hello" at them. Fossil run some juice into the Ethiope's Rest here from his power-house at the mine, and the boys sure show up regular at the puformances — specially them that partook of the acting. I noticed that even old Tabby was generally on hand when they run the piture of him riding a canoe standing up; and as for Windy, I was plumb surprised the way he'd laugh and carry on whenever the Logican throwed on the finish of the barrel-race, with Windy edging out Fossil Johnson by a nose through the last barrel. I come in thir'd that race, but the barrel I had seemed smaller than the others. Always thought Windy framed on me that time.

'Say! Before this town got all burned down and all populaced up again, she was some camp!'

Billy fumbled through his pockets for a match, relit his cigar, and sat gazing out over the lake, lost in happy contemplation of those bygone days.

'How did the camp happen to burn down?' I asked at last.

'I'm coming to that. I'm coming to that.'

A note of irritation warned me that Mr. Jackson preferred the undiluted monologue.

'You see,' he continued with an

apologetic air, 'I've got to tell this in my own way. Maybe you think what I've been telling you ain't important. Maybe it ain't. But since I got to judge from my own prospective, it's the best I can do.'

II

'It was dry as a bone up here that summer, and the bush was full of fires. Everybody was burning the underbrush off their claims, to prospect them better. There was fires all around the lake. Anywhere you look, there's smoke hanging in the air. Nobody's thinking much about it, though of course old Fossil Johnson burns everything clean for half a mile all around the Little Queen. Leave it to Fossil. Say! If you was to bust his head open, you'd find it lined with jimmy-proof chilled steel. But dang his old hide, Windy got to him once — got me on the same deal; but he got Fossil. But I'm coming to that.

'Well, sir, the fires keep flaring up and dying down so half the time we think we're going to be burned out and half the time we forget all about it. It all depends on whether she'll rain or not, and we ain't regulating that. Day after day she stays hot and no rain. Never seen the like. She'd cloud and look like rain and *feel* like rain. But she would n't quite come across. Just when you got a good bet up that she was going to rain, the sun would bust through and she'd turn white hot. Then for a couple of hours the breeze would spring up and the smoke roll all around. Then the cyclone hit us!'

The old man shook his head slowly.

'I don't need no preacher to tell me what hell looks like. I've *seen* it. She comes at noon, with a roar and a crashing of dead timber and a sizzling of spruce-tops. All in a minute, two, three hundred sleeping fires rolls into

one big mass of black smoke and dirty red flames, and heads straight for Silver Mountain. The lake's between the fire and the camp — but halfway down the lake's the powder-house and three hundred ton of dynamite right in her.

'Neighbor, you've seen Bald Knoll back there on the trail, I reckon. At least you crossed it when you come into this camp. Well, sir, the inhabitants of this here mining town took the trail for Bald Knoll quicker than anything I ever see. The only one to hold back was the wife of Eric, the camp Swede. She was sot on taking the furniture with her. Finally Tabby takes two of her kids and Windy Bill takes the rest of them, and between them they herds the old lady up the trail, lugging a blanket and a pot with a tame flower. Where Eric was, nobody ever found out. Showed up all right next day.

'The way the wind was blowing it looked as though the fire would miss the knoll clean; and what was more so, the smoke would go along the valley, below.

'The wind whips the lake into a mass of foam, and the sky turns black. Silver Mountain sure does a stampede. Everybody's carrying something or other, though it looks as though nobody's carrying anything worth carrying. Marguerite, the girl Wild Nebbins gets shot up over, is a-moaning and a-weeping and toting a cheap phonograph. She's plumb forgot her kid, which Fawghorn has fell over and is bringing along on his shoulder. There's a big prospector with a red beard running for it with one of them plain washstand water pitchers. Halfway up the trail I see him stop and stare at it a minute. Then he rips out something sharp and flings her into the bush.

'There's a surveyor that's been locating corners up that way and has his transit with him. He sets it up on a knoll and takes a squint at the old

camp. Right away we all collect around him. He's the main guy. Everybody stands aside so's he can see better. He moves the nose of the transit this way and that, and then he stops her short and stares into her hard. Purty soon he says, —

"There's somebody there by the powder-house. I think it's the photographer."

'Old Tabby brushes the surveyor aside, glues his eye to the peep-hole, and begins to shake all over. I've seen Tabby smile a thousand times, but I never seen him laugh but once. He laughs then. You could have heard him a mile away.

"The Logican's going to get a close-up of the explosion!" he kind of gasps out. "He's just waiting for her to pop!"

'And then, before anyone can say a word, he's off down the trail.

'We all holler for him to come back, but Tabby keeps right on going, gaining speed at every jump. Purty soon he's lost in a curve in the trail; a minute later Windy sees him through the transit, crossing a clearing. Then he's swallowed up in a mess of black smoke.

'Down below there the smoke sweeps across all at once, and Silver Mountain is hid. The fire's racing along the lake, where she would have missed the town clean if it had n't been for the coöprative powder-house. That lay right in her trail. The wind was howling. You can hear the trees crack-crack and thump-thump all the while. Even where we were, the air gets kind of thin and cutting, and it tickles to breathe.

'Nobody on the knoll is doing much talking. The Logican is all right and we kind of like him — but old Tabby made the camp and half a dozen other camps. And while some of the boys was a little afraid of him, maybe, there was n't a man in camp who was n't kind of proud when Tabby asked a favor of him. And we was sore, in a way. It looked like

he had just gone back out of meanness. Because, what in thunder chance has a man against three hundred ton of giant powder?

'So we stand there and wait and wait and wait till we 'most strangle, what between the smoke and sort of holding our breath. Once the wind swings and drives the fire straight back the way she come, and we think everything's all right. But only for two, three minutes. Then she swings back and the fire's sweeping straight for the powder-house again. And then she blew!

'Neighbor, I did n't know there was so much noise in the world. There's a great deep boom and the knoll rocks like a rowboat. Then comes the sound of splintering timber and breaking glass. And for five minutes you can hear trees snapping and falling.

"Fire or no fire, I'm going back to camp," says Windy Bill O'Rourke all at once.

"What's the idee?" Fossil Johnson asks him. "They're blowed up higher than a kite."

"I ain't so sure," says Windy.

"Ain't so sure?" says Fossil.

"No," says Windy, "I ain't so sure. I don't say nothing about the Logican, but I ain't so sure about Tabby." He gets a faraway look in his eye and starts muttering to himself. "No," he says, "I ain't so sure." He says it kind of low, like he don't care whether we hear him or not.

"Say, Windy," says Fossil, getting kind of het up, "I like Tabby as well as anybody, and I sure am sorry he had to run clear down there and get all blew up. But what's the sense of all this small talk?"

"Oh, shut up!" says Windy, kind of impersonal. "She's a hunch with me that Tabby's all right. And I'm backing it with the little end of a two to three bet."

"You know I ain't a betting man,"

says Fossil, "and I sure do hope you are right. But I ain't never prided myself on being a sucker, Windy, and I calls your bluff and shoves in fifteen hundred against your thousand that Tabby's blew up."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, pulling out a notebook.

"Tabby's the best there is," booms out old Fawghorn, "and there ain't a man the camp could n't have done without easier. Still, I figger Tabby's gone, so I covers two thousand of your money with three thousand of mine."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, writing her down.

"Oh, I don't know," I says to Windy. "All personal feelings for Tabby being thorly understood, I guess maybe I'll drift in for a thousand."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, jotting her.

"Say!" says Fossil, looking on-easy, "what's the joker, anyway? Have you got some inside dope?"

"Windy looks at Fossil kind of steady and asks him if he wants to crawl. Fossil starts apologizing and keeps it up halfway down the trail.

"After a bit, we find a keg sitting in the middle of the trail. Flung up from the "Here I Succome," she was, and not even busted. "She's mine," says Fawghorn. "Unspung her, and we'll wash some of this smoke out of us."

"Well, sir, the worst of the fire had blew on past when we got back to camp. There was n't enough left of Silver Mountain to wad a gun with. She'd been all crinkled up. All the glass in town had been powdered and laid in the street. You could n't see where half the shacks had stood. They was plumb gone. Others was all wrapped around each other. Yes, sir, Silver Mountain had sure got hers.

"Windy don't linger none in camp, but heads right on through the smoke to where the powder-house had stood.

Fawghorn and Fossil and me follows, but we don't travel so fast. It takes us some time to locate the spot she'd stood on. She was clean missing. And all around the trees was ripped up and standing on their heads and every which-way. We don't see Windy, so we look around for a boot-heel or a belt-buckle or something to remember Tabby and the Logican by. But we don't find even a symptom of a boot-heel so we start to hunt around for Windy. Not a sign of that Irishman around, so purty soon I hollers and somebody hollers back, but I can't tell where from. Then we stand still and listen close, and it ain't long before I hear a voice — but it sounds all fogged up, and we can't make out where it comes from or who it belongs to. Then I make out some words.

"Yes, sir," I hear a voice saying. "If you keep on doing things like that, I'll have to take the camera away from you or you'll sure get hurt."

"Now I ain't a suruptitious man, as a rule, but I sure did think I was listening to Tabby's pant. Purty soon another voice says, "But it would have been a realistic picture." And then the first voice says, "It sure would!"

"Well, sir, at that the cold sweat is just biling out of me, and old Fossil Johnson's shaking like a leaf, and Fawghorn's making passes in the air and talking to himself fast. Then along comes a third voice, all muffled up, too, and says, "The boys is all betting you was blew up higher 'n a kite."

"That so?" says voice number one. "Did they bet free?"

"Purty free," says the other; "only old Fossil Johnson's gets cold feet and thinks it's a frame-up when he sees me take all offers."

"Humph!" says the first voice. "Fossil's all right, but the strain's catching him. He ain't looking well lately."

'Fossil sure is looking white at that minute.

"Maybe it's the ekermonic pressure that's got him," the voice goes on.

'There then comes a lot of muffled laughing, and that's the worst yet.

'Well, sir, at that minute I ain't feeling any too spry myself, and all at once something takes holt of my ankle. I don't jump — I can't. But after a bit I look down and there's a big, dirty hand fastened on my leg. I don't move any — not for quite a while. Fossil and Fawghorn see it, too, but they ain't commenting. Only they are bugging their eyes awful. Then the hand gives a heave and my foot sinks quite a lot. I don't rec'lect just what I do think then. But the hand lets go all at once.

'Bout a minute later, while I'm still standing there, Windy shows up from behind a tree that's down right beside us. We're just getting ready to ask him where he's been, when Tabby looms up behind him; and while we're staring at him, who should crop out but the Logican, carrying his moving-piture camera.

'Well, sir, me and Fawghorn and Fossil looks at them and then looks at each other. We ain't speaking just yet. I think maybe I'm asleep and take a look around. The powder-house is sure gone. Then the Logican busts the silence wide open. "I'm afraid it's so dark I can't get a decent piture," he says; and we land on the ground again with a bump.

'Seems that Tabby had arrived at the powder-house about two, three

minutes before she blew. He grabs the Logican and drags him away, clinging like a bat to his camera and most crying with vexation, to that bed of muskeg. You don't know what muskeg is? She's moss — grows deep, no bottom to it, and you can breathe through it fine. So Tabby and the Logican beavers down into that moss and drifts and sinks till they're all holed up. Then they stay there till the show's over, and some more, because the air's bad outside. So long as a tree don't fall on them, they're in the safest place in the country. She's so limp that the explosion can't jolt her, and so wet the fire can't hurt her. And there I was betting my head off that Tabby's all blew to items.'

Mine host of the Ethiopie's Rest rose and stretched himself slowly. Some canoes were slipping out of the shadows across the lake. The silence of the summer afternoon was broken by the slamming of doors and the voices of men. Silver Mountain was coming home to supper.

'But how did Windy come to bet that Tabby was safe?' I asked the old man as he was opening the door to return to his duties.

'Windy? Windy's worse than Tabby. He's some kind of an Irishman and *feels* things. Did n't I tell you that there's things that ain't in the books? Well, Windy's the man that named Tabby. Says he knowed when first he see Tabby that he was the reincarceration of a cat. Had it all figgered out that he had three more lives to lose.'

MY RED CROSSERIES

BY AGNES B. CHOWEN

THEY sent me way out here, just northwest of the universe, to form a Red Cross organization. Some ecstasy in the task.

The entire forenoon I spent interviewing the wives of Red Men, and might as well have interviewed totem poles. However, although they spoke not a word, they seemed to grasp my intention, and promised to be prompt at the meeting. Especially encouraging was Sadie Bucking-Cat (or something like that). She was young and pretty, and told me to go to a certain house about a mile distant, and speak to the lady there.

D—— has no middle, but it has outskirts, with trimmings. I found the house to which Sadie had sent me, and engaged the lady of it in a conversation which appeared to be as delectable to her as was her occupation to me, namely, the butchering for market of a tremendous steer.

The woman was an amazonian creature, brown-skinned and brown-eyed. She threw that steer about with more ease than could a toreador. She was not an Indian. Though she rarely looked at me, she permitted me to speak, and while thus engaged I got a fair acquaintance with the rest of the household as it passed to and fro between house and barn, laden with butter, eggs, cheese, beef, vegetables, and so forth, all for the market.

She kept shouting orders to this, that, and the other one, — especially the other one, who was a trifle slow, — till I was nearly distracted. There were

six children, all as large and brown as their mother. All were good-looking. Two were handsome.

Her husband was half her size, and wore top-boots.

'Here!' she suddenly shouted to a six-foot masculine sprout; 'hold this leg solid while I finish the kidneys!'

He dropped the harness he was carrying, and came forward with alacrity, his face lighting with a smile as he greeted me rather awkwardly.

It took a tremendous lot of muscle to hold that leg while she rooted with knife and fingers; and when the leg suddenly slipped out of the boy's grasp, throwing him forward and bringing his face smartly against the kidney, he received a stunning box on the ear from the biggest palm I ever saw on a woman's hand.

'Oh, maw!' was all he said, giving her a reproachful look and rubbing his crimson ear. Then he took hold with both hands, bracing his entire strength against the leg, she telling him to attend to his business, which he certainly was doing with all his might.

Her husband, though he was as busy as she, giving orders, going around in circles with the importance of a bantam cock, had been polite enough to place an inverted butter-tub for me to sit on; and as it was the banquet-table of an energetic pig, it gave me some exercise to maintain my balance against her insistence.

Still I talked Red Cross as fast as I could, even resorting to a little blood-curdling information about the front,

till the boy transferred his interest to me, and seeing another box on the ear imminent, I rose to go. Then she unexpectedly faced me and said, —

‘That sounds pretty good, what you have been telling me about the work. When we return from the market to-morrow, we’ll just start one of them organizations.’

I thought she had not been listening.

Mr. Amazon kicked the tub out of my path with an old-time bow. This little man, not to be entirely eclipsed by his spouse, had formed the habit of giving an authoritative kick to everything that came in reach of his high boot-heel; especially if its back was turned toward him. The kick brought no more resentment than did the box on the ear.

It was quite late when I had supper and returned to my room. Awaiting me there was the following note from Sadie: —

‘Dear Lady. Tonite at ate I will bring you 3 good Read Cross pew-pills.’

Just three! And she the most popular girl in D——.

I was glad to reach the meeting-place in advance of anyone else. When all was ready, I sat down and waited two hours without seeing a single soul. They had not intended to come, as I know now. Somewhat annoyed, I was going away, when Sadie, all out of breath, appeared, bringing her ‘pew-pills.’

Number one was an ex-chief, with deep furrows of soil on his brow and cheek. Number two was an ex-camp-cook, with semi-circular legs and a shirt front liberally decorated with tobacco designs. His protruding mouth had homesteaded on his nose-site, causing that indignant organ to turn upward and take refuge between two very sharp eyes. His sneeze was the diversion of the community. They called him Pug.

Number three was a handsome, shy, brown lad, whom I had seen before. The swelling on his ear had gone down. He blushed every time he thought I was going to address him, so I concentrated on Pug, who was equal to even more. Pug did not like the boy — that was plain. Sadie did like the boy — that, too, was plain. Pug liked Sadie — that was the plainest of all.

Just three, but I talked as if there had been thirty-three. The chief gave no evidence that he was listening. Billy was listening more to the floor than to me. But Pug was a dear. He was as attentive as Sadie had been; and when I paused, asked if he could bring a bunch of his friends next day to hear me say it all over again.

Of course I consented. A meeting in installments might be just as effective as one big one.

‘And I’ll tell you how we kin start a fund right away,’ he volunteered, with a side glance at Billy. ‘We’ll have a sheep-shearin’ contest to-morrow, him and me,’ nodding toward Billy, ‘and all the money can go to the Red Cross.’

‘Where does the money come from, at a sheep-shearing contest?’ I asked.

His eyes opened wide. ‘Why, our friends bet on us, of course.’

‘But the Red Cross does n’t approve of bets, raffles, chances of any kind.’

He looked thoroughly disgusted.

‘I meant, our friends will buy tickets to come and see us shear, like any other show. Will that be all right?’

‘Yes. Is that agreeable to you, Billy?’

He blushed more than ever with a glance at Sadie, whose eyes fairly snapped consent. Billy looked down again, circling his hat, and Sadie took the word.

‘You bet!’ she exclaimed. ‘To-morrow at two o’clock, at the regular shearing-sheds!’

So it was settled.

The two men were expert shearers, I learned. Pug was jealous of Billy. No one knew whether Billy was jealous or not. He certainly had not as much reason, if it was a question of Sadie's favor.

The trio departed. Pug was sure of winning, or he never would have given me that knowing wink as he strode away with a bantam swagger that suited his style.

Naturally I did not depend entirely on Sadie and Pug for my organization. My eyes had been opened to the value of certain people's promises, and I adopted more effective measures.

The nut-brown Amazon was made chairman of the auxiliary. She selected her own vice and secretary. The men who showed especial interest were put on the executive board without being consulted. Of course, they were willing. Indeed, Pug felt quite important over his election. When I said to him, 'My word, Mr. Pug, you have more ex-people here than at any other place I ever visited,' he straightened up, pointed his cigar skyward, and answered, —

'Sure. Most of these fellows are only ex-cuses for what they should be. But we'll show you we ain't all exes.'

The old schoolhouse was secured for a workroom. Pug got it scrubbed, and fitted with the necessary chairs and tables, a stove, and two sewing-machines, which were lent by ranchers for the summer period.

After two days of great activity, the women — white, half-breed, and Indian — had been taught to make straight, flat seams on pajamas, to attach collar-facings without wrinkling, to sew on tapes where they were intended to be, and the rudiments of knitting. Each individual took her work home to finish, and was to have it ready in ten days, when I should return to inspect. So I had my ripping knives sharpened, and bought my ticket for the shearing contest.

Here I made my first acquaintance with sheep, and I have more respect for men since. On the way to the sheds, I passed a corral where a sheep was going around in circles, one of the Amazon's sons just having completed an operation for water in the head. The youth, as usual, received the paternal kick as I was passing. He rubbed the spot, and limped away, smiling wryly as he caught my eye.

'Did it hurt?' I asked.

'Oh, I can't complain,' he drawled. 'It is the handshake of our tribe, you know. The operation pleased dad.'

I'd hate to belong to that tribe.

The contest was stirring. Several horse-races had been added, and there was a good crowd present. An Indian will leave his deathbed long enough to see a horse-race, but he never is demonstrative. The white people made the noise.

In the centre of an intensely interested crowd, Pug and Billy were working neck and neck for the honors. The platforms were rather narrow, and when struggling with a particularly obstreperous mutton, it was sometimes almost impossible to keep from being pushed off; this would mean disgrace forever. The sun was pitiless. The shearers did not seem to mind it as much as did the spectators, although they looked very white in the face.

The game was breathless because the men kept exceedingly close together. Neither spoke, or looked to right or left. To me it was a marvelous performance. They seemed not to be the men of yesterday. Determination was all one could read in their expression and gestures. The wool fell away easily. Some of it was stained with blood. Sometimes a belly-vein was severed, and a knot was tied somewhere to stop the flow of blood; but this was accomplished so skillfully that no time was lost.

Not far away, leaning on the fence, was Sadie. A girl friend accompanied her. The girl was arrayed in rainbow hues, while Sadie, the effervescent, wore deep mourning. She was as tensely different as were the two shearers.

I asked my nearest neighbor why Sadie was in black.

'Her grandmother died a few weeks ago,' he answered, 'and she wears mourning on holidays. You should see her with her crêpe veil on! She looks just like the Virgin Mary! Maybe she'll wear it later in the afternoon.'

There was present to-day one speaker — an ex-cowboy, they said; but he looked too old. Cowboys never grow old.

Shouts and cheers were issuing from the shearing-sheds. When I returned there, both contestants were taking their last sheep. This was their very last clip. The men looked whiter than before.

Pug got his animal into position first. Cheers from his adherents. Poor Billy happened to get hold of an old wether warrior and lost time. It was a wonder that the remarks and jokes tossed at him did not confuse him. Sadie stood at her post, rigid as a wooden sentinel.

The shears fairly buzzed. Pug, still a trifle ahead, kept his friends noisy. Billy tightened his muscles. The air was thick with the weight of big betting, but the word itself was repressed most of the time, while I received more than one distorted grin, supposed to be friendly.

Finally Billy caught up with Pug, and went a trifle beyond him. Pandemonium is the word. Even Sadie forgot herself so far as to give a squeak of triumph, and Billy, involuntarily glancing at her, let the sheep jerk itself from his grasp, and a hard struggle ensued.

Now things looked bad for Billy. For fully five seconds he teetered on

the very brink of the platform, while his supporters screamed inwardly. Pug increased his speed. Billy saved himself from being pushed over, though he had to employ both hands, leaving him none to shear with. He needed three hands.

The situation was becoming racking when Billy had an inspiration. Turning the mutton's face upward, he caught its nose between his firm white teeth and hung on like a bull-dog. The crowd went wild, and his hands lost their identity in swiftness of motion. Some of Pug's friends shouted, 'No fair!' but were quickly silenced; for Pug, while formulating the rules for this especial contest, had not reckoned with Billy's jaw.

Billy won the contest.

As I was leaving the grounds with the rest of the people, one of the men on duty during the day came to me and handed me a bag heavy with coin. He bore signs of hard work.

'What money is this?' I asked.

He hesitated a moment, then said, 'The gate-receipts, ma'am.'

'But you should take it to your treasurer,' I suggested.

He did n't know who was treasurer, and as he had quite a number of miles to cover so late in the day, he convinced me that I was the proper person to take the money for the Red Cross. He departed before I could even ask how much the sack contained.

Two minutes later another man, who had been conducting some unknown (to me) pastime, with small stones, came to me with a sack of coin. 'Where's this from?' I asked him.

'The gate-receipts,' he promptly answered.

'But I already have the gate-receipts,' said I, holding them aloft.

'Yes,' he agreed, 'but there were two gates.'

He departed.

As I was passing through the gate of many receipts, I saw Pug in the crowd. He looked defiant, and was hugging a tin box. At sight of me he held it up, and it was very heavy.

'The gate-receipts!' he shouted to me. 'They console me.'

A few more gate-receipts trickled in from various directions, and these, with the sales of ice-cream, lemonade, and 'sacrificed' articles, as well as auctioned animals, poultry, and so forth, netted the local organization four thousand dollars.

Ten days I spent in the Big Town, to which the inhabitants of D—alluded frequently, not always with enthusiasm, but always with an air of superiority. Then I returned to D—.

The work had all been gathered at the schoolhouse, and several officers were present, waiting for me.

The nut-brown Amazon stood close to my elbow, watching my face as I inspected. Prayerfully I searched for something I could praise without too great a wrench of conscience. She was so terribly big.

Finally I drew a full breath and spoke as fast as I could:—

'The workmanship is not good. You can see for yourselves that the seams meander where they list. These, for instance, are turned the wrong way, and have fringe, because there was no basting. The machine that made this garment had the tension too tight, making ruffles of the seams, and a wounded soldier cannot rest on ruffles. These pockets are on the wrong side. The buttonholes should be of uniform size, and worked more closely. Tapes must be spaced more evenly. You *must* insist on basting these yokes.'

Here I paused for breath, afraid to look up at the silent giant beside me.

The other women stood awed and silent, too. Presently I caught that swift motion of her hand, which I knew well,

and I drew back. But she did not withdraw her hand: it was palm upward.

'Put it there,' she commanded; and I shook hands with her, or, rather, I tried to, but she shook the entire me, saying, 'Them's the very words I wanted to hear. Don't I know the work's rotten? I told 'em so, but they only laughed at me, sayin' I might know how to plough, to brand a cow, and make butter, but where had I ever learned to make a straight seam? That's the stuff they hand me when I try to make 'em do right. You just bet it'll be different now! I'm goin' to git the rest of the bunch, and you've got to stay and say it all over again.'

She jumped into her wobbly wagon and drove off. During her absence, I instructed in the gentle art of ripping and my pupils were not at all enthusiastic.

They all came, those living farthest away riding in Mrs. Amazon's little wagon. I went through it all again, adding the things I had been afraid to mention before. Mrs. Amazon stood at the door like a watch-dog.

The very first work sent to headquarters by the D— auxiliary was graded A1.

The monthly paper published by headquarters had this to say:—

'The splendid patriotism of the Northwest was again manifested when a Red Cross representative from our division was sent to D—, to form an organization. The community responded to a man, throwing themselves into the work with such zest that in the short time of two days they raised four thousand dollars. The women immediately established work-quarters, and the very first garments received were of excellent workmanship. The amount of money raised is a per-capita rate of five dollars for every man, woman, and child within six miles of D—.'

THE NAMES

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Now he is dead who loved the traveling cloud,
And knew the white road to the harbor ships;
And romance has gone by, that called aloud
His name, and summoned laughter from his lips.
I read the words, I know that this is true —
But will you other women feel as I
When the tall door of Paradise swings to,
And glory has forsaken the wide sky?
For though I read, my heart cannot believe.
The wind cries, *No!* along the glittering track
Above the dusk, and will not let me grieve.
(It was a wind that brought Odysseus back.)
And oh, the copses where the thrushes dwell,
The foxglove forests with their outlaw bees,
The moonrise like a distance-softened bell,
The hills that claimed him! I must think on these
(And how I always knew that he had heard
The music dripping from the rainbow's edge
And the brief meteor's infrequent word,
And God's low footfall in the river-sedge),
Till all wild earth lays passionate hands on him,
The very islands will not let him go,

THE NAMES

Nor the old mountains, nor the seas that rim
The unknown clinging lands!

Thus do I know

How strange the message that will come to you,
All of you others who must read the names;
And while your hearts deny that truth be true,
The letters of one word like separate flames
Will light the face of a forgotten flower,
Or broken water with the sunset stained,
Or a lost midnight, and the secret hour
Of wonder when nor thought nor speech remained:
And one of you will say, *It was not vain!*
And one recall the valiant things he said,
But all the time, reiterate as rain,
Some jest of his turned sharp, now he is dead,
Will leave your every feeling wholly numb,
Forbidding tears, the tears that may not come.

*Almost they come to me; so long you will
Stare at the names, incredulous and still!*

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

III. EXIT FLAGADA

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. CHIGNOLE TO THE RESCUE

GILDED insects danced in the sunbeams that filtered through the pine needles. A bee heavy with pollen plunged deep into a flowercup, setting the blossom a-nod on its delicate stem. Papa Charles and Flagada were asleep on the damp hot sand, with their caps over their faces to keep out the light. Frangipane, bare-headed, was doing his hundred paces 'as at Deauville.' Chignole, lying on his stomach, propped on one elbow, drew cabalistic signs with the end of his hazel switch. The high notes of a distant clarion woke the sleepers.

'That's not for us. It's the assembly for the machine-gun rookies. You can go on napping, Papa Charles.'

'You think —' yawned Flagada.

'This place gets my goat! I feel as if I were at the movies! Who would have supposed that in one day we should be blown from the front to the extreme rear — from Nancy to the school of aerial gunnery, at Cazau, in the Gironde!'

'The surprises of a military life.'

'Oh, what a place! What a change from out yonder! It turns this month's practice into a sort of holiday, a shooting leave.'

The wind, very soft, stirred the spicy fragrance of fresh pine-gum and dried heather, mingled with the sharp, salty smell of the neighboring sea. The aviators, accustomed to the harsh

climate of the Vosges, reveled in the happy languor of their deliciously sleepy senses.

'Sunday, if we're free, I'll take you to Cap-Ferret,' said Frangipane. 'I know a place there where the oysters are a marvel. We'll hire a little boat, and if there's time, we'll go down to the ocean.'

'At last, I shall see the sea!'

Chignole heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

'And at Cannes, at Nice, when you were in hospital, I suppose it was the Seine that you saw from the beach?'

'You think you're funny!' Chignole shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, yes; I insist; that's not really the sea, that Mediterranean! It's blue! It might be the sky. And flat! Oh, it was so still, it got on my nerves.'

'Here's somebody else complaining that the sea's too beautiful!'

In single file, along the narrow footpath, they made their way toward the School. Chignole loitered, picking green mulberries and scratching his hands on brambles to gather the honeysuckle whose vines overran the thicket. He gazed with astonished eyes at all this nature spread out before him, for it was new to him; but he did not enjoy confessing his own ignorance and discovering how like he was to everybody else.

At the wharf near which the hydroplanes were docked, they found the machines resting on the flat, shining

surface of the pond, like birds which had forgotten to close their white wings. Papa Charles was assigned to one as pilot; Chignole practised bursting target-balloons with a machine-gun fitted with a new kind of collimator.

'Hi, old son! This is n't our old family Voisin! It's the hencoop, the Maurice Farman, the M.F.'¹

In the cockpit the places were reversed. Chignole, in front, turned the gun on its tripod to test its field of fire. Papa Charles, behind him, was getting used to the new controls. The rudder-bar was replaced by pedals, and the joy-stick by a horizontal bar with handles.

When the screw was cranked, the biplane slid, at a slow pace, on her pontoons and left the dock. Papa Charles gave her the gas and pulled the control imperceptibly toward him; the wing pontoons left the water; the tail pontoons brushed the surface a moment, then left it.

'She's off!'

'Not bad sport, playing that we're ducks!'

As they went up, they could see below them the pond, like molten metal, ringed round by the unbroken green of the heath. On the right, a narrow isthmus of gray downs and the infinite ocean; before them, another pond, the one near Biscarrosse and Parentis; on the left, the pine forest, dotted with glades in which were hidden the low hovels of the rosin-gatherers. A quiet, sleepy panorama. Chignole, contemplating it, understood perhaps for the first time that, although he was fighting for France, for a principle, he was also fighting for himself. At Nancy, he had flown over houses, factories, each one with its owner; the trenches belonged to no one; Lorraine was still in the enemy's hands. Then he had been fighting to keep, or to get back, things

¹ Pronounced 'Mefe.'

which did n't belong to him personally, and never would. But this forest, this heath, these blossomy fields, all this belonged to every Frenchman; this was his own; here he had his share in earth and water and sunshine; here he had his share in liberty and happiness; and all of a sudden, he — the Chignole without a penny to his name — seemed to himself immensely rich.

'And all that might be taken by the Boches, or come under Boche rule! Ah, ha! William, you old bandit, you want too much! Varmint!'

And to appease his wrath he fired furiously at the balloons.

'I say! — this side — do you see it — the sea?'

It glittered like a silver breastplate, yet its soft silky folds clung to the curves of the coast, crept into the coves, hooded the capes, twined round the islands. Papa Charles, hypnotized by the deep roar of the machine alive to his whim, and drunk with the azure and the wind, had foolish longings to head toward the dim line that marked the meeting of sky and water.

'Are you bound for America?' inquired Chignole, surprised at the direction of the machine.

Papa Charles, brought back to reality, pressed upon one of the pedals. The docile biplane obeyed, skirted the coast, and entered the bay of Arcachon. The sand-banks cast brown shadows into the transparent water. Along the shores, villas nestled, lost in the mimosas and the fig trees, and protected by palisades and thick walls. Papa Charles recalled the town of the winter before the war, the sad shadows of consumptives in bright-colored woollens which accented their leanness and their pallor; the look of hopeless illness lurking in every eye, exhaling at every breath. Oh, better far this death he faced, this death he chose to die, than that other waiting behind the disease

which consumes the lungs, taints the blood, brands the flesh. At least, when he died, he would go out in health, whole, strong, and beautiful.

Chignole was still looking through his field-glasses.

'What are you hunting for?'

'They're always talking about the oysters of Arcachon; I'm looking to see if I can see any.'

Suddenly, the sun disappeared behind a bank of dark clouds; the wind freshened. Papa Charles gave her the gas and dived toward Cazau at full speed. Black balls were climbing the halcyons of the semaphore. The pond was crinkling into a thousand wrinkles.

'That means a squall. Sure we have time to dock before it catches us?'

The farther down they came, the rougher the waves looked. Papa Charles nosed up to steady the machine; as he lighted, the pontoon of one wing was hooked by a reed; the biplane spun on its nose and turned completely over, tipping out its passengers. Chignole found himself at the bottom of the pond.

'Here you are! Ho, for a life-preserver! I shan't miss a thing in this war!'

Striking out from the thigh, he rose to the surface, and seized hold of a sort of shapeless rag that swept through his fingers. He pulled it to him just as it was vanishing. It was the hair of Papa Charles, half-drowned already and about to go down.

In the motor-boat manned by Frangipane and Flagada, which was the first to arrive at the scene of the accident, Papa Charles came to his senses, thanks to the vigorous measures adopted by Chignole, who almost pulled out his tongue under the pretext of restoring his circulation.

'It's worth while having hair, Papa Charles — what! If you'd been bald, you'd be at the bottom now!'

II. CHIGNOLE HAS THE BLUES

Chignole and Flagada left the office of the sergeant-major, caps tilted on one ear, each waving a piece of paper.

'Here you are! — Leave! — Twenty-four hours granted for family affairs. — The cap'n fell for it.'

'Flagada!'

Papa Charles and Frangipane regarded the toes of their boots with gloom, and sighed dolefully.

'No, but joking aside,' Chignole continued, 'do you really think we'd leave you out? — That Flagada and I would go on a bat to Bordeaux without you? Not on your life! The question is how to work it.'

'The secret session is open; let us deliberate,' announced Papa Charles pompously.

Seated on the sand, they wasted no thought upon the magic of the rosy hour which was setting the pines ablaze and the pond a-sparkle, but industriously searched their wits for some scheme clever enough to bring them a free day.

'I advise prudence,' Frangipane warned them lightly, 'for they have their eye on us.'

Chignole sucked long on a piece of grass plucked from the edge of a ditch, scratched the earth, sniffed, then made up his mind.

'It's not worth while looking for noon at two o'clock. The stunt is to hump ourselves so we shan't miss the ten o'clock train. You must look pale; the doctor will excuse you from service, that's the main thing. Nobody'll come snooping round our quarters to see if we're there, and we'll vanish.'

Papa Charles and Frangipane turned their steps toward the infirmary. The head surgeon was a suspicious, asthmatic old man, who saw in every aviator a dangerous rival in the affections of the little chambermaids of the Hôtel

de la Gare, and an incorrigible idler. Hence he fixed the two cronies with an inquisitorial eyeglass.

Papa Charles, completely master of himself, enumerated his wounds 'which the sea air irritated,' and described his falls with the detail of a newspaper reporter filling a column. His voice trembled; he was overcome; he was on the verge of tears. The major stopped him, convinced.

But Frangipane came up with his habitual swagger and his quizzical smile, and the countenance of his interlocutor darkened at once.

'What's the matter with you?'

'Heavens, doctor, how should I know? To be quite frank, there are no symptoms of acute illness; it's a general discomfort, which seems to call for sick leave.' And to carry conviction, he put out his tongue, which he had previously rubbed with chalk.

The doctor saw through the ruse, but the *croix de guerre* made an impression on him. He wanted to show that he was a good sort, but nobody's fool.

'Sick leave granted, but I prescribe a purge for you; you know as well as I do why your tongue is coated — coated white. Don't go yet. Orderly — castor oil — Wait! — Wait! — I'm going to give it to you myself.'

The wretch, horror-struck, swallowed a full glass, rolling the whites of his eyes, while the doctor emitted sharp little grunts — his way of laughing.

An hour, later the express bore them away. Frangipane, livid, collapsed in a corner, one hand on his stomach.

A good breakfast in Bordeaux set him on his feet, and arm in arm, like sailors ashore, the gay fellows strolled along the quays, smoking huge cigars which the proprietor of the restaurant, won by their charm, had insisted upon bestowing on them.

The Port: Shops where all sorts of things were sold, which Chignole had

never seen before. Buoys, rigging, oiled hats. Dark public houses smelling of tar and alcohol. Strange, tough-skinned characters, with innocent eyes and evil mouths. A great river, a forest of masts, chimneys, and cranes. And that atmosphere peculiar to maritime cities, swept by the wind of perpetual departures into the unknown.

They stopped short before the poster of a music-hall.

SKY-LIFE!

GRAND REVIEW IN TWO ACTS AND
THIRTY TABLEAUX

'Sky-life! — It's about aviation!'

'To-day's Sunday; there's a matinee; our presence here is plainly indicated.'

Their entrance into a proscenium box caused a lively sensation. They were good to look at, our aces, with their fantastic uniforms, their decorations, and their chevrons. The people at Bordeaux don't often have aviators within their walls, so they were the object of noisy and affectionate curiosity.

'How well set up they are!'

'Have they palms?'

'Poor young men! Still, we mustn't spoil them too much.'

Proud of their success, they swaggered. Chignole could not capture enough smiles and little attentions. Flagada realized that he had never awakened such enthusiasm as a comedian. Frangipane, the aristocrat, acknowledged that 'the people' have some good in them. Papa Charles, though really touched, feigned indifference; it was more distinguished.

At the finale, a lively old lady threw them a bouquet with a flourish. This let loose a regular ovation. The Marseillaise! Flowers! Triumphant procession! In the lobby, there was champagne, speeches, embraces. Ah, the Midi!

Later, on a bench in the park, their lightheadedness evaporated little by little. They had tasted the strong wine of popularity, and they came to their senses ashamed of their silly intoxication.

Ah! behind the lines! — the poor joys of the rear, ignoble when they are not empty. Their thoughts reverted to their comrades going up on patrol at the front, in a stormy sky, at that marvelous sport, aerial war, whose motto is, 'Thrills — then carry on — and keep grinning.'

Meanwhile, each one was feeling anew the slow grip of the thousand and one ties of his life, which the war had strained but not broken, and which the briefest return to the rear tightened again.

Frangipane saw once more the cradle of his race in Beaugency, crowned by the old feudal tower whose scars were hidden by lichen. His ancestors, small provincial nobles, had gone out from it to secure posts at court: —

Orléans, Beaugency,
Notre-Dame de Cléry,
Vendôme — Vendôme.

The popular refrain of romantic comedy hummed in his ears.

Flagada felt once again the obsession of the theatre, the boards, the auditorium. He seemed to breathe the stale smell of the wings, the mouldiness and paint; he grew sentimental thinking how ridiculously he used to dress to play the part of a solemn necromancer.

Papa Charles mused on his existence before the war: flirtations and the tango, winters at Davos, springs at Cairo, summers at Cabourg, and autumns at Ravenna. Bobsleighs, latticed-windows, tennis, and the mandolin. His dream called up profiles, silhouettes; hair in caressing curls, eyes that promised, hands that beckoned. Now that he looked back upon himself

through the perspective of time, whose worth he should understand henceforth, he could see how he might surround himself with a voluptuous and soft life of visions and rare sensations. Ah, how he could dream, love, and be beloved, if he were sure of not dying!

And Chignole's thoughts turned to Sophie. He tried to struggle against the spell, for well he knew that, if he once allowed the image of his wife to come between him and his duty, he could never fully accomplish it, try as he might. A true priest knows only his God; a true soldier should know only his country. But in fulfilling the priestly office, is it possible to strip off the human envelope entirely, to set aside one's personality, one's ego, completely, for the sake of an idea, however beautiful?

The four friends, so different in intellectual quality, in physical inheritance, in social contacts, were gripped by the same anguish, and Chignole summed up their trouble when he said, —

'I don't know what's the matter with me — it's a bore, like everything else — but I want to cry.'

III. MONSIEUR BASSINET PRACTISES PENMANSHIP

In his shirt-sleeves, seated at the oil-cloth-covered table in the porter's lodge, M. Bassinet traced capital letters in a copybook, drawing his inspiration from the copy set at the left of the page. It was hard work for him; he was not very clever at it; the veins in his forehead were swollen and his fingers were stained with ink.

The tiny kitchen was entirely filled with Madame Bassinet, who was scouring the bottom of a saucepan which she held pressed against her stomach. 'Maman Chignole' was sitting near the open window, using the last moments

of daylight to begin, or to finish — one never knew which — her customary knitting. M. Fondu slept over his newspaper. Sophie was sweeping up the crumbs from the evening meal.

'Move a little, papa, so I can take up what's under your feet.'

'Don't bother me, little daughter, I'm engaged in serious work.'

'Serious indeed!' snorted Madame Bassinet, edging sideways from among her pots and kettles. 'At your age! — Nothing better to do than to make pothooks.'

'Mâme Bassinet, to master a subject one must begin at the beginning.'

'And what good will it do you? Will your customers tip you better because you can draw a circle?'

'A beautiful handwriting is always worth while,' M. Fondu felt called upon to point out, stirred by the discussion.

'It's better than going to the saloon,' smiled 'Maman Chignole.'

But Madame Bassinet would have the last word: 'Are you putting yourself to this trouble to write to your lady friends, your chorus girls? — If ever I catch you!' She brandished her saucepan like a club.

'Oh, Mâme Bassinet! — To think me capable of — Oh!' stammered the good man, overwhelmed by such a suspicion. And, in his flutter, he upset the ink-bottle.

'There you go! Is n't that the limit! — Get up, quick! before you spot your trousers!'

The arrival of the postman put a stop to the recriminations. Sophie examined the mail feverishly; then, disappointed, distressed, anxious, cried, 'Nothing — still nothing!'

'It's a long time,' added 'Maman Chignole,' — 'a long time.'

The two women looked at each other timidly, then their eyes went to the picture of Chignole, in the place of honor, over the mantelpiece. The young

woman kept back her tears so as not to make the old one cry.

'What a dirty war it is!' grumbled Madame Bassinet, who, this evening, had no playful thoughts.

'Oh, do shut up!' retorted M. Bassinet. 'Everybody to his taste, what! Funereal airs, and a little sob party just because there are no letters from the boy! Do you think that he can be always hatching nonsense? You saw him five days ago, when he came back from Cazau with his boss; does n't that satisfy you? Do let him breathe — What the devil!'

'Yes, but he went back to Nancy to take part in a big raid.'

'It's not the first. Why should n't he have his usual luck? You'll end by handing him a lemon, with those Lenten faces of yours — Won't they, Fondu?'

According to his custom, M. Fondu contented himself with a silent laugh, and then gazed contentedly at his little-finger-nail which had been broken during the bombardment, but was slowly growing again.

M. Bassinet continued his writing under the lamp, now lighted. He was furious at feeling this unhappiness around him, but surprised that he could not find more emphatic words to condemn it.

'Why do I try to argue the impossible? I should make more impression on them if I smashed a piece of china. Ah, these women!'

But why was he embarrassed in their presence? — Because he was a man, and at home, while others were at the front. Of course, they did n't want him; he was an old man; the most exacting could have nothing against him. Still, in women's eyes he read scorn of his weakness, his age. He could no longer speak as a man; he had no more authority. Opinions were tolerated only from men who could fight.

The summer night, thundery and

hot, excited Sophie a little. She shivered over her memories. Oh, doubt! Uncertainty! To tremble every time the bell rang! To long for the postman and to dread his coming; to search the faces of those who might know something, for a betrayal of the truth; to listen to the clock, whose tic-tac fell upon the silence drop by drop, like tears or blood!

'I love him — I love him — and we are separated! I need him, to be happy. Oh, to feel his gentle strength once more. If he should be dying! — If he were dead!'

Her dream turned to a nightmare. Her hands clutched at a fleeing shape. How alone she was — already — like a widow!

Madame Bassinet tried to drown her boredom in her dish-water. She had changed a good deal since Sophie's marriage. Before, she had had no one in the war; now she had her son-in-law. Suppose he did n't come back? What would become of her daughter, without her husband? It was all very well to say that it was for France; that the conflict had not been sought but had to be carried on; her little special interests, her maternal egotism were stronger at times than her patriotism.

M. Fondu detested this war which he had never understood. At his office, plunged in dusty accounts, separated from the world by the barricade of his ledgers, he forgot it. But as soon as he was in the street, he was compelled to recall it, and with what bitterness! His autobus was gone; his crossing was changed, his special tobacco, too wet, was ground less fine; his newspaper had only one sheet. Finally, the incidents of his journey to Nancy had made a lively impression on him. He went to bed in his clothes, with his savings under the bolster, and the horn of an automobile was enough to send him post-haste under the bed, for he always

mistook it for the siren announcing the Zeppelins.

'I have only him — I have only him,' thought 'Maman Chignole.' 'What would the future hold for me if he should be taken?'

She dwelt in imagination upon her solitary and wretched old age, with its two possible endings — the almshouse or the bitter bread of charity.

It was a dull and empty time. Discouragement and doubt gripped them. But suddenly, on the first floor, a nasal phonograph began: —

'Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

The stirring music awakened their benumbed senses, drove out materialism and set free the ideal.

Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé!

In the echoing depths of their hearts it vibrated, swelled, and spread through all their being, till they felt suffocated.

M. Bassinet rose. From the wardrobe, from under a pile of napkins, he brought out a beautiful red account-book with gilt edges. 'This is why I am learning to write all over again.' And he inscribed at the top of the first page: 'Today I begin, for my grandchildren, my *mémoires* of the Great War.'

'Aux armes! Citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons! —'

It seemed to them that it was Chignole, there on the wall, sitting in his frame, who was singing the Marseillaise to them.

IV. CHIGNOLE JUSTS GETS BY

The plateau was deserted, for the sun blazed at the zenith, and the dry grass was like tinder. The closed mess-halls were empty; the mechanics slept in the shade of the hangars, and the

personnel of the flying corps swung in hammocks under the pines.

A lonely aeroplane was on the field. Chignole, in his cockpit, was correcting the hang of the compass, held by coil-springs stretched on hooks. Mimile, in his blue overalls, was putting grease with a spatula in the necks of the pulleys over which the controls slip. Papa Charles, sheltered under one of the wings, played solitaire.

'Is there luck in the cards?'

'Yes; four aces; victory. I don't insist, Chignole, and above all I would n't hinder you; but don't you think we'd be better off in the wood?'

'My! but you're a lazy lummo! There you sit with nothing to do but shuffle your cards — and you complain! To hear you, nobody'd think that to-night we were to bomb Trèves.'

'Are you nervous?'

'But, my dear fellow, — it's some joy-ride, that burg! Two hundred and sixty kilometres there and back, as the crow flies; which means four hundred with the zigzags. We must n't let the mill get rheumatism. Hi, Mimile! What are you up to? Looking for short-circuits in the exhaust-chamber?'

'I am regulating the breaking of the current.'

'Happy thought!' And he added to Papa Charles in a low voice, 'Really, Mimile is a good fellow; only he was picked green — what?'

Absorbed in his job, he stopped talking and set to work with his tools and his clever hands to finish what he had begun. Then presently he stopped, wiped his forehead, and made a magnificent gesture. 'No! It can't be done. There's no way of regulating this compass like that. The needle varies two degrees whenever I push the control over to that side. Let's put the cuckoo on the table. Then it'll be as easy as falling off a log.'

They rolled the machine to the table

where the cardinal points were drawn with lime on the ground, and compensated the errors of the compass by adding metal weights.

'With the load we must carry to-night, we shall weigh almost a kilo. — A regular autobus — what?'

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The mess after dinner. Coffee, liqueurs, pipes and cigarettes.

'Departure: eleven o'clock,' said the secretary, turning from the telephone.

In the face of danger, everyone behaved in character. Some wrote last letters, others studied the maps. Frangipane, at the piano, sang a Venetian barcarolle, under his breath, —

'Gentile gondolière,
Dit le pêcheur épris,
'Je cède à ta prière.
Quel en sera le prix?'

Flagada repeated the monologue of Charles V. The vaudeville artist, even as he faced the enemy, had not given up hope of entering the tragedy class at the Conservatory.

Papa Charles made a methodical inventory of the contents of his pockets and destroyed personal papers.

Chignole filled a thermos bottle with a hot, spicy beverage. 'The nights are sharp, even in June; and besides, I don't want to go thirsty.'

Watches were feverishly consulted, and to cheat suspense, they fell asleep, all dressed, on the seat-straps.

The hours passed. A motor crossed the plateau, bringing the report from the meteorological station at headquarters. Officers' automobiles went out through the byway of Pixérécourt. Dogs barked themselves hoarse; beacons opened their fans of spreading light on the ground; engines began to revolve; there were short commands, a group around the captain, suggestions: —

'Two squads, you understand? One

to follow the Moselle, the other the Sarre; rendezvous where they join. Have the observers the call-signal for the return trip? Attention: every aeroplane which fails to give it will be fired on by our anti-aircraft batteries, to prevent the Boches from crossing our lines with us. Forward!

Chignole and Papa Charles, with belts buckled, waited their turn patiently. Mimile would have liked to say something affectionate, but he was afraid of being snubbed by his heroes.

A biplane rose, turned, then, with lights lit, came back over them at ten metres. It was Frangipane and Flagada, who had the honor of leaving at the head of the second group, and were moving off toward Château-Salins.

'Go to it, old chap!'

They wheeled; there was a brief moment of anxiety; the biplane was so heavy with petrol and explosives, that it seemed unable to leave the earth; and the wood was in their way like a wall. A sharp blow on the joy-stick, and they nose up, just miss the wood, pitch heavily. Is it going to be a slide? — No, Papa Charles lifts his hand at once, taking advantage of the hollow of Agincourt to dive and get his equilibrium, while increasing his speed.

'Stay over the parade-ground till we're up a thousand metres; if there's a breakdown, the cherry trees of Malzéville will be unhealthy.'

'We should worry! I don't want to crowd the fellows just starting out.'

And they flew over Champigneulles at a low altitude.

It was a slow ascent, with sudden holes in the air robbing them in an instant of a hundred metres painfully achieved.

'Pont-à-Mousson —'

'Nine hundred. — Climb still a little more.'

'I'll be d——! Just enough petrol!'

There followed searchlights and can-

nonading; but they were rejoined by their comrades, and the Boches, surprised at their numbers, fumbled their aim and their shots.

'Do we follow the Moselle?'

'Not yet. Better avoid Metz.'

They held to the left, and tried to catch the river again, high above Thionville; but a thick mist covered the valley. They had to choose: either to be seen and see where they were going; or to hide in the fog, and be blind.

'I don't like muck; it gives me a cold,' declared Chignole, wrapping his muffler over his mouth.

'Well, open your eye, for they're going to get after us. Don't look at the route, but see what they're letting off.'

On the ground, wandering gleams betrayed the shots; then 'caterpillars' began to rise. The caterpillar is a subtle Teutonic invention, composed of a series of little incandescent balloons whose crimes are of two kinds: if they touch a plane, they set it afire; and secondly, the iron wires stretched from one balloon to the other smash the propeller if it becomes entangled in their network. Therefore, despite the lure of their poetical appearance, rose-color and green, our friends prudently avoided them.

'Is the oil-gauge working?'

'Yiss, milud!'

The biplane gradually increased her altitude, until Papa Charles, judging it sufficient, pressed on the control, thus gaining ten kilometres an hour. Before them, on the right, flashes zig-zagged through the clouds.

'There's a thunderstorm.'

'Not a bit. That's the guys of the second squad, getting it in the neck; another proof we're on the right road.'

'Keep your eyes skinned; they're flying with lights out; look out for collisions.'

Are Flagada and Frangipane among them? Does fortune favor them?

As if in reply to their unspoken questions, a machine with lamps and beacons alight crossed their path.

'Nobody but those two would be such fools just here —'

'Except us.'

Chignole turned the switches.

'They'll spot us — it's idiotic!'

'Perhaps; but that'll give them a jolt!'

They descended. Lights pricked the darkness; long bright oblongs marked the factory buildings at work. They longed to drop bombs on them, but orders were: Reprisals. The city is to be punished.

It came into view like a black hole, in the glass at the bottom of the cockpit. The aeroplanes had already begun their work, for yellow streaks were streaming over its surface, and expanding into reddish blots. Chignole pulled the levers toward him with evident satisfaction.

'Good night!' he shouted at the earth.

A loop, and back they came again. Chignole opened the cock of the spirit indicator. The graduated tube was still half full of petrol.

'She's holding out.'

'I don't want to give her too much to do.'

Papa Charles reduced his speed, adjusted his direction by the compass, and got ready for a bite of lunch, at his companion's invitation: crackers, cakes of chocolate, and several swallows of grog still hot from the thermos bottle. Their comrades passed by them and disappeared.

'They're in a hurry to get to bed. We've got all the time there is —'

Shells encircled them, but at a distance. Chignole declared that this evening the Huns had their uses.

'The lines! — Ouf!' They smiled at having once again escaped a mishap.

Then, suddenly, a French searchlight transfixed them, and was turned on and off at regular intervals.

'Don't you see they're asking you for the signal? Why don't you give it?'

'The letter! — The letter!' stammered Chignole.

The searchlight repeated its signal, but rapidly, jerkily; they guessed that it was astonished at having no reply.

'The letter! The letter! I can't remember it!'

A shot — at fifty metres.

'The "seventy-five"! There she goes!'

Papa Charles turned round, took hold of Chignole's arms and shook them. 'Think! — We're done for!'

Chignole strained every nerve and concentrated his thoughts to rouse his memory.

'Wake up, old son! — What letter?'

Papa Charles bent over as if to pluck it out of him.

The shells were now harrying the machine at close quarters. Chignole no longer struggled. With haggard face he awaited the explosion — Death.

Death — the end of everything — of his love — and more — of Sophie — Sophie — the dear name was there, before his eyes, printed in letters of fire.

Then, as a mysterious click reveals a secret hiding-place, suddenly, a compartment opened in his brain: Sophie — S! — the first letter of her name was also the letter of deliverance; and with a choking voice he hurled it at the death which he could defeat yet once again.

'S! — S! — Papa Charles! — S! I've found —!'

V. FLAGADA MISSES HIS EXIT

'Anybody'd know you were a freak, — to catch the gripe in June!'

'And then, to climb to two thousand without your old horse-jacket. You really ought to be smacked.'

Flagada was stretched on a bed in the mess-room, and despite the mild weather and the furs which covered him, he could not get warm.

'We're going to put a mustard plaster on you, as the doctor ordered.'

'A mustard plaster! It's the doctor's joke! Me, I know a trick worth two of that!' cried Chignole, coming from the kitchen with a cup in his hand. 'You're going to taste this concoction of mine, Flagada, old son. Hot wine, according to the Bassinet-recipe: table-claret, rum, sugar, lemon, pepper, clove, stewed together and served piping hot. You swallow, you sweat, and to-morrow — you're on your feet again!'

Bssi — Poup — in rapid succession.

'The Boches! They can't leave us in peace.'

'The escadrille is called out! — Get your machines!'

'I'm going to get up.'

Flagada threw off his covers, but before he could put his foot to the ground, Chignole's fist had nailed him to the mattress.

'Do you want to catch your death? The cap'n understands. You're excused. — All you have to do is sleep.'

'Go ahead; I'll watch him. I can't go without my pilot.'

Frangipane sat down by his friend's pillow, after having tucked him in with a tenderness surprising in one so huge.

Papa Charles and Chignole hurried away to their biplane.

'Is it serious, this attack?'

'No; chills and fever; a heavy cold.'

'Did n't you notice, — his chest wheezes —'

'That's normal.'

The messenger from headquarters came up with a rush: 'Twelve airplanes by Pont-à-Mousson and toward Toul.'

Papa Charles manœuvred mechanically. He was amazed at his own calmness and indifference. Where were the shivery departures of former days? Where were the nervous hands clutching the controls? Then, he had felt the exciting obsession of danger, the need of showing off, of being in the

public eye, of applause at the expense of his skin; he had felt ambition to outdo others, and thirst for reward. To-day, war-weary and surfeited, he was moved simply by the ardent desire to fulfill a supreme duty. He was no longer an aviator merely to play to the gallery, attract attention, and subjugate susceptible women, but because in the struggle in mid-heaven he had a better chance to use his initiative than in the trenches. Before, he had fought for himself, egotistically; now, he was fighting for others, and the nobility of that disinterested duty made a bigger man of him.

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Flagada was drowsy, and in his fever he dreamed. He was in a great raid; the goal had been attained; at the frontier there was a barrage, a fight with a Fokker; Frangipane fired, the enemy plane descended in flames, after having tipped out its passengers who spun round in the void. He returned to the escadrille. He was cited. Bssi — Poup — Champagne! Leave! Paris! Café du Globe. Old theatrical friends — Bssi — Poup — Champagne! How much one could drink in a dream!

The last cork popped so loud that he woke with a start. Frangipane, at a window, seemed to be keenly interested in something going on outside.

Bssi — Poup — Was his dream beginning again? No; those were signal rockets.

The secretary came in and spoke to Frangipane.

'What do you think! Those pigs have taken advantage of our machines being up, to come over Nancy. A Hun has been sighted in the direction of the forest of Parroy, and there's no one to stop him.'

'Have you warned Saint-Nicholas-du-Port and Lunéville?'

'Sure! But it's no good. While one squad went over, on their way to Toul, with our men at their heels, another slipped toward the Vosges, pursued from Lunéville. St. Nicholas is regulating the artillery, so our corner is stripped, — not for long, of course, but long enough to get the drop on Nancy.'

'What rotten luck!' muttered Frangipane, wrathfully.

Just then he felt a touch on his shoulder and turned round.

Flagada had risen, had put on his leather suit without a sound, and now, as he wound his muffler round his neck, he said quite simply, 'We're going.'

Frangipane, stupefied, tried to stop him; but he had already leaped through the doorway and was making for the hangar at a jerky but rapid pace.

The group of mechanics jumped at the sound of his whistle. They would have helped him climb into the cockpit, but he pushed them off.

'No; don't bother; I can do it alone.'

He examined his controls, buckled himself in, emptied a flask of spirit at a gulp, and turned round upon his partner, who had followed him.

'Ready?'

'You're not such an ass as to fly in this condition!'

'I'll go without you, if you're afraid to come with me.'

'That's not the question.'

'Then save your breath.'

So they set off. During the first few minutes, Frangipane anxiously watched his pilot's manoeuvres; but they were so normal that he soon paid no more attention to them and occupied himself exclusively with the adversary.

A thousand metres overhead, the dihedral of the Hun's dark wings was stamped sharply upon the pale blue sky. Flagada dived toward the lines to get his bearings; then rose, veered, and returned upon his enemy to attack him from behind. The Boche, sur-

prised at finding a French plane, abandoned his goal for the moment and stole away to the left; but a squad appeared in the distance, making for him at full speed. He turned short round and made a feint to the right; but the other squad was coming back from Toul. If he delayed, he would be caught in a pair of tongs, whose hinge was the biplane chasing him.

'He's ours!' Frangipane exulted.

With his forefinger on the trigger of the Lewis, he waited for the psychological moment when the Boche would be framed in his collimator. But their machine, deprived of guidance, lurched abruptly. Flagada had let go the joy-stick. His body had fallen over backwards and his head bumped against the support of the machine-gun. Still, he had not fainted; with one hand clutching his throat, he tried to pluck off the invisible noose that was strangling him.

'I'm choking! — choking!'

Congestion had seized him. Frangipane, beside himself with fright, tried to loosen his collar, but Flagada would not give up.

'No; let me save you. I must save you.' He seized the joy-stick with a superhuman effort: 'Now — next thing — tie my hands to it — I can't hold on, if you don't.'

Frangipane obeyed, with a handkerchief.

'Cut off the gas. — Good! — I can't see any more — What's the altitude?'

Frangipane supported his shoulders. With eyes fixed on the altimetre, he told him the height; and the dying blind man, rattling in his throat, with hands bound to the steering-gear, used his last strength to bring his bird and his passenger home alive.

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The walls of the court of honor were covered with climbing roses, which shed

their petals at the lightest breeze. From the worn gullets of two stone lions, thin threads of water trickled, and sang as they fell into a shallow round basin carpeted with thick starry moss. The geraniums in the box-bordered garden plat spread like a pool of blood upon the lawn. At the open windows the wounded showed their thin faces, lost under a cap, or hidden by a bandage.

As Papa Charles, Frangipane, and Chignole entered the portal of the hospital, an unpleasant shudder ran down their spines. The military hospital, with its sickish smell, its muffled footsteps gliding about the corridors, its plaintive rustling of bruised and protesting bodies, touched their sympathetic hearts, which dreaded suffering.

A surgeon came to meet them.

'I sent for you because he has asked for you several times.' He stopped a moment, then with a weary gesture, 'He won't last till to-morrow; — yes — double pneumonia, with certainly infectious grippe.'

An orderly added, 'He is very low. He only speaks to ask what time it is. It's a very bad sign.'

They entered the ward on tiptoe. A screen hid their friend's agony from the other patients, several of whom were amusing themselves playing checkers. They were standing beside him; and at the noise he opened his eyes, looked at them lingeringly, as if he did not recognize them at all, then smiled at them.

'I am very glad — I — thought — you would n't come.'

He spoke with difficulty, panting for breath, and his hands crumpled the covers which they were clutching convulsively.

They, abashed in the presence of death, could find nothing to say.

'And the Boche — the other — day?'
'Brought down by a Spad.'

'So much the — better — or — worse; — for it was — really ours — eh — Frangipane?'

Ether on a pad gave him momentary strength.

'This — morning — the cap'n — gave me the medal — It's a beauty!' A tear rolled down his pinched nose. 'Too bad — I can't — wear it — what? — so jolly — before everybody! — And that I should — make — a mess — of it — at the end! — I've missed — my last — exit.'

An attendant brought in a tank of oxygen.

'And there's — my last — sausage.'

They left precipitately, on the pretext of duty, but really because they could not longer keep back their tears.

When Papa Charles kissed him, Flagada whispered in an ecstatic voice, 'Take a — good — look — at — the nurse. Would n't you — swear — she was — Doña Sol?'

They walked silently along the Leopold Mall.

'The first to go.'

'We don't grow old at this trade.'

'Just long enough to know one's equal to great things — when one must quit for good.'

Frangipane bowed his tall figure as if he carried a load too heavy for him.

It was the end of a beautiful Sunday; idlers paced before the shop-windows; from a cinema whose performance was just over, a motley throng came pouring out upon the sidewalk. The pavements in front of the cafés were full; the tramway from Laxou carried couples loaded with bouquets.

'Well, of us four, he at least is sure of dying in his bed; and really, it's the happiest way.'

And Papa Charles, his fine eyes lifted to the skies, 'Are you sure, Chignole, that it's the happiest way?'

(To be continued)

'THE NEW SLAVERY'

BY CHRISTOPHER L. WARD

I. THE REDEMPTION OF GEORGE MARK

THE Compulsory Work Bureau of the State Council of Defense had been in operation for two months. For so long a time the Director had been administering and enforcing the new law, which made it the duty of every man, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years, to be engaged in some useful or lawful occupation, and gave the Director power to assign idlers to some specific employment and compel them to work at it, under penalty of three months' imprisonment or three hundred dollars fine — or both.

In that time some hundreds of subjects had come through the door in front of him, and had departed, having cleared themselves of the charge of idling, or else bearing with them their assignments to work for So-and-so at such-and-such work at so much per hour or day — staggeringly large wages for most unpromising wage-earners, they seemed to the Director, who knew many a teacher and preacher who worked for half what these low-browed sons of toil commanded and received.

The first case was a fine start. George Mark, vagrant, incontestably vagrant, sealed to vagrancy by twenty-one successive convictions therefor, was turned over to the new bureau by a police magistrate, much too much fed up with sentencing the constantly reappearing George.

'All men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five must work, George,' explained the Director.

'Yes, but what I want to know is, does vagrants have to work?' inquired George, no longer a man, now only a vagrant by virtue of those twenty-one successive, solemn acts of the court, and entitled to all the rights and privileges appertaining unto vagrancy.

The new Director was fascinated by his first subject. There he sat, an old man of forty, a little man of five feet two and a hundred and ten pounds. His hat might have been size six, to fit his little round cephalic knob, if George had ever thought a fit necessary in a hat. Beady eyes gleamed in an unbelievably prognathous countenance — a rat of a man.

'How long since you worked, George?' asked the Director.

'Last Friday. I got out of the work-house Saturday morning, and they picked me up again before two o'clock, 'cos I'm a vagrant.'

The Director felt his indignation rising, although he did not express it. How could George ever emerge from his vagrancy, if the police picked him up on sight? How could he ever redeem himself? It was the old story of police oppression. George should be redeemed. He should be given a chance, a job, and protection from the police; a *laissez-passer* in the form of an official assignment to work. The vagrant should be made a man.

It was done. He was now officially an honest workingman and could look any cop in the eye. He was no longer a vagrant. He had become a man, with in the meaning of the new statute.

He went to work and his redemption was complete, for, though he remained at work only one hour, and was therefore arrested, when next he appeared in the police court, it was as a man who had neglected or refused to obey the orders of the State Council of Defense. He returned to the workhouse, to serve his twenty-second term, as a man and not as a vagrant.

II. THE RIVETER

The Inspector had interrupted his victim's slumbers. Although it was three o'clock in the afternoon, the man was still in the bed to which he had retired, fully dressed, the night before at some unknown hour, probably soon after the saloons had closed. When a man has not had his clothes off for two or three days, and has spent all of that period in a saloon or in bed, one should not expect him to appear perfectly groomed, and he did not. Not to put too fine a point on it, he looked the part. Tousled, disheveled, grimy, sodden with drink, as he stood before the Director, blinking his heavy eyelids, shaking with the palsy of what it were too complimentary to call alcohol, nothing would describe him better than that short and ugly word, ‘bum.’

Clearly he was a part of the waste of humanity, of no real importance, a negligible factor. Not at all. He was of more importance to the world than a preacher, a doctor, a lawyer, than a poet, an artist, a composer. He was one of the men on whom we were depending to bridge the Atlantic, to win the war, to save humanity — a riveter in a shipyard.

‘Have you any employment?’

‘Yes, sir; I’m working at the shipyard.’

‘Not to-day.’

‘No, sir. I been off since Friday.’
This was Tuesday.

‘Anything the matter?’

‘No, sir, I only been drinkin’.’

That was all. He had only been drinkin’. Saturday he had not worked, nor Monday, nor Tuesday. For three days his gang — the riveter, the holder-on, the heater and the passer — had not driven a rivet, for, be it known, the gang is a fixed and unchangeable unit. If the riveter is not on his job, the holder-on and the rest do no work. They may report for duty, but the foreman finds the gang incomplete and lays off the rest until the missing man returns.

‘What will win the war?’ Uncle Sam anxiously asked Cousin John.

‘Ships, ships, and yet more ships!’

‘When do you want them?’

‘Now, to-morrow, next week — as soon as they can possibly be built.’

So we were building ships — to carry soldiers — to carry millions of soldiers, and to carry the tons per man necessary to arm, equip, feed, and maintain those millions. The shipyards rang day and night with the blows of the riveter — riveting ships to save the world. Flanders and France rang day and night with the blows of another riveter — riveting chains for humanity. One of those two riveters would win the war.

Riveter John had only been drinkin’ — no great crime. No crime at all, surely, when it was done in a place licensed by the State to furnish him the drink; when the drink itself had paid its tax to the nation, a tax without whose revenue the nation would be short of funds to carry on the war. It was lawful, doubly lawful, to drink. State and nation said so. Who could say otherwise?

And while Riveter John was only drinkin’, what were Holder-on Bill and Heater Joe and Passer Bob doing? Nothing, unless, perhaps, they were only drinkin’, too.

In Flanders and in France, Tommy,

the poilu, and the Yank stood in the trenches, staring across No-Man's Land, but now and then casting an anxious backward glance to the west, looking for the ships and the more ships. In the shipyard stood the foreman, cursing a shortage in riveters. In the saloon stood Riveter John, only drinkin'—drinkin' whiskey.

'How can we win the war and save humanity?'

'Speed the ships!' The reply was easy.

'How can we speed the ships?'

To the Director the answer seemed equally plain.

III. THE ONE-LEGGED NIGGER

'Charles Wright.'

The voice of the Inspector, bringing in a new subject, brought back the absent mind of the Director to his task of making Adam delve. He looked up and saw a coal-black Afro-American. Charles was standing so near the desk across which the Director was looking, that his lower half was invisible and at first the Director saw only his face. There was something so challenging in its expression as to be startling. He was blacker than the ace of spades—as black as the ten. He stood very erect, his head thrown back. His lips were straightly compressed and his eyes looked defiance in its most primitive form, the defiance of his elder brother, the gorilla. And then the Director saw that he was sustained by two crutches.

'Only got one leg,' said the Inspector. 'Lost the other on the railroad.'

'Are you at work, Charles?' mildly queried the Director.

'No, I ain't,' straightly answered Charles.

'Why not?'

No answer.

'How do you live without working?'

Perhaps a useless question, but it was part of the ritual in certain cases.

Again no answer. The one-legged-nigger stood there silent, as dignified in his recalcitrancy as ever a heretic before his inquisitors. It was a useless question, but the power of his office to require answers must be vindicated. It would never do to let a one-legged nigger defy the State Council of Defense in the person of its Director.

'Answer my question. How do you live without working?' sharply repeated the Director.

'Why do I have to ansuh you any question?' shot back Charles.

'Because I ask it,' sternly answered the Director.

The logic of the reply or else his gathering indignation overcame Charles's settled determination not to speak.

'How kin a one-legged man wuhk? What do you know about a one-legged man gittin' a job? You aint nevah stahved fo' five or six yeahs—'

The lips snapped to again, and again that look of black hostility fixed his countenance. He had said more than he had intended to say. He had lifted a corner of the veil, which he had not meant to lift.

'Well, you've got to work at something.'

A moment's pause and then Charles fired his last and best shot.

'Why should I wuhk?'

'Because the law says so. Because it's your duty to the community. Because every man must be at work now, to take the place of our soldiers. Because we've all got to work to win this war. Because we've got to beat the Kaiser.'

Good reasons, very good reasons for most men, but not good enough for this man, and the Director knew it. So he did not say the words.

There stood Charles, — up against the State Council of Defense, up against public opinion, up against the policy

of the administration, up against the law of the state, — a one-legged nigger *contra mundum*.

The Director looked into the eyes of the man before him. He looked through those eyes and saw the world, as it is known to a one-legged nigger. He saw a lot of other niggers, generations of them, extending back through fifty years of freedom — freedom to get along as best they could, just so they did not bother the white man, back through a hundred years of slavery under the white man; back to a slave-ship and to Africa and to — what? An African king, perhaps. Charles had the look of one. He saw around Charles thousands of other niggers, enjoying the same kind of freedom, the freedom of a yellow dog, which is free to dodge a brick, to rid its tail of the can, to keep out of the way, if it is able to do so, or to take what it gets, if not.

The Director saw, but more dimly, the last five or six years of Charles's life. His imagination was not so vivid as to this period, for that would require a filling-in of details — details of the daily life of a one-legged nigger, his job-hunting, his — well, his sometimes unsatisfied appetite for food — rather hard for the Director to visualize clearly, because of lack of similar experiences.

'Why should I go to wuhk?' The question had not been answered. Because the law says so? What was the law to a one-legged nigger, but a policeman and a police court and a term in the workhouse, as good a job as any? His duty to the community? What does 'community' mean? Has n't it some suggestion of reciprocal duties and rights and privileges? How about his other leg, which the railroad took? Was n't the railroad part of the community? Why did the community take his leg, and how much more did he owe it? To win the war? Why? What

was the war to him? Why should he care to win it? The Kaiser would n't bother a one-legged nigger, not even if he set up his throne in Washington. Maybe it would be better, if it was different. It could n't be much worse.

'Why should I go to wuhk?' The question was still unanswered. But the State Council of Defense, in the person of its Director, though unable to answer the question of a one-legged nigger, need not abate its dignity therefor. It could even add to it by ignoring the question.

'Take this man to the Employment Bureau and see if you can find a job to fit him,' said the Director to the Inspector. And as the one-legged nigger limped through the doorway and passed out of earshot he added, 'Don't bring him back here again.'

Why should he go to work? Why should n't he? Why should anyone? Why should n't everyone? Why is a one-legged nigger, anyway? 'God knows — perhaps,' thought the Director, as he stamped 'Physically disqualified' on the file of Charles Wright, and deposited it among the closed cases.

IV. MIDDLE GRAYNESS

'The question is, of course, not whether you are busy, but whether you are, in the language of the statute, "employed in a useful or lawful occupation,"' said the Director.

'Well, I've told you what I do, and I think that's employment enough,' answered Browning.

'It certainly seems employments enough,' said the Director, 'and yet — I don't know.'

A fruit-broker during the season was Browning — but the season was over. A buyer of sweet potatoes in their time but that time was not yet. He had a few acres under cultivation and did some of the work himself — but not

much. He bought a cow now and then and gave it to a farmer, who had its milk for its care and feed, yielding to Browning the annual calf for his profit; an interesting arrangement, which reminded the Director vaguely of something of the sort in the Old Testament. He had other occasional, intervening ventures and semi-occupations. With this and with that, he seemed to have something to occupy his mind and time — generally. But was he really 'employed,' within the meaning of the statute, or was he technically an 'idler'?

The Director looked at two piles of letters on the desk before him, on the right accusatory, on the left exculpatory. They were about the same in number. The weight of evidence, or at least of opinion, seemed equally balanced. In one he read, 'I have known him for four years and never to my knowledge has he done a single day's work. He is an idler and a slacker.' In another, 'I have known him several years and never considered him an idler.' In another, 'We have become nauseated at his idleness, sitting around on store-porches, exploding his theories.' This last seemed after all, in a way, favorable to Browning. Exploding one's own theories is surely commendable, as saving labor for someone else.

'It is a by-word now,' said another letter; 'when Landston people go to Hilton, Ridgely, or other towns near, everybody says, "Is Browning working yet?" and then they laugh!'

It was bitter medicine for the Landstonians to have the children of Ridgely point their fingers in scorn and the old men of Hilton wag their beards in derision of Landston and its chartered idler. It had become a matter of local pride in Landston to put Browning to work, and a matter of individual pride in Browning not to confess, by changing his way of life, that he had

been an idler before; while Hilton and Ridgely looked on, with great activity of finger and beard. Delegations from Landston had come to visit the bureau. Anonymous letters were frequent. If he did not put Browning to work, preferably at some hard manual labor, the Director was assured that the law was a farce and his administration of it a tragedy.

The facts of the case were undisputed. The difference was in the construction put upon them — a matter of opinion. It would have been easy to put Browning to work. So doing, the Director would have acquired merit in the eyes of Landston. But the Director had been schooled in the maxim, 'Better that ten guilty men escape than that one innocent should suffer.' A jury can vote on its problem, and a minority can yield, or it can frankly and finally disagree. The Director could do neither. He felt strongly sympathetic with the ass of Buridan.

How the case was decided is not important. It is cited merely to illustrate the truth that, while white is white and black is black, gray is neither white nor black, especially in the administration of a compulsory labor law.

V. BLACK-FACE

The Comic Spirit broods o'er all humanity, but especially it loves the Afro-American. Where he is, there shall be laughter. He is called a child of toil, but toil is only a stepmother, and he loves her not. He leans confidentially over the desk and tells the Director why he is not working, and why it is clearly impossible for him to do so to work.

'Ah'm really not able to wuhk stiddy.' His fat face shines with frankness and the August heat. 'About two yeahs ago Ah went into a dee-cline an' Ah'm not out of it yit. An' besides,

boss, Ah think Ah’ve got consumption.’

The Director does not doubt it. He has every outward sign of a decline of work and a consumption of food.

Or he comes in on one crutch — hurt his back years ago and has never worked since, but now he is ready to work.

‘Why do you want to work now?’

‘Cos eve’ybody ought to work now, an’ it ain’t no fun loafin’ — nobody to loaf with.’

‘Good news,’ thinks the Director, and suggests some varieties of non-laborious labor, of workless work; but all are too hard for this patriotic and lone-some man.

‘What kind of work can you do?’

‘Well, jedge, they’s one kine of wuhk Ah could do, ef Ah on’y had a little trainin’.’

‘What is that?’

‘Ah think Ah could be a’ — he blinks twice, and then out with it — ‘a efficiency expert.’

He means it seriously. Why laugh? If he only had a little training and had been dowered with a few more convolutions of gray matter and had been born white, why not? But there was a laugh in it, nevertheless; if it not the laughter of humankind, at least the high, ironic laughter which is reserved for the gods.

VI. A WORLD’S RECORD

The Inspectors had rounded up a gang of loafers in a saloon, all *prima facie* subjects for the Compulsory Work Bureau. One by one they were being examined. Now came one, upon whose face was an expression of complete bewilderment. He seemed incapable of realizing where he was or why he was there.

‘Name?’ said the Director.

‘John Mullen.’ His voice was like that of a hypnotic subject.

‘What is your address?’

‘I live in Wyoming.’

‘What is your address in this city?’

‘I got none. I been here only twenty minutes.’

‘What?’

‘That’s right. I got on the boat at Philadelphia to go to Chester. I got carried past there to this place, and they made me pay fifteen cents extra fare to get off the boat. I went into a saloon to get a glass of beer, and before I got it, these fellows came in and told me to come along. What’s it all about?’

‘Welcome to our city,’ said the Director. ‘Shall you stay with us long?’

‘No, *sir*. I want to go to Chester.’

‘I do not blame you. Unemployed for twenty minutes and apprehended as an idler! Go your way, *sir*, but first accept our thanks for having given us the opportunity to establish a world’s record.’

VII. SISYPHUS

‘I want to tell you that we’ve fired Conner,’ said the voice in the telephone.

‘Why?’ asked the Director.

‘Well, he loafs half the time, and just now we caught him drinking alcohol in the laboratory.’

This was Conner’s second assignment. The first he had held six days. He had asked for a change, because the work was too hard, and had been given a new job of his own selection. His subsequent career was short. A third assignment failed to arouse in him enough interest to cause him even to visit the scene of labor. His arrest and conviction speedily followed, and only then did the bureau feel that it could call his case ‘closed’ — even then only temporarily, as he was sure to be back on its hands as soon as his short term of imprisonment was ended.

Consider the case of Riggins. Summoned the eleventh of July, he said he could and would get a job with either

A Co., or B Co. On the fifteenth, he admitted that he had not done so, but promised to go to work at once with C Co. On the seventeenth, he engaged to work with D Co., but failed to keep his engagement. On the twenty-fourth, he actually went to work for E Co., and trod the wine-press four days. Seven days later, he joined the forces of F Co., where he remained two days. Then G. Co. knew him as an employee for three days before a vacation seemed to him necessary. Be it remembered that he made none of these efforts except as a result of urgent reminders from the bureau, which now again stepped in and this time assigned him to compulsory labor with H Co.

'Did you read in the papers that Collier was killed in a motorcycle accident yesterday?' asked the Inspector, naming one of the bureau's charges.

'Get me his file,' said the Director. 'Let me mark one case closed — definitely and finally closed.'

'The trouble with this work is, they don't stay put.'

'That's the trouble,' said the Director. 'Sisyphus was a piker compared with us.'

'Yes,' said the inspector.

VIII. THE GREEN BENCH

The green bench stands in the ante-room. The idler, who has been summoned by the bureau, sits on it, waiting to be admitted to face the inquisition. A park bench aforetime, it has for him, mayhap, agreeable memories of grass and trees and leisure hours, of blue skies and floating clouds and sweet-do-nothing, of open spaces and delicious irresponsibility — now 'all shove be'ind 'im, long ago an' fur away.' It is his last resting-place in the old world of individual choice, to work or not to work as he saw fit. It is the condemned cell of the loafer, whence he goes to his dis-

missal from the old life and his entrance upon the new, — the life of compulsory work, — 'the new slavery,' as one of them called it, — the subjection of the will of the individual to the needs of the community.

To the Director the green bench is the symbol of a new method of regenerating the world. What comes to it is the dead weight of the community, the burden of idleness carried by the worker, the drone of the hive, the dross of humanity. A short sojourn there, and all is changed. The transmutation of metals is as nothing compared with this transformation. The dead weight becomes a part of the moving force; the burden, an active factor; the drone, a worker, the dross, gold. Oh, wonderful transformation! And how easily effected! It requires nothing but a short statute, a little pen, ink, and paper — and the green bench.

Why worry about all the questions which have harassed the social scientist, the student of economics, and the settlement worker? Why bother about the education of the masses, the housing problem, the employment difficulties, the liquor question? What is there in heredity and environment to daunt the uplifter? Whoso is handicapped by inertia born of unfortunate breeding and lack of any bringing up, — whoever, weighted in the race by anything from alpha to omega, from adenoids to whiskey, has fallen behind into the ruck of idlers, — whoever, benumbed by disease, inherited or acquired, has lost his grip on the tools of his trade, — let him not despair. Let no one despair for him nor of him, nor seek to discover the deep-lying, remote causes, nor to amend them. What does society require of him? Work. What does society owe him? A job. It is too easy. A few minutes on the green bench and the job and the worker meet. They clasp hands and all is well. Oh, magic green bench!

BURIAL PARTY

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

THIS is the wilderness: the rain teems down.
Over the ridge the ghastly pistol-light
Hangs like a bubble on the darkness blown.
The death-machines begin. Flight upon flight
Of hurrying bullets scythes the lower air,
And the rain steadily falls. A sheeted flicker
In the dense pour proclaims the crashing flare
Of a shell landed.

‘Sergeant, cannot the men be quicker?’

‘It’s heavy work, sir!’

‘We’ve no time to spare.’

‘The padre’s coming.’

‘The rain makes ’em numb.’

‘Get on with it.’

Shades splash amid the mess.

The rain teems down. The writhen waste is dumb,
Defiled, defaced, shamed in its hopelessness.
This is the Ultimate Hell, the Wilderness,
To which all Youth, Laughter, and Love must come:
Twelve graves brutishly scraped among the slime.
If Christ were here! If Christ could seem to have been!

Let not their mothers till after a due time
Come to this Hell, when may be ’t will be green;
When harebells shake, or when the tranquil rime
Hides the gorged craters that they be not seen.
For came they sooner, looking on the skies,
The withered skies, the obscene waste below,
What power had then their wrinkled memories
To summon up that little time ago

BURIAL PARTY

When small hands stretched, when stared the round bright eyes,
 When rosy, bubbled mouths opened to crow
 Their world-engendered mirth and baby joy
 To those, whose children now lie here a-row?
 Mothers! now made the saddest word in speech!
 They would not gaze. Impotent would they fall.
 Scared at the Nothing in the heart which each
 Must find, fronting the solitude and all
 The crosses dotted far as the eye can reach.
 O Christ, Sweet Christ!

‘Now, sir, we’re almost done.’

‘I’m coming.’

‘They’re a-laying of ’em in.’

The shadows stagger by.

‘An ’eavy one.’

‘’Tis the mud on ’em.’

‘Young ’e must a bin.’

‘I’ve got a stitch.’

‘O God, I felt ’is skin!’

‘Stop it!’

‘Be careful how ye take en, mun:

His legs be broken.’

‘Quit yer blatherin’.

‘Get on with it: What’s done can’t be undone.’

‘What’s that man doing, sergeant? Is he sick?

Get on with it there, man!’

‘A bloody gal!’

‘Find out.’

‘Well, what’s the matter with yer, chick?

It can’t be ’elped — sorry, sir, spoke too quick:

‘E’s but a youngster, sir. ‘E’s found ’is pal.’

This is the Wilderness: the rain teems down.

‘Padre!’

‘I know, boy. Cuts one like a knife.

Poor boy. I know. Their pains were all His own.

Hush — Hush! “I am the Resurrection and the Life.””

WITH THE TANKS

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

II. THEN WANDER FORTH THE SONS OF BELIAL

I

SUCH, then, was the machine that we had to master, but at the dépôt we received only preliminary training in gunnery and driving, and we were rarely if ever sent to battalions until we had passed out of the gunnery and driving schools. These schools were at widely separated points. The School for Gunnery was on the seacoast, and there we used to fire our guns, running our tanks over the dunes to get the swing of uneven ground we should have to traverse in action, and shooting in to the sand or out to sea. These occasional trips to the coast we enjoyed hugely, and it came to be a saying in our mob that the sea-front was the best front in France; for here we got relaxation and a good deal of time to ourselves, and in the afternoons we could walk along the shore and look out over the sea to where we knew England to be.

The Driving School, on the other hand, lay in the other direction, near the line; and, indeed, the trenches over which we were taught to drive our tanks were old German trenches, for the front line had been here, and the ground was pitted with shell-holes, and the woods were dead and bare and black wire lay on the ground, snarled and tangled, and the roar of the guns was heavy and the flashes very distinct

at night. Sometimes, too, a vagrant shell would come our way and remind us of what was in store for us when that day should come when we should sit at the throttle, or stand at the guns, and in the darkness of dreadful night go over the top.

In all our training the threat of being returned to the infantry was held over our heads. Even in the preliminary instruction at the dépôt we were warned that, if we did not make ourselves efficient, we should go back to the trenches.

'During this course,' said the artillery instructor the first day we were lined up before the battery of guns where we were to get our instruction, 'you will remember that you are artillerymen, and in the artillery everything is done at the double. At the command "Fall in on your guns," you will not walk to your guns but run, and you will run in response to every command. At the end of the week you will be given an examination. Those who do well will remain with the tanks; the washouts will go back to the infantry.'

Probably all our hearts fluttered a little at that, for we had come to look on the long monotony of trench-warfare as a horrible nightmare out of which we had just passed. And we set to to learn our guns; most of us passed first class.

It was while we were at the dépôt that the Queen came to visit us. Her plans that morning were to go to Cen-

tral Workshops, and it was there we saw her, with one or two other ladies, all of them looking very fine to us, for it was long since we had seen English-women. For her benefit tanks of every description were lined up — fighting tanks, supply tanks, wireless tanks, tanks that had been hit by shells, and tanks concealed under various forms of camouflage. Also a 'jump' was prepared, and one tank cavorted about in that hole to the very great amusement of Her Majesty, who became so interested that she wished to go nearer.

'But it is very muddy there,' said the officer who was escorting her through the workshops.

The Queen looked at him. 'I don't mind the mud,' she said, and started; which was all very well, but she probably did not have to clean her own boots.

One disadvantage of the *dépôt* was the frequency with which men came and went. Friendships, thus, were quickly broken up. Men would meet and become chums, and after a few weeks, sometimes after a few days, would be sent to different battalions, probably never again to meet. It was to meet this that a dozen drivers formed a club. Now, clubs in the army are forbidden. Soldiers are not permitted to band themselves together for social or other purposes. The army sanctions a canteen and considers that sufficient. But the average canteen in France is little more than a general store and bar-room combined; for in the British army beer and stout are sold and light wine, although whiskey is barred; but rum is served as a ration in winter.

At the time the club was formed, the drivers had been moved from the tents to an old brewery, without brew. As cold had been essential, the brewery was well ventilated, and as time had played its part and a great piece of the roof had fallen in and the doorway and the windows had crumbled away, the

billet was anything but inviting. So a room was engaged at a nearby farm, for ten francs a week; and here we gathered of nights and wrote our letters or played cards or talked, calling upon Madame for her very excellent coffee or her very thin home-brewed beer.

But one by one we went on draft, gradually the club fell away, and at last Madame lost her *enfants*, who spoke such very bad French but who were all the time singing in that back room of hers, with its stone floor and its chromos on the wall and the photograph on the mantelpiece of the son who was killed at Verdun. But occasionally thereafter we returned to the *dépôt*, and then we would go to see Madame, and she would greet us as lost friends and wipe off the seat of a chair and heat some coffee and talk interminably in a jargon that we could only half understand. Then we would have to tell her of this one or that who would come to see her no more, for they had gone to join the great fraternity of men who had given all, and we had buried them in shell-holes in Picardy or Flanders. Then Madame, who had suffered, too, would clutch the corner of her apron and wipe her eyes and murmur, 'Pauvre enfant!'

Our stay at the *dépôt* was to come to an end in unusual scenes of activity. Had we been longer with the corps, we should have understood that this activity indicated action; but we did not dream of that and wondered only why men in such numbers were being sent to battalions, their places being taken by recruits from the *dépôt* in England.

One of the activities was the assigning of several drivers to operate tanks at Central Workshops. These tanks were used to make great bundles of wood. These bundles were gathered together by Chinese laborers and drawn tight by ropes passed around them and attached to the back of the tank.

Once the rope was in position, a signal was given to the driver and the tank was put in motion. The ropes came taut and the bundles were tied firmly together in this strange fashion. At the time we had not the faintest idea what these bundles were for, but within a few weeks we carried them to the Hindenburg Line and dropped them into it, and used them as stepping-stones to get out of that deep trench!

While this was being done, those of us who had not been to the Driving School were dispatched up there in lorries. There followed two weeks of intensive instruction, and although the weather was bad and the mud very deep, not a morning or an afternoon passed but we took the tanks over the old line there, dipping in and out of trenches and shell-holes, through water often so deep that it flooded in through the doors. On one or two nights, also, we went out after nightfall; for before action the tanks go up in the darkness, and as tank battles usually begin before dawn, practice in driving at night without a light showing and without a light to guide is most essential.

At last our course was over and we were ordered to pack up. We were doing this when a rumor spread around that we were going up to the line. This was welcome news to those of us who were heartily sick of the *dépôt*; but we could not verify it. Our non-commissioned officers were in ignorance, and this and other things made us believe the rumor to be true.

After two hours lorries called for us. We were formed up and a roll was read. Then a fatigue party was told off to put two days' rations aboard the lorries, — for troops always travel with two days' rations, — and the rest of us were bundled in. Even then we were not quite sure whether we would not go back to the *dépôt*; but when the lorries started, they made off towards

the line; so we settled down and sang till we were tired, when we draped ourselves as comfortably as we could on each other's boots and equipment, and smoked.

Into Bapaume we went; then down the road which led to Albert, passing through flat country which had seen the tide of battle and was almost bare. Approaching Albert, we were brought to our feet by the cry that here were the hulks of the first tanks ever to be lost in action. They were lying by the roadside, sorry-looking objects, six of them, the old camouflage of paint just visible through the new coating of rust.

Some distance out of Albert we saw the tottering figure of the Virgin, holding Jesus, which had tilted over from the spire of the church but had not fallen; and one who had passed that way before said that the French averred that not until the figure fell would the war be over. 'And what do you think,' he continued: 'the damn fools went and tied it up with wire cables and now it can't fall.'¹

We all laughed at that, and strained our necks far out of the lorry when we passed through the city, to take a good look at the strange sight.

Straight through Albert we went, arriving at last at a place which had been set apart for tanks. Here we found great quantities of tank-equipment and supplies, and feverish activity; for all of it was being sent up nearer the line, although that was not far away, and we knew that without doubt a show was about to come off.

Indeed, scarcely had we been assigned to tents, when some of us were warned for draft the next morning.

'Full marching order at six o'clock,' the sergeant told us. 'You will be given breakfast before you go.'

¹ The figure fell during the fierce British attacks of last summer, and is supposed to have been buried in expectation of joyful resurrection after the war. — THE EDITORS.

And so we did not unpack our kits at all, but spent the night with our overcoats for covering and sleeping as close to each other as possible, that we might feel the warmth of each other's bodies. But to most of us sleep did not come immediately, for even then the guns were thumping, and we felt that action could not be far off.

II

Early the next morning the orderly sergeant passed through the lines.

'Fall in, the draft for breakfast,' he shouted; and going from tent to tent, he struck each with a stick, so that slumbering men might hear and heed.

We looked at our watches. It was not quite half-past five. Outside it was dark, and the guns were talking angrily. Those of us who were on draft roused ourselves and, lighting candles, peered into our haversacks for soap and the wherewithal to shave and wash. Then, pulling on our boots, we unlaced our tents and groped our way to the water-tank, where in an empty petrol tin we performed our morning ablutions.

The atmosphere was chill and damp, and clouds held back the dawn. We could just about distinguish each other as we lined up with our mess tins in our hands, smoking to keep warm.

Breakfast, as usual, consisted of a slice of fried bacon, a slice of bread, and a cup of tea. We took it to our tents, and ate it in silence, for we had a feeling of uncertainty as to what was to happen that November day. Then we strapped our mess-tins to our equipment and waited. One wrote a hurried note, but tore it up when he was told that the mails were closed indefinitely because of the impending battle.

Again came the order to fall in, and lifting up our equipment, we carried it out of our tents and placed it at our feet where we lined up. It was growing

slowly lighter and friend called to friend to take the place at his side; for they hoped not to be separated in the coming show, but to see it through together or together meet whatever fate was in store for them.

At last we numbered off. Then the roll was called. In the semi-darkness we answered to our names; the draft was ready and correct, and we were told to stand at ease. We talked a little then, with forced gayety, and some furtively smoked cigarettes.

At six an officer appeared, and we were numbered off again. Then we were told to pick up our kits, and we lifted them to our shoulders. When this was done and the men were still, the officer surveyed us for a moment. Then he said, —

'Move to the right in fours, form fours.'

The even numbers took a step to the rear and a pace to the right. Then the command, 'Right,' and all of us turned in that direction. After that came the 'Quick march,' and we marched off to the road where transport awaited us.

Instead of familiar lorries we found London busses waiting for us on that road which led to battle. It seemed odd to be going up to action in that way, and some of us smiled a little and perhaps welcomed the opportunity to climb to the top, although it had begun to rain a little, a bitterly cold rain, and we were forced to snuggle into our greatcoats for warmth.

At last we were all on board, some inside and some outside. The officer took the seat beside the driver of the leading bus and gave the order to start. So we pulled out, with many a 'Cheery-oh!' from the men who were not to go, for the camp had stirred itself and, before settling down to the day's routine, they had come to see us off.

With a creak and a groan and a swaying that caused momentary alarm

the busses, which had been built for the perfect pavement of Piccadilly or the Strand, moved along that road of mud which led to the line; far before us stretched the battlefield of the Somme, and we were to pass over ground that had been made historic by our men, and were to see the trenches out of which they climbed that July morning, and the graves where so many bravely died.

For sheer desolation nothing can surpass the Somme. The terrain is undulating, and scarcely a tree remains. Shell-holes and craters, broken-in dug-outs and demolished trenches are everywhere. The grass which was once so green is green no more, and the poppy is the only wild flower to grow there, blowing more red it seems upon the graves of men who died.

This battlefield will remain the greatest graveyard of all time. Three times armies have struggled over it in a titanic grip, and crosses are to be seen on all sides. Everywhere there are organized cemeteries, the dead lying in rows, rank upon rank, as if on parade in death. And in many unexpected places one comes upon a rude cross, with perhaps a French, or British, or German helmet resting on it, and in a bottle or a tin a slip of paper giving the name of the man who died there. 'An unknown English soldier is buried here' is an only too familiar inscription, and if only the dear dead could speak, someone grieving for her beloved missing might be comforted.

To men going up to battle all this was anything but a pleasant sight. The solemnity of it silenced and depressed us, and it was not until the busses pulled up at a crossroads where the trees seemed marvelously to have been spared, and we were permitted to alight to stretch our legs, that we broke silence.

After a short interval we climbed back to our places and continued our journey. It had stopped raining, but a

heavy mist had fallen, and to see more than two hundred feet was impossible.

Suddenly there came to our ears the sound of a motor overhead. Then another and another. We were a little apprehensive for a moment because the sound was unfamiliar. Certainly it was not an English motor; nor did it sound like any German make we had ever heard. We looked into the fog above us, but could see nothing. The noise came nearer, nearer. Then three French aeroplanes swooped down on us and sailed around us, examining us with great care, and, finally satisfied, flew off into the obscurity of the mist.

It was well into the afternoon before we drove up to where a light railway joined a wide-gauge line. Here the busses stopped. The officer alighted and disappeared. We got down again to stretch our legs and smoke.

After five minutes the officer returned with another officer. We were told to put on our kits and fall in on the road. Then we were marched to a switch of the light railway, and throwing our equipment into the cars, we tumbled in on it.

The officers shook hands and parted, and the train started. Through a wood we went, passing any number of ammunition dumps; then out into the open for a mile, and at last plunged into another wood. Here the train stopped, and we got out. Then with our equipment on our backs, we pushed through the growth of bushes, until suddenly we came upon some tanks. They were sheeted and camouflaged, and men were working furiously upon them preparing them for battle.

III

We took off our equipment and flung ourselves on the ground, opening tins of bully beef and taking the two biscuits per man which were handed

round. The ride had tired us, but we could see at a glance that we were to get no rest, and we had not finished eating before we were told to fall in as soon as possible. So we swallowed the little food we had in hand, took a drink from our water-bottles, and lined up in two squads, all the drivers in one, all the gunners in the other. We were allotted to various tanks and told to report to them; so we broke off and were put to work.

Inside and outside the busses there was great activity. Men were testing the engines and the tracks, others were greasing up; still others were bringing up supplies and cleaning guns and ammunition. The supplies consisted of petrol, oil, and grease, and emergency rations to be carried in the tank.

At last a party was told off to get fascines. They went away quite bewildered as to what these were, but the non-commissioned officer in charge led them to what looked like huge bundles of faggots, quite six feet long and three feet in diameter; indeed, they were the bundles the tanks had helped to make at Central Workshops. These were hauled on top of the driver's cab and attached in such a way that, while they were secure, they could easily be released and set free.

The men had never seen anything like these huge fascines and did not know what they were for; so they lost no time in asking, and were told that they were to be dropped into the Hindenburg Line, which was so deep that it was feared tanks once in it never would be able to get out. The idea seemed humorous at the time, and the men smiled a little skeptically: but it proved feasible, and without fascines the tanks probably would have been unable to cross that great bulwark of the German defense.

To those of the tanks to which fascines had not been carried great an-

chors were taken. These anchors had four prongs and were made of iron. Thick wire hawsers were attached to them and the other end was secured to the tank, so that the anchors could be dropped and would drag.

Late in the afternoon there was a pause in the work, and bread and margarine and jam and tea were served; but as soon as the meal was over, the men were hard at it again, and by night-fall all was ready. Then they were told to stack their kits and get dressed in battle-order; so, taking the ammunition that was served out to them, they filled their pouches and cleaned their revolvers, and piling the rest of their equipment together, fell in on the tanks to which they were assigned.

At last the word to move was given, and the men climbed inside and cranked up, while the first driver worked the throttle until the cylinders began firing. Then he relinquished the seat to the second driver, for they were not then driving into action but were driving up to a starting-point from which they would go into action, and it is customary for the second driver to carry on while the first driver rests, so that he may be fit to take over for the battle.

The darkness was intense and the ground difficult. Most of the men walked outside or rode on top, while the tank officer walked in front, a flash-light in his hand with which he signaled to the driver, one flash meaning go ahead, two flashes being the signal to swing to the right, and three flashes to swing to the left; for it was quite too dark for the driver to see the ground, and the danger of being ditched in a shell-hole was ever present. This was driving under difficulties, and frequently the tanks found themselves badly placed in holes and had trouble in extricating themselves.

But at last the armored cavalcade reached the starting-place, which was

in a wood, a thousand yards from the German front line. The engine was switched off then, and the camouflage nets strung up, and when that was done the crews turned in, for it was after midnight and most of them were deathly tired and they knew that they were to go into action in a few hours. So they removed none of their clothing, but crawled into the tanks and stretched out on the steel floor or sat on the gear-box or the differential, and fell asleep against each other's shoulders.

At half-past three the crews were awakened. The cooks had been up for an hour, and breakfast of bacon and bread and tea was ready. So they set to and ate heartily, for they did not know when the next meal might come.

After breakfast more stores were put on board, to make up for the petrol, oil, and grease consumed on the trip up to the starting-place. All this was done in the dark, in great silence and with no little apprehension, for it was suspected that the enemy had heard the noise of the exhaust as the tanks moved up. About a quarter past four the engines were started up and the guns looked to. Then everybody waited.

Zero that morning was half-past four, and at that hour the guns opened a barrage which for intensity had not been equaled since the opening of the Battle of the Somme. Getting into motion, the tanks pushed forward to give battle. Each had a definite objective and a definite field of operations, and each followed white tapes which had been laid down for its guidance as far as the English front line. Inside, the officer peered at his map, the driver stared through the darkness broken now by the vivid flashes of the guns, the men stood at their stations, loading their revolvers as a finale to the preparation for action. Far behind them lay all that was dear to them, their loved ones and the smiling English fields,

and before them was the intrenched enemy and the danger of shells and gas and tank traps; for here and there the Germans had constructed deep pits out of which no tank could come unless the men went outside and with their shovels cut away the perpendicular of one of the sides; and to go outside a tank in action meant to be met with a rain of machine-gun bullets; and to work for hours under such circumstances was not a prospect to which any of them looked forward with pleasure.

The tank itself was in darkness, for to turn on the lights inside might mean to be observed. The engines were audible enough, and to show any lights would be fatal.

Up and down, in and out of shell-holes and over trenches, the tanks labored. Now and then the men were taken unawares by a quick drop and flung against the sides of the tank, where they braced themselves and hung on until the bus was on an even keel again. From somewhere a bottle of whiskey came and was passed round, and men drank hard from it, for there is no such thing as joy of battle, and most men are ready to take stimulant, especially when they are tired and the body is unwilling.

The German guns were replying now, and occasionally a machine-gunner in the German lines would pick up one of the tanks and momentarily there would be a rattle of lead against the armor, which sounded like hailstones beating on a window.

Then something snapped under the tracks, and the tanks found themselves in those great stretches of barbed wire which lay in front of the German position. Through the wire they went, and the wire snapped or was flattened out, for there was no resisting these things that came out of the dark; then, passing over it, those on which the anchors had been placed turned around almost

on the parapet of the Hindenburg Line, and casting loose their anchors, started back towards the British position, pulling the very stakes out of the ground, dragging the wire through No-Man's Land, and clearing the front of the German trenches so that the British infantry could pass in safety and make that No-Man's Land their own.

Again and again the tanks twisted and turned, picking up the field of barbed wire in their anchors and dragging it after them. And while this was being done, those other tanks upon which the fascines had been placed pushed on against the German line, and, reaching that, dropped their fascines into the trench, and dipping down to them stepped up again from them, and, climbing the further side of the great ditch, attained the parados and passed on, keeping as close to the barrage as possible and mopping up all who stood in the way of the infantry who were pressing on after the creeping artillery fire.

And the British infantry, coming on behind the tanks, passed over the ground from which the wire had been torn and, leaping into the trench, killed or took prisoners those who had not died in the shelling or the advance of the tanks, and entering the dugouts, with their bombs raised, shouted to some of the best of the German army to stand still or die. And thus many prisoners were taken that day, and in the support lines men were found quietly playing cards or eating breakfast, so confident were they that the great defensive work they had so strongly built could not be pierced.

But not all men surrendered so easily as that, and one old German cook, preparing breakfast, stood by his boiling kettles, holding in his hands a rifle he had picked up from somewhere. Highlanders surrounded him and called upon him to surrender, but he slowly

shook his head and cried, 'Nein! Nein!'

For a few minutes the dramatic scene lasted, with the battle bursting on all sides. The 'Jocks' did not wish to kill him because he was so old and so pathetically brave, and they called upon him again and again, sternly at times and then with good humor; but to no avail. Other Highlanders came up and looked on at the strange sight of one standing against so many, the one ready to die, the others wishing to spare his life. And in the end they pushed in closer; but he drew back behind his rampart of boiling kettles, with pointed bayonet; so they rushed him with the butts of their rifles; but he fought and killed—and then was killed.

And another, a major of the field artillery, who wore the ribbon of the Iron Cross, stood by his gun behind an elevation in the ground, his crew dead around him, and at point-blank range, operating the gun unaided, knocked out tank after tank, each passing in the wake of the other, not knowing the danger that was there. But in the end he, too, was killed.

And Britons did not lack for pluck that day. Out of one tank there crawled a huge man bearing in his powerful arms the only other living member of his crew; for the tank had been demolished and all but two of its crew killed. And this man hoisted his wounded sergeant on his back and struggled to where he saw another tank, and arriving there, passed in the sergeant and was about to crawl in after him when a shell came and blew up that tank, killing all except the man who stood outside. And he, seeing still a third tank in the distance, pressed on over the smitten battlefield to that, and carried on with its crew and came back safe that night. A few months later that man, finding tank-actions altogether too dull, got a commission in the air-force for the greater adventure of the skies.

SQUADRONS OF THE AIR

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

I HAVE just been made *popotier* — I don't know what you call it in English, but it means the individual who attends to the mess: buys provisions, wine, and so forth, makes out menus, keeps accounts, and bosses the cook. A doubtful honor, but one of which I am rather proud when I think that a crowd of French officers have intrusted to me the sacred rites of the table. I was never much of a *gourmet*, but what little I know stands me in good stead.

To-day was the occasion of the first considerable feast under my régime — a lunch given by the officers of our squadron to some distinguished French visitors. The cook and I held long and anxious consultations and finally turned out a meal on which everyone complimented us: excellent hors d'œuvres, grilled salmon steaks, roast veal, asparagus, and salad. A dry Chablis with the fish and some really good Burgundy with the roast. Not bad for the front, really.

I give the cook each night enough money for the next day's marketing. The following evening he tells me the amount of the day's expenses, which sum I divide by the number present, giving each man's share for the day. Very simple.

Since I got my new machine I have become a genuine hangar-loafer. It is so delicate and complicated that my unfortunate mechanics have to work practically all the time to keep me going. The only way to get the work done

well is to know about it yourself; and so, against my instincts, I have been forced for the first time to study the technical and mechanical side of my bus.

Some say, 'The pilot should never know too much about his machine — it destroys his dash.' Perhaps they are right — certainly a plunge into this maze of technicalities destroys his sleep — there is an unwholesome fascination about it: hundreds of delicate and fragile parts, all synchronized as it were and working together, any one of which, by its defection, can upset or even wreck the whole fabric. A simple motor-failure, even in our own lines and at a good altitude, is no joke in the case of the modern single-seater. Small and enormously heavy for its wing-surface, it first touches ground at too high a speed for anything but the longest and smoothest fields. In *pannes* of this sort, the pilot usually steps out of the most frightful-looking wreck smiling and quite unhurt; but you can scarcely imagine the chagrin and depression one feels at breaking a fine machine. I did it once, and it made me half sick for a week, though it was not really my fault at all.

After lunch, instead of taking a nap as one does when on duty at daybreak, I go to the 'bar' to read letters and papers and see friends from the other squadrons. As I go in the door, five friends in flying clothes go out.

'See you in two hours,' says Lieutenant D——. 'Let's have a poker game; I've got a patrol now.'

'All right,' I say, 'I'll be here' — though I'm not very keen on French poker, which is somewhat different from ours.

The two hours pass in a wink of time as I lie in a steamer-chair, reading and reveling in the warm drowsy May afternoon. A sound of motors, the hollow whistling rush of landing single-seaters, and I glance out of the door. Here they come, lumbering across the field — but only four. I get up hastily and run to where the flight-commander is descending stiffly from his bus. His face is long, as we crowd around.

'Where's D——?' I ask anxiously.

'Brought down, I'm afraid,' he answers. 'We chased some two-seaters twenty-five miles into the Boche lines, and nine Albatrosses dropped on us. Got two of them, I think; but after the first mix-up, I lost track of D——, and he did n't come back with us.'

A melancholy little procession heads for the bar, and while the affair is being reëxplained, the telephone rings.

'Lieutenant D—— has been found at X——. He was shot through the chest, but managed to regain our lines before he died. He was on the point of landing in a field when he lost consciousness. The machine is not badly smashed.'

At a nearby table, a dice game, which started after lunch and has been interrupted to hear the news, continues. I resume my place in my chair and spread out the *Paris Herald* — unable to focus my mind on the steamship arrivals or the offensive. Poor old D——!

We have had lovely weather for the past fortnight — long warm days have made the trees burst into leaf and covered the meadows with wild-flowers. The quail have begun to nest — queer little fellows, quite unlike ours, whose love-song is, 'Whit, twit, whit,' with a strong emphasis on the first 'whit.'

Sometimes, at night, a nightingale,

on a tree outside my window, charms me to wakefulness with his dripping-sweet music.

II

These are strenuous days — I have done nothing but fly, eat, and sleep for a fortnight. Our 'traveling circus' has been living up to its name — going about from place to place with amazing mobility and speed. I have lived for a week with no baggage but the little bag I carry in my plane. It contains one change of light underwear, one pair of socks, tooth-brush, tooth-paste, tobacco, sponge, soap, towel, shaving things, mirror, a first-aid kit, and a bottle of eau de cologne. With this I can weather a few days anywhere until the baggage-trucks catch up.

Our mobility is marvelous — we can receive our orders at daybreak, breakfast, and land in a place a hundred miles away in an hour and a half. Then a little oil and petrol, and we are ready to bounce something off the local Boche. I could easily write a large calf-bound volume on nothing but my experiences of the past week — one of the most strangely fascinating (in retrospect) of my life, though saddened by the loss of two of our pilots, one an American.

We had no sooner got to this place than we were sent out on a patrol — six of us, with a French lieutenant, a special friend of mine, as flight-commander. None of us had flown before in this sector, and a young American (S——, of New York) was making his second flight over the lines. The weather was wretched, thick, low-hanging clouds with a fine drizzle of rain — visibility almost zero. While mechanics filled the machine, I pored over my map till I had all necessary landmarks thoroughly in mind. At last the captain glanced at his watch and shouted, 'En voiture!'

I climbed into my tiny cockpit, loaded my gun with a snap of the lever, wiped the sights free of moisture, and sank back in my seat, while my mechanic adjusted the belt which holds one tight in place. Up went the captain's hand, and almost with a single roar the six motors started. One after another we rushed across the field, rose to the low ceiling of the clouds, and swept back, bunched like a flock of teal. The flight-commander's head, a black leather dot in his cockpit, turned swiftly for a glance back. All there and well grouped; so he headed for the lines, flying so low that we seemed to shave the spires of village churches. Soon the houses ceased to have roofs — we were over the front.

A great battle was raging below us — columns of smoke rose from the towns and the air was rocked and torn by the passage of projectiles. Far and near the woods were alive with the winking flash of batteries. Soon we were far into the German lines; deep coughs came from the air about us as patches of black sprang out. But we were too low and our speed was too great to be bothered by the Boche gunners. Suddenly the clouds broke for an instant, and across the blue hole I saw a dozen Albatrosses driving toward us — German single-seaters, dark ugly brutes with broad short wings and pointed snouts. Our leader saw them too, and we bounded upward three hundred feet, turning to meet them. The rest happened so swiftly that I can scarcely describe it coherently. Out of the tail of my eye I saw our leader dive on an Albatross, which plunged spinning to the ground. At the same instant I bounded upward to the clouds and dropped on a Boche who was attacking a comrade. I could see my gun spitting streams of luminous bullets into the German's fuselage. But suddenly swift incandescent sparks began to

pour past me, and a glance backward showed three Albatrosses on my tail. I turned upside down, pulled back, and did a hairpin turn, rising, to get behind them. Not a German machine was in sight — they had melted away as suddenly as they came.

Far off to the south four of our machines were heading back toward the lines. Feeling very lonely and somewhat *de trop*, I opened the throttle wide and headed after them. Just as I caught up, the leader signaled that he was done for, and glided off, with his propeller stopped. Praying that he might get safely across to our side, I fell in behind the second in command. Only four now — who and where was the other? Anxiously I ranged alongside of each machine for a look at its number. As I had feared, it was the American — a hot-headed, fearless boy, full of courage and confidence, but inexperienced and not a skillful pilot. No word of him since. Did he lose the patrol in a sharp turn and get brought down by a prowling gang of Albatrosses, or did he have motor-trouble which forced him to land in the enemy lines? These are the questions we ask ourselves, hoping for the best.

An hour after we landed at our field, a telephone message came, saying that Lieutenant de G—— had landed safely a thousand yards behind the firing-line, with three balls in his motor.

The captain sent for me. 'Take my motor-car,' he said, 'and go fetch de G——. The machine is in plain view on a hill. I am giving you two mechanics, so do your best to save the instruments and machine-gun. The Boche artillery will probably drop shells on the machine before nightfall.'

The trip proved rather a thriller, for at this point the old-fashioned picture-book trenchless warfare was in full blast. Picking up de G——, we hid the car in a valley and sneaked forward

under an unpleasant fire of shrapnel and high explosives. The unconcerned infantry reserves, chaffing and smoking where they lay hidden in fields of ripe wheat, stiffened our slightly shaky nerves. Poor timid aviators, completely out of their element — I heaved a sigh of relief that came from the very soles of my feet when at last our task was done, and with our cargo safely stowed, we sped out of the valley and back toward the rear. Hats off to the infantry!

Next day two of us went patrolling with the captain — a famous 'ace' whose courage and skillful piloting are proverbial and who never asked one of his men to do a thing he hesitated to do himself. He was particularly fond of Americans (one of Lufbery's pall-bearers), and on many occasions had done things for me which showed his rare courtesy and thoughtfulness. None of us dreamed, as he laughed and joked with us at the breakfast-table, that it was his last day of life.

The details of this patrol will always be fresh in my mind. We were flying at about 7000 feet, the three of us, I on the captain's right. At 6000, stretching away into the German lines, there was a beautiful sea of clouds, white and level and limitless. Far back, fifteen miles '*chez Boche*,' a flight of Albatrosses crawled across the sky — a roughly grouped string of dots, for all the world like migrating wildfowl. Suddenly, about seven or eight miles in, a Hun two-seater poked his nose above the clouds, rose leisurely into view, and dove back. I was quite sure that he had not seen us. The captain began at once to rise, turning at the same time to take advantage of the sun, and for a few minutes we wove back and forth, edging in till we were nearly over the spot where the Boche had appeared. At last our patience was rewarded. The Boche emerged from the clouds, seemed to hesitate an in-

stant like a timid fish rising from a bed of seaweed, and headed for the lines, where doubtless he had some *re-glage* or reconnaissance to do.

Our position was perfect — in the sun and well above the enemy. The captain banked vertically and plunged like a thunderbolt on the German, I following a little behind and to one side. At 150 yards, streaks of fire poured from his two guns, and as he dove under the German's belly I got into range. Dropping vertically at a speed (I suppose) of 250 miles an hour, with the wind screaming through the wires, I got my sights to bear and pulled the trigger. Faintly above the furious rush of air, I could hear the stutter of my gun and see the bullets streaking to their mark. It was over in a wink of time: as I swerved sharply to the left, I caught a glimpse of the Hun machine-gunner, in a great yellow helmet and round goggles, frantically getting his gun to bear on me. A pull-back and I shot up under his tail, tilted up, and gave him another burst.

But what was this — as I opened the throttle, the engine sputtered and died! I dove steeply at once to keep the propeller turning, realizing in a flash of thought that the long fast dive had made the pressure in my gasoline tank go down. A turn of the little lever put her on the small gravity tank called the 'nurse'; but no luck — something was wrong with the valve. Nothing to do but pump by hand, and I pumped like a madman. Seven miles in the enemy lines and dropping like a stone — I was what the French call *très inquiet*. Three thousand feet, two thousand, a thousand — and I pumped on, visions of a soup-diet and all the tales I had heard of German scientific food substitutes flashing through my mind. Five hundred; a splutter from the engine, and at two hundred feet above a ruined village she burst into her full

roar, and I drew a breath for the first time in the descent. Crossed the lines three hundred feet up with full throttle and the nose down, and did n't get a bullet-hole!

I was unable to find the others, and as my petrol was low I went home. The rest I have from the other pilot.

The captain apparently had the same trouble as I, for he continued his dive to about 3,000 feet, followed by the other. The German, when last seen, was diving for the ground, so we shall never know whether or not we got him. Rising again above the sea of clouds, the captain attacked the rear man of a patrol of eleven Albatrosses which passed beneath him. Turning over and over aimlessly, the Hun fell out of sight into the clouds. At this moment three Boches dove on the captain from the rear—his machine burst into flames and dove steeply toward our lines. Our remaining pilot, hopelessly outnumbered, extricated himself with difficulty and arrived a few minutes after me, his bus riddled with balls. We found the captain's body, just behind the firing-line. He had been killed by three bullets, but had retained consciousness long enough to get to friendly ground before he died. A splendid officer and a true friend, whom we all mourn sincerely.

III

The past fortnight has been rather stirring for us—constant flying, plenty of fights, and the usual moving about. One gets used to it in time, but at first it is a wrench to a man of my conservative nature and sedentary habits. This time we have struck it rich in a village where soldiers are still welcome. I have a really charming room in the house of the principal family—well-to-do people who own the local factory. Great sunny south windows,

running water, and a soft snowy bed, scented with lavender! A day of rest to-day, as they are installing a new motor in my 'taxi'; so I am planted at a little table, looking out through my window on a warm peaceful scene of tiled roofs, rustling leaves, and a delicious sky across which float summery clouds. Not a uniform in sight, not a sound of a cannon—the war seems an impossible dream.

The last day at our old field I had a narrow escape. Two of us were flying together up and down the lines at about 4000 feet. The other chap had allowed me to get pretty far in the lead, when I spied, about 2000 feet below me, a strange-looking two-seater, darkly camouflaged, on which I could see no insignia. I dove on him, but not headlong, as the English have a machine on similar lines, and it was not until I was quite close that I made out two tiny black crosses *set in circles of orange*. By this time the machine-gunner was on the alert, and just as I was going to give him a burst, *flac, flac, flac*, bullets began to pass me from behind. Holes suddenly appeared in my wings; in another moment whoever was shooting would have had me, so I rose steeply in a sharp turn, saw nothing, turned again and again, and finally, disappearing in the distance after the two-seater, I made out two little Pfalz scouts, painted dark green.

My comrade, who was having engine trouble, saw the whole thing. The Boche single-seaters were well behind the larger plane they were protecting,—somehow I missed seeing them,—and when I dove at their pal they rose up under my tail and let me have it with their four guns. Only some rotten shooting saved me from being brought down. The hardest thing for a new pilot to learn is the proper combination of dash and wariness: neither produces results alone; both are absolutely essen-

tial. One must bear in mind two axioms: first, bring down the enemy; second, don't get brought down yourself. A disheartening number of young pilots, full of dash and courage, trained at great expense to their country, get themselves brought down on their first patrol, simply because they lack skill and the necessary dash of wariness. A good general does not ordinarily attack the enemy where he is strongest.

Our field was deserted: the mechanics were packing to leave, and my machine — old Slapping Sally — stood mournfully in the corner of a hangar. I stowed my belongings in the little locker at my side, had her wheeled out, adjusted my maps, and in five minutes was off on my long trip over unknown country. Our maps are really marvelous. With the compass to check up directions of roads, railroads, canals, and rivers, one can travel hundreds of miles over strange country and never miss a crossroad or a village. If, however, you allow yourself to become lost for an instant, you are probably hopelessly lost, with nothing to do but land and locate yourself on the map.

When I left, there was a gale of wind blowing, with spits of rain; and in fifteen minutes, during which I had covered forty miles, the clouds were scudding past at 300 feet off the ground, forcing me at times to jump tall trees on hills. A bit too thick. Seeing a small aerodrome on my right, I buzzed over and landed, getting a great reception from the pilots, who had never examined one of the latest single-seaters. It is really comical, with what awe the pilots of slower machines regard a scout. They have been filled full of mechanics' stories about 'landing at terrific speed — the slightest false movement means death,' and the like; whereas in reality our machines are the easiest things in the world to land, once you get the trick.

In a couple of hours the weather showed signs of improvement, so I shook hands all round and strapped myself in. To satisfy their interest and curiosity, I taxied to the far edge of the field, headed into the wind, rose a yard off the ground, gave her full motor, and held her down to within 30 yards of the spectators, grouped before a hangar. By this time Sally was fairly burning the breeze — traveling every yard of her 135 miles an hour; and as my hosts began to scatter, I let her have her head. Up she went in a mighty bound at 45 degrees, 900 feet in the drawing of a breath. There I flattened her, reduced the motor, did a couple of 'Immelman turns' (instead of banking, turn upside-down, and pull back), and waved good-bye. Rather childish, but they were good fellows, and really interested in what the bus would do.

All went well as far as Paris, where I had one of the classic Paris breakdowns, though genuine enough as it chanced. Landed in the suburbs, got a mechanic to work, and had time for a delicious lunch at a small workmen's restaurant. Treated myself to a half bottle of sound Medoc and a villainous cigar with the coffee, and got back just in time to find them testing my motor. The rest of the trip was uneventful. I arrived here in the early afternoon and installed myself for the night in these superb quarters.

This is the classic hour for French pilots to foregather in excited groups to *expliquer les coups* — an expressive phrase for which I can recall no exact equivalent in English. They (or rather we) spend a full hour every evening in telling just how it was done, or why it was not done, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Snatches of characteristic talk reach your ears — (I will attempt a rough translation). 'You poor fish! why did n't you dive that time they had us bracketed? — I had to follow you and I

got an *éclat* as big as a dinner-plate within a foot of my back.'

'Did you see me get that Boche over the wood? I killed the observer at the first *rafale*, rose over the tail, and must have got the pilot then, for he spun clear down till he crashed.'

'See the tanks ahead of that wave of assault? Funny big crawling things they looked — that last one must have been *en panne* — the Boches were certainly bouncing shells off its back!'

'Raoul and I found a troop of Boche cavalry on a road — in khaki, I swear. Thought they were English till we were within 100 metres. Then we gave them the spray — funniest thing you ever saw!'

'Yes — I'll swear I saw some khaki, too. Saw a big column of Boche infantry and was just going to let 'em have it when I saw horizon-blue guards. Prisoners, of course.'

You can imagine pages of this sort of thing — every night. At the bar we have a big sign: 'Ici on explique les coups.' At the mess, another: 'Défense d'expliquer les coups ici.' There are limits.

IV

As mess-officer I have been going strong of late — nearly every day one or two or three 'big guns' (*grosses huiles*, the French call them) of aviation drop in to lunch or dinner. Down from a patrol at 10.30, and scarcely out of the machine, when up dashes our cook, knife in one hand and ladle in the other, fairly boiling over with anxiety. 'Commandant X — and his staff are coming to lunch — I can't leave the stove — what on earth shall we do?'

An hour and a half. Just time for the cyclist to buzz down to the nearest town for some extra hors d'œuvres, salad, and half a dozen old bottles. In the end everything runs off smoothly, and when the white wine succeeds the

red, the usual *explication des coups* begins — highly entertaining inside stuff, from which one could cull a whole back-stairs history of French aviation. It has been my privilege to meet many famous men in this way — great 'aces' and great administrators of the flying arm; men whose names are known wherever European aviators gather. I wish I could tell you half the drolleries they recount, or reproduce one quarter of the precise, ironical, story-telling manner of a cultivated Frenchman.

A captain who lunched with us to-day, bearer of an historic name, was recently decorated (somewhat against his will) for forcing a Boche to land in our lines. The truth is that in the single combat high above the lines, the captain's motor failed and he coasted for home, manœuvring wildly to escape the pursuing Hun's bullets. A few kilometres within our lines the German motor failed also, and down they came together — the Boche a prisoner, the Frenchman covered with not particularly welcome glory. Not all our guests knew the story, and one high officer asked the captain how he manœuvred to drive down the Boche. 'Oh, like this,' erratically said the captain, illustrating with frantic motions of an imaginary stick and rudder.

'But the Boche — ?' inquired the other, puzzled, 'how did you get him down — where was he?'

'Ah, the Boche; he was *behind* me,' answered the captain.

Another officer, recently promoted to a very high position in the aviation, is a genuine character, a *numero* as they say here. He recently spent many hours in perfecting a trick optical sight, guaranteed to down a Boche at any range, angle, or speed. He adored his invention, which, he admitted, would probably end the war when fully perfected, and grew quite testy when his friends told him the thing was far too

complicated for anything but laboratory use. At last, though he had reached a non-flying rank and had not flown for months, he installed the optical wonder on a single-seater and went out over the lines to try it out. As luck would have it, he fell in with a patrol of eight Albatrosses, and the fight that followed has become legendary. Boche after Boche dove on him, riddling his plane with bullets, while the inventor, in a scientific ecstasy, peered this way and that through his sight, adjusting set-screws and making hasty mental notes. By a miracle he was not brought down, and in the end a French patrol came to his rescue. He had not fired a shot! At lunch the other day someone asked what sort of a chap this inventor was, and the answer was so exceedingly French that I will reproduce it word for word: 'He detests women and dogs; he has a wife he adores, and a dog he can't let out of his sight.' A priceless characterization, I think, of a testy yet amiable old martinet.

One of my friends here had the luck, several months ago, to force a Zeppelin to land. A strange and wonderful experience, he says, circling for an hour and a half about the huge air-monster, which seemed to be having trouble with its gas. He poured bullets into it until his supply was exhausted, and headed it off every time it tried to make for the German lines. All the while it was settling, almost insensibly, and finally the Hun crew began to throw things out — machine-guns, long belts of cartridges, provisions, furniture, a motley collection. In the end it landed intact in our lines — a great catch. The size of the thing is simply incredible. This one was at least ninety feet through, and I hesitate to say how many hundred feet long.

Three more of our boys gone, one of them my most particular pal. Strange as it seems, I am one of the oldest

members of the squadron left. We buried Harry yesterday. He was the finest type of young French officer — an aviator since 1913; volunteer at the outbreak of war; taken prisoner, badly wounded; fourteen months in a German fortress; escaped, killing three guards, across Germany in the dead of winter, sick and with an unhealed wound; back on the front, after *ten days* with his family, although he need never have been a combatant again. A charming, cultivated, witty companion, one of the most finished pilots in France, and a soldier whose only thought was of duty, his loss is a heavy one for his friends, his family, and his country. For a day and a night he lay in state in the church of a nearby village, buried in flowers sent by half the squadrons of France; at his feet his tunic ablaze with crosses and orders. It was my turn to stand guard the morning his family arrived, and I was touched by the charming simple piety of the countryfolk, who came in an unending stream to kneel and say a prayer for the soul of the departed soldier. Old women with baskets of bread and cheese on their arms brought pathetic little bouquets; tiny girls of seven or eight came in solemnly alone, dropped a flower on Harry's coffin, and knelt to pray on their little bare knees. The French peasants get something from their church that most of us at home seem to miss.

At last the family came — worn out with the long sad journey from their château in middle France. Harry's mother, slender, aristocratic, and courageous, had lost her other son a short time before, and I was nearer tears at her magnificent self-control than if she had broken down like a farmer's wife. Her bearing throughout the long mass and at the graveside was one of the finest and saddest things I have ever seen in my life. Poor old Harry — I

hope he is in a paradise reserved for heroes — for he was one in the truest sense of the word.

v

I got absolutely lost the other day, for the second time since I have been on the front. I was flying at about 19,000 feet, half a mile above a lovely sea of clouds. I supposed I was directly over the front, but in reality there was a gale of wind blowing, drifting me rapidly *chez Boche*. Three thousand feet below, and miles to the northeast, a patrol of German scouts beat back and forth, a string of dots, appearing and disappearing among the cloudy peaks and cañons. Too strong and too far in their lines to attack, I was alternately watching them and my clock — very cold and bored. Suddenly, straight below me and heading for home at top speed, I saw a big Hun two-seater, with enormous black crosses on his wings. At such a moment — I confess it frankly — there seem to be two individuals in me who in a flash of time conclude a heated argument. Says one, 'You're all alone; no one will ever know it if you sail calmly on, pretending not to see the Boche.'

'See that Boche; says the other; you're here to get Germans — go after him.'

'See here,' puts in the first, who is very clever at excuses, 'time's nearly up, petrol's low, and there are five Hun scouts who will drop on you if you dive on the two-seater.'

'Forget it, you poor weak-kneed boob!' answers number two heatedly. 'Dive on that Hun and be quick about it!'

So I dove on him, obeying automatically and almost reluctantly the imperious little voice. With an eye to the machine-gunner in the rear, I drove down on him almost vertically, getting

in a burst point-blank at his port bow, so to speak. Pushing still farther forward on the stick, I saw his wheels pass over me like a flash, ten yards up. Pulled the throttle wide open, but the motor was a second late in catching, so that when I did an Immelman turn to come up under his tail, I was too far back and to one side. As I pulled out of the upside-down position, luminous sparks began to drive past me, and a second later I caught a glimpse of the goggled Hun observer leaning intently over his cockpit as he trained his gun on me.

But beside old Slapping Sally his machine was as a buzzard to a falcon; in a breath I was under his tail, had reared almost vertically, and was pouring bullets into his underbody. 'You will shoot me up, will you?' I yelled ferociously — just like a bad boy in a back-yard fight. 'Take that, then —' at which dramatic instant a quart of scalding oil struck me in the face, half in the eyes, and half in my open mouth. I never saw the Boche again, and five minutes later, when I had cleaned my eyes out enough to see dimly, I was totally lost. Keeping just above the clouds to watch for holes, I was ten long minutes at 130 miles per hour in getting to the lines, at a place I had never seen before.

Landed at a strange aerodrome, filled Sally up, and flew home 75 miles by map. As usual, everyone had begun the old story of how I was not a bad chap at bottom, and had many noble qualities safely hidden away — when I strolled into the bar. Slight sensation as usual, tinged with a suspicion of mild disappointment.

Almost with regret, I have turned faithful old Slapping Sally over to a newly arrived young pilot, and taken a new machine, the last lingering echo of the *dernier cri* in fighting single-seaters. I had hoped for one for some time, and

now the captain has allotted me a brand-new one, fresh from the factory. It is a formidable little monster, squat and broad-winged, armed to the teeth; with the power of two hundred and fifty wild horses bellowing out through its exhausts.

With slight inward trepidations I took it up for a spin after lunch. The thing is terrific — it fairly hurtles its way up through the air, roaring and snorting and trembling with its enormous excess of power. Not half so pleasant as Sally, but a grimly practical little dragon of immense speed and potential destructiveness. At a couple of thousand feet over the field, I shut off the motor and dove to try it out. It fairly took my breath away — behind my goggles my eyes filled with tears; my body rose up in the safety-belt, refusing to keep pace with the machine's formidable speed. In a wink, I was close to the ground, straightened out, and rushing low over the blurred grass at a criminal gait — never made a faster landing. It is a tribute to man's war-time ingenuity, but, for pleasure, give me my old machine.

The psychology of flying would be a curious study, were it not so difficult to get frankly stated data — uninfluenced by pride, self-respect, or sense of morale. I only know my own feelings in so far as they represent the average single-seater pilot. Once in the air, I am perfectly contented and at home, somewhat bored at times on dull days, or when very high and cold. On the other hand, I have never been

strapped in a machine to leave the ground, without an underlying slight nervousness and reluctance; no great matter, and only an instant's mental struggle to overcome, but enough perhaps to prevent me from flying the very small and powerful machines, for pleasure, after the war. I often wonder if other pilots have the same feeling — it's nothing to be ashamed of, because it does not, in the slightest, prevent one's doing one's duty, and disappears the moment one is in the air. I can give you its measure in the fact that I always prefer, when possible, to make a long journey in my machine, to doing it in the deadly slow war-time trains. Still, it's a choice of evils. It is hard to give reasons, but certainly flying is not an enjoyable sport, like riding or motoring, once the wonder of it has worn off; simply a slightly disagreeable but marvelously fast means of transport. The wind, the noise, the impossibility of conversation, the excessive speed — are all unpleasant features. These are partially redeemed by the never-ceasing wonder of what one sees. One's other senses are useless in the air, but what a feast for the eyes! Whole fruitful domains spread out beneath one, silvery rivers, smoking cities, perhaps a glimpse of the far-off ragged Alps. And when, at 18,000 or 20,000 feet, above a white endless sea of clouds, you float almost unconscious of time and space in the unearthly sunshine of the Universe, there are moments when infinite things are very close.

PRUSSIANIZING WISCONSIN

[The symptoms of a root-and-branch revolutionary movement which, for want of a better name, the newspapers term 'Bolshevism,' are of interest, and perhaps of serious moment, in this country. We are therefore printing in the guise of an article a long informal letter which the editor received recently from Wisconsin — a state which, owing to the reported disaffection of a large proportion of its population during the war, and to the character of its vote at the late election, is under national scrutiny. Mr. Stewart's points seem to us to make for a useful understanding of the situation.—THE EDITORS.]

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, September, 1918.

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR:—

As a member of the profession which looks before and after, possibly you may appreciate a sort of news-letter from Wisconsin.

As you are aware, of course, Wisconsin — the Milwaukee District — has returned a Socialist — Victor Berger — to the House of Representatives; a man indicted by the Federal Grand Jury in Chicago, and also, more recently, in Milwaukee; and this at a time when we are at war for 'Democracy'; an idealistic war for human freedom. And the man elected to Washington still stands on the St. Louis Socialistic platform, which was against the war and condemned it on mercenary grounds.

At the same time, the district which has returned Berger has always gone 'over the top' in all war-drives; so that Milwaukee has a stamp to be affixed to business and private mail, which announces that 'Milwaukee has met every demand of the Government in men and money.'

A district supports the government in every way, and yet returns a Socialist to Congress. How is this? you will say.

Or take the county I live in — Washington County. It has always been a Democratic county; a Democratic nomination was equivalent to election. Re-

publicans came second; Socialism did not cut much of a figure. It went 'over the top' in the Fourth Liberty Loan.

At the recent election, the result stood as follows. The Republicans, as the rural mail-man eloquently said, 'wiped 'em up.' Socialists second. Democrats — Wilson's men, with 'Wilson' nailed to the mast-head — came limping along at the rear, *after* the Socialists, a *sudden* new element.

In the Wisconsin Legislature we shall have fifteen Socialists in the Assembly (or possibly more on final returns), and two Socialist senators — far more than the Socialists ever had at the height of their power here. At the same time, Wisconsin has always gone 'over the top'; and the state has been complimented by General Crowder for its efficiency in the selective draft and for being the *first* of the states to report its work done in that regard. Now, how is this? you might inquire.

You will find no answer to this question if you read every newspaper published in Milwaukee or throughout Wisconsin. Eastern papers, such as the *New York Times*, for instance, will tell you quite confidently that it is just Pro-Germanism. For what, forsooth, but Pro-Germanism would elect a Congressman who represents opposition, as *per* the St. Louis platform, to the war for Democracy?

As you are aware, a party which gets a sudden accession of voters at one time — as when Berger was originally elected to Congress and then beaten in the same district, and then elected again — is profiting, not by a steady clientele moved by unswerving devotion to its abstract principles, but by voters who are influenced by immediate conditions against which they are registering a *protest*. It is the same with the Democratic and Republican parties; a great victory in a particular locality does not mean a great victory the next time.

As Wisconsin was the birthplace of the Republican party, — it was born at Ripon, Wisconsin, — one might now say that it bade fair to be the birthplace of a new political power, Socialism. Berger founded the Social-Democratic party in this country; Debs, whom they ran repeatedly for President, was a convert of his. And while Meyer London, Socialist Congressman, was defeated in New York, Socialism out here has come back with a whang that seems to send the party wonderfully ahead, and causes the whole country to turn its head in this direction.

Just how much is this permanent and *convinced* advance, and how much a mere protest against this local condition and that? As I say, you would never get any light on this matter in any editorial in a Milwaukee or other Wisconsin paper. Never.

Carlyle said that 'Of all forms of government, a government by busybodies is the worst.' This is true. It is worse than Prussianism, because that is *one* form of government, at least; and worse than Socialism, because Socialism would be run by *law*, anyway. But government by busybodies has neither head nor tail; working outside the law, it becomes lawless; and having no law to support it, it finally depends for its enforcement upon hoodlums and mob-

rule. When the respectable and wealthy elements are resorting to this sort of government, abetted by the newspapers and by all sorts of busybody societies intent upon 'government by public *sentiment*,' we finally have a new thing in the world and a most obnoxious one — mob-rule by the rich; with the able assistance of the hoodlums — always looking for a chance.

It starts as follows: —

The government wishes a certain amount of money. It therefore appeals to local pride; it sets a 'quota,' which has been apportioned to each locality, and promises a fine 'over-the-top' flag to be hoisted over the court house. All well and good; local pride is a very fine thing, competition is wholesome.

But the struggle that ensues is not so much local *pride* as it looks to be.

Milwaukee, for instance, a big manufacturing centre, is noted for its German population. This, the local proprietors fear, may affect its trade. It may be boycotted to some extent. A traveling man comes back and says that a certain dealer in stoves refuses to buy stoves made in Milwaukee!

Ha! — Milwaukee must redeem its reputation; it must always go over the top; it must be able to affix this stamp to all its letters.

Now, as the state has a quota, and the county and city has each its quota, so each *individual* must have his quota. Each individual must be 'assessed' to buy a certain quota of bonds. Success must be made sure: the *manufacturers* must see the *honor* of Milwaukee, and Wisconsin, maintained.

It is not compulsory to give a certain 'assessed' amount to the Y.M.C.A.; and the government does not make a certain quota of bonds compulsory upon citizens — oh, no! it is not *compulsory*, only you *must* abide by your assessment. And we will see that you do. No excuses accepted.

As to the people who do the assessing, they are just local committees loosely got together; they assess by one rule of thumb or another, with little real knowledge of the individual's financial difficulties; and while it is not compulsory, this committee's law must, somehow, be made as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

It is easily done. Humanity falls into three classes: those who work at a trade; those who are in business; and those who farm. The first class is easy to handle — Subscribe your assessed amount or lose your job! Also — as in Milwaukee — some gang from another department of the works, whom you cannot report by name, will coat you with yellow paint as you leave the works. It is no use to report to the District Attorney: he will 'have to investigate,' but will do nothing.

Another point. Exemption from military draft depends upon the employer; it would be of little use for the workman to say he was essential to any industry if the employer said he was not; and so General Crowder insisted that others besides the registrant should make a plea for his exemption — the employer, for instance. So it is a case of subscribe or lose your job — and probably go to war. This unwritten and unexpressed law soon becomes known; all workmen subscribe; the subscription is, in short, taken out of their wages.

Handling the working classes to go 'over the top' was easy.

As to lines of business, these were organized in groups and so solicited: each firm would be solicited by someone in the same line of business — a wholesaler or a customer with whom you dealt. Thus they kept track of one another, and any quibbling about the size of your assessment was not politic.

But the farmer! Now there was a conundrum! He does not work for a 'boss'; he cannot be discharged on Sat-

urday night; and you cannot boycott him in business, or refuse to deal with him when he comes soliciting for trade.

What shall we do with him? Shall we leave him to subscribe what he *can*, and voluntarily?

The only answer to this conundrum is simply — mob-rule, in one form or another: either by actual violence, or by ingenious schemes to make illegality look legal, or by scaring him and making him think that something indefinite but awful is going to happen to him if he buys only three hundred dollars worth of bonds, for instance, instead of five hundred dollars worth.

A few examples from different counties will serve to illustrate. I have before me a sworn statement which I got from a friend in Outagamie County. This sworn statement was made for a Wisconsin association of some 30,000 members, The Farmers' Equity Society, which was incensed at the treatment accorded many of its members.

A Statement made by John Deml of Outagamie County, Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin, Tuesday, October 22, 1918.

About half-past twelve (continuing for more than an hour) Sunday morning October 20th, my wife awaked me, saying, that there were a large number of men on the front porch, pounding and rapping on the door, besides talking in a loud tone of voice. I was upstairs; then I came downstairs and went to the front door, where they were, and I asked them, who was there! Several answered at once, 'The Council of Defense.' I then asked them, 'What do you want?' and they replied, 'We want you to sign up.' I replied, 'I have done my share.' And they asked me when, and I replied, 'I did my share in the spring.' (That is, I meant to say I had done my share in the third loan, when I subscribed for \$450 in bonds.) To make it plain, on the 28th of September, at the opening of the fourth drive, I was notified by letter that my bond assessment

would be \$500. When Henry Baumann came to see me, I told him I could not possibly take \$500 now but would take some, meaning a substantial amount, that is all I could afford; and he replied, 'My orders are you must take \$500 or nothing.'

After I had replied that I had done my share in the spring, they demanded that I open the door and let them in. I told them I did n't have to open the door; then they undertook to force the door open, and went so far as to tear the screen door open; then they threatened to break down the door, and I said, 'Come on then, boys.' Then they appeared to be planning, and while they were doing that, I took the time to put my shoes on. By that time they were at the kitchen door, and they made a demand that I let them in through that door; then I went to the kitchen door and opened it and found a crowd of men (much larger than I expected) around the door, and then reaching out two by two around towards the front of the house. I left the door and walked to the front porch to see if they had done any painting (as they had previously painted a neighbor's mail-box); I walked to the road to see if they had painted my mail-box. And then I turned around to return to the house when they all at one time closed in on me like a vise; some grabbing my fingers or wrist, others my legs, and several of them were shouting, holding a paper before me, 'Sign up.' I said, 'I will not sign up at this time of night.' Then a man shouted, 'Get the rope!' The first I knew was when the rope was about my neck and around my body under my arms. Someone then gave a sharp jerk at the rope and forced me to my knees and hands; at the same time some of them jumped on my back, and while bent over someone struck me in the face, making me bleed; then a man (whom I recognized) said, 'Boys, you are going too far'; and then, as they got me away from them a little, I heard a man say, 'You can't scare him.' I answered, 'I am not afraid of the entire city of Appleton.' Then a man (whom I knew) got me to one side, and he said, 'Let's go into the house and talk between ourselves.' Then two men (whom I knew) went with me into the house, and we sat or stood around the table, and they still demanded that I sign

up. I said, 'I will not sign up for any man after being abused like this.' Then a man (whom I knew) told me I would have to go with them, or, if I did n't go with them, would have to come to town that Sunday morning at 10 o'clock to see Mr. Keller. I told them that I would be there; they left; as they left, I noticed, and so did my family and neighbors, that they rode away in seven automobiles. I did not go to see Mr. Keller.

Signed, JOHN DEML.

This man tried to get a warrant for assault with intent to do great bodily harm. The President of the Equity Society and the Assemblyman from that district both argued the matter with the District Attorney, but without success. Then they went to the Governor; he would 'investigate'—but nothing was done. Officials 'passed the buck,' as usual in such cases.

So much for Outagamie County; now let us take a glance at Milwaukee County, as being more interesting.

Picture to yourself the following 'collection committee' traveling out of the highly civilized, 'kultured' city of Milwaukee.

Twenty-five automobiles containing *sixty to seventy* respectable citizens of Milwaukee.

One color guard (a flag at the head) with two home guardsmen in citizens' clothes.

Two deputy sheriffs.

One 'official' photographer.

One 'official' stenographer.

One banker (this personage to make arrangements to lend a farmer the money in case he protests that he has subscribed too much already).

This phalanx, entirely lawless, moves down upon a farmer who is urging two horses along a cloddy furrow—doing his fall ploughing.

They form a semi-circle about him; the speechmaker says, 'Let us salute the flag' (watching him to see that he

does it promptly); and while his horses stand there the speechmaker delivers a speech. He must subscribe his 'assessed' amount — no excuses accepted. If he owes for the farm, and has just paid his interest, and has only fifteen dollars to go on with, it makes no difference. He must subscribe the amount of his 'assessment,' and 'sign there.'

If not, what happens? The farmer all this time, of course, is probably scared out of his wits, or does not know what to make of this delegation of notables bearing down upon his solitary task in the fields. But if he argues too much, he finds this. They have a large package of yellow placards reading, —

The Occupant of these premises has refused to take his just share of Liberty Bonds.

DO NOT REMOVE.

And they put them all over his place. He probably signs.

Now bear in mind that this method is not practised merely against farmers who have made unpatriotic remarks, or have refused to support the war. It is practised against a farmer who has taken only one hundred dollars when he was assessed a hundred and fifty — and this is to make him 'come across' with the remainder.

You might ask, Is this comic opera or is it government? I would say that it was the former, were it not so serious in its effects upon a peaceful, law-abiding population.

The various schemes (I am not troubling you with all) in the various counties all emanate from the city or the small manufacturing town. And you must remember that the population of Wisconsin is quite largely an agricultural population, and with a considerable amount of nationally famous lines of manufacture sprinkled all over in the little towns, and concentrated in Milwaukee. Country merchants do not usually go out on these soliciting com-

mittees — it might insult customers; so the local manufacturer lets loose some of his foremen, and others who do not depend upon farmer trade.

Thus the farmer — who in a great many cases *has* been assessed too high by people not familiar with his problems — finds himself being camped upon and persecuted by the manufacturing and *financial* interests. To show you that this method is taken as a matter of course out here, — as natural to Milwaukee as if it were Prussia itself, — I append a clipping which happens to come from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

MORE SLACKERS ON LOAN FOUND

Milwaukee county has been blemished by three more yellow cards placed in front of homes whose occupants refused to invest their fair share in the Fourth Liberty Loan. The first call of the Liberty Bond flying squad Friday was near the city limits in the town of Lake.

A farmer, considered financially able, had purchased a \$50 bond. His allotment was placed as \$150 additional. He said he was financially involved and had no money, but refused the offer of a bank to carry the loan for him. Members of the committee posted the yellow card.

The second call was at the home of a man of 84, who had subscribed \$50, while his allotment was placed at \$500. He said that he had no money other than that which he had loaned on interest.

Asserting that he had done his share by coming north from Louisiana at the outbreak of the Civil War to avoid service in the Confederate army, he said he was drafted in Wisconsin and had to pay a substitute \$550 to fight in his place. He reckoned the government owes him about \$2,000 by this time as interest on the money, which never was returned. The man, a Hollander by birth, came to this country when 18. He has two grown sons who are known as patriots and active in loyalty work.

But the issue was with the father. Because of the cold weather he was taken inside the house by the committee, where Dr. W. B.

Hill explained matters. The man finally subscribed for his full share of \$500, remarking: 'There has been a war at each stage of my life and each has cost me \$550.'

In the same town a bachelor living with his father, a man more than 80, said he could do no better than subscribe \$50 additional to the \$50 bond he had purchased through workers. His father is known to have done his full share.

When the squadron arrived at the home the son was out. Later he was seen cutting across lots toward the rear of his premises. He refused to stop on call of the committeemen. He was overtaken and given the customary message from the government. Prompted by his sister, he refused to subscribe to more than \$50 worth, although his allotment was placed at \$500. The yellow card was ordered tacked up.

In the town of Oak Creek one supposed slacker was absent, and left word he had come into Milwaukee to buy a \$100 bond.

A neighbor of his, who had subscribed \$100, was allotted \$500 as his fair share. He was obdurate and uncommunicative. With little ceremony the third card of the day and the fourth of the campaign was placed in position. Every man visited bore a German name. In several instances they were reputed to be worth more than \$20,000, considerable of which was in cash. About half of the calls resulted in the men deciding to do their fair share, without offering the plea that they could n't afford it and had already invested in a \$50 bond.

In the rural county where I live, different methods were used, more ingenious and really more flagrant, as creating a *disrespect for law*. False law, with false threats and penalties which are never carried out, creates contempt for real law, and is itself contemptible.

For instance, in the stamp drive, all the men in the district were obliged to meet at the school-house and make up any shortage in the quota. If one man did not, another must. Notices were sent round on a white postal card under government frank, headed 'White House'; and then, to make everyone think that they were obliged to go to

that meeting, and take their assessed amount in a savings society, the President's War-Savings message was altered from the original version.

The following document illustrates the scheme resorted to in this same county for dealing with those who had not subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan their quota as 'assessed.' I acquired it by the simple process of standing on my constitutional rights and awaiting complete results. Two of a special 'collecting' committee came round, both employees of the local automobile factory which has a large government contract. One was the 'collector' and the other the 'witness,' and they handed me this:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT LIBERTY LOAN ORGANIZATION

FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICT NUMBER SEVEN
WEST BEND, WIS.

TO CHAS. STEWART

WHEREAS it appears that you have so far failed or refused to support our government by subscribing for your share of the Fourth Liberty Bond:

YOU WILL THEREFORE appear at the Court House in West Bend, Wisconsin, on the 19th day of October, 1918, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 6 o'clock P.M. then and there to subscribe your full allotment, or

SHOW CAUSE for your apparent delinquency and your apparent obstruction to the war finance requirements of the United States.

Signed: E. J. KEARNEY,
Federal Reserve Director of Sales
for Wisconsin.

Served this 18th day of October, 1918.

By F. C. KEHR, Committeeman.

In presence of
G. H. PRATT.

Of course, this thing, with its *whereas* and its *therefore* has about as much legal standing as the resolution of a woman's sewing society. But it is intended to appear to be a legal sum-

mons; you are to appear at the 'Court House' — though not in court. With this they fetched the farmers, and put the county 'over the top.' Until this was invented the county had fallen short in its 'quota.'

I told the collector and his 'witness' that they could 'rest assured that I would not be there,' and asked them to please watch and see what happened.

Nothing happened, of course. But they got the *full* quota out of most of the farmers who had not taken enough — and I got the document.

Such methods have created opposition. From the beginning, the drives were preceded by bluffs and threats and illegal claims of some indefinite penalty — and each time none of the threats was carried out against those who defied them. They could not be; they were lawless and illegal. Then the committee would try something new and more persuasive. Their methods went from bad to worse. The whole proceeding was represented as coming from 'our government,' 'by order of Secretary McAdoo,' etc. And it is not difficult to imagine the effect upon the farmer's ideas of a federal administration to which he attributes such methods.

The meaning of the whole phenomenon is simply this: the manufacturer or financier in town wishes to make sure that the farmer will subscribe liberally, so that the burden may not fall wholly on himself.

But why go into further details? This is Business at work in Wisconsin. In the whole state you would not find a newspaper which said a word of protest — or raised a question as to the citizen's rights under the Constitution. For the business leaders own and advertise in and run the newspapers; and the little paper in the country town simply goes along in the swim — never does any thinking for itself. If you asked any of them what the Bill of

Rights was, they could not tell you; they do not know their 'Rights' from a hole in the ground.

And now we come to the conclusion. Imagine yourself either a workman in Milwaukee, or a farmer out in the country. You are dealt with in this entirely Prussian manner — possibly the committee, which knows little of your financial difficulties in your home, has just assessed you arbitrarily.

Your constitutional rights do not count. *There is no remedy.* If you are painted yellow, the District Attorney will pass the buck — he knows what the manufacturer expects of him, and the financier. The state officers of these drives, Federal representatives, are *always* Milwaukee bankers.

But for you there is no remedy if you are 'assessed' too high.

With the Y.M.C.A. and other religious society drives, the same assessment scheme is worked. You cannot *give* to the Y.M.C.A. You are told right off how much you are to *pay*.

Now, if you were a workman or a banker, and the government was supposed to be the one who was dealing with you thus, and an election came along, what would you do?

Vote for the party in power? I trow not. You would vote *Socialist* till the cows came home. In fact, I would do that myself were it not that I know the essential nature of Wilson's government by request, and the inevitable outcome of such a policy of 'government by public sentiment' instead of by law.

Being a Republican, of course, I vote that ticket straight.

But the result was a great relief to me, even if some *did* vote Socialist. This is *America*. And to a large extent, and in a sense which you will understand, the Socialists' sudden accretion was a Pro-America vote, not a Pro-German.

CHARLES D. STEWART.

THE IDEA OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A small group of qualified Englishmen have long been working toward Universal Peace from an angle of their own. Forming the League of Free Nations Association, they have divided the principal problems among experts, for extended study, appraisal, and suggestions for solution. These inquiries, eventually to be published in book form, will, in the Atlantic's belief, form a highly important treatise on World Peace; but, in the meantime, the group has united in the compilation of the following article, which may well serve as an introduction to all attempts at a League of Nations. The composite authorship of the paper is especially interesting, the names of the collaborators being,—

H. G. WELLS, *Chairman*

VISCOUNT GREY

GILBERT MURRAY

J. A. SPENDER

A. E. ZIMMERN

H. WICKHAM STEED

LIONEL CURTIS

WILLIAM ARCHER, *Secretary*

VISCOUNT BRYCE¹

I

UNIFICATION of human affairs, to the extent at least of a cessation of war and a world-wide rule of international law, is no new idea; it can be traced through many centuries of history. It is found as an acceptable commonplace in a fragment, *De Republica*, of Cicero. It has, indeed, appeared and passed out of the foreground of thought, and reappeared there, again and again.

Hitherto, however, if only on account of the limitations of geographical knowledge, the project has rarely been truly world-wide, though in some instances it has comprehended practically all the known world. Almost always there has been an excluded fringe of barbarians and races esteemed as less than men.

The Roman Empire realized the idea in a limited sphere and in a mechanical, despotic fashion. It was inherent in the propaganda of Islam — excluding the unbeliever. It may be said that the political unity of Christendom over-riding states and nations was the ortho-

dox and typical doctrine of the Middle Ages. The individual states were regarded as being, in the nature of things, members of one great body politic, presided over by the Pope, or the Emperor, or both. It was the idea of the world-supremacy of the Empire which inspired Dante's *De Monarchia*; but, as Lord Bryce has remarked, 'Dante's book was an epilogue instead of a prophecy.'

It cannot be claimed that history shows any continuously progressive movement of human affairs from a dispersed to a unified condition. Rather it tells a story of the oscillating action of separatist and unifying forces. And the process of civilization itself, if we use the word in its narrower and older sense of the elaboration of citizenship in a political and social organization, and exclude mechanical and scientific progress from it, has on the whole been rather on the side of fragmentation. It was, for example, much easier for loosely organized tribes and village communities scattered over wide areas to coalesce into vague and often very

¹ In an advisory capacity.

extensive 'nations,' like the Scythians and Thracians, or to coöperate in 'amphictyonics,' or federations, like the small peoples of central Greece, than for highly developed city-states or fully organized monarchies, possessing a distinctive culture and religion and definite frontiers, to sink these things in any larger union. For such higher forms of political organization, enlargement occurred mainly through conquest, which created unstable empire systems of subject and subordinate peoples under the sway — which might of course be the assimilative sway — of a dominant nation, rather than real unifications.

The Renaissance presents a phase in history in which a large vague unification (Christendom) is seen to be breaking up simultaneously with the appearance of a higher grade of national organization. Machiavelli, with his aspiration toward a united Italy, involving a disintegration of the Empire, opened the phase of the national state in Europe, which reached its fullest development in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Before the Renaissance Europe was far more of a unity than it was at the close of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it consisted mainly of a group of nations, with their national edges sharpened and hardened almost to a maximum, each aspiring to empire and each acutely suspicious of and hostile to its neighbors. The idea of international organization for peace seemed far more Utopian to the normal European intelligence in 1900 than it would have done eight hundred years before.

But while those political and social developments which constitute civilization in the narrower sense of the word were tending to make human societies, as they became more elaborately organized, more heterogeneous and mutually unsympathetic, there were also coming into play throughout the eight-

eenth and nineteenth centuries, for the first time, upon a quite unprecedented scale, another series of forces diametrically opposed to human separations. They worked, however, mutely, because the world of thought was unprepared for them. Unprecedented advances in technical and scientific knowledge were occurring, and human coöperation and the reaction of man upon man, not only in material but also in mental things, was being made enormously more effective than it had ever been before. But the phrases of international relationship were not altering to correspond. Phrases usually follow after rather than anticipate reality, and so it was that at the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, Europe and the world awoke out of a dream of intensified nationality to a new system of realities which were entirely antagonistic to the continuance of national separations.

It is necessary to state very plainly the nature of these new forces. Upon them rests the whole case for the League of Nations as it is here presented. It is a new case. It is argued here that these forces give us powers novel in history and bring mankind face to face with dangers such as it has never confronted before. It is maintained that, on the one hand, they render possible such a reasoned coördination of human affairs as has never hitherto been conceivable, and that, on the other, they so enlarge and intensify the scope and evil of war and of international hostility as to give what was formerly a generous aspiration more and more of the aspect of an imperative necessity. Under the lurid illumination of the world-war, the idea of world-unification has passed rapidly from the sphere of the literary idealist into that of the methodical, practical man, and the task of an examination of its problems and possibilities, upon the scale which the near probability of an actual

experiment demands, is thrust upon the world.

All political and social institutions, all matters of human relationship, are dependent upon the means by which mind may react upon mind and life upon life, that is to say upon the intensity, rapidity, and reach of mental and physical communication. In the history of mankind, the great phases seem all to be marked by the appearance of some new invention which facilitates trade or intercourse, and may be regarded as the operating cause of the new phase. The invention of writing, of the wheel and the road, of the ship, of money, of printing, of letters of exchange, of joint-stock undertakings and limited liability, mark distinct steps in the enlargement of human intercourse and coöperation from its original limitation within the verbal and traditional range of the family or tribe.

A large part of the expansion of the Roman Empire, apart from its overseas development, may be considered, for example, as a process of road-making and bridge-building. Even its trans-Mediterranean development was a matter of road-making combined with ship-building. The Roman Empire, like the Chinese, expanded on land to an extremity determined by the new method of road-communication; and sought to wall itself in at last at the limits of its range from its centres of strength. The new chapter of the human story again, which began with the entry of America and the Oceanic lands upon the stage of history, was the direct outcome of that bold sailing out upon the oceans which the mariner's compass, and the supersession of the galley by the development of sails and rigging, rendered possible. The art of printing from movable types released new powers of suggestion, documentation, and criticism, which shattered the old religious organization of Christen-

dom, made the systematic investigations and records of modern science possible, and created the vast newspaper-reading democracies of to-day. The whole of history could, indeed, be written as a drama of human nature reacting to invention.

And we live to-day in a time of accelerated inventiveness and innovation, when a decade modifies the material of inter-communication far more extensively than did any century before, in range, swiftness, and intensity alike. Within the present century, since 1900, there have been far more extensive changes in these things than occurred in the ten centuries before Christ. Instead of regarding *Around the World in Eighty Days* as an amazing feat of hurry, we can now regard a flight about the globe in fifteen or sixteen days as a reasonable and moderate performance. The teaching of history compels us to recognize in these new facilities factors which will necessarily work out into equally revolutionary social and political consequences. It is the most obvious wisdom to set ourselves to anticipate as far as we can, so as to mitigate and control, the inevitable collisions and repercussions of mankind that are coming upon us. Even if we were to suppose that this rush of novel accelerating contrivances would be presently checked, — and there is little justification for any such supposition, — it would still behoove us to work out the influence which the things already achieved will have upon our kind.

And it is not simply an increase of range and swiftness that we have to consider here, though these are the aspects that leap immediately to the eye. There has also been, for example, a very great increase in the possible vividness of mental impact. In education and in the agencies of journalism and propaganda, there has been an increase of power at present incalculable, owing to

vast strides in the printing of pictures, and to the cinematograph, the gramophone, and similar means of intense world-wide information and suggestion.

II

While all these things, on the one hand, point plainly now to such possibilities of human unification and world-unanimity as no one could have dreamed of a hundred years ago, there has been, on the other hand, a change, an intensification, of the destructive processes of war which opens up a black alternative to this pacific settlement of human affairs. The case as it is commonly stated in the propaganda literature for a League of Nations is a choice between, on the one hand, a general agreement on the part of mankind to organize a permanent peace, and on the other, a progressive development of the preparation for war and the means of conducting war which must ultimately eat up human freedom and all human effort, and, as the phrase goes, destroy civilization. We shall find as we proceed that these simple oppositions do not by any means state all the possibilities of the case; but for a moment or so it will be convenient to confine our attention to this enhancement of the cost, burden, and destructiveness of belligerence which scientific and technical progress has made inevitable.

What has happened is essentially this, that the natural limitations upon warfare which have existed hitherto appear to have broken down. Hitherto there has been a certain proportion between the utmost exertion of a nation at war and the rest of its activities. The art and methods of war have had a measurable relation to the resources of the community as a whole, so that it has been possible for nations to be well armed by the standards of the time and yet to remain vigorous and healthy com-

munities, and to wage successful wars without exhaustion.

To take a primitive example, it was possible for the Zulu people, under King Chaka, to carry warfare as it was then understood in South Africa — a business of spearmen fighting on foot — to its utmost perfection, and to remain prosperous and happy themselves, whatever might be the fate they inflicted upon their neighbors. And even the armies of Continental Europe, as they existed before the Great War, were manifestly bearable burdens, because they were borne. But the outbreak of that struggle forced upon the belligerents, in spite of the natural conservatism of all professional soldiers, a rapid and logical utilization of the still largely neglected resources of mechanical and chemical science; they were compelled to take up every device that offered, however costly it might be; they could not resist the drive toward scientific war which they had themselves released. In warfare the law of the utmost immediate exertion rules; the combatant who does not put in all his possible energy is lost. In four brief years, therefore, Europe was compelled to develop a warfare monstrously out of proportion to any conceivable good which the completest victory could possibly achieve for either side.

We may take as a typical instance of this logical and necessary exaggeration which warfare has undergone the case of the 'tank.' The idea of a land iron-clad was an old and very obvious one, which had been disliked and resisted by military people for many years. The substantial basis of the European armies of 1914 was still a comparatively inexpensive infantry, assisted by machine-guns and field-guns and cavalry. By 1918 the infantry line is sustained by enormous batteries of guns of every calibre, firing away an incredible wealth of ammunition; its structure includes

the most complicated system of machine-gun nests and strong posts conceivable, and every important advance is preceded by lines of aeroplanes and sustained by fleets of these new and still developing weapons, the tanks. Every battle sees scores of these latter monsters put out of action. Now, even the primitive tank of 1917 costs, quite apart from the very high running expenses, something between seven and ten thousand pounds. At that stage it was still an expedient on trial and in the rough. But its obvious corollary in movable big-gun forts with ammunition tenders — forts which will probably be made in parts and built up near to the point of use, however costly they may be — is practically dictated if war is to continue. So too is a production of light and swift types of tank that will serve many of the purposes of cavalry.

If war is to continue as a human possibility, this elaboration of the tank in scale and species follows inevitably. A mere peace of the old type is likely to accelerate rather than check this elaboration. Only a peace that will abolish the probability of war from human affairs can release the nations from the manifest necessity of cultivating the tank, multiplying the tank, and maintaining a great manufacture and store of tanks, over and above all the other belligerent plants which they had to keep going before 1914. And these tanks will supersede nothing — unless perhaps, to a certain extent, cavalry. The tank, growing greater and greater and more numerous and various, is manifestly, therefore, one new burden — one of many new burdens — which must rest upon the shoulders of mankind henceforth, until the prospect of war can be shut off from international affairs. It is foolish to ignore these grimly budding possibilities of the tank. There they are, and they cannot be avoided if war is to go on.

But the tank is only one of quite a multitude of developments, which are bound to be followed up if the modern war-process continues. There is no help for it. In every direction there is the same story to be told — if war is still to be contemplated as a possibility — of an unavoidable elaboration of the means of war beyond the scale of any conceivable war-end.

As a second instance, let us take the growth in size, range, and destructiveness of the air war. Few people realize fully what a vast thing the air-service has become. A big aeroplane of the raider type may cost anything up to twenty thousand pounds; the smallest costs not much less than a thousand. The pilot and the observer are of the very flower of the youth of the country; they have probably cost society many thousands of pounds' worth of upbringing and education, and they have made little or no productive contribution to human resources. And these costly units have been multiplied enormously. From a poor hundred or so of aeroplanes at the outset of the war, Great Britain alone has expanded her air forces until she has an output of thousands of new machines a month, aerodromes abound throughout the country, and there is scarcely a corner of England where the hum of the passing aeroplane is not to be heard. Now all this vast plant of aeroplane factories and instruction aerodromes must be kept up, once it has been started, war or no war, until war is practically impossible. It may be argued, perhaps, that during a peace-spell some portion of this material may be applied to civil air-transport; but the manufacturers have made it abundantly clear that this project does not strike them as reasonable or desirable; their industry has been created as an armament industry and an armament industry they wish it to remain. And besides this op-

position of the interested profiteer, we have to remember that the aeroplane has imported into warfare possibilities of surprise hitherto undreamed of. So long as a sudden declaration of war, or an attack preceding a declaration of war, is possible, it is imperative now, not only that the air force of a country should be kept always in striking condition, but that the whole vast organization of coastal and frontier anti-aircraft defenses should be equally ready. Tens of thousands of men, most of them economically very valuable, must keep watch day and night, prepared at any moment to flash into warfare again.

The same story of a tremendous permanent expansion of war-equipment could be repeated in a score of parallel instances drawn from the land war and sea war. Enormous new organizations of anti-submarine flotillas, of mine-field material and its production, of poison-gas manufacture and the like, have been called into existence, and must now remain as going concerns so long as war is likely to be renewed.

But enough examples have been cited here to establish the reality of this present unrestricted, illimitable, disproportionate growth of the war-process in comparison with all other human processes. Mars has become the young cuckoo in the nest of human possibilities, and it is — to state the extreme alternatives — a choice before mankind, whether we will drift on toward a catastrophe due to that overgrowth, or so organize the world as effectually to restrain and reduce warfare.

It is not impossible to adumbrate the general nature of the catastrophe which threatens mankind if war-making goes on. Modern warfare is not congenial to the working masses anywhere. No doubt the primitive form of warfare, a murderous bickering with adjacent tribes, is natural enough to uneducated men; but modern warfare, and still

more the preparation for it, involves distresses, strains, and a continuity of base and narrow purpose quite beyond the patience and interest of the millions of ordinary men who find no other profit in it but suffering. The natural man is more apt for chaotic local fighting than for large-scale systematic fighting. Hatred campaigns and a sustained propaganda are needed to keep up the combatant spirit in a large modern state, even during actual hostilities; and in the case of Russia we have a striking example of the distaste a whole population may develop for the war-strain, even during the war and with the enemy at its gates.

What is likely to happen, then, when the working masses of Central and Western Europe, being no longer sustained by the immediate excitement of actual war, find themselves still obliged to go on, year after year, producing vast masses of war-material, pledged to carry a heavy burden of war-loan *rentiers* on their backs, and subjected to an exacerbated conscription? Possibly, so far as the *rentier* burden on the worker goes, a great rise in prices and wages will relieve the worker to some extent, but only at the cost of acute disappointment and distress at another social level. There is a dangerously narrowing limit now to the confidence of the common man in the intelligence and good faith of those who direct his affairs; and the probability of a cruel confused class-war throughout Europe, roughly parallel in its methods to the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, and released by a similar loss of faith in leaders and government, appears at the end of the vista of waste of directive energy and natural resources, completing that waste of energy and resources into which the belligerent systems of Europe, the German Empire being the chief and foremost, have led mankind. Systematic force, overstrained and exhausted,

will then give place to chaotic force, and general disorganization will ensue. Thereafter the world may welter in confusion for many generations, through such ruinous and impoverished centuries as close the Roman imperial story, before it develops the vitality for an effective reorganization.

Such, roughly, is the idea of the phrase 'downfall of civilization' as used in discussions like these. It is a vision of the world as a social system collapsing chaotically, not under the assault of outer barbarians, but beneath the pressure of this inevitable hypertrophy of war.

III

Let us now look a little more closely between the two extremes of possibility we have stated in the preceding section, between a world-unanimity for peace, on the one hand, — Everyman's World-League of Nations, — and a world-collapse under the overgrowth of war-organization and material, on the other.

The affairs of the world are now in a posture which enables us to dismiss the idea of a world-hegemony for Germany, or for any other single power, as a fantastic vanity.

We have to consider, however, the much greater probability of a group of the more powerful states, including perhaps a chastened Germany, agreeing among themselves to organize and enforce peace in the world for ever. This would give us still a third type of league which we may call the League of the Senior States. It is perhaps the most probable of all the possibilities.

And, on the other hand, we have assumed, quite crudely, in the first section that the forces of popular insurrection are altogether destructive of organization, whereas there may be as yet unmeasured constructive and organizing power in the popular mind.

There is a middle way between a superstitious belief in unguided democracy and a frantic hatred of it. Concurrently, for example, with the earlier phases of Bolshevik anarchy in Petrograd and Moscow, there seems to have been for a time a considerable development of coöperative production and distribution throughout European and Asiatic Russia. Mingled with much merely destructive and vindictive insurrectionism, there may be a popular will to order, reaching out to coöperate with all the sound and liberal forces of the old system of things. We can only guess as yet at the possibilities of a collective will in these peasant and labor masses of Europe which now read and write and have new-born ideas of class-action and responsibility. They will be ill-informed, they may be emotional, but they may have vast reserves of common sense. Much may depend upon the unforeseeable accident of great leaders. Nearly every socialist and democratic organization in the world, it is to be noted, now demands the League of Nations in some form, and men may arise who will be able to give that still quite vague demand force and creative definition. A failure to achieve a world guaranty of peace on the part of the diplomatists at a peace conference may lead, indeed, to a type of insurrection and revolution not merely destructive but preparatory. It is conceivable. The deliberate organization of peace, as distinguished from a mere silly clamor for peace, may break out at almost any social level, and in the form either of a constructive, an adaptive, or a revolutionary project.

We have not, therefore, here, a case of a clear-cut choice of two ways; there is a multitude of roads which may converge upon the permanent organization of world-peace, and an infinitude of thwarting and delaying digressions may occur. Complicating and mitiga-

tory circumstances may, and probably will, make this antagonism of war and peace a lengthy and tortuous drama. There may be many halts and setbacks in the inevitable development of war; belligerence may pause and take breath on several occasions before its ultimate death-flurry.

Such delays, such backwater phases and secondary aspects, must not confuse the issue and hide from us the essential fact of the disappearance of any real limitation upon the overgrowth of war in human life. That unlimited overgrowth is the probability which is driving more and more men to study and advocate this project of a League of Nations, because they are convinced that only through counter-organization of the peace-will in mankind can the world be saved from a great cycle of disasters, disorder, and retrogression.

And it does not follow, because the origins and motives of the will for such a world-league are various, that they involve a conflict over essentials, as to the character of the final result. It is the declared belief of many of the promoters of the world-league movement that a careful analysis of the main factors of its problems, a scientific examination of what is possible, what is impossible, what is necessary, and what is dangerous, must lead the mass of reasonable men in the world, whatever their class, origins, traditions, and prejudices, to a practical agreement upon the main lines of this scheme for the salvation of mankind. It is believed that the clear, deliberate, and methodical working out of the broad problems and riddles of the world-league idea will have a sufficient compelling force to bring it within the realm of practical possibility.

IV

But at this point it is advisable to take up and dispose of a group of sug-

gestions which contradict our fundamental thesis, which is, that war is by its nature illimitable. War is, we hold here, a cessation of law, and in war, therefore, it is impossible to prevent permanently the use of every possible device for injury, killing, and compulsion which human ingenuity can devise or science produce. Our main argument for a League of Nations rests on that. But there are people who do not accept as a fact the illimitable nature of war. They fall back upon the theory that the horrors of the Great War are due to a sort of accidental relapse into savagery on the part of the German people, and that future wars can and will be conducted under restrictions imposed by humanity and chivalry. They believe that war can become a conventional Ordeal by Battle, in which the nations shall deliberately refrain from putting forth their full strength, and shall agree to abide by the decision of a struggle between limited armies, operating, like the champions in a tournament or a prize-fight, under an accepted code of rules.

This is, we hold, a delusion. Our case is that the nations can agree far more easily to abolish war than to restrict war.

It is true that in the Great War Germany has carried her theories of ruthlessness to self-defeating extremes. She has done many deeds which recoiled upon herself — deeds inspired by a sort of ferocious pedantry which inflicted very small material damage upon the Allies, but hardened their resolution and brought thousands, nay, millions of recruits to their ranks. None the less must we face the fact that, individual stupidities apart, the German theory of war is the only logical one.

If it be said that, in past times, nations fought with comparatively small armies, and often accepted defeat without having thrown anything like their full strength into the struggle — the

objection is met by a twofold answer. Firstly, the logic of war, the law — as we have termed it elsewhere — of the utmost effort, had not yet been thoroughly thought out. Primitive peoples in general — and the same applies to all but the most civilized and sophisticated of modern states — are guided in matters of war and peace more by their emotions than by their reason. They are lazy, as peoples, and muddle-headed. They fight because they are angry; they stop because they are tired; they cease pursuing the enemy because they want to attend to the harvest. It is the mark of a highly organized and intellectualized government to subordinate national emotions to the remorseless logic of the case. And the logic of war was reserved for Napoleon to express in practice and Clausewitz to formulate in theory.

But the second answer goes more to the root of the matter: namely, that the strength which a nation can put into the field is limited by many conditions both material and psychological, and that, if we examine into these conditions, we shall often find that what may seem to us, on the face of it, an insignificant effort, was in very truth the greatest of which, at the given moment, the nation was capable. It is a quite new social fact, a creation of the last fifty years, to have a central government supplied with exact information about all its resources in men, money, and material, and with means of organization and control which enable it, at the cost of some delay and friction, to exploit those resources to the last inch. When Babylon was captured by the Medes, we are told, there were parts of the city itself which were unaware of the fact for several days; and there must have been vast islands of population in the country which, so far as their personal experience went, never knew. But that sort of thing has passed.

If we look into the history of warfare, we find that it has completed a cycle and is now returning to its starting-point. A nomadic horde of the barbarous ages was 'a nation in arms' in the full sense of the word. Having no fixed place of abode, it had no civil — as distinct from military — population. The whole people — old men, women, and children included — took part in the toils and perils of war. There were no places of security in which the weak and the defenseless could take refuge. Everyone's life was forfeit in case of disaster; therefore everyone took part in the common defense. Modern warfare, with its air-fleets, its submarines, and its 'big Berthas,' is more and more restricting the area of immunity from military peril and reverting to these primitive conditions.

Agricultural life and city settlements brought with them the distinction between combatants and non-combatants; but still, in the normal state, every able-bodied citizen was a soldier. The citizen took his place as a matter of course in the militia of his country, leaving to old men and women, or to slaves and captives, the guardianship of field and vineyard, flock and herd. Only when wealth and luxury had reached a certain pitch did the habit of employing denationalized mercenaries creep in. Then came the time when the mercenaries encountered nomadic or thoroughly mobilized 'nations in arms,' and civilization went to the wall.

In the Middle Ages, the feudal chief, the dominant, soldierly, often predatory personality, gathered his vassals around him for purposes of offense and defense, while the cultivation of the soil devolved on the villeins or serfs. Thus war became the special function of a military caste, and, as in the Wars of the Roses, campaigns were often carried on with comparatively little disturbance to the normal life of the coun-

try. When the royal power crushed or absorbed that of the barons, the centralized monarchy everywhere recruited a standing army, often consisting largely of foreign mercenaries, as the bulwark of its security and the instrument of its will. It was quite natural that dynastic wars, and wars in which the common people of the contending nations had little or no interest, should be fought out on a restricted scale by these specialized military machines. Frederick the Great employed a mercenary army as the nucleus for a national militia; and so lately as the beginning of the last century, this system was celebrated as ideal by the noted military authority who was the immediate predecessor of Clausewitz.

With Napoleon came the Nation in Arms; and the military history of the intervening years has consisted of the ever completer concentration upon warlike purposes of the whole powers and resources of the great European peoples.

If it be asked why this logical evolution of the idea of war has taken so many centuries to work itself out, the main reason — among many others — may be stated in two words: munitions and transport. Before the age of machines, it was impossible to arm and clothe immense multitudes of men; before the days of McAdam and Stephenson, it was impossible to move such multitudes and, still more, to keep them supplied with food and munitions. Again we find ourselves insisting upon the vital importance of transit methods in this, as in nearly all questions of human interaction. The size of armies has steadily grown with the growth of means of communication. The German wars of 1863-70 were the first in which railways played any considerable part, and the scale of operations in 1870-71 was quite unprecedented.

What is the chief new factor since the days of St. Privat and Sedan? The aeroplane, most people would reply; possibly it may become so, but thus far a less picturesque invention has been of even greater influence — the motor-lorry. No one can go anywhere near the Western Front without realizing that the gigantic scale of this struggle is almost wholly dependent upon motor-traction. Had not the internal-combustion engine been invented, the war would probably have been over long ago; and at all events millions of men would still be alive and well who now lie dead or crawl mutilated over the face of the earth.

Seen in this light, the invention of the motor may appear to have been due to a special interference of Satan in human affairs. But that is an unphilosophical view to take. Our race must perfect its power over matter before it can wisely select the ends to which it will apply that power. The idea of war had to work itself out to the full and demonstrate its own impossibility, before man could find the insight and the energy to put it behind him and have done with it. Thanks to Prussian ambition and Prussian philosophy, the demonstration has now been completed. The idea of war has revealed itself in its full hideousness. All the world has come to look upon it as a sort of mythological monster which, if left to itself, will periodically reëmerge from hell, to devour the whole youth and the whole wealth of civilized mankind. It is useless to dream of clipping the wings or paring the claws of the dragon. It must be slain outright if it is not to play unthinkable havoc with civilization; and to that end the intelligence and the moral enthusiasm of the world are now, as we see, addressing themselves.

(This discussion will be completed in an article to appear in the February Atlantic)

GERMANY IN SOLUTION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

I

THE Central Alliance has collapsed. The German Empire has fallen. We are celebrating victory, forgetful of the fact that victories may be the most precarious experiences in the life of nations. Germany's past — even the recent past of the four years of world-war — has suddenly lost interest in the intense climax of the drama immediately before our eyes. Yet from that past we must judge the present and plan the future.

We have long cherished a mistaken idea of Germany's inner unity. We have known that Austria was divided into many discordant races, and that Turkey was but a military automaton operated from Berlin. We suspected that Bulgaria had lost her martial spirit after gorging herself with her transient annexations. But Germany itself we imagined a personification of unified, harmonious, disciplined, efficient, though malign, power.

In reality, that country has been, almost from the beginning of hostilities, a land of internal discord — an autocracy where the spirit of dissent was almost anarchic in comparison with the unity of purpose in our democracy. Few better illustrations have occurred in history of the fact that palace rule is divided rule. To be sure there has been what a German newspaper recently called 'An Olympian military government,' with a fairly consistent policy. That policy did not represent the will of the German nation, but of a governing

clique whose power was based upon the caprice of military fortune. But military rule was only a war-manifestation of autocracy. The system of palace-control was older than the war. For two generations it had been a school of shifty statesmanship. Its policies were opportunist and inconsistent. It made public men of individual integrity appear collectively a group of liars; for even a cabinet's promises were constantly canceled by higher authority. No one could depend upon such a government. The real interests of the country were sacrificed to caste ambitions and personal rivalries. Without attaching too much actuality to Prince Lichnowsky's assertion that personal antagonism to himself in high places defeated his efforts to bring England and Germany together in a common policy of coöperative world-development, and thus prevent a world-war, what may be dubious as a historical record is an authoritative characterization of Prussian governmental conditions.

The test of war put such a government under a strain that revealed its weakness. Its diplomacy has failed, principally because it had no moral standards. We may not admire the men who are leading the bloody terror now ravaging Russia; but we must concede them intellectual acumen. Leon Trotsky has recently published a book entitled *From the October Revolution to the Brest Treaty*, from which translations have appeared in the German press. He describes the tremendous ef-

fect produced in Russia by the liberal phrasing and democratic formulæ contained in the German reply to Russia's request for an armistice and peace negotiations, and the violent disillusion that followed, when Germany's real demands were known.

It was at first glance hard to understand what German diplomacy was aiming at in presenting such democratic proposals, merely to reveal itself as a wolf in sheep's clothing three days later. . . . The secret of Von Kühlmann's policy was his conviction that we were ready to play a double game in partnership with him. He calculated like this: — Russia must have peace. The Bolsheviks have got control by advocating peace. They are bound to a democratic peace-programme, to be sure; but we diplomats know how to represent black as white. We Germans will relieve the situation for the Bolsheviks by camouflaging our plundering in decorative democratic formulæ. The Bolshevik representatives will have enough personal interest in success not to go into the political aspect of the thing too closely and unveil to the world the real situation behind our democratic pretence. — When we showed that we Russians were determined to insist upon the actual application of democratic principles in the intercourse of nations, Von Kühlmann resented it as the intentional and malicious breaking of a tacit promise. For nothing in the world would he vary from the formulation of December 25; and with complete confidence in his bureaucratic logic, he endeavored to impress upon the world that white and black were absolutely indistinguishable from each other. . . . General Hoffmann introduced a refreshing feature by his interjections, without showing any sympathy or regard for Von Kühlmann's diplomatic instructions. Several times, while these complicated juristic debates were going on, the general thrust his soldier's boots upon the table. We, for our part, never doubted that the boots of General Hoffmann were the only real serious fact in the discussion.

Berlin was dealing in the same spirit, not only with hostile governments, but

also with its own people. It tried to treat the German nation precisely as it did the representatives of the Bolshevik republic at Brest-Litovsk. Now the Germans criticize themselves as 'politically undeveloped.' At least, that is the description with which the defenders of the old régime flattered their fellow citizens. But the German public was far too intelligent not to appreciate increasingly the incapacity and the fundamental insincerity of autocracy, as revealed more glaringly each day that the war continued, and to attack it, at first more vociferously than valiantly, but ultimately with real determination. Even in 1909 Scheidemann, in the Reichstag, called word-breaking, 'the most characteristic tradition of the Prussian royal house.' The war has been a period of constant domestic agitation, in which the backwardness of Germany's political institutions, and its uncandid policies, have been abundantly advertised to its own people. The recent franchise and parliamentary reforms were no death-bed repentance. They were not a manifestation of the proverbial German respect for authority shown to the President of the United States. They were the logical product of a long campaign of political agitation and education, culminating in a period of chastening national misfortune.

II

More particularly since the Reichstag peace resolution of July, 1917, the German nation has seemed to an outsider, watching it through the windows of its press, like a strong man writhing in his chains. It would confuse the picture with too much detail to recount the series of rapidly succeeding incidents which convey this impression. The *Vossische Zeitung* recently said: 'If a nation becomes accustomed to regard constantly recurring crises as a

normal aspect of its political life, it is reaching a time when it is too callous to take energetic measures to avoid more serious catastrophes.' All too prophetic words!

The disintegration of Germany's political morale was hastened by the breakdown of the autocratic administrative machinery. The most vital interest of the common citizen was in the equitable distribution of food. But a government inspired by the caste spirit cannot apportion the public's resources justly. Both the German and the Austrian food-administrations failed less through inadequate supplies than through inability to treat rich and poor, powerful and weak, alike. While the privileged classes in the Prussian and Hungarian parliaments were denying equal suffrage to the voters, the same classes, in their capacity as landlords, were refusing equal rations to the people. In an appeal to its members for franchise reform, the Social-Democratic party said: 'Only by a resolute struggle against the pernicious spirit of a privileged caste, which swears by a policy of force abroad and clings to its anti-social privileges at home, can the people attain the rights that have been promised them.' In a petition to the Prussian food-administration, it cautioned: 'There is no doubt that we are facing a condition which must prove fatal, if the government is not resolved to break finally with the policy of favoring the interests of the producer to the prejudice of the vital needs of the people at large.'

In our admiration for the efficiency of Germany's military machine, and in an uncritical acceptance of Germany's own accounts of its administrative superiority, Americans have at times been inclined to concede that an autocracy, considered solely as a method of government, was more efficient than a democracy. The test of war has gone

far to disprove this view in both England and the United States. Germany has shown indications of a situation resembling that in Russia between the revolutions of 1905 and 1917. The State-of-Siege Act, which was enforced throughout Germany from 1914 until last month, subordinated the police powers and certain judicial and administrative powers of the civil authorities to those of local military commanders. The latter assumed functions beyond the visible intent of the act, and exercised them with satrapic disregard for the supremacy of law over official caprice. To illustrate this by a single example—the discussion of the proposed franchise-reform law in Prussia was forbidden in some towns, while it was permitted in neighboring towns which chanced to be in another military district. A man might be arrested and imprisoned for advocating equal suffrage at one end of a trolley-line, and permitted to argue himself hoarse in its favor within the next nickel-fare limit.

Equally inconsistent was the treatment of the press. This treatment was liberal or the reverse according to the aspect under which it is considered. On the whole, German newspapers have discussed war-issues more objectively than those of America. The Pro-German Stockholm *Aftonbladet* is perhaps a dubious witness, and the view it presents is one-sided; but there is a degree of truth in its comment that,—

A person who reads the German, French, and English newspapers must note that during the war the German press has enjoyed almost anarchic freedom in discussing foreign affairs, while the press of the Entente has been bound down as rigidly as Prometheus to the rock. To illustrate this by one of the most obvious examples, the German press has regularly published the official army reports of the hostile countries, and still publishes them. No German army report has ever been published unmutated

in France since the war began. The English either publish them or not, as they deem expedient. No German newspaper can get into France or England. Germany permits the entry of all foreign newspapers. . . . In the Entente countries one view of the situation reaches the public, and that is the view of the responsible officials. . . . Only absolutely trusted men are given access to the press or permission to address public meetings. This is done in England more cleverly than in France or America, but the result is the same. Consequently the English and French newspapers show a unity of policy that is imposing. When we turn to the German press, we meet the characteristic German tendency to split up into a thousand parties. Nearly every newspaper has several staff writers who deal with foreign topics, and each one has his particular private views on foreign problems. Every professor of public law and economics, every well-known journalist, or influential merchant, or politician, freely expresses his opinion. One nowhere finds that unity that prevails in the English and French press.

Nevertheless German newspapers frequently reach us with broad white patches, where articles have been deleted by the censor and the form printed without substituting other matter. When Secretary von Hintze, in addressing the Vienna journalists last September, spoke of the press of the Central Powers as free and of that of the Entente as controlled, some German papers professed to understand his statement as a joke. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* commented:—

We are following closely the articles published in the newspapers of the countries fighting us, and find no evidence that the Secretary's remark was justified. Particularly in England there has always been an independent and very outspoken press, which has not failed to publish views differing from those of the government, and which has directed wholesome criticism to political institutions and military orders during the war. We frankly envy those

papers their ability to do this, not primarily out of selfish motives, but in the common interest of Germany and our cause. The wild ranting and the violent abuse in the enemy press — a tone which we have been fortunate enough to escape for the most part in Germany — is presumably not due to the instigation of the Entente governments, but is merely an ugly manifestation of national hysteria.

One feels that the Germans are not natural team-workers, and that this may explain in part their failure to attain a higher degree of political liberty. It has taken the compulsion of unsuccessful war to drive them to revolution, and unless they learn to subordinate individual opinion to public opinion, as we do in America, — thus attaining the 'unity of policy that is imposing,' — the period of unsettled conditions in their country may be indefinitely prolonged.

Professor Delbrück, in discussing the recent parliamentary reforms in Germany, writes, 'The fact that our Reichstag has not governed like the English Parliament was due not so much to constitutional provisions as to the fact that the Reichstag, since its organization in 1867, has never had a united majority. This made it possible for the administration to follow very much its own course by constructing majorities according to its needs from different minority groups. Indeed, it not infrequently happened that the government worked with two different majorities at the same time.'

Traveled Americans will recall what seem to us inconsistencies in Germany — autocratic institutions, reverence for caste, implicit obedience to authority, hand in hand with democratic social customs and radical social theories. Germany was the land not only of a divine-right Kaiser and his Junkers, but of Karl Marx and his followers. The issue between democracy and autocracy

cuts deeper there than in America, because the government performs so many more functions than our own. In a highly socialized nation political administration affects the working classes more intimately than with us. Democratization means to the Germans, not only a step toward the rule of the people, but possibly a step toward the rule of the proletariat.

Most Americans are living in innocent obliviousness of facts which are infinitely portentous to Europeans — of the deep, shuddering stir of social revolution. The red flag is already flying in Germany, and that means more than either a political or a national movement. It means class-war and internationalism. The empire that was of the Tsars may have collapsed as a kingdom of material power, but it has vastly extended its boundaries and made far-reaching conquests and annexations as a kingdom of social ideals. Its new subjects are not only among the poor and the ignorant, but also among the multiplied proletariat of the educated which the war has created. We think of Russia — with sufficient reason — as a land of anarchy and famine, of the red terror and the dictatorship of the unfit. The nominal supremacy of the Bolsheviks may be short-lived. Yet to almost every laborer and mechanic in Europe Russia stands for something which few of us comprehend. It is to the present generation of the European masses what America was to liberty-seeking Europe in the days of our fathers.

The classes which have ruled Germany hitherto feared this new movement intensely. They appreciated vividly how real and imminent a peril — for they saw it only as a peril — Russia's example presented to bankrupt and famished Europe. It is just the same peril to Italy and Spain, and possibly to France, that it is to Ger-

many and Austria. There are men of all tongues and birthplaces in the Bolshevik ranks. With the inconsistent opportunism characteristic of such a palace régime as controlled Germany during the war, the powers-that-were in that country alternately flirted with and betrayed the Bolshevik dictators at Moscow. With feverish concern they erected a protective zone of property-sacred states between their own territories and the infected area of revolutionary Socialism; but they maintained a peace with the Bolsheviks which the latter termed 'an armed truce.'

A cartoon has gone the rounds in Germany, representing the Russian border countries with a sign bearing the inscription, 'German princes unloaded here.' With the obtuseness of the unteachable, the Kaiser and his entourage plotted and planned the erection of a ring of thronelets occupied by German princelings, from Finland to Poland and beyond. Scheidemann protested vehemently in *Vorwärts*, that the fact that such a thing was possible was 'scandalous'; and the liberal press was equally outspoken in its objections. The people at large in Germany did not want to see these little monarchies set up by their government. That was one reason why they turned against their recent rulers. They would not indorse a policy which committed the nation to spilling German blood in defense of dynastic interests in foreign countries.

However, these states were created, not only to promote monarchy as a form of government, but to protect the great landlords from an agrarian revolution and to isolate so far as possible the infection of communism and nationalized production which had established a virulent focus in ancient Russia. Even the indifference with which the Central Powers permitted their vanquished enemy, Roumania, to annex new territories in Bessarabia, was

due partly to the consideration that the land-confiscating peasantry of the latter province would be held in check by the manor-holding boyars of the former country — just as the hostile King of Roumania was allowed to retain his throne in spite of popular protest in both Germany and Austria, partly because, — as a private emissary of Emperor Charles told him, — ‘We kings must stand together.’

However, there is a new current cutting directly across the drift toward social revolution in eastern Europe. That is nationalism in its intensely active nascent state — a movement not wholly reconcilable with the internationalist basis of the class-struggle. Though peoples representing ancient kingdoms and vanished dreams of empire, like the Poles and Ukrainians and Lithuanians, are in one sense by no means nascent, their rebirth is accompanied by phenomena of new nations — the aggressive self-assertion which has been tragically illustrated by the new German Empire itself. Europe will be fortunate if it escapes a long series of petty wars, or near wars, arising out of the conflicting historic, ethnographic, economic, religious, and political claims of these new nationalities.

However, although nationalism is in important aspects anti-Socialist and Socialism is international; and although the new nationalism is manifesting itself most actively in the industrially less developed parts of Europe, — in the Balkans, Slavic Austria, distant Caucasus, and along Germany’s eastern borders, — none the less this nationalist movement is transfused with Bolshevik ideals and sympathies.

The latter fact is due to the land question. Most of these countries are regions where large landholdings prevail. This is not entirely so in the Balkans and Slavic Austria, or in the Baltic Provinces and Finland. But the land-

less class is large enough even there to afford recruits for a strong radical movement. Finland would have a social-democratic government in all probability to-day, had not German troops interfered to suppress it; and the soul of the Finnish social revolutionary agitation is the landless peasantry. Analogous conditions exist throughout the Baltic provinces. A letter in a Berlin paper, dated Moscow, in mid-September, reports a recent conversation with an old Pole, intimate with the country people, during a railway journey through Poland. He said, —

The peasant keeps his own counsel, but he is angered almost beyond control by the occupying authorities [the Germans], who compel him to deliver his produce to them for a price he regards as out of all proportion less than he could get in the open market. His hatred of his own wealthier countrymen is no less bitter. The example of Russia has increased the normal hatred of the peasant for his landlord to a veritable fury. Moreover, he now reproaches the Polish upper classes with taking refuge under the wing of the Germans, profiting by their favor, and joining them in exploiting the peasants.

Abundant evidence exists in the German papers that exactly the same sentiment prevails throughout Ukraine and Roumania. It even extends to Bosnia, where the hereditary tenants have long been restless. In fact, the large landholdings have been actually divided among the peasants without compensation in Bessarabia, and the King is behind a new land law for old Roumania. For weeks before the collapse of the Bulgarian army, according to German reports, the cars on the trains carrying supplies to the troops at the front were inscribed with Bolshevik propaganda. Long before they had received recognition as belligerents, the Czechs were divided into a Conservative and a Socialist group, that intrigued against each

other at Prague, Paris, Petrograd, and Kieff, and the Socialists — not to be confused with the Bolsheviki in this instance — won the leadership of the movement.

The Bolshevik army in Russia and Siberia is international. We hear of large numbers of war prisoners from Germany and Austria among them. The German papers estimate that in some places former subjects of the Central Powers constitute one fourth of the Bolshevik forces. But these Germans and Hungarians, and occasional Slavs, are not fighting for the Kaiser. They have become citizens of the Soviet Republic, and are internationalists whose only banner is the red one.

Americans should keep in mind that the most liberal political institutions may accompany what the Social-Democrats regard as dire reaction. America is by no means a land of liberty in the eyes of these men. Last January the Finns, though they enjoyed complete independence under a constitution even more democratic than our own, inaugurated one of the bloodiest revolutions that has ever occurred in Europe.

Again, the revolt in the army and navy of the Central Powers means more than a political and social movement. It contains an element of vengeance for past abuses. To cite one mild example. An Austrian soldier, after long service on the Italian front, recently was granted a short furlough to visit his family in Galicia, which required a railway journey of several days, as trains were running then in Austria. He had nearly reached his destination when he was forced to leave the crowded train — he and six other soldiers — and to wait at a way-station for twenty-four hours, because the compartment was wanted by an orderly with a great quantity of luggage belonging to an officer.

Yet it would not do to assume that the revolution in Germany will take a course even remotely resembling that in Russia. The nationalization of production will come pretty rapidly under a real Social-Democratic government. Captains of industry and the present bureaucracy will be ready to coöperate in that movement.

Moreover, there are significant indications of ideal ethical motives behind the transformation in Germany. The liberal elements of the nation, at least, — and they constitute a vast numerical majority, — are by no means callous to the charges of moral obliquity brought against their government. Social-Democrats use these charges to support their policies. At a recent mass meeting near Essen one of the Reichstag members said, —

‘It is the Social-Democracy which will free the German nation forever from every possibility of double-dealing, from every blot of doubtful character. . . . The German nation is an honorable nation, and it should have an honorable government. . . . We shall enter the new community of nations with purged hearts and without guile, with the honest conviction that we may benefit humanity by our presence. If we attain that, and I believe it is attainable, the world will begin again to acquire confidence in the German nation, and this fearful war will not have been in vain for our countrymen.’

The story of the quiet revolution which was going on through late September and early October — for the revolution began before its outward manifestations were observed in this country — will be a most interesting chapter in some future history. And in that revolution an unexpected, and perhaps unintended, voice from America helped the reformers at an opportune moment. President Wilson’s Liberty Loan speech upon a League of

Nations, at New York, delivered on September 27, was not reported in full in Germany until nearly a week later. It created a profound impression; for it chanced, by a stroke of fortune that could have hardly been foreseen, to fill the need of the movement. *Vorwärts* merely echoed the sentiment expressed by the radical and liberal press in general, when it said, —

In order to judge this address rightly, we must consider that it is delivered by a statesman who feels himself on the crest of military victory. We must in all justice admit that the former rulers of the German Em-

pire have used a very different tone in similar periods of good fortune. Wilson does not speak of a severe peace to be imposed upon his enemies. We are prudent enough to add that this may show his political shrewdness more than his good intention; and that it does not prove at all his ability to impose his views upon his allies. After four years of frightful warfare has alienated nations, no statesman can melt away the ice of mutual distrust and hatred by the mere fervor of his eloquence. But this much we may say: If the path which Wilson points out is actually open, then the German people, in its new government, will not hesitate one moment to take that path.

ON THE EVENING OF THE NEW DAY

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

A PRINTED page containing the most familiar words becomes unintelligible if there is no punctuation or spacing to indicate where a sentence or paragraph begins or ends. The eye wanders over the monotonous wilderness of letters, through which there is no path by which reason may travel. In trying to take all in at once, we comprehend nothing. And the sequence of events is equally unintelligible, unless we have some way of punctuating time. History is an endless maze of unrelated happenings, until we divide it up into brief portions in which we discern a certain unity of purpose. He who would attempt to expound the meaning of what takes place must follow the example of the preacher, and announce plainly,

‘Here beginneth the first lesson’; and he must be equally circumstantial in declaring in due time, ‘Here endeth the first lesson.’

Of course he knows that in another and in a cosmic sense there is no ending and there is no beginning to the stream of Time. But for our purpose of understanding, we must divide time into portions which our minds can grasp. We talk of the beginning and end of an era, and adjust our minds to the peculiar task which each era presents.

We are all conscious that we are living through one of those critical times which will be marked in history as epoch-making. The world will not be the same as that with which we were familiar before the war.

But when does the new era begin? There are many persons waiting in a

more or less skeptical attitude for its formal inauguration. During the war they refused to think of anything else but the grim contest itself. There was nothing to do but to 'carry on.' And now that hostilities have ended as suddenly as they began, they still see nothing but confusion. The war has ceased, but the new order has not yet arisen. These idealists who look for a new era find it difficult to believe that it has already come. Civilization seems to them to be in a bad way, and in dealing with it they assume what the old-fashioned family physician used to call 'a good bedside manner.' Such people look regretfully to the past, and apprehensively at the immediate present. They do not realize that the course of events has already outrun their hopes.

When does a day begin? Different nations have had their own methods of punctuating time. Our calendar follows the Romans in beginning the day at midnight; for all practical purposes we reckon it from sunrise to sunrise. The Athenians and the Hebrews, however, began their new day at sunset. In the story of creation we are told, 'And the evening and the morning were the first day.'

This Hebrew habit of beginning the day at sunset has survived even to our own time in regard to the day of rest. The whole significance of Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is lost if we forget that to the Scotch Presbyterian Saturday night was a part of the Sabbath. The week's cares were thrown aside when the peasant saw, in the evening shadows, the beginning of the Lord's Day.

I remember hearing Henry Ward Beecher tell of his experience as a boy, to whom the Puritan Sabbath was a tiresome interlude between days of glorious play. With his brothers he would stand on a hilltop in Litchfield to watch

the sun go down. When it sank, there would go up a joyous shout, and life would begin again with all its pleasant intensity. And from the parsonage Lyman Beecher would emerge to join their sports.

Small boys always begin their holidays 'the night before.' They know that the glorious Fourth of July is, and of right ought to be, in full blast at least twelve hours before their elders are ready for the first firecracker; and Christmas Eve is rightly conceived as an integral part of Christmas Day.

The fact is that all creative days begin in the evening, and creative spirits always anticipate the course of events. They do not wait for the *dawn* of a new era. They resolutely begin the new era at the moment when they see that the old era has ended. The darkness gathers, but it is a time, not for vain repining over that which has passed away, but for eager planning for that which must take its place. There is a quick transfer of interests to new problems which relate themselves to the new period.

The triumph of good health is in the merging of the preceding evening into the day for which it is the preparation. How hearty is the Shakespearean greeting, 'Good-night till it be morrow.' There is no appreciable interval between good-night and good-morrow.

Milton's shepherd, in *Lycidas*, sang his plaintive lay till the sun sank behind the western hills, and then

... he twitched his mantle blue
To-morrow for fresh woods and pastures new.

This buoyancy of spirit which dwells confidently in the morrow, even before the dawn has come, is natural to Americans. It is a part of the national temperament. It has been developed through contact with the vast resources of a continent which has yielded its treasures to adventurous industry.

It was this spirit, dominant in time of peace, which manifested itself when the nation entered into the stern business of war. It was not readily understood by those more familiar with European than with American habits of thought and feeling. They feared that the masses of the people might be the victims of their too easy faith in 'manifest destiny.' Their will to win and their ability to endure might be impaired by their confidence that final victory was inevitable. In their anxiety to improve the morale of the people, the directors of opinion were tempted to appeal to motives of fear or political hatred. They sometimes prophesied dire things, or scolded over national shortcomings. They betrayed a nervous anxiety lest America might not awake.

In the meantime, the real America had awakened, but in its own way. It had awakened, not as a neurasthenic awakes to a vague and benumbing sense of helplessness in the presence of disaster, but as a strong man awakes to the magnitude of his necessary work.

When America entered the war, it was with no intention of restoring the *status quo ante bellum*. The enormous sacrifices involved could be justified only by creating conditions under which such a tragedy as the world was experiencing could not be repeated. To win the war meant more than the defeat of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser stood in the same relation to the world-conflagration in which Mrs. O'Leary's cow stood to the Chicago fire. He had kicked over the lamp — that was all. When this conflagration is over, said the common-sense American, we must have a fireproof or, at least, a slow-burning civilization.

Whoever during the past four years has had the privilege of addressing popular audiences on the problems of war and peace must have noticed that

the effective appeal has never been to war-lust or fear, but to the common sense of people who had accepted their responsibility for a reorganization of the world along the lines of democratic freedom. Autocracy had been tried and found wanting. The Tsar and the Kaiser were anachronisms and must get out of the way. There was also the acceptance of the fact that nationalism in the old restricted sense had had its day. The nation must acknowledge its obligation to a new international order.

The power of President Wilson comes from the fact that he voices the aspirations of great masses of the people rather than the interests of any political party or social group. The people have not waited for statesmen to tell them what to do next. While the war was still undecided, they had determined the kind of peace that must follow. They had already begun to work along new lines. They had seized the moral initiative, and are not likely to relinquish it.

II

The historian, when he tells the story of the beginning of the new era, will tell of the way in which America, caught unprepared for war, had in feverish haste to organize and equip armies on a scale before undreamed of. This great achievement was rendered possible only because the Allied fleets and armies stood between her and her foes. America had to do in a year what Germany had methodically accomplished in a generation.

But even if there was unpreparedness in a strictly military sense, there was a preparedness of another kind which was one of the great surprises of the war. Prussia had been organizing for war. America had, with equal intensity, been organizing for peace. Practical idealists, with the equipment of

modern science, had been transforming commerce, agriculture, manufacture, education, philanthropy. New standards of efficiency had been recognized. Coöperation had been preached. Religion itself was being reorganized, and the churches, ashamed of being considered refuges from the evil of the world, were becoming centres of spiritual industry. American big business was being touched with idealism, and it was coming to be seen that the biggest business for big men was to make the world a fit place for human beings to live in. And men and women, big of brain and of heart, were undertaking the job. They were no longer open to the taunt which the furies in Shelley's poem hurled at the timid good:—

They dare not devise good for all mankind,
And yet they know not that they do not dare.

The daring pioneers of the new era were busy devising good for the twentieth century. In the midst of their altruistic dreams, the war came. For a moment they were stunned, as it seemed that the world was reeling back into the abyss of utter barbarism. But quickly they rallied and found in the sudden crisis the opportunity to do, in a large and thorough way, and with the power of great masses, what they had been attempting through small experiments. They saw that the day of small things was over, and that the big things now were the practicable things.

The one thing which these people of the new era had in common was their intolerance of what are called necessary evils. They had studied these evils in their origin and growth, and had convinced themselves that most of them were preventable. They existed only because we had been too lazy and selfish to deal with them in a large, effective, public way. They began to address the conscience in a new tone of authority derived from first-hand information.

Their definition of sin had a more than Puritanic severity. Sin is a preventable evil, cheerfully and piously accepted and acquiesced in. Righteousness is the courageous and skilful coöperation with others to discover and abolish unnecessary evils.

The men of the new era had been convinced that among the unnecessary evils which must be abolished was war itself. As a mode of settling international disputes, it had been discredited. The invention of new instruments of destruction made it too horrible to endure. The only question was how to get rid of it. The appeal to reason had already been made. Then came the tremendous onslaught of Prussian militarism, with its brutal negation of all moral ideals. It was seen at once that all talk of peace was idle so long as this menace existed. Those peace-makers who were not sentimentalists quickly realized the nature of the emergency. In the most literal sense they must engage in a war against war.

While upon the battle-lines of Europe the Allied armies were pressing for a military decision, there was another army at home and in the camps pressing for a moral decision. It was an army of trained social workers, equipped with modern knowledge, and determined that the true ends of the warfare should be gained. They were intelligently organized to counteract as far as possible the evils which hitherto had followed in the train of war.

What have been the natural consequences of past wars, even those which have been waged for the holiest causes? Camp diseases have been accepted as acts of God. Often more soldiers have died of disease than of wounds. Gross immorality on the part of hosts of young men released from the restraints of home has been acquiesced in as a part of the price the nation pays for its military triumph. At home we must

resign ourselves to a state of general demoralization which will last for years after the war. There must inevitably be financial irregularities, shameless profiteering, a lowering of family standards, labor unrest, an increase of juvenile delinquency, and the vast, silent misery of those whose breadwinners have sacrificed themselves for their country.

It has always been so. The glory of war is for the few, but the multitudes who have borne the misery have been forgotten. These maimed and ruined little people of the world stand by the wayside murmuring, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' And the great ones of the earth answer coldly, 'It is nothing. The country and the cause are saved; nothing else matters.' Did not Napoleon, when the remnants of the Grand Army strewed the snowy roads of Russia, send back the complacent message, 'The Emperor's health is good'?

But the men of the new era declared that, while necessary suffering must be accepted as the legitimate price of victory, we must not acquiesce in unnecessary suffering, and we must put the same degree of energy and skill into the work of prevention that we put into every other part of the conduct of the war. To accept these evils without a struggle is to acknowledge ourselves to be defeatists. These domestic evils and this vast moral misery are no more part of the price than gangrene is the price of heroic surgery. Gangrene after the operation is only an evidence of the ignorance and incompetence of the surgeon. The leaders of the new America were determined that, if there must be war, it should be a clean war carried on under antiseptic conditions.

III

I have emphasized the fact that we have already entered upon a new period

in the world's history, for only in the appreciation of the newness of the organizations that need our help can we do our part effectively. It was no new thing for kind-hearted people to do what they could to alleviate the horrors of war. The new thing is that the nation itself organized this work, and demanded our full coöperation as a part of our patriotic duty. It was resolved not to wait till the end of the war before it began the work of reconstruction. It said to every one of us, 'Let us begin now.' In order that we might waste no time, it provided, what had never been done before, an army of trained leaders to direct the effort of volunteers.

In the New Testament parable the idlers in the market-place apologized for their idleness by saying, 'No man hath hired us.' The United States Government was determined that no citizen might justly offer that excuse. If you wished to be of service, you were shown something useful that you could do. There was a job for everyone. And the jobs that were offered us were not merely 'for the duration of the war.' A new phrase was used in official announcements: 'for the duration of the emergency.'

We now see that the emergency does not necessarily end with the war. The nation has risen to a new sense of its responsibility for its defenders. The welfare of the returned soldier and his family must not be left to chance. The community to which he returns must be made fit for him to live in. Thus have 'war-aims' been broadened till they become plans for a new society.

One can see all this by studying the work of a great organization like the American Red Cross. It has been dealing with the emergencies created by the Great War, but it has been content with no temporary makeshifts. One feels that he is watching the beginning of a new and ordered national life. What

a multitude of new activities, directed by expert intelligence! It is the effective organization of the goodwill of the community.

Not the least of its functions is to save patriotism from going to waste in mere jingoistic sentiment. It gives definite direction to the citizen who longs to serve his country. The soldier at the front knows that he is doing his duty; but how can one who must stay at home serve the common cause? His only idea of service is apt to be vague and imitative.

I came across the works of one of the 'New Poets' of a former generation, which reminds me of the state of mind into which many people fall when trying to reach an exalted state of feeling through the process of imitation. James Eliot, the bard of Guildford, Vermont, published in 1797 a little volume which contains lines written in Marietta, Ohio, in praise of that infant settlement. The poet begins thus:—

Hail, Queen of Rivers, Hail, Columbian Nile,
Along thy beauteous bank I freely roam
And view your cloud-capped mountains which
awhile

Will yet seclude me from my native home.
Stupendous monument of power divine,
The muse explores thy solitary height,
By fancy led thy craggy cliffs to climb,
And then to Orient realms extend thy flight.

The reader wonders why he did not see those craggy cliffs and cloud-capped mountains when he visited Marietta. But Eliot, who was a truthful soul though poetic, explains in a footnote that, though these heights were not actually visible from Marietta, he felt justified in putting them in as enhancing the beauty of his verses.

As the would-be poet was enraptured by the grandeur of mountains that were not there, and was oblivious to the beauties of the real Marietta, so it is possible for the patriot, in his contemplation of imaginative duties, to

fail to perform those that really belong to him. He is ready for heroics, and he would scale the 'toppling crags of Duty, if he could find them. In the meantime' a multitude of prosaic things needs to be done. He is likely to be oblivious to these things unless they are pointed out to him, and he is shown their relation to a great heroic end.

Now this is precisely what has been done during the Great War. The ordinary citizen has had his duty brought home to him and presented realistically. That is the meaning of Home Service. It is the organization of forces which have heretofore been wasted. It has been far-reaching in its scope and yet intimate in its appeal. It has brought into action a vast army of volunteer workers, who have submitted to discipline under trained leaders.

The individual who had hitherto been thinking in terms of his personal interest or local pride is made to feel that he is a part of a great nation and must subordinate everything to the nation's welfare. He learns to say 'we,' and to give the word a larger meaning than he had ever done before. Taking up a modest task, he has felt the thrill that comes to the soldier when he enlists in the army. The necessary routine is lifted out of its pettiness by the greatness of its purpose. During this war hundreds of thousands of persons have for the first time learned the joy and the power of coöperative effort.

When we think of the new day that is at hand, we speak of the return of the young soldiers and of the effect of their experience. But we must also think of the experience gained by the millions who have not crossed the seas, but who have not been idle spectators of the conflict. You may meet them in every village of the land. They are people of the new era. They have learned lessons in war-time which are to be applied in the years to come.

Here are no non-combatant critics, no easy-chair strategists. These people know how difficult and vast the work is, and they have an instinctive sympathy with those who are in places of authority and responsibility. They measure everything by the actual results. If they are discouraged, they keep the fact to themselves. They speak and act cheerfully because they know that cheerfulness is a power, and fretfulness a contagious disease. To be petulant is a kind of sabotage. It is to put sand in the delicate machinery.

And there are personal jealousies, and petty ambitions, that are tabooed by members of this fellowship of patriotic duty. They have learned that when a committee is appointed to do a work, it is criminal to spend precious time and nervous energy in ministering to the egotism of some member of the committee. There is something important to be done. It is of no consequence who does it, or who gets the credit.

Every group of war-workers has been a school for the study and practice of voluntary coöperation. Here, on the evening of the new day, people have been preparing for the larger and happier work to follow. As they have been working together, they have been thinking together — thinking perhaps more than they have been talking. They have been learning from their own mistakes. One might compile a list of 'Don'ts.' But perhaps the most effective would be, not the didactic 'don't' of warning, but the 'don't' of interrogation. The appeal is to the experience of the great army of patriotic workers.

Don't you see the opportunity for a new and better civilization which may take the place of that which has been so sadly shattered?

Don't you see that Anarchy is as grave a peril as that of Prussian militarism, and that, to escape it, the free

nations must have wisdom and prudence as well as warlike courage?

Don't you see that what has to be done has to be done quickly, and that the deliberation which is right in quiet days must in times of revolution give way to quick and sure decisions, loyally carried out?

Don't you see that personal and local considerations have to be subordinated to national and international policy?

Don't you see that the future is to be determined, not by the wise and prudent persons who, detached from the present struggle, *wait* for the Future? It is to be determined by the people who bravely and cheerfully and skillfully are dealing with each crisis as it arises, in the light of great ideals.

Mathew Arnold, in a mood of academic despondency, wrote of an age of transition, —

Achilles ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb.
Silent they stand, but not content,
And wait to see the Future come.

There may be some ex-kings of thought who to-day assume this attitude of skeptical detachment. They are the lost leaders, and the great army of liberated humanity sweeps by them. Achilles in his tent was not pondering over the greater issues of the war; he was sulking over a private grievance. He was no more admirable than when dragging the dead body of his adversary around the walls of Troy. The fact was that, in spite of the fable of his admirers, the weak point of Achilles was not in his heel but in his head.

The people who are doing the constructive thinking have not, during the war, been pondering in their tents, nor are they now thirsting for revenge. They have been too busy. They are not waiting to see the Future come. The great era has already been well begun, and they know it.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS AND OUR MERCHANT MARINE

BY BERNARD N. BAKER

I

FREEDOM of the Seas means the control of a merchant marine by the allied nations of the world, in such wise as not to cripple the operation of the merchant marine of any single nation.

This, in a word, is my conception of the meaning of the phrase to which I am invited to address myself. It has been the dream of my life, and its fulfillment would mean a life's work accomplished. Wherefore, if I can help, in the smallest degree, to bring about a clear and definite understanding of what I believe to be the right and proper development of the future in the great work of bringing closer the hour when the Brotherhood of Man shall in very truth reach 'Hands across the Sea,' then I shall feel that my declining years have been my best years.

For the first time since 1860, our country now has, constructed and under construction, the largest proportion that it has had for the last fifty years, of the total merchant-marine tonnage of the world.

Unfortunately, of this tonnage not more than fifty per cent will be available as profitable commercial tonnage at the termination of this war.

The important question now is, what should be done,—and what should be done immediately,—to secure the best possible results for the future of our country in this important transportation matter?

I believe with a conviction founded upon a life's work in the upbuilding of our over-seas service that the freedom of the seas will be realized when a maritime league of nations has been formed, and has behind it the mighty force of an international determination that commerce, industry, and peace shall rule the world.

It is proper that, in the formation of such a league, the United States should take the lead. This country has declared for world-wide democracy, and stands definitely for justice and equity for all people and all nations. We believe that the motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' is based upon a foundation as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar; and the establishment of a maritime league of nations is a task to which our country could consecrate herself with entire consistency.

The initial step toward the formation of such a league should be taken by the President, who should issue an invitation to all of the maritime powers of the world to send their representatives to an international conference, for the purpose of concerted action to insure the literal freedom of the seas,—by force, if necessary,—and of establishing such a court of arbitration of foreign transportation interests as would be just and fair between all countries.

One of the most important obligations falling upon such a court would be the division of tonnage upon a fair and equitable basis, each nation to

share according to its need and condition.

To accomplish this, the United States might have to give up some of its cherished ideals. We could not expect to secure and hold all the business of the maritime world. We should be called upon to remember, as other nations would be called upon to remember, that the life of all is bound up irrevocably in the life of each; and, strange as the suggestion sounds with the roar of battle still echoing in our ears, we and the other participating countries would be reminded that the Golden Rule may still be applied as a sound business principle.

It must be remembered that reciprocity is still the life of trade. There must be no 'dead bottoms.' If England has need of the products of Argentina and the United States has not, and if England has as good facilities for exporting to Argentina the things that Argentina requires, then England must be allotted her share, or more, of the Argentina trade, that her bottoms may be filled both ways. Otherwise the United States sends her exports to Argentina, and her ships return empty, because she has no need for the Argentine exports; and Argentina is soon 'milked dry.'

It should be the duty of the Maritime League of Nations to discuss such complications as arise, to equalize exports, imports, and transports; to direct the placing of ships where they may accomplish the greatest results; to standardize operation, speed, and general conditions existing in the different countries forming the League.

In no sense would I have the League a combination of business interests; nor must it, if it is to attain its splendid ultimate aim, be permitted to displace private enterprise or initiative. The greater the efficiency shown in the operation of the ships by the company or

individuals in control, the greater the stimulation and the greater the earnings. Courtesy and consideration for the shipper would lead to certain emulation, and to the strengthening of the tie which would very soon, in my opinion, insolubly bind the League and the public.

Again, in considering the cost of manning the ships, the League would take into consideration the problems of the different nations, together with their laws, rules, and regulations relative to the operation of ships and ports and harbors. In this country, for instance, our tonnage-cost is double that of other nations. Insurance and interest on capital require greater earnings. Our shipping built during the war cost \$300 per ton to build, as against about \$100 before the war. This difference must be taken care of by taxation, or we cannot compete with other nations which have built at a lower cost. Compensation laws must be passed, to protect the seaman and relieve in every way the burden upon the operator. Wages must be equalized. We must put ourselves in a position to compete with Japan and other nations whose requirements are much less stringent than ours. These are big problems, but they must and can be met. However, they are somewhat beside the argument for the present, and should be treated in a separate article.

To insure the success of this Maritime League, it must have plenty of force behind it. A policeman on a dangerous and unfamiliar beat goes well armed. The League must be closely guarded by the leading naval powers of the world, which must represent the larger part of the naval armament of the world. Force must control the Freedom of the Seas when force is necessary, but it must be a coöperative force, which will be constantly in a position to compel belligerent nations

to adjust their differences, or else isolate them from contact with all other countries.

As the League waxed strong, it would gradually become possible to reduce navies and armaments; but pending such a happy result, I would have this country go forward as rapidly as possible with its naval programme, so that our 'big stick' may be the more effective, and we may be in a position to give good reason why other countries still outside the protection of the Maritime League should join us. We have already suffered much because of lack of equipment. We must be ready. We must never again find ourselves in the position we occupied during the war just ended, when, without the transports of Great Britain, the day would have been lost.

That a maritime international league is not an iridescent dream, but a practical possibility has already been demonstrated in the amalgamation of steamship interests, both north and south, in the so-called Continental Pool, into which melting-pot was poured, not only tonnage, but everything pertaining to the requirements of the participating companies — rates, regulations, and what not?

The result was the most satisfactory working out of the problems and complications which had arisen between the several companies represented in the pool. After an investigation the British Parliament decided that it would be unwise to destroy the agreements, as they were beneficial to all the interests concerned. The opinion of our own investigating committee, headed by Honorable Joshua W. Alexander, was that, properly regulated, such an arrangement would be of advantage to shippers and receivers of cargoes and to passenger facilities alike. If a privately conducted experiment proved so successful, may we not reasonably

look for complete success under international espionage?

For the maintenance of a successful merchant marine we must have a sufficient tonnage of a class to compete with the rest of the world. This I believe to be the most important reconstruction question to be considered, and one that should be taken up immediately, and acted upon promptly.

We must build a class of ships which can be operated economically. The ship of the future, for successful operation, must be built of steel, must be of at least 10,000 tons dead-weight capacity, and must develop a speed of sixteen knots. In fairness and justice, contracts for the construction of all other ships falling below these minimum requirements should be immediately canceled.

II

Now let us look at the question, fairly and justly, without bias, of our own position in the world's merchant marine. At the end of 1919, if the present construction of large, profitable merchant ships is continued, we shall have a very large percentage of the facilities for controlling foreign water-borne commerce, not only of our own country, but of a large part of the world.

Let us not deceive ourselves, but look frankly at the question whether we, as citizens of the United States, are in a position to man and equip a very large percentage of the facilities of water-transportation. A large proportion of the population of the United States is not in any sense, or by natural affiliations, maritime-loving. Our vast interior territory, with its opportunities for development, especially those which will come as the results of reconstruction to follow the war, will occupy our labor elements fully and profitably, and at far better compensation than could possibly be had on the sea.

The coast-line of our country, while very long, contains but a small percentage of our total population. A large proportion live and carry on their profitable occupations many miles from the coast-line. It is absolutely necessary that the toilers of the sea should know the sea, be associated with it, and live within the sound of the waves. Now we do not occupy this position.

The American boy is apt to find some position far inland, which offers him more in immediate return and future prospects than life before the mast; and yet, if he could be imbued with the vision; if he could be stirred with the lust of travel and adventure; if he could see the wide spaces and learn to love the call of the vast; if he could be made to see the romance of it all and the joy that comes from carrying his country's flag to be planted at the crossroads of the world, there would be no trouble in filling the ranks.

This will be a process of education, but first of all the service must be made attractive. Compensation, and opportunities for advancement and development, must be increased. The Royal Naval Reserve of Great Britain, which recognizes efficiency, pensions its officers, and permits enlisted men to attain rank up to that of sub-lieutenant, is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for the American boy. The fact remains that we are to be a maritime nation at last, and the sooner the American boy of the country turns his eyes toward the sea and its possibilities, the sooner will he begin to realize upon this hitherto unrealized asset.

The triumph of the sea means more than the mere manning of ships. The trade is no longer that of the old 'A.B.' No longer do our ships come and go under sail, handmaidens of the vagrant winds. From a sentimental point of view, the old chanties of the seas are no more.

In place of these conditions of by-

gone days we have mechanical perfection; and the boy who is learning the seaman's trade is afforded a wonderful opportunity of acquiring a diversified education of great value. He is taught mechanics more thoroughly than is possible on land, for at sea there is no corner garage or genius of the forge at every hand. The heavens, too, are called upon to give up their astronomical secrets to this new tradesman of our coming merchant marine.

He no longer sings his 'heave ho!' as the sail is hoisted. Instead, he has at his command the most complete and intricate mechanism by means of which the ship is operated. There is a wide field, of construction, navigation, and operation before the young man who elects the sea for his alma mater: a field not limited to the old divisions of power, but open to the application of almost every possible electrical appliance.

The study of refrigeration is an attractive field for many, and the practicability of supplying at sea and in the tropics perishable goods heretofore absolutely unavailable is a favorite subject for inventor and student.

In a word, I am trying to point the way for the American youth to a new, delightful, and all but unexplored world. He cannot serve but to his own ultimate good. He travels and sees the world under happy auspices; he becomes acquainted with the ways and customs of other people, an education in itself; and yet, while acquiring this education, he is becoming expert in one or more of the master trades and familiar with world-conditions.

Better citizenship, a broader and more catholic outlook upon life, a furthering of the welfare of the world, an education unobtainable anywhere else — these and many other things should make their appeal to the intelligent, ambitious, progressive American youth of to-morrow when the call comes for

the manning of our merchant marine.

The United States is in the presence of a wonderful opportunity to assist profitably in the reconstruction work which must be done throughout Europe, and in supplying the materials necessary to bring about the rehabilitation. These opportunities will not increase our desire to take up seafaring. The result may well be, that we, having in our control an enormous amount of tonnage, acquired at such cost that the question of its operation will be far more complex than in a country developing its tonnage on a peace-time basis, may find it impossible to compete profitably with other nations, which, by environment and breeding, are far better fitted for a maritime life.

The question of insurance, depreciation; and, above all, the high wage-cost of manning and operating the ships, will make it practically impossible without government assistance by way of subsidies to compete successfully with many other countries and their merchant marines; yet we should at all times keep in operation a sufficient amount of tonnage under our own flag to give to our navy and army an auxiliary reserve of both men and tonnage of sufficient magnitude to meet any emergency.

But if such assistance is granted in the operation of our ships in competition with other nations, how long will it be before other countries will adopt the same policy? Result: a mad scramble and bitter competition for the carrying of the foreign commerce of the world. This will go on indefinitely and lead, as it has led in the past, to a decline of the merchant tonnage of the country least well equipped with ships to operate successfully in competition.

Now, by the formation and operation of a maritime league of nations, such as I have outlined, a division of tonnage—a fair and just division—among the nations of the world would prevent a sit-

uation of this kind, and cheat chaos of fresh victims. If the Maritime League of Nations, by agreement, equalizes any differences in the cost of operation and manning of ships controlled by the nations composing the League, and also agrees upon all laws and regulations governing maritime matters, the ghost is laid, and the commerce of the world is saved.

There should be from each nation represented in the Maritime League one member representing labor interests. Without labor, the whole structure would collapse and our motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' would be as a tinkling cymbal.

It is my firm belief that the creation of such a maritime league of nations would do more to prevent future wars than any other step that can be taken at this or at any time. The Freedom of the Seas! What a glorious consummation of our dreams! And if this country stands in the position of a naval power of the first class, fortified by agreement with other countries for the joint coöperation of all naval forces, the future peace of the world, and the Freedom of the Seas, would be absolutely controlled, and the hand of the blindfolded Goddess of Justice would be raised in benediction upon all the world.

In 1916, at the request of the Administration, I prepared a brochure under the title of *Ships*. This little book was sent to every member of Congress, and also to every member of the Administration in Washington. I cannot do better at this time than to quote from the opinions expressed in 1916:—

'There is one concluding idea which I feel impelled to submit. It is a proposal which, in my judgment, promises an enduring peace, not alone for us, but for all the nations of the world. I realize, of course, that this is a consummation upon which the greatest minds of

all peoples have dwelt. It has been the dream of centuries. It has been the supreme aspiration of mankind. And yet, the most appalling war of all time is now raging. It is with a measure of diffidence, therefore, that I suggest a peace-plan, when the failure of all that has gone before is so manifest. However, if in time of peace we should prepare for war, certainly in time of war we should prepare for peace.

'It is my firm belief that future wars can be prevented by absolute control of the world's foreign commerce; and by that is meant the world's water-borne commerce. It can be controlled only by two or more nations equipped with merchant and naval fleets powerful enough to force war-inclined nations to accept arbitration of their differences.

'All international peace-movements of the past have centred about a system of arbitration. They have been built upon the same theory as that on which rests the system of jurisprudence in effect wherever civil law is respected. The theory is sound. It is unassailable. It is the expression of right and justice between man and man, and should be applied with equal force between nation and nation.

'Unfortunately, this plan which we have so eloquently preached has failed in practice. And the failure, as every man knows, lies in the fact that the force necessary to make it effective has been lacking. There has been no means of compelling belligerent nations to submit their differences to a court of arbitration, and no power to compel them to accept the judgment of that court.

'Such power can be acquired only through control of the seas. It can be demonstrated only by command of maritime transportation, by the ability to isolate from the rest of the world any nation that may resort to arms.

'I believe that, when we have re-

sumed our place as a great sea-power, we can join with any other powers and form a union which will give us control of the ocean highways. When that end is achieved, and the confederated nations are irrevocably pledged to peace, the hope of all men will have become a reality.

'Since writing these lines, I have become more firmly convinced than ever that the present time, when the nations of the world are thoroughly awakened to the necessity of preventing a recurrence of such a horrible calamity as a world-war, affords the great opportunity for bringing about this result. The end of the war will see the control of commerce in the hands of the Allied nations. This, if properly safeguarded, will mean control for all time of the destinies of the world and the prevention of future wars. World-wars in the past have been mainly for the acquisition of territory or for the privilege of commercial control in certain regions. This war is no exception.

'The development of our merchant marine for war-time needs will afford us the necessary instrument for carrying out a programme for the prevention of future wars. To carry out this programme, the President should at once appoint a committee of men to lay the foundations for a maritime league of nations, which shall control an international mercantile marine. France, England, and Italy, have been engaging in shipbuilding on an extensive scale. These merchant fleets will be ready at hand after the war. If some plan of international coöperation could be worked out now, the danger of a great commercial war to follow the present military conflict would also be averted.'

These lines, written nearly three years ago, now need no change, and are even more vital and important at the present time.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS ON TAKING SIDES

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

SINCE the battle was clearly joined between the physical forces of good and evil in the world, there could be no question of the side on which the individual American, true to the ideals of his country, must stand. In the world-conflict between right and wrong, the right, as we have seen it in a reassuring certainty that our vision was true, has won. It was a simple matter to take sides in the great issue, and to plant one's self firmly on the side for which the stars in their courses were bound to fight. To stand anywhere else was but to court defeat and that worst condemnation which comes from within.

Yet, having thrown the whole strength of one's spirit into the struggle for the stupendous common cause, there was left, even up to the moment of its triumph, ample room for divisions and disagreements. The methods and instruments for achieving the victory could not have been the human things they are, and have given satisfaction to every participant in the fight and every witness of it. Even had these means been divine, it is conceivable that there is enough of the critical Job in each of us to have found occasions for complaint.

How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? Three persons before a cold fireplace arrive readily at a shivering unanimity of opinion that the fire must be lighted in it at once; but the one of them who strikes the match and pokes the logs may be perfectly certain that each of the others behind his back believes he could do it better and is re-

straining himself from saying so — if that be possible — only with the greatest difficulty. Multiply your three by any sufficient number, and your individual views become group views, party views, and the taking of sides with one or another group or party becomes as inevitable, and inexorable, as a law of nature.

There are many degrees in the manner of taking sides, covering the entire gamut from the furtive to the blatant. The character of the partisan may appear just as clearly in the quality of his partisanship as in the side he takes. The conservative, who would leave things alone, and the liberal, who tries to change them for the better, are respectively militant and gentle according to their individual natures. One is quite as likely to be a robustious, battle-sniffing person as the other; and this is just as true of private citizens as of semi-public and public characters. To all alike in times of crisis comes the challenge, 'Under which king, Bezonian?' and quietly or noisily the march must begin, and continue, beneath a chosen banner. Young men have been advised to seek out and espouse unpopular causes, for the good of their souls. But the unpopularity of a cause is not always the measure of its intrinsic merit, whatever its espousal may accomplish for its followers. The more important thing to keep in mind in choosing your cause is that 'God and one are a majority,' and that you are the possible 'one.' Having taken sides on such terms as these, popularity and

unpopularity drop out of consideration. There is ample reward in the satisfaction of knowing precisely where you stand and why you stand there.

Now that the war is won, an original disposition to believe that everything is settled fades from thought and view. The questions inseparable from the taking of sides become just as pressing as they have ever been. In the great object of making the new world which is to emerge out of the conflict a righteous world, a happier dwelling-place for the sons of men, a field of fairer play, everybody is on the same side, just as all were united in the conviction that the menace of autocratic power must be forever quenched. Of course a new day is coming; of course it must be a better day. The only alternative is 'chaos and old night.' But how is the sun of this new day to be conducted in any orderly progress from dawn to its noon, and prevented from sinking in due course beneath a sullen or angry western horizon, malign with promise of storms to come. The human instruments and methods to which some control of this process must be intrusted will afford spacious ground for the taking of sides. The logs in the fireplace — to come back from the sun to one of its products — must be lighted and tended; and few of us will be humble enough to believe in our hearts that anyone else can do it quite so well as we. No more of unanimity with regard to the details through which the purpose of the world is to be accomplished will reveal itself in the time now at hand than we have seen in the recent past.

In that past, however, there has been an extraordinary unanimity of spirit in America touching the larger issues of the time. Through whatever means, the war has stood in the eyes of the people as a crusade, a flaming ideal, for the realization of which no sacrifice appeared extravagant. If there are left

any of those Americans who two or three years ago proclaimed themselves ashamed of their country, they are now to be placed only by means of their silence. Yet now there is only one side with which they can possibly affiliate — that of their countrymen who could not be induced to part with their national pride. To fortify and secure it, one and all must now join in the supreme effort to win from the winning of the war the very best — no tolerated second-best — that the struggle can be made to yield.

For this broad purpose, and perhaps for this only, we are carrying a virtually non-partisan spirit from war-time into the period of peace. In the matter of details, the possibilities of divergence are without number. When the individual finds himself confronted with the necessity of taking sides with respect to the persons and processes whereby the general purpose is to be attained, he may well beware the danger of losing sight of the really great end in view. If he keeps his eye fixed upon that object, and neglects the negligible smaller things, he will bring to whichever side he joins an element of positive strength. There is nothing more clearly worth remembering at a time like the present than that, in a country organized on the basis of party government, all the patriotism, all the sincerity and honesty of purpose, are not to be found in either of the two larger, or any one of the smaller, parties. Danger for danger, there is not much to choose between fixing the magnifying, sometimes also a distorting, glass upon the merits of your own side and upon the shortcomings of the other. To hold inescapably in view the high objects for which all methods and instruments should be employed is the essential thing. Thus it is that every partisan can increase the vitality and effectiveness of his own party. The goal itself is so much more

important than any of the means for reaching it, that the taking of sides may be lifted from the realm of pettiness into that of dedication to the highest of causes.

It is on behalf of such causes that it is possible in this new day to take sides. In the social and economic relations of man with man, there must be a continual pressing forward to that democracy of which Lincoln gave the ultimate definition when he said, 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master.' In the field of the spirit, embodied in the forms of religion, there must be a quickening which shall make the realities of life and death what they call themselves, instead of those disguised opposites which they have so often

been: the men who have dealt face to face with things as they are, will now return to us by tens of thousands, and imitations will no longer satisfy them. The schools and colleges are waking up to the necessity of preparing the minds of the men and women of the coming day to cope with the problems of a freer, larger world. That world itself, through leaguings its nations together for perpetual protection against a repeated plunging of mankind into the miserable sea of its own blood, stands waiting for all of us who are left, to make it the decent, even the pleasantly habitable, world it may still become.

For the true furtherance of any one of these causes, who would not take sides — and all the consequences?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SPLENDOR OF THE COMMONPLACE

AFTER the specialist had taken me aside, and had said to me, 'She can live just about a year, certainly not longer; she will not suffer; no, do not tell her till I give you leave,' she became all at once a person alien, apart, possessing a strange new distinction and charm.

It seemed to me that I should want to know, that I might make that year splendid, important, worth while. But the doctor's orders were imperative, and he knew his patient well. The least I could do, I thought, was to live the time left to her as if it were indeed my own last year of life. And yet, as day followed day, I began to wonder wherein the difference after all would really lie, if I were under sentence to

die, as she was, and I knew. And it came to me quite clearly, that if that were the case, one would not lay stress on the big things, which one might feel fairly certain of carrying over into those years ahead, — or into that yearless time which, they tell us, is not time at all, — but on the little, homely, intimate things which one may have to leave behind, which have to do with this earth, as we know it here and now.

And so it has come to pass that, ever since that year, the preciousness of common things, their unthought-of significance and charm, has had strong hold on me. The so-called drudgery of life, the homely task, the daily routine, the meeting of the family at dinner after the busy day — such things as these have taken on a certain distinction and beauty; that ordinary meal

has become, in very truth, a sacrament. And even those fugitive, elusive things we forget to notice because they happen often, — the fragrance of coffee stealing through the house when one is half-dreaming; the way the sunlight slants across the lawn on a June afternoon; the crooning of hens on an April morning; the feel of clean sheets when one slips into bed, — all these joys of the senses are never more to be taken for granted since that year.

It came to me quite suddenly, as I read the leading article in the May *Atlantic* on 'The New Death,' that our boys in France were realizing life somewhat as I had done, when I lived vicariously that last vivid year of one who was under sentence to die. We have certainly felt — we who are left behind — that there is something going on over there of high import, which has nothing to do with military victories or defeats; that they are finding — those young *illuminati* — in this horrible war something that we, as a people, cannot afford to miss; whether it be some new crusade of the spirit, or only that old way of the Cross, well worn by saints and martyrs, but strangely unfamiliar to feet used to stepping blithely down the broad highway of success.

And curiously enough, as one reads such articles as 'The New Death,' and letters and reports that come to one personally, one finds that the interest of our boys in France is centred just where mine had been that unforgettable year, on the quaint and homely happenings of everyday living. The big certainties — life, death, immortality, God — they take joyously for granted, with their strange new insight into things spiritual, their prescience of Reality; but, perhaps for the first time, they are realizing everyday joys; know what quiet means, and rest and needed sleep; are aware of the holiness of clean clothing, the exquisite flavor of coarse

food, the divine loveliness of dawn, and noon-time, and night.

And so, having found out about Life, they know all there is for us to know about Death. Instead of losing its strange distinction, death for them has taken on a new splendor, as have the common things of life.

And as to their losing the Vision, forgetting, — those who live to come back, — they may. But they have known Reality, those boys, and one does not easily drop into materialism after one has attained that knowledge. And as to their keeping their belief in God and in Immortality — in these high matters they have gone forever beyond theory and belief; for they realize God, and experience immortality here and now. They are tasting what old Father Caussade is always calling the Sacrament of the Present Moment, they, who know so surely that each present moment is quite likely to be their last. 'He has set the world in their hearts'; they are in love with it. And if they come back to us, it may be to find a New Heaven and a New Earth; and those who never come back can say with that poet and mystic, who knows so surely that living and dying are of the same piece, 'Because I have loved this life so well, I know I shall love death also.'

What wonder that their letters home drop quite naturally into unconscious poetry. The most prosaic and practical of these boys are learning what the secret poets and mystics always knew. It has taken a world's war to teach them, and us common people at home through them. Because the price paid for our knowing has been so high, it is for us to see to it that the quality of our daily living shall take on such distinction that those who come back will not feel as aliens, and that the young dying of those others may not have been, so far as we are concerned, in vain.

THE SLAVIC NIGHTMARE

I was at a lecture in a well-known club. The lecturer talked about a great plan: to establish a new Eastern front out of the small Slavic nations, who hate Germany and want independence.

'Poland is not a small nation!' burst out one of the audience.

I applauded, as I am Polish myself.

'I beg your pardon,' said the lecturer, with a polite bow; 'certainly; Poland is bigger than Bohemia, for instance.'

At that point a loud murmur of disapproval was heard from the representative of the Bohemians.

The lecturer tried to continue as impartially as possible. When he finished, his forehead was wet with perspiration.

'It is not an easy job, you know,' he complained to me afterwards. 'All these nations are so jealous of each other! To hold them together is like running a class! A class of immigrants who don't understand each other. Germany poisoned them for centuries with this unhealthy jealousy, and tried to make all the differences much more important than they are in reality. And now — you see the results.'

I rather heard them: there was a passionate discussion among the Slavs. I never heard so much noise in my life!

'I am now drawing the maps,' said the lecturer. 'It is hard work!'

'I know how to do it; I may help you!' said I recklessly.

'Thank you very much. We will plan the future frontiers of the reconstructed Slavic countries.'

He took me to his office and showed me all his materials. And then my unhappiness began.

Poland at her golden age was a great country: she had exits to two seas; she held Ukraina. I am a patriot and would like my country to be mighty again; but I have a conscience, and tried not to give her too much space on the map.

Lithuania does not want to be joined with us again, although we were united for centuries. All right: love is free; let us be divorced! With a heavy heart, I outlined a new state of Lithuania.

The Jugo-Slavs want to have an exit to the sea. What is to be done? They are far from any sea. It would be good to give them the right of trespassing. Why not try to internationalize some rivers? That's the idea! But may I do it on my own risk? The heavy weight of the political responsibility made me bend lower over the table.

'Serbia will never, never, be quite friendly with Bulgaria!' the old white-bearded leader of Serbs stated. Would you draw their frontiers after that?

I was perspiring. I felt unhappy. I was as tired as could be.

At eleven o'clock the telephone rang violently. The excited voice of the lecturer asked me to come to the club at once and bring my maps: an extraordinary meeting was to be held; seven official representatives of the Slavs would discuss a most important problem.

When I entered the large hall of the club, I saw seven men sitting at the round green table. Each wore the picturesque national costume of his country. They looked like a living rainbow.

The old white-bearded Serb presided. He was armed to his teeth. The others also had a very military air. They were all discontented with my maps.

I was discouraged and felt guilty. I started to explain that I did not draw the maps according to my personal ideas: I had followed faithfully all the directions which had been given to me. But they did not listen: they reproached me all together, in many tongues. I felt lost!

Suddenly a wonderful monster approached me: it had two heads; on one was a sign, 'Jugo'; on the other, 'Slav.'

I was terrified. But it seemed to be a kind sort of monster: it did not scold me;

it only shook its two heads reproachfully, and said in a pitiful voice, —

'Why did you not give us a piece of the Mediterranean?'

I tried to excuse myself and to console the monster. I said that the map was only a map after all, and could be drawn anew. But the Jugo-Slav was sad and his look tormented my conscience.

And the worst was yet to come: it came in the form of a huge Bulgarian. He had the traditional long nose, and a crooked dagger in his hand.

'You gave them Saloniki!' cried he. 'You must die!'

I ran to the street. But the street had changed: the houses were very low, and old-fashioned carriages passed by instead of automobiles. It was no more the street of New York.

Two barefooted guards appeared from behind the nearest corner, and they had gilded axes in their hands. They ordered me to follow them. I was condemned to be executed.

'For what?' I asked in despair.

'For high treason against your country: you wanted Lithuania to be a separate state. It is a betrayal of Poland!'

'Thank God, I am in Poland! Then it is not so hopeless: I know how to talk with my people; I will defend myself!'

'We have no free speech yet,' said the guard. 'It is the reign of Jagello. So your eloquence will not help: you will be burned with your typewriter.'

They dragged me to the fire. There were lots of people hanging around: the knights with skins of leopards on their backs, the fat priests, and the newspaper boys. Jagello, the first baptized King of Lithuania, sat on the street-balcony. A crimson flag with the white Polish eagle on it fluttered above his head. His beautiful wife, Jadviga, the Queen of Poland, sat by his side. When she saw me, she stretched her white hands toward her husband and cried, —

'I pray thee, spare that poor short-

haired suffragette! Let her go to the convent instead of burning her! She might be converted yet!'

'Send me rather to exile, O generous Koroleva!' I yelled; 'send me to America!'

'Can't we send her to America, O husband of mine?'

'No,' answered Jagello thoughtfully, twisting his long beard. 'No! I would like to fulfill the desire of your noble and pitiful heart, O Jadviga. But d'ye see, America is not discovered yet.'

The last ray of hope disappeared for me. I would inevitably have been burned, together with all my property, — with my Corona typewriter, — if I had not waked in time.

No, I will never draw those maps again. I know that it is important, and must be done. But not by me: I am only a woman, and a very nervous one.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN

The man in the seat ahead of me in the Pullman was knitting openly and shamelessly, as he might have read a newspaper or smoked a cigar. He slipped the first stitch, knit one, and purled two, as nonchalantly as if he were knocking billiard balls about the table or teeing his ball for a long drive. He slipped his stitches along the needle, — or 'stick' as one of his male observers remarked, — loosened his yarn, and proceeded, with a rhythm and a rapidity that it was quite a delight to watch. He was knitting a khaki sweater, with double yarn, and he counted his eighty stitches with a veteran's assurance.

People passing to and fro from the dining-car stopped to watch him, winked at each other, and shook their heads, as if he were some curious freak.

Now, why should n't a man knit? Men have always been more skillful than women in manual accomplishments. In all arts, the great artists

with their fingers have in general been men. A moment's thought and consideration will establish that fact, beyond dispute or discussion.

Women have in recent years flaunted their masculine accomplishments. Whatever they have done in athletics, in business, in the professions, or in the arts which have heretofore been generally recognized as manly, they have talked of with the swollen chest and have advertised widely. To such an extent has this been true, that men have been made to feel quite keenly at times that their own field of activity is gradually narrowing, that they will ultimately be pushed into the back row, or, changing the figure, wiped entirely off the map, which will then be the special property of women. We men have always had our little feminine accomplishments, but have felt obliged to practise them under the rose. They were for us considered no cause for pride or self-satisfaction. We have sewed on our own buttons, darned our own socks, — well, too, as many of us could easily demonstrate, — put on our own invisible patches, but secretly, in the privacy of our own chambers, with the blinds down, for fear we might be detected in our shame. The work was necessary, but for us not honorable. Many men, not tailors either, can make buttonholes better than their wives; but they never confess it outside of the family. I know a man — strong, husky, and athletic — who regularly makes for his wife the most beautiful embroidery and filet lace from his own original designs, but she does not give that fact away; people might think him weak and effeminate, she fears, if they knew that he possessed such skill. So she explains to the curious who inquire into the origin of her beautiful lace that a 'friend' made it for her.

Englishmen have been skillful in knitting for a long time, and have not been

ashamed to demonstrate it publicly, either. A friend of mine, who has lived in India for many years, has told me that English officers there take their knitting with them to public events quite as unapologetically as women do.

Most American men have heretofore been limited in public places to one or both of two diversions — they could smoke or read the paper. Some men do not enjoy smoking, and the modern newspaper may in time be exhausted. Then we yawn and grow restless, like an active boy shut up in the house on a rainy day with nothing to do.

We have heard a great deal of late about the emancipation of woman and the part which the war will play in the speedy accomplishment of that result; but the war is going to do much, also, in the emancipation of man, who needs quite as much to be freed from some of the restrictions and conventions that have limited and handicapped him.

We shall come into our own. Ere long we shall take our knitting and our crocheting with us on the train, and practice these manual arts, with which we have long been secretly familiar, openly and without criticism. We shall sit in our easy chairs in our club-rooms, busy and contented, with our weekly darning and mending in our laps, sewing on our missing buttons while we discuss politics and war policies. Instead of rushing out between acts at the theatre to smoke a hasty cigar or to fill our stomachs with some unnecessary drink or refection, we shall knit a few rounds on a sock for Sammy, or crochet a little lace for the baby's rompers.

The emancipation of man is in sight.

ANIMUS IN CARCERE

It has always been my misfortune to have clothes given to me. Born with a keen sense of propriety and a genuine appreciation of the fitness of things, I

have never yet had the opportunity of selecting my own garments, and constantly appear before the world in plumage quite foreign to my habitat — all innate originality and all natural desires thwarted.

During my childhood I quickly learned that the outward, visible husk would never indicate the inward and veritable Me, but instead would present some older sister, some silly doll of a cousin who was held up to me as an example of what a little girl should be; or, worst of all, a shortened, taken-in and made-over aunt, addicted to musty browns. How well I recall the inevitable and dreaded Sunday which overshadowed the latter part of every week; the inevitable Sunday, with its accompanying horror of the best dress! Childish instinct rebelled from the crackling of stiff silk; small plaid legs never frisked beneath the weight of such forbidding gentility; and many were the tears shed among soft, sympathetic 'company' blankets, put away so carefully on the deep shelf of the spare bedroom closet.

A place of refuge was the spare bedroom closet, pervaded by faint aromatic smells, filled with old chests and mystery. Even the keyhole did strange things, admitting a little thread of light which, in the darkness, reflected a miniature window upside down. It was in the dusky recesses of this closet that I sought immunity from the brown silk, sought comfort of the little upside-down fairy window, and, with fierce satisfaction, gnawed a lump of sugar, knowing that the uncanny phosphorescent light induced by this process would illuminate my teeth in a grisly manner. Alas, that modern sugar can produce no such satisfying effect!

The isolation of the closet was powerless to save me when the time of dressing for Sunday school arrived; the voice of authority drew me forth, and as I snatched roughly at hooks and

slapped at plaitings, it said firmly, 'Now, my dear, don't fuss any more about it. Most little girls would be thankful to own such a handsome silk dress. I'm sure I never had anything half so nice when I was your age.' Which so engendered revolt in me, that during Sunday school, I made up my mind to keep the large two-cent piece previously destined to foreign missions. It was only the pale horror of my best friend, to whom I had confided my intentions, which led me, after a moment's breathless indecision, to produce the money when the plate was passed.

The best dress on Sunday was quickly followed on Monday by a maroon cashmere, elaborately trimmed with many scallops made in imitation of shells. There seemed to be hundreds of them; they clung everywhere like barnacles. An elder sister I had, whose height could well support shells; but I bore mine to school shrinkingly, strengthened only by the thought that I could multiply faster than the other girls, and was able to recite the signs of the zodiac. Fearing childhood's critical eye and cruel tongue, I crept to my desk and busied myself with sharpening pencils, taking surreptitious nips of dry cocoa and sugar conveniently mixed in a small bottle. I felt whispered disapproval and comment closing around me, and before recess a secret note was laid on my desk: 'None of us girls like your new dress; was it one of your sister's?' Even the consolation of humming 'Aries, Taurus, Gemini' to myself could not prevent my ears from burning, and my throat ached with longing for the kindly oblivion of the spare bedroom closet.

All this was long ago. Now alas, there is no closet in the world where I may weep for very pity of myself. The counterpart of the creaking silk and maroon cashmeres is still mine. I am indeed what clothes have made me, every-

body and nobody, a chameleon changing my shape and disposition with each change of garment; of what may have been the real Me, there is nothing left.

Do I but wake of a spring morning filled with happy animation, the spirit is exorcised as I come down to breakfast. I feel the weight of years, I am austere graciously to those about me, eat sparingly as becomes a stout dyspeptic, glance with contempt at the readers of the morning news, and inquire in a throaty voice if anyone has mislaid my pamphlet on the *New Life*. Presently mother says, 'How you do remind me of your Aunt Cornelia!' Of course I do. I am Aunt Cornelia in her very own black wool crêpe.

A box arrives by express. Aroint thee, Aunt Cornelia! Away with your gloomy crêpes, your dyspepsia and dull philosophies; I am become young again in cousin Mildred's dotted muslins and pink lawns. I talk with girlish enthusiasm of football heroes and other noble youths; I love cream-puffs and read Clara Louise Burnham with avidity; little do I realize in my eighteen-year frivolity that I am soon to be divorced.

Yes, once I was actually divorced. Of course, she was not a relative. In our family we do not have divorces; this was merely the rich acquaintance of a poor friend, and I inherited almost directly. At once the muslin *ingénue* vanished and I became tall and willowy. How glad I was to be tall once more! I was sparkingly vivacious and irrepressibly gay; I grew almost witty, and startled the placidity of staid elders with my cigarettes and mad sallies.

If changes in my character are achieved so readily, the body also is amenable to change, and, with slight murmuring, acquiesces in remodeling and alteration; nothing about me can have stability. Sometimes I have the neck of an Alice in Wonderland, long enough to be swathed in folds upon

folds of black satin; again, I have no neck at all, and am conscious of the jog in my collar-bone, the witness of an escapade in childhood. I am long and narrow, I am short and stout; I am broad and athletic, advocating Feminism; I am slight and frail, believing that the woman's place is in the home. Once, oh, horror! I was almost *petite* — but, thank Heaven, it split up the back and I emerged like a seventeen-year locust, slightly shriveled.

The difficulties involved in a variability of physique and temperament are not the only difficulties. My sometime rich appearance, the rustling and swishing of silken underpinnings, make my goings out and comings in marked with deference. I am ushered to front seats, my contributions are watched and commented upon with disfavor; shopkeepers offer me eager attentions; I am embarrassed by falling so far short of their expectations. The theatre is attended with depression, my expensive apparel finding inexpensive seats far from its liking; together we protest against the common carrier as we push into an already over-crowded street car. 'Jackdaw in peacock's feathers,' I mutter. 'Fine feathers never did make fine bird,' retorts the apparel; and we relapse into mutual antagonism as we take ourselves home.

Discontent seethes within me, yet my friends say, 'How lucky you are to have all these beautiful things sent you. Just see how odd and Frenchy this is!' Odd and Frenchy, I suffer that, too; I am the scapegoat for the sins of a New England conscience relaxing in Paris.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on.

I cannot escape my destiny; old yesterday, young to-morrow, who knows? I dream but dimly of who or what I might have been if Fate had withheld her interfering hand and postponed my reincarnations to some more distant world.

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REVIEW

Edited by WILBUR CROSS



FOR JANUARY, 1919

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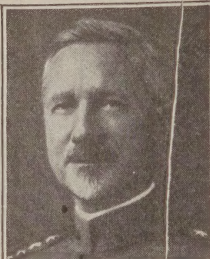
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Sometimes it does not play. The drum
Monotonously goes tum-tum

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To mark the time for marching feet.

But presently a tiny sound
One trumpet makes; and all around
The music-things are raised, and then
I know the band will play again.

And suddenly, as thunder comes,
The horns and trumpets, flutes and drums
Crash into glorious noise that breaks
All over me in little shakes.

And all inside me seems to swell
With feelings that I cannot tell.
And I am glad: I can't see why
Just then I *almost* want to cry.

But when the band is out of sight
And I can hear it far away,
It sounds as my tin bandmen might
If they could really play.

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A front view of the House We Built Ourselves. It faces Commonwealth Avenue Boulevard.



This view of the house we particularly like, as it looks like a bit from the country.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JANUARY ATLANTIC

Thomas Whittemore, an archæologist by profession, has for some years past been devoting himself to a mission for the relief of Russia, which has taken him to remote corners of the former Empire, moving among people of every class and kind. Of the Russian writer of the article — if such a cinema of life can be called an article — we know nothing except that she is a professional nurse whose interest in Russian character led her to jot down the talk of the wards as it came to her ears. Many readers will recall Turgenev's Sportsman's Sketches, as the vivid pictures of these childlike, gross, and unaffected peasants rise before them. Katharine Fullerton Gerould's name is sufficiently familiar, and not only to readers of the *Atlantic*, as one of the most brilliant of contemporary essayists and story-tellers. Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick is minister of the First Baptist Church in Montclair, N.J. His paper is, in substance, a report of observations made during a recent six months' visit to Europe. 'I became rather excited,' he writes, 'over the revelation of the churches' failure, which one gets in France by looking through the eyes of the soldiers.' Henry Seidel Canby, Professor of English at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, and a well-known essayist and critic and occasional writer of short stories, returned in the early autumn from an extended visit to Europe as a guest of the British Ministry of Information.

'I was in Ireland,' he says, 'all through the excitements of March and April [1918], met and talked with many of the Sinn Fein leaders who are inaccessible to Englishmen, met the Ulster group quite extensively, worked with Sir Horace Plunkett on the final draft of the Convention report, and have been in close touch with him since, and have discussed the situation with Englishmen of every shade of opinion. I have been home only a little while, but long enough, I think, to see that America has wrong conceptions both of Ulster and the South, which is not surprising; and, what is equally important, does not begin to realize the importance of the question for world-politics.'

* * *

The author of 'The Photographer of Silver Mountain,' Peter Blackthorn, writes thus to the editor regarding the characters in his story:—

'This Silver Mountain group might be men I know. I'm quite sure that Tabby takes

shape from my knowledge of an old partner I once had. There is a Logician in every boom-camp. The attempt to take a picture of a powder-house was once made by a reporter from one of our best papers. Fortunately the wind veered. The musketry in the North Country has saved thousands at different times. After re-reading the story I find myself unable to tell you whether it is true or not. The men are, and the atmosphere is so honest that it makes me want to go back there.'

* * *

Mrs. Agnes B. Chowen sends to the *Atlantic* from Great Falls, Montana, this record of some of her amusing experiences as a Field Representative of the American Red Cross. Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, whose verses have often given pleasure to our readers, is a member of the English Department of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Of Marcel Nadaud, aviator, playwright, romancer, our readers have been frequently informed. Christopher L. Ward, a graduate of Williams College and the Harvard Law School, has practised law for many years at Wilmington, Delaware. While he has never held or sought public office, he has engaged in many branches of public service. His latest activity has been as an official of the Compulsory Work Bureau of the Delaware Council of Defense.

* * *

Robert Nichols is a young English poet, who is now in this country, and whose volume, *Ardours and Endurances*, should become familiar to Americans. Harold A. Littledale, before enlisting in the British Tank Service, was a well-known newspaper man on the staff of the *Evening Post* of New York. The attention of the *Atlantic* was attracted by the award to him of the Pulitzer prize for the best piece of reporting within the year, and these picturesque articles were sent at the solicitation of the editor. We are happy to believe that Charles Bernard Nordhoff, the young Californian, whose previous papers describing his thrilling experiences in the air have aroused widespread interest, has come safely through to the end of hostilities. Charles D. Stewart, whose first contribution to the *Atlantic* dates back half a generation, is the author of *The Fugitive Blacksmith* and other highly successful works of fiction, as well as of essays, and studies in Natural History.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JANUARY ATLANTIC

The group of Englishmen, of varied attainments, who, under the chairmanship of H. G. Wells, have long been making a comprehensive study of the possibilities of a League of Nations, approach their problem with unbiased minds, and from many angles. To each member has been allotted for examination and report one of the major difficulties with which the 'realists' have long since been confronting the 'visionaries.' When the complete report is ready, we shall be glad, in this column, to advise our readers where to secure it. Meanwhile, to study the list of members, beginning with the well-known name of H. G. Wells, is suggestive. **Viscount Grey**, the world knows as the statesman by whom the best of Great Britain has been consistently represented. **Gilbert Murray**, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and a protagonist of classical education, is one of the best-known publicists of the United Kingdom. **J. A. Spender**, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, represents Liberalism in its fullest and best sense. **A. E. Zimmermann**, a professor of economics, has during the war been attached to the Foreign Office, where he has been engaged in a critical examination of problems of nationality. To the serious investigator we recommend with heartiest confidence his *Nationality and Government*. (Please do not write to us for this, but to your bookseller.) **H. Wickham Steed**, long a correspondent in Vienna, is now the responsible foreign editor of the *Times*. A distinguished authority on the Near East, he has been the consistent champion of the Czechoslovaks against their oppressors. **Lionel Curtis**, editor of the *Round Table*, a quarterly devoted to imperialistic questions, got his early practical training as secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa. **William Archer**, known to Americans as the translator, almost as the discoverer of Ibsen, is well known as a student of public and European questions. About **Lord Bryce**, we shall not venture to tell our readers.

* * *

Victor S. Clark, for several years in charge of the division of Industrial History of the Carnegie Institution, is now a member of the American Board for Historical Research. **Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers** is too intimately known to readers of the *Atlantic* to need any word of introduction. **Bernard M. Baker's** long study of and familiarity with all questions relating to our merchant marine led to his selection as one of the original members of the Shipping Board in 1917; but because of his unwillingness to assent in advance to the selection of **William Denman** as Chairman, he resigned before the Board organized, and never acted as a member. His valuable counsel has, however, been constantly at the service of the Administration. **M. A. DeWolfe Howe**, is well known as editor, critic, and

essayist; his paper, 'The Non-Combatant's Manual of Arms,' was printed in the October *Atlantic*.

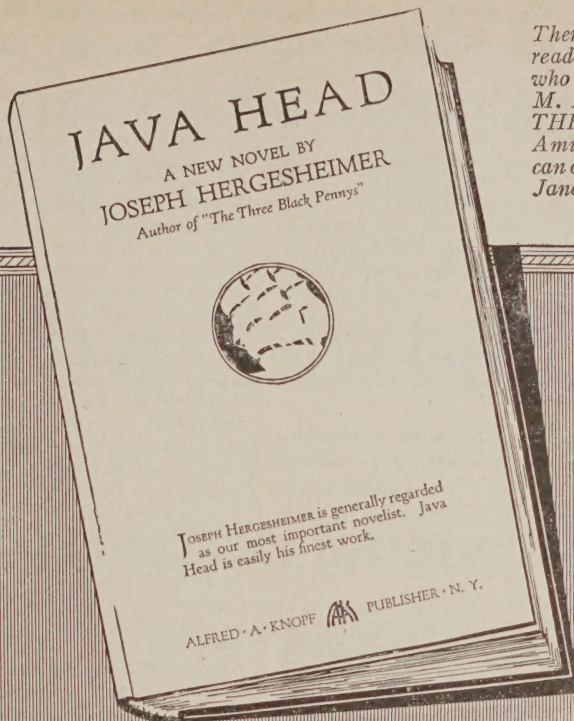
* * *

In a recent investigation of the methods of propaganda conducted by the Brewers' Association, the fact was elicited that Mr. John Koren, at the time of writing a series of papers for the *Atlantic*, was in receipt of a retainer from this organization. It is not necessary to assure our readers that the fact was unknown to us until it appeared in the public prints; but it may be well to make it quite clear that the papers were written by Mr. Koren, not at his own suggestion, but at our direct instigation. They were not part of any direct propaganda, but were based upon Mr. Koren's knowledge of the subject, and represented his personal convictions, often vigorously expressed before his connection with the Brewers' Association. His record, into which the editor of the *Atlantic* had carefully inquired, marked him as a man of ability and exactitude. Twice he had been sent abroad by the United States Government to make investigations; he had long been a recognized authority on methods of liquor control; he was president of the American Statistical Association. Finally, he had been chief agent of the Committee of Fifty, whose report has for many years seemed to us perhaps the most illuminating document yet published on the liquor question. The following letter needs no further introduction:—

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
SIR,—

You have seen references to me in the morning paper, involving in some measure the *Atlantic*. That the Brewers' Association did not inspire one word of the articles I wrote for you, did not know that they were in preparation, and, therefore, could not influence me in any way, is, of course, the absolute fact. I have never been called upon by this association to write for newspapers and periodicals, and have not published a word that differs from the stand I took in the *Atlantic*.

It is true that the association paid me a retainer, but purely in a professional capacity. That is, it was at liberty to call on me for statistics and other questions of fact in regard to the liquor question, both here and abroad, and to pass an opinion on current studies of the question or furnish translations of foreign literature. I was not called upon to take part in the political activities and other propaganda work of the association; I knew nothing about them and was not consulted. Indeed, I did not even know its membership, all my dealings being with the secretary, who worked with might and main to put the brewing interests on a basis of constructive reform in legislation as well as in practice. To that end I endeavored to help him. I have never accepted, nor would, under any circumstances, accept, a retainer for advocating views I did not believe in, but I have not been able to see that it is wrong to receive pay for giving sound advice and for representing the truth as I see it.



There is probably not a reader of *The Atlantic* who would not enjoy E. M. Delafield's new novel *THE WAR WORKERS*. Amusing and timely, it can only be compared with Jane Austen's best work. (\$1.50)

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First Sergeant 88th Infantry, 21st Division, 18th Army Corps of the German Army

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(Cross out instructions which do not apply.)

ALFRED A. KNOPF, 220 West 42nd Street, NEW YORK

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JANUARY ATLANTIC

May I add that, when you asked me to write for the *Atlantic*, it did not occur to me that the kind of work I had done for the Brewers' Association could prevent me from stating my views with perfect objectivity. They were pretty well known, and had been stated and held consistently long before I came into contact with the brewers. I admit that it was an error of judgment not to tell you about this relationship, and if I have unwittingly hurt the *Atlantic* and its readers, I beg to tender my apologies.

I am,

Yours very truly,
JOHN KOREN.

We confess to much personal sympathy with Mr. Stevens's interesting paper on 'Democracy in the Navy'; but believers in the ancient ways differ from it, not unnaturally. Here is a vigorous protest.

DEAR SIR, —

In these days when the unpardonable sin is to be 'undemocratic,' it is perhaps to be expected that the old-fashioned term of 'gentleman' — unless used so as to include all our citizens not in jail — should fall into disfavor; but the article by Mr. Stevens in your November issue, entitled 'Democracy in the Navy' seems singularly to confuse the issue between 'discipline' and 'gentleman.' What Mr. Stevens considers to be the proper relationship, if any, between an officer and a gentleman is difficult to gather from the illustrations he gives. Was the sergeant who, contrary to regulations, dined with the young subaltern and afterwards boasted of it when drunk, fit to be an officer or a desirable companion for one? Was the American Admiral, who had twelve enlisted men to dine with him, willing to accept their hospitality on equal terms, or could any of the men have refused his invitation without embarrassment? If not, his act was one of obvious condescension, differing only in degree from a command by the Kaiser to attend a court function.

The brutal German officer who struck his sailors in the face was obviously not a gentleman; but if our sailors were slow in making way for the German to dock, did they thereby show good discipline or manners?

Mr. Stevens apparently thinks it impossible for the son of a workman to be a gentleman, since he ridicules an officer whose father was a laborer for saying that only 'gentlemen' were fit to be officers in our navy. Possibly the officer in question was a true gentleman in spite of his birth, or perhaps, not being one, he had sufficient intelligence to appreciate his loss. A uniform cannot make or unmake a gentleman.

The fact is, as everyone knows, that there are many gentlemen in the enlisted personnel (although driving one's own high-power motor-car to a country club does not make a gentleman), and there are, unfortunately, many officers who are not gentlemen. Drawn as our candidates for Annapolis and West Point are from every sec-

tion of the country and every walk of life, and sometimes appointed by men who do not know the meaning of the word gentleman, it could hardly be otherwise. But does this in the least alter the fact that, other things being equal, gentlemen do make the best officers and should therefore have preference for commissions?

A prime factor in discipline is an impartial attitude in the matter of enforcing penalties and conferring rewards. A gentleman knows how to be severe without being offensive, and friendly without being familiar. This attitude of detachment — of subordinating one's own likes and dislikes to an abstract rule of conduct, or in other words of recognizing and meeting *self-imposed obligations* — is one of the chief hall-marks of a gentleman, as it is of good discipline. There are many brave and skillful seamen who, lacking this quality, are unfitted for exercising command.

It is often assumed that the social separation of officers and enlisted men is for the benefit of the former and against the wishes of the latter. Is such the case?

Since it is physically impossible for an officer to associate on terms of social familiarity equally with all his command, would it promote confidence in his impartiality if it were known that certain enlisted men were his boon companions when off duty? Would the ordinary sailor really be happier if certain of his messmates dined with the Admiral?

Possibly Mr. Stevens sympathizes with those Congressmen who find the practise of saluting an officer a humiliating and servile custom. The Bolsheviks felt strongly on this subject, but the practical enforcement of their views did not noticeably improve the discipline or self-respect of the Russian army.

The 'naval officer' who corrected 'a prominent official' because he addressed a lot of recruits as 'young gentlemen' instead of 'my lads' was the better gentleman and disciplinarian of the two. The recruits were not present voluntarily as young gentlemen, but as naval recruits called to the service of their country, and as such entitled to be addressed by the usual term designating their rank. If there were any 'young gentlemen' among them, they would be the last to object to being called 'my lads' under the circumstances; and if there were any youths who felt happier for being addressed as 'young gentlemen,' by that token they were certainly not entitled to the appellation.

True gentlemen, whether officers or enlisted men, easily recognize one another and are not given to worrying over the fact that their military obligations impose restrictions on their social intercourse when in uniform. The best discipline can never rest on the regulations alone. It will always consist in large part of those very traditions which from long experience and usage have proved helpful, and which to the vulgar or undisciplined mind are so abhorrent. Courtesy is the oil which lubricates the rigid machinery of military routine.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JANUARY ATLANTIC

willingly than our navy. Many an officer has risked his life for the humblest sailor, and many a cook has emerged from his galley a hero, and been acclaimed as such. If the time ever comes when our sailors are concerned about being treated as 'gentlemen' rather than as 'seamen,' — men of the sea, — and when gentlemen are no longer preferred as officers, God help the American Navy.

C. B. M.

* * *

An anonymous tribute to Professor Sharp's 'Duty to Dig,' is interesting as coming from a practical politician to whom any form of manual labor is utterly taboo.

SIR, —

I have just put down 'The Duty to Dig' and the November *Atlantic*. I have no notion who you are, but there is a spirit in you, revealed to me, that may find interest in why the product of your pen pleased one reader.

And you will have to be told who I am, whether you care or do not — a politician, a political job-holder, bred in the bone as it were; which suggests my father. He, a mill-boy in Providence, carried a volunteer gun as far as the Battle of the Wilderness, and left his right arm there. Then Westward Ho! — the picking up of telegraphy by way of reconstruction, the meeting of Annie Rooney, and the production of me; followed by a journey from Wisconsin to Missouri and the purchase of a log-hut surrounded by a little farm. A Poole's Prairie paradise, a peach-orchard and a cow, — not even a grade Jersey, — all for a sum under \$500! The left arm made the milking-stool and most of the cabin furniture as well; and it carried the butter in a pail to the county seat for tea and coffee. The folded right sleeve elicited inquiry and brought out the story. Production ceased. The County Democracy had found a disciple of Jefferson and a Union Veteran all in one — the ticket was made certain. Office-holding followed fast and followed longer — until near the end of my tom-sawyerhood, a congressional nomination traded off for a departmental job at Washington brought me East.

It is due my worthy sire, now years departed, to set against the non-productiveness of politics, his production of soldiers — or my mother's. Two of her sons are trained West Pointers and two have earned their shoulder-bars since the Lusitania went down — one being wounded. Myself and two others, with families, await the draft.

But to return to my unhappy lot, to politics and to non-productive job-holding. A course of law in Washington finished me so far as schooling could, and with a railroad pass I got as far as Baltimore from the paternal roof. And here's the point — within the year, before a vote was cast, and without a single friend or political acquaintance even, I found myself a political job-holder. I had answered a 'help wanted' newspaper ad., by way of getting out of the \$10 per week insurance-office clerkship taken in the emergency that want of funds entailed, and had fallen into the City Hall. When the job-dispensers had finished their inquiries, the ever-reforming press asked

in the headlines, insinuatingly, who I was and whence I came. There was no answer. And so to this day — eighteen years thereafter — I remain a non-producer, like my father before me.

The city provides me a costly dwelling; heats it; lights it; and plants it about with flowers in summer. Hedged in with shrubbery that in turn blossoms and hangs bright with berries, I enjoy seclusion, even in a public park. The spacious lawns and wooded areas of Druid Hill stretch before me — over seven hundred acres; and yet I cannot keep a cow!

But this will interest you. A 'war-garden' space, ploughed up in the stable section of the park for negro students, was thought by them too stony and difficult to justify exertion. It went a-begging until July, when I took it over for myself, and between the first and fifteenth my son of ten years shared with me the enthusiasm of planting a garden. The duty I felt, to dig, I taught the little fellow, and only an occasional airplane in the sky caused loss of interest. He planted every bean out of the two quarts with careful spacing, and likewise all of the pieces into which we cut the one-half bushel of potatoes. The space used was small, but the yield of 300 pounds of stringless green beans, by weight, and the 50 quarts of white dried navy beans by measure, has just been followed by the digging of 470 pounds of smooth white murphies. Only the tomatoes had to be taken before maturity and ripening, but the preserve and pickle shelf caught them nevertheless.

And following close upon the final harvest I chance to find the religion of my inner self expressed in the philosophy of Dallas Lore Sharp, whoever he may be! I say religion, because the only accountability to God my mind can sense is the duty to produce, — the duty to function as an aid in the purposes of creation, and after death to continue to function as earth instead of on earth, — a never-ending cycle that constitutes immortality.

Wherefore a sinner, much ashamed, I remain,

A. NONYMOUS.

* * *

To turn a compliment neatly, a fine Italian hand is needed. A contributor writes, —

DEAR MR. —, —

My newsdealer on the corner of Sixth Avenue is a little dago of some sort, with imperfect control of the English tongue. When I stopped at his booth a day or two ago to get some magazines, he pointed to the *Atlantic* and said that there was a 'piece' in it by some one of my name. I asked how he had happened to notice it, and he replied, 'I read that magazine.'

If you put him side by side in your mind with the Boston lady, quoted in the same number of the *Atlantic*, who described her son in France as 'suffering' for lack of the *Atlantic* and the *Transcript*, can you not fairly claim that your magazine speaks, as a magazine should, to the 'public at large'? May it ever grow larger!

Sincerely yours,

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1919

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. ASQUITH AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

I

THE way in which Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister of Great Britain will remain one of the most dramatic incidents in British history, and one of the great outstanding events in the direction of the world war. It was symptomatic of a time when the stress of war stirs men deeply and drives them to ruthless methods undreamed of in the calmer days of peace. The incident had a domestic as well as a world-signification. It has meant the break-up of the historic Liberal Party for the time being, and the beginning of a new alignment in British politics which may have far-reaching effects. Political life would have been very different after the war in any case; but Mr. Lloyd George by his action and his policy has forced the pace and upset the old party traditions and policies. Whether the recreant leader of Democracy will return as a prodigal son to the fold among his former Radical-Progressives; whether he will veer to the right among his former antagonists; whether he will endeavor to organize a centre party round his own forceful personality, or make a bid for the leadership of Labor, no student of political conditions emerging from the war will venture with

confidence to predict. It is doubtful if Mr. Lloyd George himself has at the time of writing decided upon the course which he will follow or the party he will lead.

Usually a change of government in Great Britain is brought about by the defeat of the Administration in the House of Commons, or by defeat at a general election following upon a dissolution of Parliament. The change was made from the Asquith to the Lloyd George Coalition in December, 1916, without either of these things happening. Mr. Asquith and all his Liberal colleagues retired without having been defeated in the House of Commons or having tested the opinion of the country on their war-policy. The Lloyd George Administration came into being as the result of political wire-pulling and personal intrigue. The change may have been necessary in the course of the war, and the results may have justified the change; but the methods adopted to bring about that change were new in British political life.

No one can fully appreciate the incidents of the crisis from which the Lloyd George government emerged without understanding the internal conditions of political parties in Great

Britain at the time, and without knowing something of the enigmatic and complex personality of the present Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George is and has been for the past few years the most picturesque personality in British public life. He has amazing intuition; he has vision; he is subject to impulses and frequently seeks the means to justify action after the action has taken place; he has flashes of political genius and the faculty of projecting himself into the future, of reading the undercurrents of public opinion. He has fascinating qualities. He radiates charm, but does not inspire trust. He cares more for the end to be achieved than for the means by which that end is to be attained.

In the war he played several great parts. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was declared. He knew less of finance than any financial minister in the world. He knew nothing of the mechanism of exchange, and he exhibited the first bill of exchange which he handled as a rare curiosity — an awesome document carrying the hidden force round which the commerce of the world revolves. But Mr. Lloyd George is wise in his ignorance. What he lacks in training, knowledge, and education he makes up by intuition, by a receptive, alert mind, by an uncanny aptitude for assimilation. So he promptly called to his counsel the greatest merchants, the ablest bankers and financiers in the City of London. He sought their advice and acted upon it. He averted a financial crash by the measures which he took. He was bold in imposing war-taxation. He was a success as War Finance Minister.

But he yearned for other spheres of activity. He wanted to get closer to the direction of the war. He interested himself in armaments. He learned much from the initiative and example of the French in rising to a great national

emergency in the matter of munitions. He was appointed by Mr. Asquith first Minister of Munitions, when the ministry was created, leaving the Chancellorship of the Exchequer with regret and with the hope of returning to the position, as he, unlike Lord Kitchener, did not foresee a long war. This was at the end of May, 1915, when Mr. Asquith reconstructed his government by the admission of Unionists. As Minister of Munitions, Mr. Lloyd George mobilized the industries of the country more quickly than anyone else could have done. It was Kitchener's striking personality that enabled England to recruit her new army — Kitchener's Army; it was due to the energizing influence of Lloyd George that the industrial forces of the country were put on a war-footing in record time.

Mr. Lloyd George succeeded Lord Kitchener as Secretary for War in June, 1916. By this time he regarded himself as the nation's war-leader, and his friends likened him to Cromwell and to Pitt. As War Minister he was not a great success as an office administrator, but he shone in other ways: in pushing on munition production, in organizing military railways in France, and in other directions. He was also among ministers the first and most insistent advocate of compulsory military service.

II

By the summer of 1916 rifts had arisen inside the Asquith Coalition. That coalition had been formed in May, 1915, over the Dardanelles crisis, and the shortage of shells and other munitions. Sir Edward Carson retired in October, 1915, mainly because the war was not going well in the East, and because the Allies did not coerce Greece. It was well known that Mr. Lloyd George was in general agreement with Sir Edward Carson and considered that

Mr. Asquith's War Committee was dilatory and inefficient as an instrument for waging war.

It was generally admitted that the machinery for directing the war was cumbersome and slow. The military chiefs regarded it as ill-fitted for the purpose. Two 'ginger' groups were formed in the House of Commons, one on the Unionist side, with Sir Edward Carson as its chief, and one on the Liberal side. The war was not going well for the Allies in the summer of 1916. There were continual attacks on the Cabinet from the outside, and Mr. Lloyd George was in permanent revolt inside.

The progress of disintegration which had begun came to a head on a subsidiary issue which had no bearing on war-policy. It was on an economic question in which the United States was involved. Enemy properties in British dominions were being sold, and in the fall of 1916 the turn came to dispose of German interests in Nigeria. The Governor of the colony advertised the properties for sale in neutral countries, — including the United States, — as well as in Allied countries and within the British Empire. He did so because he considered that he was following the traditional British policy of acting in the best interests of the natives, of whom he regarded himself — in the absence of representative government — as the trustee. There was another reason why there should be foreign competition: the palm-kernel trade in Nigeria had fallen into the hands of an English monopoly as soon as the German competition had stopped, and the price paid to the natives had fallen fifty per cent. The tariff party in the House of Commons fastened on this issue: they considered that Empire interests were being betrayed. British raw material for the British was their policy; 'Alien hands off!' was their cry.

The issue was also raised to embarrass the Government and in the hope of defeating it.

These tactics were not discouraged by Mr. Lloyd George although he took no direct part in them. The running was made by the Ulster fire-eater, Sir Edward Carson. The government policy won, but Mr. Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, became alarmed about his own position. When taking office under Mr. Asquith in May, 1915, he had pledged himself to his party that, if ever he found himself in disagreement with them, if ever he lost their confidence, he would resign. In the division on the Nigerian sale sixty Unionists voted against the Government and the Unionist leader, and seventy-one voted on the other side, including fifteen office-holders. The margin was too narrow for safety. Mr. Bonar Law decided that 'something should be done to give greater security to the Government,' and he thought that the proper course lay in improving and quickening the machinery for directing the war — then a clumsy committee which had increased in numbers until it resembled a small public meeting; and the larger it became, the less work it accomplished.

Sir Edward Carson was all out for war against the Asquith Administration. Mr. Lloyd George was with him, and carried on his operations by occasionally speaking against the government of which he was a member, and by pursuing an aggressive policy inside the War Committee and the Cabinet — all from a genuine desire to make the war go better.

At this particular time, Mr. Lloyd George had drifted apart from Mr. Bonar Law; so had Sir Edward Carson — a feature of the situation which did not make the Unionist leader's position more comfortable. Carson, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-

mons, was in close coöperation with Mr. Lloyd George, the leader of the Opposition inside the Cabinet.

This clash of personal interests made the position impossible: it could not last. Then entered upon the scene a gentleman almost unknown in English political life, who started to bring about a reconciliation. He knew the three. He was Sir Max Aitken, a Canadian financier who entered English politics a few years before, and who now hides his former identity under the title of Lord Beaverbrook. He had no influence in the House of Commons, but he had influence with Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. He had had a profitable experience as a merger of industrial enterprises in Canada, and he now applied the same skillful diplomacy to bring together conflicting political personalities in England. He succeeded. First, he reconciled Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. Next, he brought in Mr. Lloyd George; and the three spent the latter part of November in secret confabulation, with the Canadian financier acting as host and go-between. Little progress was made toward reforming the War Committee, and consequently improving the direction of the war. At that time Mr. Bonar Law had not the same complete trust in Mr. Lloyd George that he had in Mr. Asquith, whom he still considered as the indispensable head of a government and the focus of national unity.

The first proposal for a new War Council was submitted by Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Asquith on the 18th of November, 1916. It was simplicity itself. The Council was to consist of the trio themselves, working without portfolios under the supreme control of Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith did not accept the scheme. Mr. Bonar Law produced an alternative a week later. This scheme was for a cabinet within the Cabinet: a body of

civilian ministers who would sit daily, if necessary, together with naval, military, and other expert advisers. It was to be a real War Council. The members would have no other function than 'to conduct the war.' Mr. Asquith was to be the President and Mr. Lloyd George the Chairman, and President in the absence of the Prime Minister. The prerogatives of the Prime Minister were not encroached upon. He had power to refer any question, or all questions, to the Cabinet, and was left in supreme control, with his authority unimpaired and his responsibility not lessened. The scheme looked an admirable working arrangement — better than the War Cabinet, subsequently created by Mr. Lloyd George, which is not a War Cabinet at all, except in name. It is a body changing in personnel according to the subjects discussed, and dealing with the whole work of the Administration, military and civil. Mr. Asquith did not accept the revised scheme as presented by Mr. Bonar Law, nor was it approved by Mr. Bonar Law's Unionist colleagues, who proposed a dual council separating the military from the civil administration.

III

In the meantime, Mr. Asquith was wrestling with all sorts of trouble. He could not find a food-controller, he was seeking a plan to speed up shipbuilding, he was preparing a ministry of national service, he was contemplating the organization of a civilian general staff to work on parallel lines with a reformed War Council. He did not take his trusted Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet into his confidence. His chief Liberal lieutenant, Mr. Lloyd George, was coöperating with the Unionist leader. Mr. Asquith was in great perplexity; he was sincere, honest, straightforward, but harassed with doubts. He studied

and hesitated. But Mr. Lloyd George was in a hurry, and his restlessness made Mr. Asquith all the more anxious, as he never knew where demands would end or what Mr. Lloyd George's last word would be. Mr. Lloyd George's political and personal supporters kept up a perpetual attack on the Prime Minister; and while he did not know whether Mr. Lloyd George encouraged the assailants, he did know that he neither rebuked nor tried to restrain them.

At this point negotiations passed into the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. Then began a rapid interchange of letters between him and Mr. Asquith. The sequel of this correspondence was the downfall of the latter. The historic letters have been circulated among a select circle of friends of both men. One gentleman intimately associated with the negotiations has printed them privately. They have been read by a number of leading statesmen and publicists, including visitors from overseas, among them Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada. This correspondence reveals the working of the minds of two men who played great parts in the war at a time of stress and national crisis, and deserves wider publicity, not alone for its own interest, but for the development of which it was the prelude.

The first communication from Mr. Lloyd George was dated the first of December, 1916, in the form of a brief memorandum, as follows:—

December 1st, 1916.

MEMO. TO PRIME MINISTER

1. That the War Committee consist of three members — two of whom must be the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, who should have in their offices deputies capable of attending to and deciding all department business — and a third Minister without portfolio. One of the three to be Chairman.

2. That the War Committee shall have

full powers, subject to the supreme control of the Prime Minister, to direct all questions connected with the War.

3. The Prime Minister in his discretion to have the power to refer any question to the Cabinet.

4. Unless the Cabinet, on reference by the Prime Minister, reverses the decision of the War Committee, that decision to be carried out by the Department concerned.

5. The War Committee to have the power to invite any Minister and to summon the expert advisers and officers of any Department to its meetings.

To this Mr. Asquith replied later on in the same day. He wrote:—

(Secret)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.

1st December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

I have now had time to reflect on our conversation this morning and to study your memorandum.

Though I do not altogether share your dark estimate and forecast of the situation, actual and perspective, I am in complete agreement that we have reached a critical situation in the War, and that our own methods of procedure, with the experience which we have gained during the last few months, call for reconsideration and revision.

The two main defects of the War Committee, which has done excellent work, are (1) that its numbers are too large; (2) that there is delay, evasion, and often obstruction, on the part of the Departments in giving effect to its decisions. I might with good reason add (3), that it is often kept in ignorance by the Departments of information, essential and even vital, of a technical kind, upon the problems that come before it, and (4) that it is overcharged with duties, many of which might well be delegated to subordinate bodies.

The result is that I am clearly of opinion that the War Committee should be reconstituted, and its relations to and authority over the Departments, etc., more clearly defined and more effectively asserted.

I now come to your specific proposals. In my opinion, whatever changes are made

in the composition or functions of the War Committee, the Prime Minister must be its Chairman. He cannot be relegated to the position of an arbiter in the background or a referee to the Cabinet.

In regard to its composition, I agree that the War Secretary and the First Lord of the Admiralty are necessary members. I am inclined to add to the same category the Minister of Munitions. There should be another member, either without portfolio or charged only with comparatively light departmental duties. One of the members should be appointed Vice-Chairman.

I purposely do not in this letter discuss the delicate and difficult question of personnel.

The Committee should, as far as possible, sit *de die in diem*, and have full power to see that its decisions (subject to appeal to the Cabinet) are carried out promptly and effectively by the Departments.

The reconstruction of the War Committee should be accompanied by the setting up of a Committee of National Organization, to deal with the purely domestic side of war-problems. It should have executive powers within its own domain.

The Cabinet would in all cases have ultimate authority.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

Clearly Mr. Asquith was of opinion that the War Council proposed would undermine his authority, and he therefore wished to retain his right to be chairman. He could not very well have acted as chairman of a committee at daily meetings, and as chairman of a committee on national civil organization, have presided at general Cabinet meetings, and have continued to perform his parliamentary duties as Leader of the House of Commons.

Instead of pursuing the negotiations and trying to reconcile their differences, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George went into the country for the week-end. On Sunday morning, December 2, Conservative ministers met at Mr. Bonar Law's house. These min-

isters were in favor of Mr. Asquith remaining; and in order, as they thought, to strengthen his position and give him a free hand, they advised him to resign and reconstruct his government.

The British Prime Minister in the matter of allocating offices is an autocrat. When he resigns or reconstructs his government, he invites all his ministers to return their portfolios and he re-allots offices, according to his own desires and interests, to so many of them as he wishes to retain.

Mr. Asquith, who returned to his official residence in London on Sunday afternoon, did not see how resignation would facilitate his task, and solve the pressing problem before him. As a lever to bring Mr. Asquith into harmony with the policy of the Unionists, Mr. Bonar Law was authorized to resign and to tender the resignation of all his Unionist colleagues. He did not carry out this part of his mission. Mr. Asquith was in a conciliatory mood. He was willing to continue discussion in order to arrive at an understanding. Interviews took place between him, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Bonar Law, separately and together, on Sunday evening, and on the third a compromise was reached, and a scheme was agreed upon. The War Committee was to direct the war-policy, under the supreme and effective control of the Prime Minister. The Committee was not to consist of more than five: they would have a chairman, — Mr. Lloyd George, — and Mr. Asquith would attend the meetings at his discretion and preside when he did attend. The chairman would report to him daily. He would review the programme of business and have the power of veto.

This solution, almost on the lines of that proposed by Mr. Bonar Law in November, maintained the supreme control and responsibility of the Prime Minister. The question of personnel

was not settled. Mr. Asquith agreed to Mr. Lloyd George (as chairman), Mr. Bonar Law, and a representative of Labor (Mr. Arthur Henderson), but he did not agree to Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion that Mr. Balfour, then at the head of the Admiralty, should be excluded and that Sir Edward Carson should be included. He considered that Mr. Balfour had proved an efficient First Lord of the Admiralty, and that he had a right to be a member of the Committee, with or without portfolio. He had not been impressed with Sir Edward Carson's ability as a cabinet minister, and, perhaps, he was also thinking of Ireland. At any rate, while the constitution of the Committee, as regards two men, was not settled on Sunday evening, Mr. Asquith was confident that this remaining difficulty would be overcome. He dined at the house of Mr. Edwin Montagu, now Minister for India and then Minister for Munitions, who had been trying to play the part of conciliator. So sure was Mr. Asquith that the way was clear for a settlement, that he issued a notice to the press from Mr. Montagu's house, which read: 'The Prime Minister, with a view to the more effective prosecution of the war, has decided to advise His Majesty the King to consent to a reconstruction of the Government.' Probably the first knowledge the King had of this intention was when he read the announcement in the press next morning.

The next day — the fourth of December — the breaking-point was reached. The *Times* published an editorial which was intended to make an agreement between the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George impossible. That journal had attacked Mr. Asquith severely and somewhat malignantly for two years or so. It misrepresented Mr. Asquith in many respects, and probably misled public opinion. Mr. Asquith

was indifferent to personal attack or abuse, but what disturbed him in respect to this particular article was that the secret conversation of the previous evening had been conveyed to the *Times* within a few hours. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law certainly had not communicated with the press, so the leakage must have been through Mr. Lloyd George.

During this period Mr. Lloyd George and the Northcliffe press had not been on friendly terms. As Minister for War, Mr. Lloyd George had not carried out the Northcliffe policy. There was a temporary estrangement. Here again came in the Canadian merger and proposed a reconciliation between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. He pointed out that Lord Northcliffe's support was better than his opposition. Therefore, as the price of peace, he had to be let into the confidence of Mr. Lloyd George. He was informed, either by Mr. Lloyd George or by an intermediary. The *Times* was put in possession of a weapon which it used, not to support Mr. Lloyd George, but to stab Mr. Asquith. It represented, or rather misrepresented, the agreement arrived at on Sunday evening as meaning the annihilation of Mr. Asquith. He was to be a mere *roi-fainéant*: he had not abdicated, but had been reduced to a non-entity and he was represented as being a consenting party to his own effacement — relegated, as he himself said, to the position of an 'irresponsible spectator of the war.' Consequently he wrote as follows on the morning of the fourth of December to Mr. Lloyd George:—

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

Such productions as the first leading article in to-day's *Times*, shewing the infinite possibilities for misunderstanding and misrepresentation of such an arrangement as

we considered yesterday, make me at least doubtful as to its feasibility. Unless the impression is at once corrected, that I am being relegated to the position of an irresponsible spectator of the War, I cannot possibly go on.

The suggested arrangement was to the following effect: The Prime Minister to have supreme and effective control of War Policy.

The agenda of the War Committee will be submitted to him; its Chairman will report to him daily; he can direct it to consider particular topics or proposals; and all its conclusions will be subject to his approval or veto. He can, of course, at his own discretion attend meetings of the Committee.

Yours sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

Mr. Lloyd George, within a few minutes, sent the following reply:—

WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—

I have not seen the *Times* article, but I hope you will not attach undue importance to these effusions. I have had these misrepresentations to put up with for months. Northcliffe frankly wants a smash. Derby and I do not. Northcliffe would like to make this and any other rearrangement under your Premiership impossible. Derby and I attach great importance to your retaining your present position—effectively. I cannot restrain or, I fear, influence Northcliffe. I fully accept in letter and in spirit your summary of the suggested arrangement—subject of course to personnel.

Ever sincerely,

(sd) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George might have known about the article or have been told about it, although he had not actually seen it. It is inconceivable that he did not know of its existence, as no one is a keener student of the press or has a better appreciation of its influence. He did not volunteer any explanation about the source of information upon which the article was founded. He admitted nothing and denied nothing. Lord Derby, then Mr. Lloyd George's

assistant at the War Office, was introduced as a party to the negotiations for the first time. As a rule, Mr. Lloyd George ignored his assistant, who was absorbed in work which the Minister threw upon him; but he is an amiable gentleman, with a conciliatory and friendly spirit. Lord Derby's published view on the situation was that

the Committee should consist of a small number of men; that the Prime Minister, whose duties were so great that he could not always preside over its deliberations, should not be required to attend all its meetings; and that the Committee should be able to sit all day, and every day if required. It would therefore be desirable, when it was impossible for the Prime Minister to preside, that the business of chairman should be delegated to someone else; and I am sure that you will agree that there was certainly one who would be designated by the country as the right man to fill that position. There was a further power given to the Prime Minister, and that was not only of attending, and, when he attended, presiding over the Committee, but of vetoing any proposal which that Committee might wish to put forward. That was the constitution of the Committee, and I thought, and still think, that it would have been possible to make such a change without overthrowing the Government.

Although Mr. Asquith was seriously perturbed, the door was not closed. In the meantime, he had consulted his colleagues, both Liberal and Unionist; he had regained confidence in himself; he felt that he could take bolder measures, and, without defying Mr. Lloyd George, bring his restless lieutenant into line. So he plucked up courage to send him this letter—still on the fourth of December:—

(Secret)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE,—

Thank you for your letter of this morning.

The King gave me to-day authority to ask and accept the resignation of all my colleagues, and to form a new Government on such lines as I should submit to him. I start therefore with a clean slate.

The first question which I have to consider is the constitution of the new War Committee.

After full consideration of the matter in all its aspects, I have come decidedly to the conclusion that it is not possible that such a Committee could be made workable and effective without the Prime Minister as its Chairman. I quite agree that it will be necessary for him, in view of the other calls upon his time and energy, to delegate from time to time the Chairmanship to another Minister as his representative and *locum tenens*; but (if he is to retain the authority which corresponds with his responsibility as Prime Minister) he must continue to be, as he always has been, its permanent President. I am satisfied, on reflection, that any other arrangement (such for instance as the one which I indicated to you in my letter of to-day) would be found in experience impracticable, and incompatible with the retention of the Prime Minister's final and supreme control.

The other question, which you have raised, relates to the personnel of the Committee. Here again, after deliberate consideration, I find myself unable to agree with some of your suggestions. I think we both agree that the First Lord of the Admiralty must, of necessity, be a member of the Committee. I cannot (as I told you yesterday) be a party to any suggestion that Mr. Balfour should be displaced. The technical side of the Board of Admiralty has been reconstituted, with Sir John Jellicoe as First Sea Lord. I believe Mr. Balfour to be, under existing conditions, the necessary head of the Board.

I must add that Sir Edward Carson (for whom personally and in every other way, I have the greatest regard) is not, from the only point of view which is significant to me (namely the most effective prosecution of the War), the man best qualified among my colleagues, present or past, to be a member of the War Committee.

I have only to say, in conclusion, that I am strongly of opinion that the War Committee (without any disparagement of the

existing Committee, which in my judgment is a most efficient body, and has done, and is doing, valuable work) ought to be reduced in number, so that it can sit more frequently and overtake more easily the daily problems with which it has to deal. But in any reconstruction of the Committee, such as I have, and have for some time past had in view, the governing consideration to my mind is the special capacity of the men who are to sit on it for the work which it has to do.

That is a question which I must reserve for myself to decide.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

There was nothing new as regards Mr. Asquith's attitude, but his views were firmly expressed, and his determination to ask for the resignation of all his colleagues gave him as he said 'a clean slate,' with power to re-allocate offices as he chose, and to omit any one whose coöperation he no longer desired.

Mr. Lloyd George did not expect this bomb-shell, and took more than a few hours over his reply, which was a masterly production, intended as a justification of his whole war-policy, and was written with a view to publication. This letter read:—

WAR OFFICE, S.W., 5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER, —

I received your letter with some surprise. On Friday I made proposals which involved, not merely your retention of the Premiership, but the supreme control of the War, whilst the executive functions, subject to that supreme control, were left to others. I thought you then received these suggestions favorably. In fact you yourself proposed that I should be the Chairman of this Executive Committee, although, as you know, I never put forward that demand. On Saturday you wrote me a letter in which you completely went back on that proposition. You sent for me on Sunday and put before me other proposals: these proposals you embodied in a letter to me written on Monday: —

'The Prime Minister to have supreme and effective control of War policy;

'The agenda of the War Committee will be submitted to him; its Chairman will report to him daily; he can direct it to consider particular topics or proposals; and all its conclusions will be subject to his approval or veto. He can, of course, at his own discretion attend meetings of the Committee.'

These proposals safeguarded your position and power as Prime Minister in every particular. I immediately wrote you, accepting them 'in letter and in spirit.' It is true that on Sunday I expressed views as to the constitution of the Committee, but these were for discussion. To-day you have gone back on your own proposals.

I have striven my utmost to cure the obvious defects of the War Committee without overthrowing the Government. As you are aware, on several occasions during the last two years I have deemed it my duty to express profound dissatisfaction with the Government's method of conducting the War. Many a time, with the road to victory open in front of us, we have delayed and hesitated whilst the enemy were erecting barriers that finally checked the approach. There has been delay, hesitation, lack of forethought and vision. I have endeavored repeatedly to warn the Government of the dangers, both verbally and in written memoranda and letters, which I crave your leave now to publish if my action is challenged; but I have either failed to secure decisions or I have secured them when it was too late to avert the evils. The latest illustration is our lamentable failure to give timely support to ROUMANIA.

I have more than once asked to be released from my responsibility for a policy with which I was in thorough disagreement, but at your urgent personal request I remained in the Government. I realize that, when the country is in the peril of a great war, Ministers have not the same freedom to resign on disagreement. At the same time, I have always felt — and I felt deeply — that I was in a false position, inasmuch as I could never defend in a wholehearted manner the action of the Government of which I was a member. We have thrown away opportunity after opportunity, and I am convinced, after deep and anxious re-

flection, that it is my duty to leave the Government, in order to inform the people of the real condition of affairs and to give them an opportunity, before it is too late, to save their native land from a disaster which is inevitable if the present methods are longer persisted in. As all delay is fatal in war, I place my office without further parley at your disposal.

It is with great personal regret that I have come to this conclusion. In spite of mean and unworthy insinuations to the contrary, — insinuations which I fear are always inevitable in the case of men who hold prominent but not primary positions in any Administration, — I have felt a strong personal attachment to you as my chief. As you yourself said on Sunday, we have acted together for ten years and never had a quarrel, although we have had many a grave difference on questions of policy. You have treated me with great courtesy and kindness; for all that I thank you. Nothing would have induced me to part now except an overwhelming sense that the course of action which has been pursued has put the country — and not merely the country, but throughout the world, the principles for which you and I have always stood throughout our political lives — in the greatest peril that has ever overtaken them.

As I am fully conscious of the importance of preserving national unity, I propose to give your Government complete support in the vigorous prosecution of the War; but unity without action is nothing but futile carnage, and I cannot be responsible for that. Vigor and vision are the supreme need at this hour.

Yours sincerely,

(sd) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George, it will be noticed, in this communication accuses the Prime Minister, as his friends in the press had already done, of going back on his word on two occasions. The letters on the crisis, and the views of mere independent participators in the controversy, do not bear out this interpretation of Mr. Asquith's attitude, which, it must be remembered, was influenced by the *Times* article, and by the fear

that he had not heard the last word in Mr. Lloyd George's demands.

There are severe strictures in Mr. Lloyd George's letter on the general conduct of the war; but the one specific indictment of failure refers to Roumania. On the fourth of September, 1916, he wrote a memorandum on Roumania. Mr. Lloyd George was rightly proud of this document, and it has had a very considerable private circulation among his friends. Here it is:—

WAR OFFICE, 4. 9. 1916.

I have just seen the telegrams announcing the declaration of war by Bulgaria against Roumania. This is an additional ground for the anxiety which I expressed to you on Saturday as to the possibilities in the immediate future in the Balkans. I then expressed some apprehension that Hindenburg, who has strong Eastern proclivities and has always been opposed to the concentration of Germanic forces in the West, would direct his attention to the crushing of Roumania, and that we ought to be thinking out every practicable plan for giving effective support to Roumania in the event of her being heavily attacked. We cannot afford another Serbian tragedy. We were warned early in 1915 that the Germans meant, in confederation with the Bulgars, to wipe Serbia out. In spite of that fact, when the attack came we had not purchased a single mule to aid the Serbians through Salonika. The result was, when our troops landed there, owing to lack of equipment and appropriate transport, they could not go inland and Serbia was crushed.

I hope that we shall not allow the same catastrophe to befall Roumania through lack of timely forethought.

There are three disquieting facts in the situation:—

1. Hindenburg's well-known Eastern inclinations.

2. The declaration of war by Bulgaria against Roumania. I cannot believe Ferdinand would have taken this risk where it was quite unnecessary, unless he had received substantial guarantees of German assistance in the attack on Roumania.

3. The slackening of the German attack on Verdun. Hindenburg will certainly give up this foolish attack at the earliest possible opportunity. The abandonment of this operation will release hundreds of heavy guns and hundreds of thousands of good troops. If in addition to this he were prepared gradually to give ground on the Somme, making us pay for it as he retires, he could transfer several more divisions from the West to the East. He could give up four or five times as much ground as we have won during the past two months without surrendering any vital positions.

4. I can hardly think that the equipment of the Roumanian Army would enable it long to resist an attack from an Austro-Germanic-Bulgarian force, armed with hundreds of heavy guns and supplied with enormous quantities of heavy shell. The Roumanians are very scantily supplied with heavy guns, and I doubt whether their supplies of ammunition are sufficient to enable them to get through a continuous fight lasting over several weeks.

I therefore once more urge that the General Staff should carefully consider what action we could, in conjunction with France and Italy, take immediately to relieve the pressure on Roumania if a formidable attack developed against her. There may be nothing in my fears, but no harm could be done by being prepared for all contingencies.

(sd) D. Ll.G.

We now know what really happened with regard to Roumania. Much of the munitions intended for her had been intercepted by Russia, although they had not been put to effective use by that country. Roumania was the victim of Russian inefficiency, incompetence, corruption, and neglect. As the Allies could help Roumania only through Russia, they were obviously at a disadvantage, unless they had foreseen the danger many months before they induced Roumania to enter the war; and at that time munitions were inadequate to go round. The military weakness of Russia helped to make Roumania an easy prey to the German legions.

Mr. Asquith sent a brief and restrained reply to Mr. Lloyd George's ultimatum, dated the same day — December 5. It ran: —

(*Private*)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

I need not tell you that I have read your letter of to-day with much regret.

I do not comment upon it for the moment, except to say that I cannot wholly accept your account of what passed between us in regard to my connection with the War Committee.

In particular, you have omitted to quote the first and most material part of my letter of yesterday.

Yours very sincerely,

(*sd*) H. H. ASQUITH.

In the meantime, I feel sure that you will see the obvious necessity in the public interest of not publishing at this moment any part of our correspondence.

Mr. Lloyd George still hankered after publicity and in reply said: —

WAR OFFICE, S.W., 5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER, —

I cannot announce my resignation without assigning the reason. Your request that I should not publish the correspondence that led up to and necessitated it places me therefore in an embarrassing and unfair position. I must give reasons for the grave step I have taken. If you forbid publication of the correspondence, do you object to my stating in another form my version of the causes that led to my resigning?

Yours sincerely,

(*sd*) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

As to the first part of your letter, the publication of the letters would cover the whole ground.

A new situation then faced Mr. Asquith: he was threatened with the pub-

lication of letters which would have raised a fierce controversy and destroyed national unity at a time when things were not going well. The inner history of a split between the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George, the revelation of the weakness of machinery for directing the war, would have caused consternation at home, alarm among the Allies, and have given welcome encouragement to the enemy. Placed in such a dilemma, Mr. Asquith took the only course which the gravity of the situation demanded: he resigned. He announced his resignation in his final letter to Mr. Lloyd George which was as follows: —

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

It may make a difference to you (in reply to your last letter) if I tell you at once that I have tendered my resignation to the King.

In any case, I should deprecate in the public interest the publication in its present form, at this moment, of your letters to me of this morning.

Of course, I have neither the power nor the wish to prevent your stating in some other form the causes which have led you to take the step which you have taken.

Yours very sincerely,

(*sd*) H. H. ASQUITH.

Although he had resigned, Mr. Asquith was confident that he would be recalled to power. The Unionists believed that he would be, his own followers in the Cabinet were certain that no one else could reconstruct the coalition; Liberal and Unionist Ministers predicted that Mr. Lloyd George could not form an administration. He did. How he accomplished this amazingly clever feat in political strategy is another story.

HAMMOCK NIGHTS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

SURELY no one can deny that there is a great gulf between pancakes and truffles. An eternal, fixed, abysmal cañon. It is like the chasm between beds and hammocks. It is not to be denied and not to be traversed; for if pancakes with syrup are a necessary of life, then truffles with anything must be, by the very nature of things, a supreme and undisputed luxury, a regal food for royalty and the chosen of the earth. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt that these two are divided; and it is not alone a mere arbitrary division of poverty and riches as it would appear on the surface. It is an alienation brought about by profound and fundamental differences; for the gulf between them is that gulf which separates the prosaic, the ordinary, the commonplace, from all that is colored and enlivened by romance.

The romance of truffles! The very word itself appears in a halo, an aristocratic halo full of mystery and suggestion. One remembers the hunters who must track their quarry through marshy and treacherous lands, and one cannot forget their confiding catpaw, that desolated pig, created only to be betrayed and robbed of the fungi of his labors. He is one of the pathetic characters of history, born to secret sorrow, victimized by those superior tastes which do not become his lowly station. Born to labor and to suffer, but not to eat. To this day he commands my sympathy; his ghost — lean,

bourgeois, reproachful — looks out at me from every marketplace in the world where the truffle proclaims his faithful service.

But the pancake is a pancake, nothing more. It is without inherent or artificial glamour; and this unfortunately, when you come right down to it, is true of food in general. For food, after all, is one of the lesser considerations; the connoisseur, the gourmet, even the gourmand, spends no more than four hours out of the day at his table. From the cycle, he may select four in which to eat; but whether he will or not, he must set aside seven of the twenty-four in which to sleep.

Sleeping, then, as opposed to eating, is of almost double importance, since it consumes nearly twice as much time — and time, in itself, is the most valuable thing in the world. Considered from this angle, it seems incredible that we have no connoisseurs of sleep. For we have none. Therefore it is with some temerity that I declare sleep to be one of the romances of existence, and not by any chance the simple necessary it is reputed to be.

However, this romance, in company with whatever is worthy, is not to be discovered without the proper labor. Life is not all truffles. Neither do they grow in modest back-yards to be picked of mornings by the maid-of-all-work. A mere bed, notwithstanding its magic camouflage of coverings, of canopy, of disguised pillows, of shining brass or fluted carven posts, is, pancake like, never surrounded by this

aura of romance. No, it is hammock sleep which is the sweetest of all slumber. Not in the hideous, dyed affairs of our summer porches, with their miserable curved sticks to keep the strands apart, and their maddening creaks which grow in length and discord the higher one swings — but in a hammock woven by Carib Indians. An Indian hammock selected at random will not suffice; it must be a Carib and none other. For they, themselves, are part and parcel of the romance, since they are not alone a quaint and poetic people, but the direct descendants of those remote Americans who were the first to see the caravels of Columbus. Indeed, he paid the initial tribute to their skill, for in the diary of his first voyage he writes, —

‘A great many Indians in canoes came to the ship to-day for the purpose of bartering their cotton, and *hamacas* or nets in which they sleep.’

It is supposed that this name owes its being to the hamack tree, from the bark of which they were woven. However that may be, the modern hammock of these tropical Red Men is so light and so delicate in texture that during the day one may wear it as a sash, while at night it forms an incomparable couch.

But one does not drop off to sleep in this before a just and proper preparation. This presents complexities. First, the hammock must be slung with just the right amount of tautness; then, the novice must master the knack of winding himself in his blanket that he may slide gently into his aerial bed and rest at right angles to the tied ends, thus permitting the free side-meshes to curl up naturally over his feet and head. This cannot be taught. It is an art; and any art is one tenth technique, and nine tenths natural talent. However, it is possible to acquire a certain virtuosity, which, after all is said, is

but pure mechanical skill as opposed to sheer genius. One might, perhaps, get a hint by watching the living chrysalid of a potential moon-moth wriggle back into its cocoon — but little is to be learned from human teaching. However, if, night after night, one will watch his Indians, a certain instinctive knowledge will arise to aid and abet him in his task. Then, after his patient apprenticeship, he may reap as he has sowed. If it is to be disaster, it is as immediate as it is ignominious; but if success is to be his portion, then he is destined to rest, wholly relaxed, upon a couch encushioned and resilient beyond belief. He finds himself exalted and supreme above all mundane disturbances, with the treetops and the stars for his canopy, and the earth a shadowy floor far beneath. This gentle aerial support is distributed throughout hundreds of fine meshes, and the sole contact with the earth is through twin living boles, pulsing with swift running sap, whose lichened bark and moonlit foliage excel any tapestry of man's devising.

Perhaps it is atavistic — this desire to rest and swing in a hamaca. For these are not unlike the treetop couches of our arboreal ancestors, such a one as I have seen an orang-utan weave in a few minutes in the swaying crotch of a tree. At any rate, the hammock is not dependent upon four walls, upon rooms and houses, and it partakes altogether of the wilderness. Its movement is æolian — yielding to every breath of air. It has even its own weird harmony — for I have often heard a low, whistling hum as the air rushed through the cordage mesh. In a sudden tropical gale every taut strand of my hamaca has seemed a separate, melodious, orchestral note, while I was buffeted to and fro, marking time to some rhythmic and reckless tune of the wind playing fortissimo on the woven strings

about me. The climax of this musical outburst was not without a mild element of danger — sufficient to create that enviable state of mind wherein the sense of security and the knowledge that a minor catastrophe may perhaps be brought about are weighed one against the other.

Special, unexpected, and interesting minor dangers are also the province of the hamaca. Once, in the tropics, a great fruit fell on the elastic strands and bounced upon my body. There was an ominous swish of the air in the sweeping arc which this missile described, also a goodly shower of leaves; and since the fusillade took place at midnight, it was, all in all, a somewhat alarming visitation. However, there were no honorable scars to mark its advent; and what is more important, from all my hundreds of hammock nights, I have no other memory of any actual or threatened danger which was not due to human carelessness or stupidity. It is true that once, in another continent, by the light of a campfire, I saw the long, liana-like body of a harmless tree-snake wind down from one of my fronded bed-posts and, like a living woof following its shuttle, weave a passing pattern of emerald through the pale meshes. But this heralded no harm, for the poisonous reptiles of that region never climb; and so, since I was worn out by a hard day, I shut my eyes and slept neither better nor worse because of the transient confidence of a neighborly serpent.

II

As a matter of fact, the wilderness provides but few real perils, and in a hammock one is safely removed from these. One lies in a stratum above all damp and chill of the ground, beyond the reach of crawling tick and looping leech; and with an enveloping *mos-*

quitaro, or mosquito shirt, as the Venezuelans call it, one is fortified even in the worst haunts of these most disturbing of all pests.

Once my ring rope slipped and the hammock settled, but not enough to wake me up and force me to set it to rights. I was aware that something had gone wrong, but, half asleep, I preferred to leave the matter in the lap of the gods. Later, as a result, I was awakened several times by the patting of tiny paws against my body, as small jungle-folk, standing on their hind-legs, essayed to solve the mystery of the swaying, silent, bulging affair directly overhead. I was unlike any tree or branch or liana which had come their way before; I do not doubt that they thought me some new kind of ant-nest, since these structures are alike only as their purpose in life is identical — for they express every possible variation in shape, size, color, design, and position. As for their curiosity, I could make no complaint, for, at best, my visitors could not be so inquisitive as I, inasmuch as I had crossed one ocean and two continents with no greater object than to pry into their personal and civic affairs as well as those of their neighbors. To say nothing of their environment and other matters.

That my rope slipped was the direct result of my own inefficiency. The hammock protects one from the dangers of the outside world, but like any man-made structure, it shows evidences of those imperfections which are part and parcel of human nature, and serve, no doubt, to make it interesting. But one may at least strive for perfection by being careful. Therefore tie the ropes of your hammock yourself, or examine and test the job done for you. The master of hammock makes a knot the name of which I do not know — I cannot so much as describe it. But I would like to twist it again —

two quick turns, a push and a pull; then, the greater the strain put upon it, the greater its resistance.

This trustworthiness commands respect and admiration, but it is in the morning that one feels the glow of real gratitude; for, in striking camp at dawn, one has but to give a single jerk and the rope is straightened out, without so much as a second's delay. It is the tying, however, which must be well done — this I learned from bitter experience.

It was one morning, years ago, but the memory of it is with me still, vivid and painful. One of the party had left her hammock, which was tied securely since she was skillful in such matters, to sit down and rest in another, belonging to a servant. This was slung at one end of a high, tropical porch, which was without the railing that surrounds the more pretentious verandas of civilization, so that the hammock swung free, first over the rough flooring, then a little out over the yard itself. A rope slipped, the faulty knot gave way, and she fell backward — a seven-foot fall with no support of any kind by which she might save herself. A broken wrist was the price she had to pay for another's carelessness — a broken wrist which, in civilization, is perhaps, one of the lesser tragedies; but this was in the very heart of the Guiana wilderness. Many hours from ether and surgical skill, such an accident assumes alarming proportions. Therefore, I repeat my warning: tie your knots or examine them.

It is true that, when all is said and done, a dweller in hammocks may bring upon himself any number of diverse dangers of a character never described in books or imagined in fiction. A fellow naturalist of mine never lost an opportunity to set innumerable traps for the lesser jungle-folk, such as mice and opossums, all of which he relig-

iously measured and skinned, so that each, in its death, should add its mite to human knowledge. As a fisherman runs out set lines, so would he place his traps in a circle under his hammock, using a cord to tie each and every one to the meshes. This done, it was his custom to lie at ease and wait for the click below which would usher in a new specimen, — perhaps a new species, — to be lifted up, removed, and safely cached until morning. This strategic method served a double purpose: it conserved natural energy, and it protected the catch. For if the traps were set in the jungle and trustfully confided to its care until the break of day, the ants would leave a beautifully cleaned skeleton, intact, all unnecessarily entrapped.

Now it happened that once, when he had set his nocturnal traps, he straightway went to sleep in the midst of all the small jungle people who were calling for mates and new life, so that he did not hear the click which was to warn him that another little beast of fur had come unawares upon his death. But he heard, suddenly, a disturbance in the low ferns beneath his hammock. He reached over and caught hold of one of the cords, finding the attendant trap heavy with prey. He was on the point of feeling his way to the trap itself, when instead, by some subconscious prompting, he reached over and snapped on his flashlight. And there before him, hanging in mid-air, striking viciously at his fingers which were just beyond his reach, was a young fer-de-lance — one of the deadliest of tropical serpents. His nerves gave way, and with a crash the trap fell to the ground where he could hear it stirring and thrashing about among the dead leaves. This ominous rustling did not encourage sleep; he lay there for a long time listening, — and every minute is longer in the darkness, — while his ham-

mock quivered and trembled with the reaction.

Guided by this, I might enter into a new field of naturalizing and say to those who might, in excitement, be tempted to do otherwise, 'Look at your traps before lifting them.' But my audience would be too limited; I will refrain from so doing.

It is true that this brief experience might be looked upon as one illustration of the perils of the wilderness, since it is not customary for the *fer-de-lance* to frequent the city and the town. But this would give rise to a footless argument, leading nowhere. For danger is everywhere — it lurks in every shadow and is hidden in the bright sunlight, it is the uninvited guest, the invisible pedestrian who walks beside you in the crowded street ceaselessly, without tiring. But even a *fer-de-lance* should rather add to the number of hammock devotees than diminish them; for the three feet or more of elevation is as good as so many miles between the two of you. And three miles from any serpent is sufficient.

It may be that the very word danger is subjected to a different interpretation in each one of our mental dictionaries. It is elastic, comprehensive. To some it may include whatever is terrible, terrifying; to others it may symbolize a worthy antagonist, one who throws down the gantlet and asks no questions, but who will make a good and fair fight wherein advantage is neither taken nor given. I suppose, to be bitten by vampires would be thought a danger by many who have not graduated from the mattress of civilization to this cubiculum of the wilderness. This is due, in part, to an ignorance, which is to be condoned; and this ignorance, in turn, is due to that lack of desire for a knowledge of new countries and new experiences, which lack is to be deplored and openly mourned.

When I first entered the vampire zone, I was apprized of the fact by the clotted blood on my horse's neck in the early morning. In actually seeing this evidence, I experienced the diverse emotions of the discoverer, although as a matter of fact I had discovered nothing more than the verification of a scientific commonplace. It so happened that I had read, at one time, many conflicting statements of the workings of this aerial leech; therefore, finding myself in his native habitat, I went to all sorts of trouble to become a victim to his sorceries. The great toe is the favorite and stereotyped point of attack, we are told; so, in my hammock, my great toes were conscientiously exposed night after night, but to no effect. When one of my Indians was more fortunate, my curiosity was satisfied; but my envy persists to this day.

III

I presume that this was a matter of ill luck, rather than a personal matter between the vampire and me. Therefore, as a direct result of this and like experiences, I have learned to make proper allowances for the whims of the fates. I have learned that it is their pleasure to deluge me with rainstorms at unpropitious moments, also to send me, with my hammock, to eminently desirable countries, which, however, are barren of trees and scourged of every respectable shrub. That the showers may not find me unprepared, I pack with my hamaca an extra length of rope, to be stretched taut from foot-post to head-post, that a tarpaulin or canvas may be slung over it. When a treeless country is presented to me in prospect, I have two stout stakes prepared, and I do not move forward without them.

It is a wonderful thing to see an experienced hammocker take his stakes,

first one, then the other, and plunge them into the ground three or four times, measuring at one glance the exact distance and angle, and securing magically that mysterious 'give' so essential to well-being and comfort. Any one can sink them like fence-posts, so that they stand deep and rigid, a reproach and an accusation; but it requires a particular skill to judge by the pull whether or not they will hold through the night and at the same time yield with gentle and supple swing to the least movement of the sleeper. A Carib knows, instantly, worthy and unworthy ground. I have seen an Indian sink his hamaca posts into sand with one swift, concentrated motion, mathematical in its precision and surety, so that he might enter at once into a peaceful night of tranquil and unbroken slumber, while I, a tenderfoot then, must needs beat my stakes down into the ground with tremendous energy, only to come to earth with a resounding thwack the moment I mounted my couch.

The Red Man made his comment, smiling: 'Yellow earth, much squeeze.' Which, being translated, informed me that the clayey ground I had chosen, hard though it seemed, was more like putty in that it would slip and slip with the prolonged pressure until the post fell inward and catastrophe crowned my endeavor.

So it follows that the hammock, in company with an adequate tarpaulin and two trustworthy stakes, will survive the heaviest downpour as well as the most arid and uncompromising desert. But since it is man-made, with finite limitations, nature is not without means to defeat its purpose. The hammock cannot cope with the cold — real cold, that is, not the sudden chill of tropical night which a blanket resists, but the cold of the north or of high altitudes. This is the realm of the

sleeping-bag, the joy of which is another story. More than once I have had to use a hammock at high levels, since there was nothing else at hand; and the numbness of the Arctic was mine. Every mesh seemed to invite a separate draught. The winds of heaven — all four — played unceasingly upon me, and I became in due time a swaying mummy of ice. It was my delusion that I was a dead Indian cached aloft upon my arboreal bier — which is not a normal state of mind for the sleeping explorer.

Anything rather than this helpless surrender to the elements. Better the lowlands and that fantastic shroud, the mosquitaro. For even to wind one's self into this is an experience of note. It is ingenious, and called the mosquito shirt because of its general shape, which is as much like a shirt as anything else. A large round centre covers the hammock, and two sleeves extend up the supporting strands and inclose the ends, being tied to the ring-ropes. If at sundown swarms of mosquitoes become unbearable, one retires into his netting funnel, and there disrobes. Clothes are rolled into a bundle and tied to the hammock, that one may close one's eyes reasonably confident that the supply will not be diminished by some small marauder. It is then that a miracle is enacted. For one is at least enabled, under these propitious circumstances, to achieve the impossible, to control and manipulate the void and the invisible, to obey that unforgotten advice of one's youth, 'Oh, g'wan — crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after you!' At an early age, this unnatural advice intrigued my mind, so that I devised innumerable means of verifying it; I was filled with a despair and longing whenever I met it anew. But it was an ambition appeased only in maturity. And this is the miracle of the tropics: climb up into

the hamaca, and, at this altitude, draw in the hole of the mosquitario funnel, making it fast with a single knot. It is done. One is at rest, and lying back, listens to the humming of all the mosquitos in the world, to be lulled to sleep by the sad, minor singing of their myriad wings. But though I have slung my hammock in many lands, on all the continents, I have few memories of netting nights. Usually, both in tropics and in tempered climes, one may boldly lie with face uncovered to the night.

IV

And this brings us to the greatest joy of hammock life, admission to the secrets of the wilderness, initiation to new intimacies and subtleties of this kingdom, at once welcomed and delicately ignored as any honored guest should be. For this one must make unwonted demands upon one's nocturnal senses. From habit, perhaps, it is natural to lie with the eyes wide open, but with all the faculties concentrated on the two senses which bring impressions from the world of darkness — hearing and smell. In a jungle hut a loud cry from out of the black tree-tops now and then reaches the ear; in a tent the faint noises of the night outside are borne on the wind, and at times the silhouette of a passing animal moves slowly across the heavy cloth; but in a hamaca one is not thus set apart to be baffled by hidden mysteries — one is given the very point of view of the creatures who live and die in the open.

Through the meshes which press gently against one's face comes every sound which our human ears can distinguish and set apart from the silence — a silence which in itself is only a mirage of apparent soundlessness, a testimonial to the imperfection of our senses. The moaning and whining of some

distant beast of prey is brought on the breeze to mingle with the silken swishing of the palm fronds overhead and the insistent chirping of many insects — a chirping so fine and shrill that it verges upon the very limits of our hearing. And these, combined, unified, are no more than the ground surge beneath countless waves of sound. For the voice of the jungle is the voice of love, of hatred, of despair — and in the night-time, when the dominance of sense-activity shifts from eye to ear, from retina to nostril, it cries aloud its confidences to all the world. But the human mind is not equal to a true understanding of these; for in a tropical jungle the birds and the frogs, the beasts and the insects are sending out their messages so swiftly one upon the other, that the senses fail of their mission and only chaos and a great confusion are carried to the brain. The whirring of invisible wings and the movement of the wind in the low branches become one and the same: it is an epic, told in some strange tongue, an epic filled to overflowing with tragedy, with poetry and mystery. The cloth of this drama is woven from many-colored threads, for Nature is lavish with her pigment, reckless with life and death. She is generous because there is no need for her to be miserly. And in the darkness, I have heard the working of her will, translating as best I could.

In the darkness, I have at times heard the tramping of many feet; in a land traversed only by Indian trails I have listened to an overloaded freight train toiling up a steep grade; I have heard the noise of distant battle and the cries of the victor and the vanquished. Hard by, among the trees, I have heard a woman seized, have heard her crying, pleading for mercy, have heard her choking and sobbing till the end came in a terrible, gasping sigh;

and then, in the sudden silence, there was a movement and thrashing about in the topmost branches, and the flutter and whirr of great wings moving swiftly away from me into the heart of the jungle — the only clue to the author of this vocal tragedy. Once, a Pan of the woods tuned up his pipes — striking a false note now and then, as if it were his whim to appear no more than the veriest amateur; then suddenly, with the full liquid sweetness of his reeds, bursting into a strain so wonderful, so silvery clear, that I lay with mouth open to still the beating of blood in my ears, hardly breathing, so that I might catch every vibration of his song. When the last note died away, there was utter stillness about me for an instant — nothing stirred, nothing moved; the wind seemed to have forsaken the leaves. From a great distance, as if he were going deeper into the woods, I heard him once more tuning up his pipes; but he did not play again.

Beside me, I heard the low voice of one of my natives murmuring, '*Muerte ha pasado.*' My mind took up this phrase, repeating it, giving it the rhythm of Pan's song — a rhythm delicate, sustained, full of color and meaning in itself. I was ashamed that one of my kind could translate such sweet and poignant music into a superstition, could believe that it was the song of death, — the death that passes, — and not the voice of life. But it may have been that he was wiser in such matters than I; superstitions are many times no more than truth in masquerade. For I could call it by no name — whether bird or beast, creature of fur or feather or scale. And not for one, but for a thousand creatures within my hearing, any obscure nocturnal sound may have heralded the end of life. Song and death may go hand in hand, and such a song may be a beauti-

ful one, unsung, unuttered until this moment when Nature demands the final payment for what she has given so lavishly. In the open, the dominant note is the call to a mate, and with it, that there may be color and form and contrast, there is that note of pure vocal exuberance which is beauty for beauty and for nothing else; but in this harmony there is sometimes the cry of a creature who has come upon death unawares, a creature who has perhaps been dumb all the days of his life, only to cry aloud this once for pity, for mercy, or for faith, in this hour of his extremity. Of all, the most terrible is the death-scream of a horse, — a cry of frightful timbre, — treasured, according to some secret law, until this dire instant when for him death indeed passes.

It was years ago that I heard the pipes of Pan; but one does not forget these mysteries of the jungle night: the sounds and scents and the dim, glimpsed ghosts which flit through the darkness and the deepest shadow mark a place for themselves in one's memory, which is not erased. I have lain in my hammock looking at a tapestry of green draped over a half-fallen tree, and then for a few minutes have turned to watch the bats flicker across a bit of sky visible through the dark branches. When I looked back again at the tapestry, although the dusk had only a moment before settled into the deeper blue of twilight, a score of great lustrous stars were shining there, making new patterns in the green drapery; for in this short time, the spectral blooms of the night had awakened and flooded my resting-place with their fragrance.

And these were but the first of the flowers; for when the brief tropic twilight is quenched, a new world is born. The leaves and blossoms of the day are at rest, and the birds and insects sleep.

New blooms open, strange scents pour forth. Even our dull senses respond to these; for just as the eye is dimmed, so are the other senses quickened in the sudden night of the jungle. Nearby, so close that one can reach out and touch them, the pale cereous moons expand, exhaling their sweetness, subtle breaths of fragrance calling for the very life of their race to the whirring hawk-moths. The tiny miller who, through the hours of glare has crouched beneath a leaf, flutters upward, and the trail of her perfume summons her mate perhaps half a mile down wind. The civet cat, stimulated by love or war, fills the glade with an odor so pungent that it seems as if the other senses must mark it.

Although there may seem not a breath of air in motion, yet the tide of scent is never still. One's moistened finger may reveal no cool side, since there is not the vestige of a breeze; but faint odors arrive, become stronger, and die away, or are wholly dissipated by an onrush of others, so musky or so sweet that one can almost taste them. These have their secret purposes, since Nature is not wasteful. If she creates beautiful things, it is to serve some ultimate end; it is her whim to walk in obscure paths, but her goal is fixed and immutable. However, her designs are hidden and not easy to decipher; at best, one achieves, not knowledge, but a few isolated facts.

v

Sport in a hammock might, by the casual thinker, be considered as limited to dreams of the hunt and chase. Yet I have found at my disposal a score of amusements. When the dusk has just settled down, and the little bats fill every glade in the forest, a box of beetles or grasshoppers — or even bits of chopped meat — offers the possi-

bility of a new and neglected sport, in effect the inversion of baiting a school of fish. Toss a grasshopper into the air and he has only time to spread his wings for a parachute to earth, when a bat swoops past so quickly that the eyes refuse to see any single effort — but the grasshopper has vanished. As for the piece of meat, it is drawn like a magnet to the fierce little face. Once I tried the experiment of a bit of blunted bent wire on a long piece of thread, and at the very first cast I entangled a flutter-mouse and pulled him in. I was aghast when I saw what I had captured. A body hardly as large as that of a mouse was topped with the head of a fiend incarnate. Between his red puffed lips his teeth showed needle-sharp and ivory-white; his eyes were as evil as a caricature from *Simplicissimus*, and set deep in his head, while his ears and nose were monstrous with fold upon fold of skinny flaps. It was not a living face, but a mask of frightful mobility.

I set him free, deeming anything so ugly well worthy of life, if such could find sustenance among his fellows and win a mate for himself somewhere in this world. But he, for all his hideousness and unseemly mien, is not the vampire; the blood-sucking bat has won a mantle of deceit from the hands of Nature — a garb that gives him a modest and not unpleasing appearance, and makes it a difficult matter to distinguish him from his guileless confrères of our summer evenings.

But in the tropics, — the native land of the hammock, — not only the mysteries of the night, but the affairs of the day may be legitimately investigated from this aerial point of view. In the hot countries every unacclimatized white man must, sooner or later, succumb to that sacred custom, the siesta. In the cool of the day he may work vigorously, but this hour of rest

is indispensable. And in camp, when the sun nears the zenith and the hush which settles over the jungle proclaims that most of the wild creatures are resting, one may swing one's hammock in the very heart of this primitive forest and straightway be admitted into a new province, where rare and unsuspected experiences are open to the wayfarer. This is not the province of sleep or dreams, where all things are possible and preëminently reasonable; for one does not go through sundry hardships and all manner of self-denial, only to be blindfolded on the very threshold of his ambition. No naturalist of the temperament which begrudges every unused hour will, for a moment, think of sleep under such conditions. It is true that the rest and quiet are necessary to cool the Northern blood for active work in the afternoon, but the eye and the brain can suffer no harm from the keenest attention.

In the northlands the difference in the temperature of the early dawn and high noon is so slight that the effect on birds and other creatures, as well as plants of all kinds, is not profound. But in the tropics a change takes place which is as pronounced as that brought about by day and night. Above all, the volume of sound becomes no more than a pianissimo melody; for the chorus of birds and insects dies away little by little with the increase of heat. There is something geometrical about this, something precise and fine in this working of a natural law — a law from which no living being is immune, for at length one unconsciously lies motionless, overcome by the warmth and this illusion of silence.

The swaying of the hammock sets in motion a cool breeze, and lying at full length, one is admitted at high noon to a new domain which has no other portal but this. At this hour, the jungle shows few evidences of life, not a chirp

of bird or song of insect, and no rustling of leaves in the great heat which has descended so surely and so inevitably. But from hidden places and cool shadows come broken sounds and whisperings, which cover the gamut from insects to mammals and unite to make a drowsy and contented murmuring — a musical undertone of amity and goodwill. For pursuit and killing are at the lowest ebb, the stifling heat being the flag of truce in the world-wide struggle for life and food and mate — a struggle which halts for naught else, day or night.

Lying quietly, the confidence of every unconventional and adventurous wanderer will include your couch, since courage is a natural virtue when the spirit of friendliness is abroad in the land. I felt that I had acquired merit that eventful day when a pair of humming-birds — thimblefuls of fluff with flaming breastplates and caps of gold — looked upon me with such favor that they made the strands of my hamaca their boudoir. I was not conscious of their designs upon me until I saw them whirring toward me, two bright, swiftly moving atoms, glowing like tiny meteors, humming like a very battalion of bees. They betook themselves to two chosen cords and, close together, settled themselves with no further demands upon existence. A hundred of them could have rested upon the pair of strands; even the dragon-flies which dashed past had a wider spread of wing; but for these two there were a myriad glistening featherlets to be oiled and arranged, two pairs of slender wings to be whipped clean of every speck of dust, two delicate, sharp bills to be wiped again and again and cleared of microscopic drops of nectar. Then — like the great eagles roosting high overhead in the clefts of the mountainside — these mites of birds must needs tuck their heads beneath their wings for

sleep; thus we three rested in the violent heat.

On other days, weaver birds have brought dried grasses and woven them into the fabric of my hammock, making me indeed feel that my couch was a part of the wilderness. At times, some of the larger birds have crept close to my glade, to sleep in the shadows of the low jungle-growth. But these were, one and all, timid folk, politely incurious, with evident respect for the rights of the individual. But once, some others of a ruder and more barbaric temperament advanced upon me unawares, and found me unprepared for their coming. I was dozing quietly, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada which seemed to have gone mad in the heat, when a low rustling caught my ear — a sound of moving leaves without wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and saw coming toward me, in a broad, irregular front, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living motes over twigs and leaves and stems. I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gauged my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching, to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few instants, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison-fangs would be idle weapons.

In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects — those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six, or a hundred, making the

swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trailed by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.

Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, although carried into the air, would not loosen his grip, but cling to them, obstruct their flight, and perhaps bring them to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature — a giant beside an ant — fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.

They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a bird in my game-bag, and left of it hardly a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, though I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless a half-dozen ants appeared on the footstrands, nervously twiddling their antennæ in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they were well on their way, then vigorously twanged the cords under them harpwise, sending all the scouts into mid-air and headlong down among their fellows. So far as I know, this was a revolutionary manoeuvre in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine. But even so, when the last of this brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to a new province, I could not help thinking of the certain, inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense,

should be thus exposed to their attack. There could be no help for him if but one of this great host should scent him out and carry the word back to the rank and file.

It was after this army had been lost in the black shadows of the forest floor, that I remembered those others who had come with them — those attendant birds of prey who profit by the evil work of this legion. For, hovering over them, sometimes a little in advance, there had been a flying squadron of ant-birds and others which had come to feed, not on the ants, but on the insects which had been frightened into flight. At one time, three of these dropped down to perch on my hammock, nervous, watchful, and alert, waiting but a moment before darting after some ill-fated moth or grasshopper which, in its great panic, had escaped one danger only to fall an easy victim to another. For a little while, the twittering and chirping of these camp-followers, these feathered profiteers, was brought back to me on the wind; and when it had died away, I took up my work again in a glade in which no voice of insect reached my ears. The hunting ants had done their work thoroughly.

And so it comes about that by day or by night the hammock carries with it its own reward to those who have learned but one thing — that there is a chasm between pancakes and truffles. It is an open door to a new land which does not fail of its promise, a land in which the prosaic, the ordinary, the commonplace have no place, since they have been shouldered out, dethroned, by a new and competent perspective. The god of hammocks is unfailingly kind, just, and generous to those who have found pancakes wanting and have discovered by inspiration, or what-not, that truffles do not grow in back-yards to be served at early breakfast by the maid-of-all-work. Which proves, I believe, that a mere bed may be a block in the path of philosophy, a commonplace, and that truffles and hammocks — hammocks unquestionably — are twin doors to the land of romance.

The swayer in hammocks may find amusement and may enrich science by his record of observations; his memory will be more vivid, his caste the worthier, for the intimacy with wild things achieved when swinging between earth and sky, unfettered by mattress or roof.

BOLSHEVIK RULE IN THE COUNTRY

BY MADAME EMMA PONAFIDINE¹

BORTNIKI, *January 28 (February 10), 1918.*

MY DEAR, DEAR CARRIE, —

Your good letter of October 28 came yesterday. It is so long since I had a word from you or from anyone outside of Russia.

I am so distressed that you have not heard of the very speedy receipt of the money you sent in July. I at once sent an acknowledgment to Petrograd and have written you several p.c. and letters doing the same. To-day I sent a p.c. simply saying I had received it, so perhaps the censor will pass it.

I do not know what we should have done without this help, for expenses are great, all sorts of sudden unexpected taxes, etc., and no revenue. Still, we have much to be thankful for. You remember the estate where we all went by steamer, leaving you with Norman? And the Sewines' near us, the old Tolstoi place? In fact, every estate around us is wiped out. Horses, cattle, farm implements, fodder, provisions, furniture, china, glass, food-supplies, all divided up between the surrounding villages, which recognize no higher central power and refuse to return anything in spite of orders from county, state, and even P. Committees. Every day we expect to be turned out, but so far the villages are divided, the majority voting to let us live on but to take the farm. If they will only let us have the house and vegetable garden and a horse and cow, to have something to eat!

In O—— flour can only be had occa-

sionally for 120 roubles a pood (normal price 90 kronas to 1 rouble).

Last week I had a terrible ordeal, which I think took several years off my life. I was summoned very brusquely to a council of our five villages, with all our documents regarding the sale of our woods. Fortunately Oka was here, and the two of us went. They charged me with effecting the sale after the land had been recognized as the people's. They talked of 'forgery,' 'deceit,' bribes, etc., threatening me with dire punishment, a score of hoarse voices yelling at once, shaking their fists. A number of my ex-patients surrounded me in a close ring, and though they dared not say much, they opposed violence. I gave them the possibility of proving that we sold sleepers, telegraph-poles, wood for our railroad, at a time when not only was it legal but when the government had issued an order stating that no individual landowners could refuse to grant wood, etc., for government use. They kept us nearly two and a half hours in that awful mob, but finally we left under more friendly feelings. Only a very small portion of the material is cut and lying on the shore, but they say they will confiscate it. If so, the contractors lose what they have spent in work — about 60,000 roubles — and we the money we hoped to get, that would have insured our future during these hard times. The 10,000 we received as guaranty money, and the Committee voted last month we could have, they now demand. I don't know how it will end. We have

¹ See Madame Ponafidine's earlier letters in the *Atlantic* for July, 1918.

not dared touch that and have it intact in the bank, but probably will lose it. Also what O—— took to Moscow.

I went to the city two days ago, and came back so depressed by all I saw and heard there of the hunger. We have let a soldier's family (six little half-naked children) live here in one of our now too many empty houses. We can give them lodging and firewood, but in my own house I have to make up by night little packages of flour and smuggle to them. We are obliged to keep more people than we can afford to, as the Committee won't let us discharge them, as they have no bread at home; and we have to pay and feed them, and they watch me as cats do a mouse [to see] that I don't give a piece of bread to anyone, and they steal everything they can lay hands to. You cannot imagine the strain. I have a wash evenings, and change my linen and go to bed dressed, except very bad stormy nights, when I don't fear their coming. The favorite hour for ejecting is at night.

Oka worked over his books at home, and I wondered how he could concentrate his mind under present circumstances. He received a telegram that was nine days coming from P—— (!), calling him immediately for his exams. They will take six weeks, then he graduates with his degree as lawyer and he is not twenty. How proud we should have been under other circumstances! Of course, he won't be able to do anything in his profession, but will try to get some job. I think of writing to the U.S. Consulate, to know if they could give him work, as he could do work in several languages. In P—— he is stopping with a classmate who for several years has spent Christmas and a good part of the summer holidays with us. His father owned nine large estates.

We are now having a very serious kerosene famine, and have to plan everything to do all the work by day-

light. My last kerosene bottle I keep for the one reading-lamp for Peter, and to have a light if he is ill. When it is gone, one of my patients promised me a gourd if I can send by night.

We have had four Roumanian-Austrian prisoners ever since the first year of the war, and more conscientious, devoted workmen we could not have. Now they are taken from us and replaced by good-for-nothing people who were always paupers from laziness and drink. This is a great blow to us.

Alec and I both work by turns about the place, one with Peter and one outside. Our only hope of keeping here is by running the work with our own hands. The work here is so rough and primitive that we have always superintended only; but now we must 'till the land with our own hands' or have none.

We have had no word from George for long. He is where there is hot fighting in this awful civil war. Vera and the baby are in Kiev, where also fighting goes on. I found a Jew who goes there in February, and promises to go and see her and bring us news.

I write you very blue letters but I can't help it! I am so glad Mrs. Roper was to visit you. I want you to know her better — you two who are so near to me. I hope your boys all continue well and safe. Peter sends much love.

Lovingly,
EMMA.

BORTNIKI, February 14, 1918.

MY DEAR CARRIE, —

If you have read of the fall of Kiev, you can imagine how we have feared for Vera and baby. For over a month no news from her nor from George, who is somewhere there. Peter was nearly sick with the suspense when a telegram came this week, signed, 'George' — 'All alive and well.' From the papers we know that the part of the city where Vera was is nearly destroyed. I

went to the city yesterday to see a Jew who was going to try to get to Kiev to see his mother, and promised to hunt up Vera and give her money, but I found he had been obliged to turn back.

In O—— I found a reign of terror. All shops, gates, and windows of first floor closed and barricaded. At one minute the streets would be deserted and then, as from the ground, would rise bands of twenty to twenty-five soldiers armed with rifles with bayonets fixed; many with cartridges slung in several rows; some with two rifles, and many flourishing revolvers.

I went to the family who went with you to Moscow — the Tolstoys, you remember. They told me that the day before an attack had been made on the church opposite old lady Ballakhonoff's. All the churches in town rang the alarm and the city rose, men and women, with anything they could lay hands on, and went to protect the church. In the battle that ensued and in which the churchmen won the day (though the priest is in prison), Mr. T—— places the killed as from thirty to fifty and many more wounded. One man was seen to do great havoc with a board with which he smashed skulls! The night was an awful one, they say, many shops and houses rifled. One rich merchant, who would not tell where his money was, was killed and his wife went crazy. Many, we know, lost all, even rings torn from ladies' fingers.

While I was at the T——s' word came that the next house was being searched, and they were in a great panic as they had several thousands of roubles in their keeping for others. They had thought of a safe hiding-place, but one that needed a ladder, and the old folks could not get to it without the help of servants whom they could not trust; so I offered to do it. By putting a chair on a table and climbing on top of a high bookcase, I

could reach the place; and they brought me all the small valuables. While they were gone for other things they remembered, and I was perched on that undignified place, we heard a loud ring, but we managed to finish everything before the door was opened — to a friend as it turned out.

The servants watched till the street was clear, for me to get out and go to a place I was very anxious to reach, to try and take away Vera's furs that I had given somebody to hide. I passed safely, seeing people stopped all along with the order of 'Hands up!' The search was for revolvers, but mine I had left at the Ballakhonoffs' and no one stopped me anywhere. Suddenly I heard funny little humming noises, that I never realized were balls. Then, just ahead of me, a terrific explosion, followed by shouts of 'Come on! Forward!' and the screams of wounded. In front of me was a battle, and looking back the street was full of fresh companies running up with bayonets held at the charge, and many firing wildly in the air, I think.

All the doors and gates being locked, a young boy and I pressed ourselves into a doorway and waited for some minutes till it quieted down. A bomb had been thrown or dropped, wounding many, but I did not see anyone who seemed dead. A peasant, who was just ahead of me, evidently got a good share of the fragments of the bomb in his head and neck, and his ear was hanging down on his shoulder. I could not do anything to stop the bleeding, my handkerchief being too short. He was put in a sleigh, but the cabby in a panic ran off and the poor fellow lay screaming horribly alone. I begged a soldier who stood there to take him to the hospital, and he did so. I saw five taken to the hospital of those who were near me, and don't know how many more there were. When we came home, two sleighs

of peasants ahead of us had wounded in them, one a girl of eight or so.

I had to skirt more than half of the town to get back to the Ballakhonoffs' to my horse. Street after street I would try, and find firing. What worries me most is being deaf in one ear, and I can never tell the direction from which sounds come; so, often I would turn to the right to avoid firing that I thought was at the left, only to run into trouble.

After many adventures, I got safely back and told my man, whom I found in great anxiety, to harness and we would leave, though my horse had not had his full rest; but I found the town too hot. We were both glad when we found ourselves safe on the lake, out of reach of the balls. I found it easier to go *toward* danger than turn and run. I hated the chilly, creeping feeling in the back when I thought they were behind me.

We have been trying to find a couple of rooms to take refuge in if turned out from here, but I really think we are better off here.

We live on from day to day; one day brighter, one so charged with electricity that it seems as if the storm must burst.

I asked for permission to kill a pig, as we had no meat; and the Committee answered that we could do so, but must pay 140 roubles a pood for the meat to the Committee. We answered that we could not afford to eat meat at such a price, and preferred going without it.

Alec is here on three months' sick leave, a private now. Has had no pay since December. He works all day with the people on the farm, for he cannot get anything to do. Oka is in P— having his final exams, and then his education is finished. Twelve is the highest mark, and so far he has three twelves and three elevens, and only four exams remain. If he cannot get anything to do and the war stops, he

will come home and we will try to get a peasant's share. That is as much as we can plough ourselves (no hired help will be allowed from the spring), and we may be able to get enough to eat that way. The trouble is seeds. There won't be any potatoes left to set out, nor oats nor rye. We are eating them all up. We are just at the end of our potatoes and sour cabbage. We eat bread, half oats and half rye, and serve it out by weight, giving each one rations for two days, and our rations are too meagre for working-people. Everyone we see is changed. Insufficient food is telling, even where there is not actual starvation. Bread is exactly fifty times the normal price, and it is only by great good luck, going by night, that people can buy any. Soldiers can get flour somehow, but on no account could we get any, and unless a miracle happens, I do not see how we are to avoid death by starvation in our government.

I am sending this *via* England, to our dear friends, the Alexanders, to read, asking them to send to you. So few letters get through and I have so little time for writing and so little nerve for it, that I must economize, and they are so anxious for news of us. I get almost no letters. One from you written in October came, a card from Katie, and one from Mrs. Roper, that is all. No word from the Alexanders, and I know they write.

Peter keeps up wonderfully but sleeps badly, and I see is more apathetic. Still, his mind is quite clear and he has a sounder view of all that is happening than anyone I talk with. He and Alec join in much love to you and yours.

Lovingly,

EMMA.

BORTNIKI, May 8, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, —

We seem cut off from all communication with the outside world. I have had

no letters since last fall, and I doubt if mine get through, though I keep on writing. There is so little time for writing, that I am going to send this to England and then to America, to Mrs. Roper. If you can, please let Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Patterson read it — if ever you receive it, Mollie dear.

We are still with a roof over our heads, though it is no longer *ours*, and bread to eat, — three quarters of a pound a day, — milk, and we have some salt meat yet. So we are better off than any of our family and friends, many of whom have been turned out with only what they could carry, and some killed. Last winter was one long nightmare, when for months I never dared undress nights. I would take my evening bath, change, and then dress to go to bed.

The village next us, after breaking in and robbing us of grain and oil for 2000 roubles, voted by a large majority to turn us out and loot the place. The next village sent word to the Committee, and a party of armed men came to protect us, and seven of them slept here one night. They searched the whole estate (I think the ninth time), weighed out provisions for a week for us, and sealed up barns, etc. Then they called a meeting of our commune, which was so violent the Central Committee closed it and ordered two representatives from each of the villages in the whole parish (34 villages, 14 communes) to go there. The council sat all day and late at night and was very stormy, but our friends outnumbered the opposition and they voted to let us live here if we would work with our own hands, and give us three quarters of a pound of bread a day.

A few days later I was summoned to headquarters. Alec and I went. They were exceedingly polite and even sympathetic. It was decided that we can have three horses, four cows, and as

much land as we can till without hired help. We asked for a man to help us until George comes, for we ask for his share of land, as he will come if he is alive. We have had no news of him since February 11, and have no idea where he is. This help they refused.

Two soldiers have been quartered on us for months, one with a family of six and the other of five. We are obliged to pay and feed them! One is permitted to be our herdsman. His wife milks the cows, feeds the pigs, etc. The second family helped cutting wood, etc., in the winter, but were not to help plough.

Finally one commune of three villages sent for us to their council. There we were told we had better come entirely into their commune, and not carry out any of the Committee's orders without consulting them, adding, 'The Committee cannot protect you from us but we can protect you against the Committee.' So now we are between two stools, but at present are friendly with both.

My cook and my dairymaid are taken from me, so I have to cook and myself do the churning and separator work. The boys went to work ploughing, carrying out the manure to get the hot-beds started, and their work is going on fast. The peasants were so impressed by seeing that we were ready and able to do the manual work, that they called us again to a council, where they were very friendly and told us one of the soldiers might help us until George comes. One of them seized Alec's hand, and holding it out that they might see the blisters, said, 'Look, comrades, they work like us and I have seen how they work. Their ploughing is as good as ours, but can we do their scholar-work?'

We have five cows and two horses that are 'requisitioned' but so far not taken, and they keep putting it off. I think the crisis for us is passed so far as

peasant violence goes, and there is less danger now they see we are reduced to their level and eat as they do. So far we eat half-oat and half-rye flour but many have only oats. The famine is getting worse, and though no actual starvation about us, *no one* has enough nourishment as to quantity or quality — even the richest. A pood [36 pounds] of black flour, that used to cost 90 krones to a rouble, was sold in O — this week for 230 roubles, and just one pood! There is nothing to be had. People go hundreds of miles to bring back on their backs a pood, and in many cases are robbed on the way. Of course, all groceries we have forgotten ever existed. We roast rye for coffee, and drink it without sugar, and that I have for only three days more.

To-day is Easter and we were all given one pound of wheat flour per head by the Central Committee. It is very dark in color and mouldy as to smell, but we felt we had a big feast to-day. With milk, eggs, and a few raisins I had hoarded, we made an approach to Easter cakes and colored eggs.

Our worst anxiety is about George and Vera. Vera and the baby are in the Germans' hands, we think; and as for George, we know nothing. This uncertainty is worse than anything. Alec is out of the service and at home. Oka was called to P — to graduate and get his legal degree (which now is not recognized). He went in December, was robbed on the way of his books, clothes, and part of his money. He lived with a classmate and they half starved. They used to lie in bed till noon, studying, as they felt the hunger less lying on their stomachs. In April he graduated with honors and came home as gaunt as from a siege. Both he and Alec lived mostly on horseflesh.

Now our life is a very regular one. Up at 4.30, and work without horses to 8, when they come in for rye-coffee and

bread and butter. From 8 to 12 they work with horses. From 12 to 2, dinner and sleep. From 2 to 5, work with horses; [then] tea, and from 5.30 to 7 in the garden. At 7.30 supper, and they go to bed. I get to bed about 10, as Peter needs a good deal of care evenings. It is wonderful how Peter bears what he does, but he keeps up our courage. His pension is taken from us and all our silver — that beautiful Persian set! My jewelry and all our valuables that were placed for safety in Moscow are lost. But I feel worse about Vera's silver that was left with me and we sent on our own responsibility to Moscow. It was so hard to decide what to do. We were like rats in a cage, running from one side to another. There were moments when it seemed our last day here, if not in this world, had arrived. A friendly peasant said to me the other day, 'I doubt whether you realize how near death you were. There was a time when we thought we could not save you, though we swore we would revenge your murder.'

Since writing the above, a new decree has gone forth. Every day the panorama changes, so that what I write to-day may be quite changed to-morrow. Our Tver Central Committee has decided that all landowners who wish to plough are to be sent to Siberia and not be given land here unless by *special vote* of the commune nearest them. Ivan Kasparovich, who for years was our intendant and owns considerable land, is being sent off with a family of seven children and an old invalid mother. As to us, the question was raised, but so far the majority are for letting us live on. Their chief argument is that 'there will be no one to care for the sick.' Never have I had so large and so successful a practice as this winter. Medicines are very dear and rare, and our Zemstvo doctors and hospitals have no medicines. Now they are 'nationalized,' the

peasants won't spend money for them. I have managed to keep on hand some of the most needed drugs and, with the faith in me they have, I have made cures that amaze and frighten me, and that are not to be explained on any scientific medical ground. I think God has helped me, and it has more than once turned the tide in our favor. I have gone out nights when the boys were not at home, alone with whoever came for me, though sometimes I was not sure that there was not foul play.

I was in our coöperative shop the other day, standing in the 'tail,' waiting my turn, for hours, and the talk was very animated and mostly about us. The best element is understanding, too late, the immense harm done to Russia by demolishing the big estates and dairy-farms, the chief supply of grain, cattle, butter, and pigs. They have ruined us, deprived themselves of between 4000 and 5000 roubles that we spent each year in hiring help, all from our commune, to say nothing of the grain, hay, potatoes, etc., we sold. Some of the people said, 'We understand now how wrong we were. You have been ill-treated, but we won't let you be turned out. If we must starve, we will all starve together.' And starve I fear many of us must. Rye flour is 230 roubles a pood, if you are lucky enough to get it.

This spring very little will be sown, as all the seeds are being eaten up, and next winter must be far worse than now. It seems as if God had forsaken Russia and there was no hope for us but to face a starving death as bravely as we can. So far Peter has not suffered for anything. I exchanged butter and rye flour for a little sugar and rice for him, and we have eggs. We fed the pigs and chickens all winter on horseflesh, but now the warm weather has begun we cannot keep it, so they have to forage for themselves, and we

are shooting all the dogs except George's and my Daisy. I will share with them.

Mrs. Roper, please read and send this to Mrs. Clement. I long to hear from you all and have written you all many times, but doubt if you have received my letters.

All our family join in love to all.

Lovingly.

(Copy of card sent to MADAME
PONAfidine's sisters)

BORTNIKI, RUSSIA, June 1, 1918.

MY DEAR SISTERS, —

Still no letters from the outside. Here a great change has taken place in the attitude of the peasants since the approach of the Germans, and they are constantly fawning upon us, and assuring us that they never meant to touch us; 'It was owing to outside influence, etc.' I do not know which of their fronts shows the worst side of their character. We can get no information in regard to George's fate. A company is formed in Moscow for getting letters through to the occupied states, and we are trying to get into communication with Vera, who is probably in Kiev. A letter costs forty roubles! Alec and Oka are hard at work, and we three are as hard-worked as any in Russia, I think. Prices are more and more exorbitant, and bread more and more scarce. Everything one needs is not to be had, or too expensive. Not a pen can we get in Ostashkov, nor any buttons. Manufactured goods, groceries, etc., have long since disappeared. My sister Jeanie (Princess S——) and family are almost starving. They live by selling in the streets newspapers and various things. No employment is given to aristocrats. Their estate is in ruins. We are better off than any of our family. Peter is as usual. We get him out on the balcony.

Love from

EMMA.

CITY LIFE UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS

BY BENJAMIN W. VAN RIPER

ON November 8, 1917, the storm-clouds of revolution hung low over the ancient city of Moscow. The Soviets held the fate of Moscow in their hands.

About a week earlier, Riley and I had rented a room in a fine big apartment house on Tverskaya Boulevard, while several of our friends, including Halsey and Anderson, had settled in other parts of the city. We were all in Russia in the interests of the Y.M.C.A. At the time in question, however, the impending revolution confined us to a policy of 'watchful waiting,' until the storm should work its desperate purpose, or be dispelled by the saner but slower forces of constructive social reform.

The following notes are taken verbatim from a diary originally kept for the exclusive benefit of my wife who, at that time, was employed in canteen service in France. . . .

November 9.

It must have been ten in the evening yesterday, when our landlady came to the door to tell us the latest news. Her brother-in-law is Adjutant of Moscow. Yesterday the Bolsheviks took the old Kremlin, where his headquarters were, and made him prisoner. Then they published a bulletin announcing that, in case any of their number were killed by citizens or loyal soldiers, they would kill the Adjutant, along with some other officers they had managed to catch.

We bought a newspaper and Madame read it for us. In Petrograd there is civil war, with the advantage in favor of the Bolsheviks. They have captured most of the public buildings and many

of the officials of the Provisional Government. And those who have most bravely stood out against them are — the girl soldiers! Ever since we have been in Russia our respect for the Russian women has been steadily on the rise. We have seen them harvesting, working as section-hands on railroads, as firemen on trains, as conductors on street-cars, and as engine-wipers in round-houses. In Petrograd they worked as traffic policemen, and there, as well as here in Moscow, one sees many of them in regular uniform as soldiers. It is plain to all of us why women should have the vote in Russia; the reasons for male suffrage are much more obscure. . . .

November 10.

Moscow is an unhappy place just now. All day, so far, we have listened helplessly to the roar of battle throughout the city, and have wondered when a stray piece of hardware might settle this way. The Bolsheviks are in possession of the Kremlin in the centre of the town; the loyal troops hold a big arsenal outside the city, and all this morning the two have been bombarding each other over our heads. The rattle of machine-gun and rifle fire is incessant, and from our windows on the fourth floor we are watching the frightened populace scurrying to and fro on the boulevard. Every now and then an automobile full of soldiers, or mounting a machine-gun, whizzes past, and everybody scoots to cover. Two officers were killed near our house an hour or so ago. Red Cross ambulances are hurrying

about over town as over a battlefield.

Our good landlady was just in, to see if Riley and I, along with two of our brother Russians, would go on guard to-night from three to six A.M. Of course, we agreed to. She asked if we had revolvers, but we have not; they are in the luggage that has not yet arrived from Petrograd. So the good lady has gone to hunt for some here in the house. I wonder if I would shoot a man anyway? If I tried to, it is a safe bet I would miss him! Probably there will be no occasion for excitement. But if there is, and I miss him, this interesting narrative will come at this point to an abrupt and untimely end. . . .

November 11.

These are mad times, in more ways than one. The leaders of the Bolsheviks are mostly fanatics and visionaries, egged on by the Germans' laconic promises of brotherly help. Their followers are the very lowliest, and often the lowest, of the proletariat, who are absolutely ignorant and only know that they want something — a vague, unformulated *anything* — and want it very badly. The infinite pity of it depresses me more the more I think of it. I don't suppose one out of twenty of them has any idea what a nation is, what Germany is or wants, or what the war is all about. Much less do they know that they are themselves, now, bringing about a chaos and disorder that will lead to their starvation in enormous numbers this winter. All they know is that they want the promised peace, food, and land, and they think this is the way to get it! It is plain to me that certain gentlemen deserve death by slow torture. But what do the sheep deserve — the miserable tools whose best intentions are being manipulated to bring about their own destruction? My philosophy is helpless before such questions. It is not

even plain to me that, in absolute right, they deserve the misery that their own luckless heroism will bring to them. I do not so much object to a world in which I am called upon to be my brother's keeper; but I do revolt at the thought that one man can be another's damnation. . . .

What nights and days these are for old, sleepy Tartar Moscow — the place where, we are told, the spirit of ancient Russia hovers as nowhere else! It has seen evil days enough before, from the *Schrecklichkeit* of Ivan the Terrible, whose guilty bones lie in the Kremlin now, to the invasion of Napoleon; but not internecine war. That, everyone said, was impossible. Pagan Petrograd and Jewish Kiev might disgrace themselves; but not Moscow of the hundred gilded domes, the mother of all the Russias, the mausoleum of the holiest saints and the ancient dynasties. And now! . . .

November 12.

You would laugh to see how some of these people are preparing for eventualities, by trying to look more like the proletariat. The Bolsheviks are out to get the scalps of all 'capitalists' — the 'bour-jhee,' as they call them; and in the eyes of a Bolshevik, anyone belongs to the bourgeoisie who carries a handkerchief or wears a white collar! That is why some of our friends are begging old clothes from servants; rags are less liable to be shot at on the street! . . .

Just after noon to-day, I was shoved into the social limelight in a most remarkable manner. A shell struck the heavy corner of the big bay window in which I was standing and, with a terrific crash, sent glass, brick, plaster, stone, wood, and dust all over the room. I jumped away from the window, thinking the house was falling in, and the frantic little maid screamed like an Apache Indian. In a moment Riley appeared, with the landlady at his heels,

and before long most of the natives of the house were crowding into the demolished parlor. As soon as I could get the dust and gravel out of my mouth I fell into what I imagine was a rather hysterical laugh, and pretty soon they were all laughing too — whether *with* me or *at* me I hate to speculate.

It was a miracle, I should say, of about the third magnitude! I was protected by the steel frame of the building, which threw fragments each side of me; if I had stood a step or two either to the right or to the left, these sentences would never have been written. As it is, there are a few pieces of glass I have not yet got out of my face; we have brushed a peck or so of brick dust out of my hair and from my clothes; and my ears ring so I cannot hear anything. Otherwise I am distinctly happy over my good luck. Now, do you believe in miracles? . . .

November 13.

When I find myself wishing so angrily that the rough-house would cease, I am often struck with the thought that my motives, from one point of view, hardly compare favorably even with those of the Bolsheviks. Blind and misled as they are, they are risking their lives for their ideal of what is wanted in Russia. They are fighting for a *cause*, even though it appear, in its wider context, to be an ignominious one. And certainly it is for Russia that the loyal troops and officials are fighting so heroically. In the face of all this tragedy, I am ashamed of my fervent but utterly selfish desire for peace and order and safety and — you. I can only console my conscience with the thought that the swift and relentless suppression of the Bolsheviks would have other great and good consequences for the world than the selfish ones I wish most for.

Excuse me! This nervous writing is due to the fact that big shells have just

set fire to the big apartment house next to ours and our rooms are full of smoke. This may be 'finish,' as the landlady said! . . .

Do you know, this all strikes me as a wonderfully interesting comment on Socialism and its general compatibility with human nature! The Bolsheviks are only the most extreme and rabid of the Socialists. They are to be distinguished from the Mensheviks, the moderate wing of the Socialist party. Then there are the Social Democrats and one or two minor-league brands of Socialists whose proper names I do not know. All these people stand for some kind of common ownership of things — the brotherly-love arrangement of society, in which there is not to be even the selfishness involved in the institution of property. And this is the way they settle their parliamentary differences! The Mensheviks say they are willing to take part in the government along with the other existing parties; the Bolsheviks say they must have *all* the offices, and at once! . . .

November 14.

We were on guard again this morning from six to nine, and nothing unusual happened. But the firing, the bombardment, was terrific, and still keeps up. Many people, from the top floors and from the burning buildings, are huddled in this flat, and the apartments below us are equally crowded. A woman is lying on my bed, crying. She was so badly frightened a few minutes ago when a shell struck the house that she was attacked with nausea. Her husband is rubbing her hands to warm them and is trying, rather faint-heartedly, to console her; but Riley thinks her husband is at least as badly scared as she is! This whole building shakes, every now and then, like a leaf in the wind, and the noise is maddening. It is little wonder that the women and children are so terrified. A number have

had persistent fainting fits, and the halls smell of aromatic ammonia as if this were a hospital. I did not mean to imply that the men are not terrified, too. I mean only that they do not cry or faint, as a rule: they tremble and swear.

It is two in the afternoon. The siege goes on without any sign of a change in the situation. We no longer look for troops from the outside now. If the railroad lines are cut, as we heard the other day, that ends it; distances in Russia are too great to make marching feasible in an emergency like this. . . .

There is one respect in which the joke, I suppose, is on us. We came over here to do 'welfare' work for these well-meaning but excited gentlemen! I do not mean simply that it would be hard for us to bring ourselves to treat in a brotherly way men who would pour shot and shell into a helpless and thickly populated city, day after day, just for political advantage. That, of course, is not a negligible consideration. But the main point is, that no one can do them small favors when they have set their minds on so much more. A man does not gratefully accept a gift of a dollar from a man who, he considers, owes him ten. These fellows have the ambition to take *all* the wealth; a writing-tablet or a cup of tea could not possibly make any impression on them.

November 15.

I intended to come back for a few minutes last night, but the remainder of the evening was an unusually busy time for us. Big apartment houses adjoining us on two sides burned out — one set afire by the house that burned two days ago and is still smoking, and the other ignited by a fresh shell-explosion. We were in pretty close quarters. If our house burned, there were only two ways of escape: we could go out the front door and risk a dash across the bullet-swept boulevard, or

climb the alley wall, dodge across, and try to find standing-room in some of the little one-story dwellings there. Neither way looked very inviting. So one of the inmates of our house went to the front door, called a Bolshevik leader to the end of the trench near our doorstep, offered him some money, and asked him if, in case our house burned, they would not give us just three minutes to get out. He replied that they could not conduct their revolution to suit the bourgeoisie anyhow, and added, 'Have we not always told you that the world must be reconstructed by fire?' A beautiful epitome of Bolshevik doctrine!

We just got an account this morning of the way the first fire started two days ago. Bolsheviks had entered the building and were using the upper floors to shoot from. A big shell struck the roof while they were there and set the top stories afire. The soldiers stayed and shot as long as they dared, getting out, one after another, as the fire spread. But all the while they kept one man on guard in the hallway, to prevent any of the inhabitants from going up to put out the fire. When he judged that the fire had got beyond control, he accordingly left the building; and the residents had the pleasure of seeing him drop dead, with a bullet through his skull, almost the instant he stepped out on the sidewalk.

But to return to our difficulties of last night. The two big buildings were burning in a perfect holocaust by nine o'clock, some of the flames licking our very windows. We almost automatically divided into two squads — one to fight fire and the other to collect valuables. The task of the former was very awkward. They could not go out of doors, even to throw water on the roof, without being shot at. No one was paying any attention to the burning buildings from the outside, of course.

The Bolsheviks refused to let the firemen come near them. All the neighbors could do was contemplate the fires from as secluded a retreat as possible! It was not even safe to show one's self at the windows, especially the front ones. So our fire-fighting consisted largely in keeping floors, walls, wood-work, curtains, etc., soaked with water.

Our parlor was the worst room to work in, because of the big opening made in it by the shell I told you about the other day. The large bay-window that the shell struck was adjacent to a house that is now burning. That big hole filled the front part of the house with smoke, and Riley worked in the smoke for two hours, until he was nearly suffocated. Finally he and his 'gang' were relieved by some of the other *reconcentrados*. He sank into a big chair in our room, and for twenty minutes — you would never guess it! — he read from a trusty old volume of Mark Twain! When his lungs were fairly free from smoke, he went back to work again. Throughout all the unending future I shall be the last man to question Riley's mental versatility.

In the meantime I was working on the pictures. I took a dozen or more oil paintings out of their frames, and then untacked each canvas from the simple wooden frame on which it had been painted. (My finger-ends were so sore this morning, I could not button my coat.) By midnight all the best pictures in the house — thousands of dollars worth of them — were done up in one big roll, which the man-servant, who had just come up very shyly from his lair in the basement, was ordered to carry with us through thick and thin, if we had to make a dash for life.

Riley and I had already packed, on a previous day, for a hasty exit; so we were ready for the emergency, too.

By one o'clock some of us became convinced that the fire had reached its

climax, and our fire-wall on one side and double windows on the other showed no signs of surrender; we therefore decided to sleep in turns. Riley and the servant stayed on the lookout for the first three or four hours while Madame and I slept. And how I slept! I just fell over on the cot with shoes, overcoat, and all still on, and, right in the red glare of the fire across the opening, I fell asleep in less time than it takes to tell it and slept like a log until they woke us about four-thirty! You see none of us have had our clothes off for five nights now, and all that time we have been under more or less strain. That, with the strenuous activity of the afternoon and evening, left me rather inclined to sleep.

Then, from four-thirty on, the Madame and I watched the fire while Riley and the old man slept. About six the wife of the owner of the building (the family lives in one of the apartments) came in with her daughter and three servants, and began, in a perfect frenzy, to throw cold water on the glass of the windows to keep them from breaking! I yelled to the Madame to come and stop her, and they fairly shrieked at each other for fifteen minutes on the subject. It was, of course, the worst possible thing they could have done (I mean throwing cold water on the hot glass), but the old lady made her retinue keep at it in spite of all our pleading. Although I was simply weak with rage, I could not help laughing at the wild fury of those two women. It is the greatest wonder in the world the cold water did not break the glass into atoms. Indeed, if the windows had not been double, with a dead-air space between them, they must certainly have been broken by such insane treatment. The thing I am now most interested in adding is that Riley and the old man slept soundly through all that noise and hysterics. All of which goes to

show that perhaps they were tired, too!

This morning we are protected completely on two sides by blackened walls, in which everything that is combustible is burned; no fire can now come to us from either of those directions. There is one more apartment house adjacent to us, through which fire might come. There are still shells bursting occasionally where they might set us on fire directly. There is still the possibility that the Bolsheviks may deliberately touch a match to our basement. Otherwise we are fairly safe from fire! There is still some danger from stray bullets — firing is pretty general over town again to-day; but last night's escape is a relief and a source of renewed confidence, just the same.

This morning Madame told me of a little incident in Moscow in early autumn that beautifully illustrates the proletarian idea of equality. The janitors, porters, bellboys, *dvorniks*, *isvoschiks*, body servants, and the like, about the University of Moscow, presented an ultimatum to the University Senate embodying certain demands that must be met if they were to continue work. They asked the same wages as the professors, the same number of hours' work per week that the latter put in lecturing (as if that were the only work a professor had to do!), the most astonishing personal privileges, and, finally, equal voice with the members of the faculty in running the institution, even to the electing of the chancellor! Practically all the hospitals in the city are connected with the university as *kliniks*, and the waiters, nurses, cooks, janitors, etc., of these hospitals were among the *tovarishes* (comrades) making the above demands. All were granted except the last one, namely, that the petitioners should have equal voice with the professors and surgeons in the running of the institution. But this reservation was regarded by the tov-

arishes as a galling insult to their new-won equality, and they all walked out. As a result the University is still closed!

But that is not the worst of it. The hospitals were equally affected. Great numbers of the sick were suddenly left unattended. Volunteer Red Cross nurses and many prominent ladies of the city offered their services until the patients could be properly taken care of. Men of the better classes did the janitor work. Now practically all these institutions are closed, too, and the former employees are comrades out of work, waiting idly but anxiously for the socialistic millennium.

Many of the factories are shut down because the workmen refused to have the young engineers of the schools as foremen and insisted upon electing foremen and managers from their own number — men, of course, who did not *understand* the processes at all. Often, when a machine broke down and their elected foremen could not tell them how to fix it, they deduced the simple but surprising conclusion that the former boss, whose scientific training must have alienated him from the proletariat, had probably 'fixed' the machine so that it would cause them trouble; and then they very promptly went out and killed him if they could find him. Now they are doubtless astonished that these methods have not successfully re-organized their industrial life! I hate to think what the army will become under this kind of management. Imagine; also, how delighted the Kaiser must be!

Maybe you think we are not sick and tired of this miserable rough-house! The firing outside is still ceaseless and nerve-racking, and I suppose it will go on until not only the Alexander School, but every other last official headquarters, surrenders to the Bolsheviks (or until, what we dare no longer hope, the Bolsheviks are driven out). Day after day the same deathly roar and rattle,

and nothing to be gained by it all for anybody — for anybody except the Germans! We thought sure it would be settled, one way or the other, to-day; but from the sound we cannot distinguish any change at all. The great mass of ammunition that is being burned up is a part of what was sent from America and England to help Russia beat the Germans. And what a lovely use they are making of it now!

November 16.

After a night that was a waking nightmare, we are happy over a number of things this morning — disgracefully and perhaps only temporarily happy, but for the moment we can't help it.

However, I am getting ahead of my story. We are in one of the highest buildings in Moscow, and it is generally regarded as the finest apartment house in the city. The boulevard we are on is the Commonwealth Avenue of the town. This must arouse your curiosity. Why would one of the richest and most prominent ladies in Moscow take in roomers? The explanation is simple. Americans were popular with the Kerensky government, and our being here was a protection to her. The rabble knew they had to respect an American flag or passport. The Bolsheviks — for the present at least — hate Americans, French, and English, because they think we are trying to keep Russia in the war. Of course, the soldiers out here in the street do not know there are any Americans in this building; but if they did know, our passports would be no protection at all, either for ourselves or for the Madame.

Well, this section of town is considered a hot-bed of wealth, of the bourgeoisie. That is why the Bolsheviks insisted upon letting these fine apartment houses around here burn. That is why they take pleasure in banging this one up too; if they do not deliberately de-

stroy it, it is only because they are too busy just now with other things.

Late last night shots began to hit this building from so many directions, and to break so many holes in the windows, that we were sure it was not by mistake. We tried to keep out of the most exposed rooms, but there was no corner of the building that was safe. One of our refugees, a woman, went into the dining-room and turned on the lights, and in a moment a perfect shower of machine-gun bullets crashed through the windows. The bullets came from below and therefore entered at a rather high angle; as a result the lady was not hit. She dropped to the floor, to be below the window-sills, and crawled from the room in a fainting condition. In a short time most of the inmates were either in the basement or huddled in the narrow spaces of the back stairs.

Riley and I stayed in the flat, not because we were braver than the rest, but because we could not see any advantage in leaving. If anything happened on the back stairs, it would only result in a general stampede, which in itself would be dangerous. And so long as our Bolshevik friends continued to shoot through the windows, the lower floors were worse than the upper. They did shoot through the plate-glass doors in the lower hall, just to remind people of that fact, I guess. Anyhow, we stayed in our deserted suite. We slept (or tried to sleep) in the dining-room, too, because after all that was the most protected room in the place. But you can bet we turned no light on, and kept below the level of the window openings. The outer walls of the house are so thick that only artillery will penetrate them; and we knew that if they turned that on us in full force it was all up with us no matter what part of the building we might be in.

It was a night of suspense, as you might imagine, but along toward morn-

ing the firing died down, and we slept an hour or so uninterruptedly.

This morning, when we awoke, the firing had ceased and our guesses turned out to be true: the Cadets and other loyal troops were negotiating for terms of surrender. The Bolsheviks, for good or for evil, have won.

The house we are in is almost a wreck, and the boulevard in front is a most singular and distressing panorama of desolation. The roads are covered with glass and débris; trees, lamp-posts, telephone-poles are shot off raggedly; dead horses and a few dead men lie in the parkway; the broken gas-mains are still blazing; the black, austere, smoking hulks of the burned buildings stand like great barricades about the littered yards of the boulevard. This is the Bolshevik millennium.

We have made a tour of inspection of the apartment house. Practically every window in the place has been perforated with bullets, and I wish you could look in on the upper floors where the big shells struck! There are enormous holes through brick walls at least two feet thick, and everything inside those upper rooms is demolished. Practically all the plaster is shaken off, and the furniture is in kindling wood on the almost impassable floors.

We learned this morning that twelve people were burned in one of the buildings next to ours, and thirty-five in the other. All the hospitals are full of wounded, and an appalling number of patriotic men have gone completely insane. Now begins the expected reign of terror. (I wonder if Lenin will qualify as a Robespierre!)

Then came the happy surprise. While Riley and I were trying to help the landlady bring a semblance of order out of the chaos in the apartment, and the smell of cooking food once more floated through our stacked rooms, Anderson and Halsey came in! I was never more

delighted to see anyone in my short life. They told us that they had tried every day to venture out toward our section of town but found it, of course, utterly impassable. They had pictured all kinds of terrible fates for us, especially when it looked from a distance as if all the buildings in our part of town were afire. It was a happy reunion.

The junker schoolhouse has surrendered, and an armistice has been declared, to discuss terms for the surrender of the arsenal. It is a terrible thing for Moscow, and for Russia and the world at large, that authority has fallen into such ignorant hands. From a human and common-sense standpoint we ought to be in tears. But I hope you will forgive me, when I tell you that I am not. Riley is singing 'I want to be in Dixie,' and I am enormously relieved that the siege is over.

The cook left this morning as soon as our hasty breakfast was finished. She was all a-tremble when she came in to ask for her back pay and to announce her departure, but whether from fear or hysterical joy, I do not know. All she wanted was to get out, and we comprehended her perfectly.

The boys brought one bit of personal news that dulls our sense of relief. As I told you, we already had a Y.M.C.A. establishment in Moscow. An American, of course, was the manager of it, but he had a very efficient Russian secretary who could speak English well, and was, altogether, a mighty good man for the place. He was shot the first day of the Bolshevik 'demonstration.'

It is nine in the evening and, with thankfulness that is inexpressible, we find ourselves in the unpretentious little house where Andy and Halsey live. This afternoon, when we were trying to decide whether or not to leave the apartment on Tverskaya Boulevard, a crowd of about thirty Bolshevik soldiers, with rifles over their left

shoulders and cocked revolvers in their right hands, came into our building and ordered us out (or, what is the same thing, searched our pockets and the apartment for firearms, and then announced their intention of taking possession of the place temporarily). As we did not care to join the forces of insurrection, we took all we could possibly carry with us and migrated here. With the help of a sheet and a blanket out of which to make impromptu bags, I brought over practically everything that had been in my trunk, in addition to the two suit-cases. Halsey is cooking up some chocolate over a can of 'solidified alcohol,' and Andy has dug out a big, fine-looking red cheese he bought in Irkutsk; it is unnecessary to say with what pleasure we contemplate these magnificent prospects. When that is finished we'll sleep until someone bombs us out to-morrow!

November 24.

The long Russian evening is already pretty well advanced as I am beginning my last note to you from Moscow. To-morrow I am going to Petrograd, and then back to the front, if there is anything left of the front by now! The other boys are in bed, where I ought to be, but I cannot resist the desire to tell you of the stirring, tragic things we have seen to-day. We attended the great public funeral of the thousands of Bolshevik soldiers who were killed in the fighting last week. We came home in a daze, as if the whole world about us were throbbing with the terror and infinite pathos of the revolution. Here was all of it — all boiled down into the weeping and exulting of a single afternoon. But again I am ahead of the story.

Solemn holiday had been declared in the city. Every place of business was closed; no one these days cares to display any lack of sympathy with the victors. Vast anxious crowds of people,

most of them distressingly poor, collected in the frozen streets and in the great square in front of the Kremlin. Everywhere about the square big red banners were hung, emblazoned with epigrammatic Bolshevik mottoes. A fine, dust-like, arctic snow was falling, and the air was very cold.

About noon the long funeral procession began to file into the historic inclosure which has been called 'The Red Place' ever since Ivan the Terrible left it crimson with his cruelties. On the east stood the majestic old Kremlin with its recently shattered towers; on the north the weird, oriental, twisted domes of the Church of St. Basil; on the west the immense bazaar of the so-called 'Chinese City,' the oldest trading mart in Moscow; and on the south the great gate through which the procession moved into the square. The setting could not have been more picturesque.

First came a band, of which the less said the better. This was followed by perhaps a thousand men carrying a hundred or more coffins. These coffins were painted the bright red of the revolution and could be seen, on closer inspection, to be made of very rough lumber and but hastily thrown together. Walking by the side of the coffins, or trailing along behind that part of the procession, were the relatives and friends of the dead men. They were a ragamuffin lot; I do not see how they stood the biting cold. Most of the men still wore the remnants of their army uniforms; the women appeared to be covered with many layers of work-a-day clothes and all wore shawls over their heads, in the immemorial manner of Russia's poor. Most of them were singing as they plodded along. Only once in a while did they sing any religious songs, and then, I think, only because those were songs they happened to know. There were no priests or religious insignia of any kind.

The Bolsheviks have long ago repudiated the church. But there is often religion where church and insignia are absent. In this case the very air was tense with the wild primitive religion of elemental social longing, gripping and uniting great masses of men.

The whole procession was miles in length, made up of just such divisions as I have indicated: in each case a band, then a hundred or so red coffins carried three abreast through the throngs, then the motley, surging, trailing line of friends and comrades. Hundreds of red banners drifted along above the crowds like the crests of great waves, and the legends on the banners were noteworthy. 'Down with the Rich,' 'To Hell with the Murderers,' 'Peace, Food, and Land,' 'The International Proletariat,' 'Workers, Arise!' 'Let Us Have Peace,' etc.

We are not Bolsheviks, but we could not help sympathizing with them; they have been beaten and betrayed in the war against Germany; they have suffered without measure; they are cold and hungry; *of course* they want peace, food, and land! The great pity of it all is that, in their desperation, they have adopted a course that is bound to bring misery and disaster upon themselves and create innumerable additional problems and troubles for our sorrowing old world.

It was this element of hopeless tragedy that made their singing seem so dramatically terrible to anyone who saw both sides of the situation at all. They were celebrating a victory — the victory of a sick man who has 'escaped' the doctor. Their songs were the childishly simple songs of Utopian revolution. They were hailing an *ignis fatuus* of peace. The high, earnest, hysterical voices of the women; the dazed way in which the children mumbled along two or three notes behind; the hilarious, confident swell of sol-

diers' voices, — soldiers who, though they have rendered their own country helpless before the wanton will of Germany, bravely and sincerely regard themselves as heroes, — all of it together gripped one's imagination tremendously and aroused emotions that caught in one's throat. I know I shall hear that pathetic, jangling music in my sleep for years to come. It reminded me of nothing so much as of the tender, insane singing of Ophelia; the cases are parallel in more ways than one.

By three in the afternoon the thousands of red coffins had been ranged in piles under the shadow of the Kremlin walls. A band, the best band they had, and pretty poor at that (as a rule the leaders and best players in the bands were not Bolsheviks and so were not present), made harrowing assaults upon Chopin's Funeral March, and for an hour coffins — it seemed as if there were no end to them — were lowered into the long deep trench that had been dug at the foot of the wall. Then the great crowds slowly left the square, but only to wind, singing, through the streets for hours more. Some of them are still at it; I can hear them in the distance as I write. Anon they sing the Marseillaise, but it is with no thought of France.

Say what you will, no other public occasion has ever seemed so solemn to me. Here was the very heart and soul of the revolution, the mammoth whirlwind of ignorance and suffering that is devastating Russia and threatening and shaking the rest of the world. I am hoping and praying that this terrible storm will lose itself in the sea somewhere this side of New York or San Francisco! Anyhow, at least one non-Bolshevik I know of will be sound asleep in a very few minutes, in peaceful confidence that our Uncle Sam, even in war, is immune against the madness of Social Revolution.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN

A LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

BY LUCY H. M. SOULSBY

I

THE *Atlantic* has told us that 'To an American, the adventure of going to England now is for the first time to discover Englishmen.' I came to America two years ago, to rest after thirty years' work, and feel as if I had been discovering Americans.

I wanted to use the time in gaining general experience to help me in future work, so I was not labeled an Inquirer into Education or any other Cause; I just came to see what folk were like here, and took what came, just as I found it. I started with good friends, but I was not handed on by letters. They keep a traveler to one kind of friend, whereas, though my hosts were a warranty for me in the first instance, I made friends from one house to another, so that new friends could take me or leave me as they would, without feeling obliged to honor a friend's draft. Also, I avoided Pullman cars where 'lettered' people travel, preferring day cars, where I could make friends with the rest of the world.

I went East, West, Middle West, South, and, above all, to Arizona, forming a gathering snowball of friends, spending nearly two years in a succession of short visits to previously unknown folk, with the result that, if you pin me down to one adjective to describe America, it would be *lovable*.

It goes to my heart when I see in-

quiring deputations from England entertained with princely hospitality in hotels: they eat good dinners to the sound of good bands; they hear good speeches, are told remarkable facts, and see magnificent sights; but from first to last they remain ignorant of the America I love so dearly and admire so heartily.

I can, indeed, echo what a member of such a deputation said to me: 'I have only three times enjoyed private hospitality in this country, but America will always stand out in my mind as a land of perfect hosts and hostesses.'

'Are we what you expected us to be?' is a question by which people over here have often puzzled me. It seemed 'unregardful,' to say that I had formed no expectation at all, though I am convinced that is the ideal temper of mind for a traveler, since it lets the country speak for itself. I was supported in this by hearing that a wise old man had recalled from the train a hurrying grandson to receive a parting counsel, which proved to be, 'My boy, wherever you go, remember that folks is just folks.'

The tendency of the average Englishman is to come to America expecting to find, not Red Indians, as the Americans always hope to catch us doing, but rather a community of English marooned some time ago; and his chief curiosity about them is to see if they have kept true to type. If he notices

delightedly that in this and that they are like himself, his joy in the fact sounds as if he were bidding them give God thanks because they are still recognizably English: where he sees differences, he either objects or forgives, according to his temperament; but in both cases his critical faculty is concentrated on judging a whole new continent by the local codes of a small island three thousand miles away.

Columbus the First was a little misled by preconceived ideas (about the Indies); and an English Columbus of to-day has almost inevitably preconceived ideas (about cousinship), which put his eyes out of focus for things as they are. Every Englishman used to travel with his bath; he now leaves that behind, but he still takes his bed of Procrustes and measures everything by an English standard. Before you come, say Jean Paul Richter's prayer against 'premature ideas.'

When you come, do not imagine you are visiting a New England, but give thanks for your more happy fortune in discovering a New Atlantis. Instead of cousins with a strong family likeness, you will find charming strangers. Enjoy their individuality as a new flavor in life — and enjoy also the unexpected touch of likeness and sympathy which you will come upon here and there (most largely in the South); as if, in some old foreign castle, you should come upon a familiar face among the family portraits, and should suddenly remember a forgotten tie of blood which had made some one of the family so curiously familiar as you were shown round.

What does America mean to me?

It is hard to say, since I doubt if Americans themselves can fully understand the America of 1918. One of them said to me the other day, 'Have you found an American novel which you can send to England as expressing

the American spirit?' But 'this strange New World that yet was never young,' the New America, was born only in 1917, and its chronicler has not been born yet.

It has plenty of clever Europeanized books, — read Henry James and Mrs. Wharton, — but they really date back to Longfellow's Norse and Spanish strains. It has plenty of descriptive geography such as Bret Harte wrote, and Edward Stewart White, O. Henry, Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown, Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, Grace King, and the Woman Rice-Planter. It has philosophy like Emerson's, poetry like Bryant's, piety like Whittier's, which belong to human nature, and are American because they happen to be born here.

But if you ask me what is essentially American and *could* not have been born anywhere else, I can only think of *The Education of Henry Adams*, the Introduction to Victor Chapman's *Letters*, and Walt Whitman, the Rodin of poetry.

Where does my beloved Hawthorne come? I am inclined to think that he and Heine play round the gateways of their respective countries, like children unwilling to come in from their play in the forest.

It took Dante's Eagle of Empire, in the *Paradiso*, long years to tune his many voices through one throat. The American Eagle is as great, and may take as long — and may eventually give the same message to the World: *Diligit justitiam qui judicatio terram.*

Unity. — The new unity of America, instantaneously forged on the anvil of war, is one of the chief difficulties in describing her. Two years ago I found East, South, West, Middle West as distinct as if I were traveling from country to country in Europe. To-day, not only are the American-born welded together by a white heat of enthusiastic national

pride, but Italians, Poles, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, are all eager to prove themselves good Americans. A giant Polish mill-hand came to one of the War-Loan offices and put down one hundred dollars. 'Wait for your coupon,' said the cashier, 'or you will lose your interest.' 'I want no paper,' said he in halting English; 'I give it to the country.' At the Northfield Student Conference, last January, a representative of each of the South American and Eastern nations assembled on the platform and testified to their belief in America's honesty of purpose and to their gratitude to her for missionary help. It was a wonderful object-lesson for the alien races who make their home with her, and showed the true basis of her unity.

Army Discipline. — The obedience of an undisciplined nation to the army draft was not the same as in conscript races such as France or Germany — nor even like the volunteers of England, where the 'great prize of Death in battle' has always been an accepted idea: here it was a complete reversal of the national tendency to a peaceful life.

The training that followed the Draft Call fashioned a new army, the like of which was never seen in the world before, if we except Cromwell's New Instrument. Kipling was just in time to put on record Ortheris and Mulvaney; but his soldiers are of a different mould from the grave, earnest, thoughtful faces of the men I watched in the Hostess House at Camp Devens.

For the first time in history, an army proved to be the means of raising its whole nation morally: aliens were Americanized; English became the one language; morals and health were seen to for all; and so were amusement and education. The camps had libraries and lectures, classes and movies, with coaches for athletics and songs; while neighboring towns also were provided

with clean amusements; although, only a year before, on the Mexican border, five thousand men were sent every night into a town with no amusement but saloons. The Prince in the 'Sleeping Beauty' saw no greater change in the life around him than did America in 1917.

It seemed suitable that all this should be done by a nation so rich in ideals of peace; but over and above this, her boys proved a match for the best of the old fighting races as hard fighters. Besides, the American soldier was always on his job, with no idea of truces or times off.

Tommy fought like a hero all day, and then, with his supper and pipe, put it all out of his head, as he used to with his games at school. The American was busy all the evening fighting the day's battles over again in his mind, to see where he could have made a better move, as he did aforetime in his school football. The peace nation was second to none in the great game of war!

Mothers. — Just before this war, the 'Cellar Mother' was spoken of with understanding, if not with laughing sympathy — the woman who decoyed husband and sons into the cellar, and then sat on the door, resolved that no men-kind of hers should engage in such a fool business as war!

Many of the mothers who so spoke had made the schoolmaster's life a burden by their nervous telephoning when Ned or Harry went to school; yet when the country demanded it and their boys were ten years dearer, they gave them to the war without a sign of anything but pride.

They had never been trained, like English mothers, to live through ordinary life with a boy in danger on some frontier firing-line; but they learned heroism and nerve when the need came.

The American mother learned daily

self-denial, too; the most extravagant of nations learned thrift in food-conservation; and the most set in her ways of any woman on earth, the New England house-mother, altered those ways in that most unalterable part of her house, the kitchen, where everything had been 'thus and so' for generations.

And this thrift and adaptability were not drawn out of her by the needs of her own men, but by a quick imaginative sympathy, which bridged three thousand miles of ocean and felt, with all Sir Philip Sidney's chivalry, for the stranger of alien race, 'whose necessity was greater than hers.'

The Little Red Schoolhouse. — As I crossed the country, and saw the school-house standing out in every tiniest hamlet as the village church does in England, I learned that America stood by education; and a year later, when I saw what manner of men answered the call of the draft, I learned that education stood by America.

I came with the sound, old-fashioned English idea that character and duty and the Fifth Commandment outweighed book-learning. I also brought the related but unsound idea, that character and book-learning were alternative, not complementary.

But, as I watched those soldiers and (taught by this) watched more observantly stray men of the rougher sort, in train and car and elevator, I came to the conclusion that the little Schoolmarm had fashioned her boys into gentlemen.

The other day Mr. Kipling ascribed their reticence in word to the ascendancy of women in their schools. We are apt to feel as if red-blooded masculine vigor must be weakened thereby; but perhaps it is only that primæval masculine brutality is being refined away. At all events, America's soldier sons have proved themselves a quick-tem-

pered, hard-hitting race, who would be bad to beat. All honor to the little Schoolmarm who has gentled them as well.

The Church. — Here the school takes the place of the village church, and the difference stands for much.

It does not mean indifference to religion. This is the Age of the Spirit all the world over, and America has seen a wonderful rise in her religious tide during the last fifteen years. But her lack of an established church points to an adaptation to the future, which may prove of moment to America's leadership in the coming age.

Just as 'the Papal Church met the needs of the Roman Empire, and National Churches, Gallican or Anglican, suited that rise of nationalities which followed that Empire,' so the absence of a State Church here (not its abolition, with the accompanying tearing down of old pieties and loyalties) may prove to be the opportunity for America to inaugurate a new era of religious unity, which will suit the needs of an age of wider brotherhood — not with any falsifying of truth, or pooling of national ideals, but rather with deeper fulfillment of both.

The Saints. — I nearly quarreled with a friend who wanted me to say, soon after my arrival, what I most liked, and most disliked, in America.

'Idealism' came quickly enough in answer to the first question; but I had nothing to say for the second, and I believe she suspected me of concealing much. But my difficulty lay in my relationship to Kipling's Tramp Royal, whose last will and testament was, —

Write, before I die, 'He liked it all.'

With my present longer observation, I am able to say that the excellence of the telephone service is what I most

find fault with — I doubt if any nerves or any inner life can survive being liable to unexpected inroads of conversation at any hour of the day or night. Even the Old Man of the Sea gave Sinbad intervals of sleep.

But to return to my friend: she met me again the other day and asked if I now knew more. She patted me approvingly when I said I had learned that America was, like St. Patrick's Ireland, a land of saints.

Someone else looked up at that, a little suspiciously, as if suspecting Romanizing tendencies in an Episcopalian. 'I mean someone in whose presence my soul feels on its knees'; and the definition proved a bond of union instead of a war-note.

Why should I feel this here, when England has just as many? I think it is because, at home, we all have definite relations with those we meet, and live perforce within those limits. Here I was a stray human soul, perched by the fireside for a few days before flitting off into space again, and our most real, in many cases our only, meeting-ground was the deeper values of life. As Hawthorne taught Hilda in *The Marble Faun*, it is the stranger, whom you will never see again, to whom you can talk most simply of these things.

Idealism. — Are you by this time discounting what I say, from a suspicion that I see America only as a Utopia of mediæval chivalry and beauty?

I certainly choose to dwell on her enduring features, instead of on the workman's rubbish and the scattered chips of the yard where the Statue of Liberty was fashioned, all of which will sooner or later be swept away. Besides, a purely personal record like this loses its only value unless it is true to the temperament of the recorder, and mine was largely fashioned by a wise old woman, who used to say, 'They talk a great

deal of "Realism" nowadays, but I have never been able to see that a black beetle was any more real than a butterfly.'

Every American can tell you the faults of his country, and you had better let me try to make you see her with my English eyes, which have been taught by Wordsworth (who is England) that we see as well as live

... by admiration, hope and love.

Of course, there are squalid shacks in suburbs, loud-voiced tourists, hustlers eager for the Almighty Dollar; and of course, a princess on the hunt for peas under her mattress can always find them.

But the shacks are being fast 'made over,' and it seems waste of time to dwell on them when so much beauty is showered around them by Nature and is being created by Art. It was an Oxford man who said to me the other day, that American modern architecture beat ours out of the field, and that we could not touch such beauty as Mr. Cram put into his work.

As for the legend of the Almighty Dollar, I had not been here many months before I saw through that 'Great Illusion.' A man, whom I would gladly see the next President, was assuming, as a matter of course, that America worshiped the dollar. I felt that an outsider had no right to interfere, but I plucked up my courage and said, 'I wish you would talk as you really feel; you know as well as I do, that America worships ideals and that to her, the dollar stands for success in playing the game. She is able and ready to lose a fortune and to build up another, without ever loving pounds, shillings, and pence as a miser does. It is a mere matter of accidental surroundings that the game meant mostly diplomacy or war in the Old World and business in the New.'

He stopped a moment and then said, 'You are perfectly right, and I do think that; but the other is the usual thing to say.'

That was before the war — I wish that one of the gains of the war could be that, after it, it may be the usual thing, in talking of other people, to 'assume a virtue, if they have it.'

II

I end my list with idealism, since that is the keynote of whatever else I want to talk to you about.

Now or never, the Western World has an opportunity of rising to it, and America's isolation has given her a unique chance of helping in this. Only last night I was hearing of a group of French diplomats who chimed in with an American's wish that America were a full ally. But one of them returned next day to say that, on talking it over together, they had come to the conclusion that the position of co-belligerent left America better able to help Europe, as freeing her from the inherited jealousies and prejudices of the Old World.

If the West is ever to make a better world, it must be now, when everyone has just been forced to face the realities of Life.

It may be that the East, which gave all the great religious messages to the world, will have to come back after some future Armageddon to put those Messages into practice, but —

If Blood be the price of Admiralty,
Lord God, we have paid it all.

During the war we have been stirred to admire each other as never before, and to credit classes and nations with virtues that we used to allow only to individuals; but 'War brings out friendly feelings; international jealousies may revive at the peace table, unless in both private and public talk we keep reso-

lutely to the nobler atmosphere of the war.' We need not only large-hearted, large-minded leaders, but also a rank and file which will allow those leaders to be their best.

There is much talk of a League of Nations. The League I believe in is that of the people who mention pleasant things and let unpleasant things die with them; who expect their neighbor to be as large-hearted as themselves, and who sweep the snow from their own doorsteps.

If you have time, in these days of great causes, to join this little private league, it may be well to suggest to you two small matters which conduce to misjudgment of the English over here.

Every smallest earth of such misjudgment is worth stopping, since the harvest of the war depends on fellowship between us and America, and understanding is more essential to that fellowship than liking, for the root qualities of both nations are reason and fairness.

If America and England come together, there will be a steadying force for peace which will make the League of Nations a success, or enable the world to get on without it. But in these days of close international intercourse, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin's warning should be heeded in every private letter as well as in newspapers. He says (I quote from memory), —

'No family could hold together if every hasty criticism, every sharp word, were published. No more can nations, in these days of the power of the press, if every jealous insinuation, every belittling jest, of some village speech meant for home consumption, is telegraphed to the four ends of the Earth.'

One of my two suggestions to Englishmen is, to act in the spirit of Bishop Creighton's warning, 'Avoid giving away your friend, to conciliate your enemy.'

Avoid giving away your country, to write a good letter. If, in the interests of truth, you wish to give this or that bad impression, as being a national feature, do so: England can stand it. But if you are tempted to describe some instance of 'cussedness' or vulgarity, which strikes you just because it is a freak and not typical, remember that, over here, it will be largely quoted as first-hand evidence as to 'how strangely people behave in England.'

You would hardly believe how many here imagine that Doggie in *The Rough Road* is a usual specimen of our leisure classes, and that country squires and squires usually have the morals of Mr. Britling and Mrs. Harrowdean.¹

We cannot possibly realize how absolutely unknown our daily atmosphere is, outside our own island, except to the cosmopolitan few. The mass of the 'plain people' here know English Literature far better than corresponding people in England; while many teachers have saved up to come to England, and have met Chaucer and Westminster Abbey, but not the English; just as people may come here and see Niagara and the Grand Cañon, but not America. Yet these well-read people will ask me questions about our point of view — our 'reaction,' they would call it — on small matters of daily life, which would seem to me to go without saying.

Nobody is at fault: you cannot stand on your doorstep and beg every passing American to come in (though Americans sometimes feel as if you could), any more than Americans could or would do it for you; but I do wish there could be some small private League of

Nations, in which sets of, say, three English families would undertake to invite an American teacher for three days each, so that the coming generation of Americans would get truer views of the schools. A wise committee on each side could select those able to teach, and to learn new ideas.

The study of history does less good than one would expect, so I doubt if the millennium will be brought about by revising textbooks that bear on '76! I have listened to history lessons in public schools, and have carried away an impression (as probably the children did also) that all the English sins of the past were active motor-forces in the present, and that no one realized that the Irish Cromwell died some time ago, and that folks are just folks.

My second suggestion is, avoid any words that take class distinctions for granted. It took me some time before it dawned on me that, except in the South, such words seriously jar on an American ear. As a matter of fact, social gulfs do exist in America, in a way that seemed strange to me, to whom it came as natural to make friends with the laborer as with the squire. I had not realized that with us recognized distinctions leave us free to be natural, whereas here people feel obliged to protect themselves.

The feudal world, when ideally carried out, as in the days of guilds and ladies of the manor, was one of warm family relationships. To my American friend, it meant the heel of the rich crushing the soul of the poor; to me, it meant the ideal of loyalty to those above and responsibility for those below — a relationship which, though rightly passing away as all men are coming of age, yet bred the reverence which makes for beauty, and the pity which is akin to love.

The democratic world, which saw patronage in kindness and suspected

¹ Trollope and Miss Yonge have done good work over here in describing the England of fifty years ago, and I owe much gratitude to Mr. Archibald Marshall for enabling me to recommend books of to-day, which really know the people they talk about.

welfare work of bribery, felt very cold to me when I first came. It was a good year before it dawned on me that it held an equally generous ideal — hot fervor for the ideal of such equality in the conditions of life as should enable your brother to stand on his own feet and be beholden to no one for the patronage of help or the impertinence of pity. Its kindness was as strong, but of a different brand: it held a passionate fervor for the down-trodden; it had a real cult for the under dog, as such (which involves a curious suspicion of an upper dog, as such), regardless of attendant circumstances.

Land-relationship is the basis of Society in England, and the cash-nexus in America. It is partly because of this that pity flourishes more in England than in America, where the critical faculty never sleeps, or, at all events, sleeps with one eye open; indeed, American humor generally has three eyes open all at once.

In England the gods have preserved us from the fatal gift of quick-wittedness, so that the sub-conscious kindness of primæval kinship gets a chance. It grows out of the land-tie of Feudalism, which fosters an instinct of tenderness for the weak that is seldom found in America (unless it springs from instinctive opposition to some capitalist who may be in fault).

If you venture a remark verging on pure pity, an American will look keenly at you for a moment, to detect whether you are a good-hearted imbecile, or merely a knave. He then sails on with some neat phrase which shows that 'No fools need apply.'

America is rich beyond the dreams of avarice in love, friendliness, hospitality, warm-heartedness; but pity lingered to tend some wayside fool when the Pilgrims set out for the Mayflower, and never got aboard.

The Pilgrims have no use for fools,

and show no aptitude for dealing with them — unless, in Moslem fashion, they accept them as prophets. The lack is a wise economy of Nature, since they have so few of them that they have no need to cultivate Izaak Walton's gift for 'handling the worm as though you loved it.'

They are proud of the lack, for they value keen intellect more than we do, — I don't wonder, for they are so rich in it, — and it angers them to think of any mortal presuming to give pity or help to any other mortal. Away with privilege!

If a rich man does anything kind in his works, it is supposed that he has a 'motive' behind it; if he is kind to an individual, it is resented as charity. Fifth Avenue is told to keep at home, and not meddle with the East Side's efforts to raise its poorer members, as they have no use for patronage. It seems hard to blame Fifth Avenue for ignorance of the claims of social justice, and yet to forbid it to go where it can learn. Surely it is a part of social justice to appreciate and develop the good points in Dives.

Every American is a born 'good mixer,' but he needs a dash of Irish or Southern blood (which gives that sixth sense of pity) to make him a first-rate mixer. If he is under the charm of a person or nation, he says more charming things than either French or Irish; and the fact that he says them only when it gives him pleasure to do it, adds a fine flavor of truth which makes him quite irresistible.

Our mind runs on prohibition just now, and I should be inclined to say that, in regard to pleasant words, an Englishman is a total abstainer; the American 'puts his lips to them when so disposed'; and only the Irishman can be relied on to have a drop of comfort handy, whenever the other fellow is lonely or downhearted.

The American view of humor, as well as of pity, is an outcome of democracy, though the humor which they feel to be so distinctively their own has an ancestry of the English countryside. The Tory villager was wont to say (of both people and ideas), 'Here's a stranger: let's heave half a brick at him!' The democratic American translates this into, 'Here's a superior: let's have a good story on him.' It is the wealth of American wit which produces their extraordinary prodigality of good stories, but it is the democratic instinct of antagonism to a superior which gives those stories the unlimited application, which the feudal mind would refrain from, even if it had the wit to make the story.

Feudalism and Democracy are both roads to the Kingdom: one is an old Roman road fast getting out of repair, the other is a motor-track. We live in a motor-world and there 'must find our happiness or not at all.' Kipling gave us a good lead when he found the poetry of the sea in the ship's machinery. To you, poetry may lie in sails and quarter-deck etiquette, but remember that your form of speech gives a nasty jar to modern sympathies over here when it takes class distinctions for granted; and you seriously obscure the fact that the underlying ideals of liberty and the value of each individual man, on which England is built, are identical with American ideals.

The democratic phraseology and framework of France have had more to do than Lafayette with making America feel a closer tie to France than to England. The fact of our having a king is a real obstacle to her fellowship with us: it hides from her that we are really more democratic than she is, and our inherited trick of talking feudally in social life contributes to increase her misconception of us. She does not realize that our King may be one of the

best helps to making the world 'safe for democracy.'

General Smuts, our most formidable enemy in the Boer War and now our firm friend, said that the possession of an hereditary king who ground no axes of his own would be one of the world's chief assets in bringing about, after the war, that equal Confederacy of England and the Dominions which will make such a strong force for Peace. He pointed out that it would save all jealousy as to the Presidency, and avoid the almost insuperable difficulty of an election in such a world-wide electorate.

Old men are dreaming dreams of the Old World once more stabilized; young men are seeing visions of a New World of which — to quote one of our great statesmen — Jesus Christ shall not be ashamed. The young take their stand on the counsel to the rich young man, and expect a reversal of the established order — revolution, not evolution.

Must it be so? The old are apt not to be sufficiently alive to 'changing winds,' but I heard of a mill-owner the other day, whose experience may give us pause. In these mills, the pay is up to the highest level in the trade, as he feels that that is the most profitable way of spending money; the men's self-respect is not sapped by welfare work, though each mill has a doctor and nurse, because health is as much the owner's interest as the worker's; but their votes as citizens can make the municipality erect baths and libraries, as suits the public good and theirs.

The business is kept small enough for the owner to hear promptly of any discontent, so that he can do justice at once, instead of leaving it to some indifferent middleman. All know that, in America, every man has a partnership in his bag of tools, if his wits warrant it; so here, of Tom, Harry, and Dick, if in this mill Tom shows aptitude for

affairs, it pays both master and man to let Tom come up the ladder as his brains enable him, while it transgresses no sense of justice, if Harry and Dick, with ordinary wits, remain ordinary workmen on a fair-wage basis.

The owner said, 'We let the minimum-wage question work itself out in varying mills and localities, instead of standardizing it. Most of my work is by the piece, and it would not pay me if a man earned too little for his well-being; we supervise the pay-roll carefully, and if a man won't earn enough, we fire him; if health prevents him, we nurse him; if ignorance, we teach him.'

Owners like this man are increasing in every fresh generation of college graduates. President Lowell gave the keynote of Harvard's work for the country when he said last month, to the students who had come up with war ambitions, 'I want you men to be officers in the civil life of the community.'

I find much comfort in the fact of that first motorless Sunday. It was the one before the Labor Day Monday holiday; and since, in these days of Fords, as many men as masters possess motors, it was evident that both classes were able to look at a matter of personal comfort from a public-spirited point of view.

At first it grieved me, out of pure love for America, that the war ended when she had had so much shorter a time than we to learn what war could teach.

I was half inclined to wish that she had entered the lists earlier, in order to

bear more, although I had always held that the President's waiting was of the same order as Cavour's. But I was being misled by to-day's worship of activity into undervaluing that time of looking on which taught America so much. It gave her time to dream of the League of Nations; it gave her time so to educate her home-workers that the womanhood of America will have a new start.

Above all, it gave time so to unite the nation in a great moral resolve that, to quote Bishop Butler of the *Analogy*, 'The Public Determination was the result of the united Wisdom of the Community, faithfully executed by the united Strength of it.' (Was there ever a nobler description of democracy?)

The older nations, with bloodstained hands, needed to be cleansed by a baptism of blood; but the younger nation, who, like David's son, was to build the Temple of Peace, 'in a short time fulfilled a long time.' She gave her sacrifice — of her prejudices, her comforts, her sons — as whole-heartedly as Abraham gave Isaac; and now, like Abraham, she receives her sacrifice back, in order to do with it some better thing.

She did not need to learn lessons of hardihood and valor — they were in her blood; nor did she need to atone for past bloodshed. All nations now have a great peace-work on their shoulders, and Solomon is being prepared by peace for a very special share in it.

A new age is calling for new virtues, new methods, new vision. King David is dead! Long live King Solomon!

ARMAGEDDON

BY JOHN FINLEY

(Early in the morning of the 20th of September, while I was at the General Headquarters of the army in Palestine, the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Edmund Allenby, coming from the map-room, remarked (as accurately as I can recall his language), 'I have just had word that my cavalry are at Armageddon. The battle of Armageddon is on.' I do not hold him responsible for the following exegesis of the chapter in the Book of Revelation in which reference is made to Armageddon; but looking back upon that day, I can but think that this was the beginning of the end of the battle with the Beast.)

I'VE seen the Angel pour the sixth gold bowl
Off toward the great Euphrates, and I've seen
The unclean spirits issue from the Beast,
The Dragon, and the mouth of him who posed
As Prophet — they who've led the whole wide world
'Together to the war of the Great Day';
For I have been in Armageddon's vale,
The Judgment Place, which John of Patmos saw
In his Apocalypse. — There have I walked;
There seen the Dragon's bayoneted tongue;
There gotten this Beast blood-splotch on my boot;
There heard the Teuton-Baal Prophet cry
His blasphemy to stir a Holy War;
There seen the Allied Men on horses ride,
Guided by 'eyes that were as flame of fire.'
Swift as these flaming eagles did they ride;
Swifter than Barak from Mt. Tabor's slopes
Rushing upon this plain; swifter than they
Of Gideon's band who swept upon Jezreel
From Mount Gilboa fronting this dread field,
Where kings and emperors through centuries
Have perished since the dewless, rainless days
When these same circling mountains mourned for Saul
And Jonathan, whom death could not divide.

Stronger than lions of the wilderness
Were they, these sons of lions of the isles,
Smiting with all the righteous wrath of God,
Striking with all the summoned might of right.

And after this sixth Angel had passed on,
On over Jordan to the desert's edge,
And still beyond to Bagdad's blistered roofs,
Till all the blazing lava had been poured,
And Prophet, Dragon, Beast were taken all,
I saw another 'standing in the sun'
At setting over Armageddon's vale,
Calling 'the birds that in mid-heaven fly'
To come together to the supper spread,
The great, grim supper of the Mighty God,
Out on the plain from Kishon to Beisan,
Where there was neither cloth, nor flower, nor lamp,
Nor plate, nor knife — only the pecking beak
And tearing claw and hov'ring sable wing.

That night I walked all night upon the plain,
Whose loam was soft and grateful to my feet
Sore from the harshness of Samaria's hills —
Soft as the loam of that far prairie farm
I'd ploughed long, long ago; and black as that,
But black with tinge of crimson from the hills.
All night I walked alone, save for the dead
Begging for burial — these and the gulping birds.
No sound was there except of my own steps,
Or now and then the scratching at my knees
Of brambles of Abimelech's ill-rule,
Or braying of the beast of Issachar
Between the sheepfolds, couching at his ease;
For dumbing death had stalked ahead of me.

Then toward the dawn there shone a wondrous sign,
Such as Sir Bedivere when Arthur died
Beheld. From out Gilboa's rugged side
(Where Gideon had cried, 'Jehovah's sword,')

ARMAGEDDON

And put to flight the hosts of Midian,
 And Saul had seen the gleaming scimitar,
 The Witch of Endor's presage of his fate)
 Was thrust what seemed a crescent Damask sword;
 The color of dried blood upon a blade.
 Slowly, as slowly as a rising star,
 'T was lifted upward by an unseen hand
 Until the coming of the morning light
 Did hide it in a jeweled sheath as rich
 And brilliant as an Arab ever wore.
 I knew it was the dying, hornèd moon;
 But had a sword been hanging in the sky,
 'T were not more like a sword than this red moon
 That shone in symbol of its drawing forth,
 And then its sheathing in the new Earth-Peace.
 There were the hideous wreckages of war;
 There things lay stark that yesterday were men;
 Naught else to tell that Armageddon's day
 Had come — had come and gone!

And now there stood,

In clear command of all the placid plain,
 The Mount on which He'd taught the world to pray,
 And where He'd breathed into immortal life
 The words of his divine Beatitudes,
 Blessing those valiant ones who'd fought for peace
 And now were called by Him the 'Sons of God.'

Pausing to look at this e'er-haloed height;
 I heard the sound of sacramental bells,
 Or so they seemed, but were the desert chimes
 Borne by the camels of a caravan
 Bringing the answer of the Tabor prayer
 To those who prayed, 'Give us our daily bread.'
 Across my pathway to the Nazareth
 That was the village of the Prince of Peace
 They passed.

The 'thousand years' had been begun.

CHANGE OF VENUE

BY H. T. AVERY

PROBABLY no case ever tried in Chautauqua County has competed successfully for public attention with that of *People vs. Hankins*.

Since the first hearing it has been tried over every time the subject of litigation has been mentioned within ten miles of Forestport.

These post-trials and rehearings have developed so much controversy and prejudice, and so many charges of perjury, that it is beside the question to expect that a fair trial can be held in the county.

Therefore, it is proper that a change of venue be granted for the final hearing, where the facts may be presented to an unbiased jury.

Lute Hankins first appeared at the cross-roads community of Hamlet, in the Arkwright Hills of Western New York, eight miles from Forestport, on a sun-shiny afternoon in April.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Hankins and two small children, and all of them were extremely life-worn. An emaciated horse wearily dragged the three-spring wagon in which the Hankinses rode, and on the rear were piled their meagre household goods.

One glance showed that life had not gone well with Lute Hankins and his folks — also that it was going very badly with the horse, which gave evidence of an attack of blind staggers as the Hankins retinue drew up in front of Seth Ward's general store, the only place of business at the cross-roads.

The arrival of a strange vehicle was

sufficient to attract the immediate attention of Mr. Ward and two cronies, who were seated on the store-steps profoundly chewing tobacco and spitting at flies that lighted near them.

The evident suffering of the horse excited immediate action, and the three local citizens stepped spryly out to ascertain what might be the matter.

'Horse is sick,' announced Lute. 'Guess I'll have to stop. Guess he's got colic. 'S there a barn round here where I can fetch him?'

One by one the three inspected the horse critically, and the Hankins family furtively and thoroughly.

'I reckon you'll have to stop,' allowed Seth Ward, 'and I guess you'll have to get another horse, because this critter ain't got much more vitality than 'll get him to my barn.'

The horse was unhitched and led haltingly to the stable, where the three local citizens held a consultation and gave the simple veterinary remedies common to country custom.

The while, by deft inquiries, Mr. Ward and his associates developed the fact that Lute Hankins and his family were moving to anywhere in search of a job on a farm. Also that the horse, wagon, furniture, and a scant sum of money represented their total worldly possessions; that Mrs. Hankins and the children, to say nothing of Lute, had eaten very sparingly for a long time and particularly during the immediately preceding thirty-six hours; that Hankins and family would consider it an act of providence if they could secure

a place to stay and an opportunity to work for enough to keep soul and body together until the horse got well enough to go on.

In the course of an hour or two the kindly people of the neighborhood had taken the Hankinses in, fed them, and provided lodgings for them.

During the night the horse died, and the Hankins family, in consequence of being unable to proceed, was left on the hands of Hamlet.

Much discussion and many conferences took place among the good people of Hamlet, with the result that next day Crawford Stone, owner of several farms acquired through the pressure of mortgage-foreclosures, leased, at the suggestion of some neighbors, the old Perkins farm, a mile and a half from the town, to Lute Hankins, on terms that insured Mr. Stone as much against possible loss as they did Mr. Hankins against any considerable gain.

The farm had a livable house upon it, a herd of cows, a team of horses and farm-tools, and provided shelter and at least a scant livelihood, which was indeed a royal refuge for the Hankinses in their hour of great need.

Lute Hankins, his wife, and two children worked industriously for over two months, and received continual kindnesses from the people surrounding their newly acquired home; but the end of that time showed that their financial progress had actually been backward, since Lute owed a considerable balance to his landlord for small cash advances.

As he became familiar with his neighbors and the idiosyncrasies of certain people in the community, Lute learned that Crawford Stone generally emerged from the relation of landlord and tenant with pretty much all of the proceeds of the relation and a substantial claim against the tenant.

Likewise Lute learned anew that even the simple raiment of farm-folks

will in time wear out, and he came to the point where he saw little — and that little much darned and patched — standing between the bodies of the various members of the Hankins family and the rude gaze and persistent breezes of the world.

And so one Saturday morning he appeared at Seth Ward's general store, and selected wearing apparel for Mrs. Hankins, the children, and himself, amounting at retail prices to twenty-three dollars. Then he asked Mr. Ward to extend him credit for the amount purchased.

Mr. Ward was extremely doubtful of the advisability of parting with his tangible merchandise for what appeared to him to be a promise of intangible value; so he asked Lute, 'How are you going to pay for these things?'

'Oh, pretty soon,' replied Lute.

'I ain't asking you when, but how,' parried Mr. Ward. 'This is quite a bit of money for a man like you, that's got more responsibilities than income.'

'That's so, Mr. Ward,' said Lute: 'I've got big responsibilities and that's what makes me responsible. Guess I might as well tell you in confidence that I ain't anywhere near so hard up as folks round here think. I've got considerable property, Mr. Ward.'

'What property you got?' asked Mr. Ward, who was visibly interested.

'Well, I've got some horses, cows, and sheep, Mr. Ward,' went on Lute, in a low voice, to carry the idea that he was imparting confidential information to his listener; 'I ain't telling anyone, because a skinflint where I used to live is threatening to sue me for a debt I don't owe. But I got four horses, seven cows, and eleven sheep, and they're worth all of a thousand dollars, and I guess that's good enough for twenty-three dollars, ain't it, in addition to my word, which, if I do say it, is as good as my bond, Mr. Ward.'

'Well, I'd say so if you've got 'em,' said Mr. Ward doubtfully.

'Got 'em? Why, I'll take you down to the farm and show 'em to you,' declared Lute decisively.

In the meantime Seth Ward was connecting up in his mind the fact that in the last three weeks considerable live stock had been placed on the Perkins farm where Lute lived, and pondering on his conclusion at the time that the animals were of course the property of the landlord, Crawford Stone.

'Was them horses, cows, and sheep, what's been put on the farm lately, yours?' he asked Lute, looking him squarely in the eye.

'Yes, sir, and I'll make a writing to that effect, Mr. Ward, so there can't be no mistake about it,' declared Lute without hesitation.

Mr. Ward moved back to his desk and wrote at length on a sheet of foolscap paper, handed the pen to Lute, and said, 'If you'll sign that statement in writing, I'll trust you for them things.'

'What's it say?' asked Lute deferentially.

Mr. Ward read the paper, which was a declaration of Lute Hankins, party of the first part, to Seth Ward, party of the second part, to the effect that the first party owned four horses, seven cows, and eleven sheep free and clear, and that said first party made said statement for the purpose of procuring goods, wares, and merchandise on credit from said second party.

Lute Hankins unhesitatingly signed the paper, took his packages, and proceeded home, after agreeing to pay five dollars on account every two weeks.

A fortnight later Mr. Ward recalled the fact that Lute Hankins had not paid the first five dollars, and mentioned it to Hankins, who was driving by that day.

Hankins was profuse with apologies

and promises, and another two weeks passed with no payment on account.

During this period doubts that had been existent but had lain dormant in Seth Ward's mind incubated, and he sent one of his cronies to the Perkins farm to buy a horse from Hankins. The emissary reported that Hankins declared that he owned no horses — that all the horses on the place belonged to Crawford Stone, the landlord. Four other friends of Seth, in quest of horses, cows, and sheep, unfolded the same declaration of facts from Lute Hankins in relation to every bit of live-stock on the old Perkins farm.

By this time Seth Ward was madder than a hornet, and decided to take the bull by the horns himself and collect his due. He saw Crawford Stone, and learned specifically that every animal on the Perkins farm belonged to him, Stone. Then he went after Hankins without gloves. When Seth Ward had expressed himself in full, Lute Hankins was protesting with tears against his misfortunes, and offering abject apologies, mingled with entreaties for time to make good.

But Seth Ward was obdurate. He declared he'd been taken advantage of by a low-down skulking skunk, and no skunk could trim him and get away with it. 'Why, Lute, you lied to me like a yellow dog, did n't you?' he asked indignantly.

'Yes, Mr. Ward, but —' began Lute meekly.

'But nothing!' exploded Seth. 'I ain't going to be butted around like this. Why, you liar, you ain't got a horse or a cow or a sheep in the world, have you?'

'No, Mr. Ward, but —' began Lute again.

'Don't you "but" me — did n't I tell you not to "but" me?' shrieked Seth. 'I'll fix you! I'll have you arrested for larceny, for obtaining goods

under false pretenses in writing!' he declared firmly as he started back to Hamlet.

He hurried before Justice of the Peace Bill Overhiser and swore out a warrant for Lute Hankins on the charge of petit larceny, since the twenty-three dollars involved kept the crime within that degree, and gave the Justice's Court jurisdiction.

The next morning Constable Eph Decker, armed with a warrant, placed Lute Hankins under arrest, and the case of *People vs. Hankins* was at issue in Justice's Court at Hamlet.

In court, which was held in the district schoolhouse at Hamlet, ex-Justice of the Peace Abel Putnam, versed by long experience in litigation in Justice's Court, appeared for the People on behalf of the complainant.

Justice Overhiser judicially informed the defendant that he had a right to consult and be represented by counsel.

Lute Hankins declared he had no lawyer, but he wanted to get one. He talked with the constable and learned that Squire Palmer of Forestport was the nearest lawyer, and that, while he was a young fellow, he was a right smart fighter.

With the aid and advice of the constable, who was not over-friendly with Seth Ward, Lute Hankins asked for a jury trial, and procured an adjournment until three that afternoon, to allow him to drive to Forestport in the custody of the constable to consult Squire Palmer.

Lute and the constable arrived at Palmer's law office a few minutes before the squire was leaving for lunch, and after a few preliminary words, he and Lute retired to a private room while the constable maintained guard outside.

From this point Squire Palmer, the attorney for the defendant, having had complete access to all the facts, may

properly supervise their presentation on the final hearing.

'Lute Hankins threw six one-dollar bills on my table as we entered the private office,' states Squire Palmer, 'and said he wished me to look after his interests. He declared frankly that he was guilty of the crime charged, explained the whole transaction in detail, and said he knew he would be found guilty if tried on the facts, and that owing to the great prejudice and hostility that Seth Ward had stirred up against him in the locality, he would be sent to jail for an excessive term unless some strong plea for mercy was made by me.

'He declared I could save him several months in jail if I'd defend him and ask for a change of trial to a place where the people were less prejudiced, and that every day I could get his term lessened would help to save his family from starvation and the poorhouse.

'I asked him in detail about his written statement, and learned from his own lips that he had deliberately lied about the horses, sheep, and cattle, and told him that I could not possibly be of any help to him as he had no defense whatever.

'But he insisted strenuously that, if he could get a change of trial to a place where an unprejudiced jury could hear all the facts, he would get off easier because they'd see he was n't doing nothing but trying to save the life of his woman and the two kids.

'He was so honest that he won my sympathy as he insisted that without me he would get the maximum sentence, but there was a good chance, if I'd make a plea for mercy, that he'd get off with a lighter one. So I agreed to drive over to Hamlet with him and the constable, and make a plea for his wife and children.

'I had the constable and Lute have dinner with me at the Forestport House,

and then we drove to Hamlet. I took along my *Code of Criminal Procedure* and a couple of volumes of criminal law, in order to create an atmosphere of legal jurisprudence.

'Justice Putnam and I took the first twelve men called for the jury, because I knew the case was all cut and dried, and then I made a preliminary speech, protesting against the trial of the case before Justice Overhiser or any jury in the town of Hamlet, on the ground that prejudice and passion against my client was so intense as to make it impossible for him to get the fair trial the constitution guaranteed him, and I demanded a change of venue to some other locality.

'As I expected, the old justice denied my motion, but I could see that I had made an impression and shaken the feeling of opposition against Lute with some of the jury and bystanders.

'Prosecutor Putnam had his facts and witnesses well prepared and proved the case against Hankins completely. But as witness after witness testified, it seemed the old man kept getting prouder and prouder and more tickled at the way he was outshining me as a trial lawyer.

'When his last witness left the stand, he addressed the court and declared that what I had said about His Honor and the jury and the town of Hamlet and the chance of getting a fair trial for Lute Hankins was insulting and unwarranted, and just to prove it he was going to leave no doubts in the minds of anyone that Lute Hankins was guilty by calling Hankins himself as a witness.

'For a moment I was going to object against making Hankins a witness against himself, but I figured quickly that on cross-examination I might develop something that would create sympathy, and as they made him their witness, certainly he could not make

things worse than they were; so I let Putnam go.

'He proved by Lute all the facts about the purchase of the goods, and he had him swear that he had signed the written statement about owning the horses, cows, and sheep for the purpose of getting credit.

'Then he turned triumphantly to Lute and asked, "Now, sir, at the time you made this statement in writing you did not have four horses or any horses did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did," answered Lute firmly.

"What's that?" shrieked Putnam. "Well, sir, at that time you did not have seven or any cows, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Lute.

"Well, sir, you did n't have eleven or any sheep, did you?" gasped Squire Putnam.

"Yes, sir, I did," declared Lute.

'Neither old Putnam nor anyone in the court room was a bit more flabbergasted than I was. Everyone was bowled over except Lute, who was as serene and calm as the country landscape outside; and when he nodded at me, I burst out laughing hilariously, to the added discomfiture of the court, prosecutor, and complaining witness.

'After he had recovered his breath and composure a bit, Prosecutor Putnam turned to Lute and asked coldly and scornfully,—

"So you say you had these critters, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I said," repeated Lute.

"Well, sir, where in thunder are they?" Putnam demanded.

"Down at my mother's farm in Wyoming County, Mr. Putnam," said Lute in a matter-of-fact way.

'Of course, I was on my feet instantly, demanding the discharge of my client on the ground that the undisputed evidence of the People showed

that the defendant had the horses, cows, and sheep set forth in the written instrument, and therefore the crime charged had not been committed.

'Prosecutor Putnam wished to question further, but I objected — showing by the code that he could not impeach his own witness, and that he was bound by the undisputed testimony of Hankins whom he voluntarily called to give evidence in the People's behalf.

'After a red-hot wrangle over the law code and statutes in such case made and provided, I prevailed, and the court discharged my client, who was the most unperturbed person in the considerable crowd that had assembled at Hamlet by this time.

'While Lute was getting the constable's rig, — which he had borrowed to drive me back to Forestport, — I went into Seth Ward's store to get a quarter's worth of cigars, and I per-

ceived that the verdict seemingly had not completely settled the facts in the minds of the villagers, although I was conscious, from the expressions of some of them, that I had won some approval as a lawyer.

'I gave Lute a cigar and we started the drive to Forestport. For about a mile nothing was said, as I was turning the whole case over in my mind.

'Finally, I said, "Lute, why in thunder did n't you tell me you had these horses and cows and sheep down at your mother's farm in Wyoming County?"

'An expression of innocent surprise spread over Lute's face as he looked at me and said, "Because that would have been a lie, Mr. Palmer; because I did n't have any of them critters, and besides my mother's been dead twenty years, and we never was in Wyoming County in our lives."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

IV. THE BEST WAY

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. THE FIRST CLASS

THE parlor at Marjean's was full of smoke, despite the open window. This café, or rather inn, was a sort of General Headquarters for the conscientious electors of the village of Duesmes, who were in the habit of gathering there, to gossip with their constituents. In times of peace, no one was ever in the parlor except on Sunday after vespers, or market-day, the first Saturday of the

month. But since the war the place had known a daily prosperity. It was here that the mayor read aloud the official bulletins which he received from the sub-prefecture through the intervention of the postmistress, Mademoiselle Vantrouille. It was here that villagers bewailed the requisitions in chorus, because it is the fashion to blame the government; although, privately, they were glad of them, since they made money by them. Here, drinking bitter beer and

abusing the ox-eyed maid who had to endure their scolding, they forgot their homes — so empty since their strong-armed sons had gone to the front; they forgot their wives whom grief had made more greedy and more crabbed.

This evening, as on the evenings before elections, the crowd had gathered around the people of importance.

Champommier, physician and district deputy. This unworthy graduate of the Medical School had been obliged to leave the city because of unpleasant rumors concerning his affairs, and was now trying for a deputyship in rural politics. When he let fall from his thin lips certain high-sounding socialistic formulæ, his long hungry teeth gleamed through his dirty beard.

Next, Malinvaud, complacently lifting his enormous wine-smeared, full-moon face, above the bowl of his gross body: he was *chevalier du mérite agricole*. He and Mr. Mayor, the municipal judge, to whom the rural guard and the chief of police, if not too tipsy, paid their respects.

Then, Vilardier, dry as the herrings curled in their hogshhead at the door of his grocery, waiting for customers.

'Well, Mr. Mayor, what do you plan to do to set it straight?'

'It would be a disgrace for our parish.'

'I — you understand — if it happens, I shall send my boys to the curé. So much the worse for the Republic!'

'We expected you to be more firm. You've been as soft as tripe — excuse my frankness.'

The mayor took a whiff at his pipe, and spat. 'I also am annoyed at what has happened, but I am still more annoyed that my Breton cow is about to calve.'

Vilardier felt that it was up to him to continue the conversation in his capacity of assistant magistrate: —

'Of course, it's tiresome that they

should send us, to take the place of the late Ratier, a teacher whom we don't know; but what can you do — *c'est la guerre!*' And he reflected that, as sugar had gone up five per cent, it was quite natural that he should double the price to the consumer.

Champommier, having neither a cow about to calve, nor a business blessed with an unexpected profit, but only his patients to occupy his time, — in other words, nothing of interest, — approached the subject with an entirely free mind, and embraced the opportunity to hold forth: —

'The central authority has saddled us with a teacher without consulting our preference. It is illegal, but let us wait before asserting ourselves.'

'He's to begin to-morrow morning.'

'Well, then, don't be impatient.'

'In the first place, it would seem that he's an old man, and old men — I've no confidence in them.' This from old Marjean, nicknamed Death's Deceiver, because he was over ninety.

'They certainly might have given us somebody disabled in the war,' replied Champommier; 'that would have been flattering and ornamental. But what's done is done.' He stroked his beard with his hairy hand, adjusted his eyeglass and gurgled forth his phrases: 'We'll judge him by his work. It's by his work that the workman is judged.'

Malinvaud scented the danger of letting Champommier talk too long, as he might be a serious rival at the municipal elections, so he now put in his oar: —

'The council will be present at his first class, and, as our district councilor has so justly observed, the workman shall be judged by his work. Besides, I'll pull his leg, as my boy says; he's full of Paris slang now that he goes to college at Châtillon-sur-Seine.'

'Our mayor'll pull his leg,' the crowd repeated, admiring the words it did not understand.

The mayor, flattered by the sensation he had produced could not have resisted the pleasure of explaining his joke; but just then the piercing voice of his wife rang out in the yard:—

‘Victor! — Come quick! — The cow has calved! — Hurry! You tipsy fool!’

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The little railway train puffed as it climbed the steep incline leading to the station at the end of the line. It arrived at last, but stopped so suddenly that the cars banged into each other, and a peasant who was shaken up by the collision exclaimed, ‘They call that progress!’

An old man got down and hurried toward the exit, lugging a heavy hand-box.

‘Is it the school you want? — Straight on, as far as the church, and at the left of the square, opposite the liberty pole,’ replied the official who took his ticket. ‘That must be the new master,’ he murmured.

The old man — for, judging by his white hair, his bent shoulders, and his weary step, he was indeed an old man — took advantage of the first milestone to sit down. He wiped his forehead, and brushed the dust from his shoes with a handful of grass. Before him, the market town rose on the hillside, its flat-roofed houses clustered round the bell tower. In the deserted yards, the hot stone walls caught the sun’s rays and ripened the trellised fruit trees. Beyond, the wheat-fields, which were beginning to turn yellow, stood out from the dark Spanish trefoil. In the bright morning the town was attractive, and the bell which was ringing seemed to invite him graciously to make haste.

But the old man shook his head, disillusioned. Although the inanimate things might seem friendly, he knew that the people were not. He reviewed in memory his career as a country

schoolteacher, exposed to the insults and rebuffs of the peasants. To them, the man who does not work with his hands is a humbug, a regular good-for-nothing. He could make no headway against their instinctive hate except by becoming the secretary in the mayor’s office, — the electoral agent, that is to say, — and he was one of those unusual people who had not the soul of a lackey. Ah, he knew them! these villages outwardly so quiet, but really the battleground of all the sordid struggles of an ignorant humanity, delivered over to its worst instincts. This was a new station in his Way of the Cross, this schoolhouse, so coquettish and white; he knew it and approached it resignedly, for such is life.

On the doorstep, the women lifted their heads from the beans which they were shelling, nudged each other, and laughed behind his back.

‘There he is! Our mayor’s going to pull his leg!’

He went up the steps. A bird sang in the trellis which framed a bay of the façade. ‘Cui — cui!’ It was the piteous cry of a wounded bird.

He entered the schoolroom. The children stared at him curiously from their desks. The authorities were seated in full array, under the chairmanship of Malinvaud, who had put on his tricolored scarf in honor of the occasion.

After brief greetings, the mayor climbed to the platform and addressed the audience: —

‘Citizens, here is your schoolmaster, M. Tatignon, who enters upon his duties to-day.’

He could go no further, for the ‘citizens’ from five to eight years of age burst out laughing. Tatignon! — The citizens wriggled.

Ah, what shall he do? The old man gazed without heart into the shining eyes fixed upon him by the wicked little beasts on watch.

The mayor, having, by the aid of strong language, obtained an approach to silence, turned toward the victim and said with an assumption of good will, —

‘The Council has decided that because of circumstances you will open this first class with an address on heroism, at which the council will be present in a body, hoping that you will fully appreciate the honor of this arrangement.’

The public, in the secret, laughed in its sleeve. ‘That’s it! Our mayor’s going to pull his leg!’

The old man blenched. It was a trap. They were trying to ridicule him, to prove how little he knew. He gathered his ideas together. Heroism — of course, there were ever so many examples: *d’Assas*, *La Tour d’Auvergne*, the sailors of the Vengeur. It was an easy subject, but he did not improvise easily. These hostile faces deterred him; fear paralyzed him.

Then the postman entered.

‘Pardon! Excuse me, Mr. Mayor and the company, but I bring M. Tatignon some letters which have already been here some time, as Mademoiselle Vantrouille explains. Your servant, sirs.’

The old man seized the packet with a greedy gesture. The one he wanted was not there; but on one envelope a military stamp drew his attention.

‘It is from his squadron, and that’s not his handwriting!’

He ripped it open with a horrible prescience of misfortune, and skimmed through it rapidly. His lips moved. He tried to speak, but the words would not form in his contracted throat.

‘He can’t pull it off,’ whispered Champommier.

‘We’re waiting on you, master,’ said Malinvaud sweetly.

He drew himself up and seemed to have grown immeasurably taller. His dilated eyes shone with a strange light.

The sheet of paper trembled in his fingers.

‘You have asked me to speak on heroism. — It is here. — In the squadron they called him Flagada. His real name was Louis Tatignon. — He was my son. — He has died out there.’

In the trellis, the bird gave his piercing, ‘Cui, cui!’ — then was silent.

II. PAPA CHARLES LOOKS OUT FOR HIMSELF

The machine-guns were crackling at the shooting-range in a hollow near Lay-Saint-Christophe. While the scorers stopped up the holes in the target, the gunners rested.

‘I’ll play you for cocktails with the Browning, Papa Charles — five balls. I’m in luck to-day; did you take a squint at my targets? Regular sieves they are, since the sight of my Hotchkiss was corrected. Her shooting is adorable. Come on. If you lose, you can take it out on Frangipane.’

And Chignole invited them to go down from the hillock.

But Papa Charles stopped him. ‘We have n’t time. I have permission from the captain to use his car to take us to the cemetery.’

The ghost of Flagada rose before them. Oh, not a terrifying ghost, gaunt and menacing beneath a shroud! No; memory recalled the image of their friend under his usual aspect, sympathetic and gay, with the theatrical pose that made him so amusing. Neither Chignole, upon whom events made only fleeting impressions, nor even Frangipane, still a novice in flying, was much moved by this recollection of sad hours. But Papa Charles, who had finished his twenty-fifth month in the squadron, beheld the dolorous band of his vanished comrades pass before him. Their names crowded to his lips, and he recalled the very form under which

death had overtaken each one: caught under the engine; hit by anti-aircraft guns; smashed in landing; brought down by a Hun; burned; missing — He read in their faces an almost ironical astonishment.

'Yes; I am still here.'

Their hands reached out to him and their lips murmured, 'It is your turn next.'

Unconsciously, he gave a low groan.

'I say! What's the matter with you?' said Chignole, nudging him.

He passed his hand over his eyes to dispel the nightmare: 'Nothing — nothing!'

As they were getting into the automobile, Frangipane offered them cigarettes from his engraved case. Papa Charles scratched a match, held it out to his two friends, and used it himself before extinguishing it; whereupon Frangipane exclaimed, 'Three with the same match! That means bad luck.'

Papa Charles shivered involuntarily, but recovered his coolness at once and retorted, 'Ridiculous — such sayings!'

'I detest superstitions,' Chignole added airily; and the car started.

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* *

'Do you think you'll know how to fly in the daytime, now that we've been playing the owl so long? — Ah, old man — we've got a fine spin in prospect! I'm delighted with the objective! What sport to drop these on them!'

Chignole, with Frangipane helping him, was setting the bombs carefully in their racks. Papa Charles, seated on the edge of the cockpit, was watching the oscillations of the needle of the speed-indicator, while Mimile looked to the oiling.

'What's the matter with the mill to-day? — only 1000, 1050 revolutions.'

'I don't understand it at all, Papa Charles; it's less than a week since the

valves were ground. We need a new one — that's the trouble.'

Chignole tested each cylinder, listened carefully, then with a half-satisfied grimace, added, 'It might go better, but there's nothing to worry about. In the air it will increase by at least one hundred revolutions.'

Frangipane, who was staying below, as he no longer had a pilot, watched them start, uneasily. After several pick-ups, the biplane tried to rise, but fell back; at last, helped by the steepness of the flying-field, the wheels left the earth and the machine got its equilibrium at a low altitude, after balancing first on one wing, then on the other.

'She's heating up all right.'

And Papa Charles took his way nonchalantly toward the directing station of the 75's, to watch their evolutions through the glass.

'It won't climb!' Papa Charles struck the altimeter with his fist.

'Don't get excited. You'll ruin your disposition, and do no good.'

'Look at the others.'

Above them, their comrades were climbing easily. He tried all the manœuvres which usually help climbing; but because the machine side-slipped, he nosed down, thus losing height. There were the trenches already. The captain's rocket made a gray streak in the clear atmosphere. Papa Charles tried hard to rejoin the squad, but Chignole protested vigorously.

'Do you want to annihilate us? — 1000 metres! No, my friend! That's not aviation, it's suicide!'

Papa Charles turned unwillingly, reduced the speed, descended, landed, and said curtly, —

'Put up the taxi. Turn the mill upside down and see what it has in its belly.' Then, addressing Frangipane who had run up for news, 'It's disgusting! The first time I ever came back without reaching my goal.'

As the mechanics rolled the biplane toward the hangar and he steered it by the rudder, he heard one of them say very distinctly, —

‘Papa Charles won’t go up again.’

And another voice added, —

‘He must take care of himself for the sake of his lady-love.’

Papa Charles turned pale, and set his teeth, then he said brusquely, ‘Stop! Turn her into the wind. Get out, Chignole; without your weight I can go up.’

And before Chignole and Frangipane could prevent him, he had put the gas on full, and pulled the joystick to him. The machine made a deep *zoom*, to get a clear line of flight once more.

Chignole drew Frangipane aside.

‘Did you hear what one of those guys said?’

‘Yes; some mechanic — jealous.’

‘Do you know which it was?’

‘No.’

‘So much the better for him. If anything happens to Papa Charles — I shall kill him! He’s a murderer!’

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Lightened of his load, Papa Charles flew toward the lines, increasing his altitude as he flew. The rotation speed of his engine did not improve, but the decrease was not marked. That was a good sign, and he hummed a fox-trot which recalled happy hours. He was glad of his decision. His companions would be much astonished at his fantastic departure, and the slanderous tongue would be silenced. As Chignole would say, it would give the squadron a jolt — and at the thought of the figure the latter was certainly cutting at the present moment, he laughed aloud, just as the enemy fired his first shell. His squad was coming back, its task ended, and he darted toward the planes, wove his way among them, exchanged salutes with several, and then, guided

by the pond of Lindre, shining on his right under the last rays of the sun, he easily made out his goal.

He had to double, as two Huns were pursuing him. But when they shot, he dived as if he were struck and were falling; and he pretended so well that they let him go down quietly. Presently he found himself just over the aerodrome. The hangars were visible despite their camouflage; in front, some monoplanes with black crosses were going out. He turned half way round, released the bombs, straightened up, veered, and fled toward the frontier.

For a moment, the Boches were perplexed by this unexpected manœuvre; then, enraged at being tricked, they hurled themselves in his wake. But luckily for Papa Charles, at that moment the Farmans, flanked by the Nieuports, found the range for the batteries. Sometimes the Nieuports set fire to the sausages, and the Boches preferred not to give battle, but to let the Voisin continue unmolested on its way.

‘That’s done!’

But just then four shells encircled him and he felt a lively heat at his back. A shot had cut through a tube of the radiator, and the boiling water was spouting through the crack. This shower-bath did not disturb him much, but if the radiator ran dry, the engine could not be cooled; it would stick, and there would be a breakdown. So he let go the joystick, and stopped the flow by twisting the pipe with a pair of pliers. But when he took hold of the steering-gear again, to bring his biplane back into the right road and avoid collisions, he was horrorstruck at the new situation confronting him. The controls of the joystick would not move. He leaned over. The cables of the elevator were broken and hung down brushing the screw. He closed the inlet to prevent the propeller from coming in contact with them and smashing, and he

tried to reestablish his equilibrium with the help of the rudder-bar. But the machine tipped violently on its nose and began to spin round on the end of the cockpit.

It was the tail-spin.

He felt as if he were attached to a giant gimlet, hung in space, which increased its speed with every twist. Head down, clinging with all his might so as not to be pitched out of his seat, he shut his eyes to avoid the dizziness which he felt when he saw the ground apparently pitching round him in a spiral. He had one brief gleam of hope, when the machine slid and came back to level. He opened his eyes: eight hundred metres. — Saved? — No. He dived again, and again the tail-spin began.

This was the end. Whatever happened, he was done for. There was no longer height enough even for an improbable flattening out.

The end. The two words hammered frightfully in his ears, which were whistling under the rapid change of atmospheric pressure. — The end. — Nothing to do about it. He was the victim of forces subdued but not yet enslaved.

But he would not die smashed under the weight of his biplane. He undid his belt, opened his arms, and with a great cry flung himself to meet that cruel earth which seemed to rush up toward him in order to devour him more quickly.

III. A LETTER

Escadrille V. B.

In every squadron there is a metal coffer kept with the greatest care in the office of the quartermaster, who has the key. In it are placed, by every pilot and observer, the letters to be sent in case of accident. To-day I bring to it this letter, destined for you, my very dear. It will be in good company.

Mothers, wives, betrothed, mistresses, sisters, godmothers, these are its companions. Love, passion, broken hearts, hidden longings, unsatisfied caresses, faded flowers, last wishes, everything that endears, everything that stirs to remembrance; the sentimental hodge-podge of twenty young men is locked up in this steel box.

It is no vague presentiment which leads me to write you, but a cool scrutiny of my situation, which convinces me that my doom will soon be upon me.

Yes; the idler, the jester, the diletante, the truly Parisian comrade that was I, in times of peace, ought logically to disappear in this torment, and I ask your scatterbrain to follow my argument for a few moments.

I left for the front without enthusiasm, in those flower-decked trains, chalked over with notices announcing Berlin as the first stop. I did n't believe it. I recognized too well the German's strong grip upon our vitals; the slow disintegration of our Republic, promoted by the depravity of our politicians; the degrading softness into which we had been led by the doctrine of peace at any price.

At the overthrow of Belgium, I said, 'It was bound to happen.' And when Paris was threatened, I said, 'It is fate.'

The Marne surprised me. Without attributing it to the intervention of Sainte Geneviève, I did for a moment recognize something akin to miracle in it, a rebirth, an awakening. But my pessimism got the upper hand again. 'It is a stroke of luck,' I thought; and I went down into the trenches quite without hope.

Then the surprises began. I found that I had really been aware of nothing. The 'knowing gentleman,' saturated with morbid egotism and excessive individualism, was an ignoramus who had judged the world from the sofa in his lounging-room.

The wretched infantry revealed life to me under its brutal but simple aspect, stripped of the subtleties and complexities with which we snobs try to trim it up. At last I understood the worth of realities, the beauty of action, daily duty, sacrifice for others, for the unknown; I, who had always bounded everything by my own small personality. Now, dependent upon myself alone, I blessed discipline and accepted the uncompromising militarism of a Psichari.

This change did not take place without a struggle, without hard knocks. The past called to me; I felt the lure of the cloudy reveries of former days; I breathed the perfume of old letters; I suffered when I saw my dear ones unchanged, while I was so radically transformed.

Then aviation cast its spell upon me. My feelings when I made my first flight as a pilot were like those I had felt at my first communion: the same faith, the same mystical confidence; I gave myself to my wings as I had given myself to God.

Joys, robust, almost savage, healthy emotions, brotherly fellowship, heroic nonsense, these were what I found as I followed my profession of bird-man.

When Karlsruhe, which I had gone out to bomb, appeared in the pane of glass on the floor of my cockpit, my happiness reached its height. That day I avenged the insult of 1870 and of 1914 in my own name and the names of my ancestors. I blotted out Sedan and Charleroi. I was no longer conquered, nor the son of the conquered.

Even physically, the war has changed me. Shall I prove it? Do you remember that breakfast we had together in a restaurant near the Madeleine, during my last leave? A gentleman who was sucking the claws of his broiled lobster said to his companion, indicating me, 'Look, what a splendid military type!'

A military type! the ex-dude of Maxim's, whom the Americans regarded with awe because of his peculiar manner of guzzling champagne! A military type! — the frequenter of green-rooms, grill-rooms, suspicious houses, race-tracks, and also of second-rate shows, beer-gardens, and holidays at Neuilly — high life after the manner of Jean Lorrain! A military type! — the lover of the little light-o'-love who had been the mistress of old Machin!

So, you see, my redemption was complete. Why, then, since I have improved so much, now that I have learned how to live better, now that I have redeemed my faults, paid my debts, got a steady head on the wing — why wish for death?

Because, in spite of everything, I have not wholly shuffled off the old man, and I have no confidence in the future. I am weak, and I am afraid to go back to those hours of the past: monotonous, idle, lulled by such phrases as, 'It will come out all right,' 'It's of no consequence,' which Chignole translates so well by his, 'What's the odds, so long as we're jolly!'

Just now, I am so far away from our petty interests, our narrow sordidness, our childish vanities, our poor little sentimental quarrels, our daily renewal of our vows, that I feel an instinctive disgust, an irresistible repulsion, at the thought of once more hampering myself with all that folly.

Yes, I am afraid of the future. I hear the dull rumbling of the poorer classes against a social organization which is going to pieces, and which the war has discredited; I foresee acute struggles between capital and labor, the hatred of the peasant, who has done the fighting, for the workman who has made the shells.

Peace is not an end, it is an attitude. Dark years must intervene before order can be established.

How should I employ them? Badly, probably. In any event, less well than at present. Besides, I would rather go out beautifully, in the best act of the play, a modest supernumerary in the splendid adventure, in the red and gold apotheosis of blood and of the sun.

Granted that all that is a pose; it has only the value of a gesture, but does n't the crowd follow a gesture better than an idea?

The graduate of Saint-Cyr who charged in white gloves and with plumes in his cap was a fool, doubtless, but such fools are needed to set reasonable folk on fire. Navarre, giving his exhibitions over the trenches, heaped up for himself the hatred of the aviation functionaries who go up prudently once in six months to secure their indemnity from flying; but he remains, nevertheless, the father of aerial tactics of pursuit.

Don't think for a minute that I consider myself a hero and that my conduct requires courage. No. The only time when my courage failed me a little, was on my last visit to Paris. Ah, the rear! Never go back behind the lines; it is too hard to return afterwards. The inventors of 'leave' were paltry psychologists, or lusty fellows who could take it easily.

For, after all, even when denuded of great experiences, this life is still to be desired. This life! it is — your bright eyes, your long curled lashes, your wheedling hands; our endless automobile escapades, our feverish evenings at La Napoule, our quiet mornings at Saint Gervais.

I must not turn over those happy pages, they would move me altogether too much; and for a gentleman who affects the stoic, that would be really too comical.

What sonorous phrases are these! How serious, how weighty, for the frivolous little person that you are, and that you will always be. For, my dear, you will never change; your charm lies in your tranquil inconsequence.

You will forgive me when you remember that this evening, if I am grumbling, it is because I am afraid that you are deceiving me, that if I see everything black, it is because you see everything rose-color.

Above all, don't regret me. To guard against regret, think how my body, which you have loved, will be mutilated in the final crash, and the horror of the picture will drive the repulsive corpse forever from your thoughts.

Adieu. I adore you.

PAPA CHARLES.

(To be concluded)

THE TRANSPORT

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

FROM Alaska and the Western islands, from the Pacific slopes, from the great Northwest and Southwest, from the Mississippi Valley, the Gulf States, and the Eastern States, they have congregated; drawn together, forming and reforming into ever-increasing armies, miners and bank clerks, college professors and farmers' sons, these vast legions have been gathered, silently and almost unobserved, into a handful of seaport towns; and from these ports of embarkation America's Army of Liberty, without interruption, passes across three thousand miles of sea to foreign lands. Beyond conception is the number that has been transported; nor has the tide yet reached its height. In the wonder of their gathering and in the glory of their deeds beyond the seas, perhaps have been unnoticed some aspects of their transit. Impatient hours are their hours of travel across the sea. But to those whose duty it is to insure their safe and speedy passage, they are long hours of anxious expectancy. The description of a single passage across the Atlantic will tell the tale. Be there a thousand or ten thousand within the narrow hull, the general aspects are the same.

The city's streets reflected the withering heat of early August, and that heat, on a certain August morning, was the city's chief concern. As I passed down through the cañon walls of buildings, I felt a certain resentment that

these millions of people were taking up their daily labors apparently unmoved by the vast emigration that passed almost unnoticed before them. I was proud to be a participant in this mighty movement, and yet I was envious of these busy people, envious of the uninterrupted even tenor of their lives.

There was a slight coolness on the river, but beyond the portal of the ferry came again the heat of pavements and the dry hot smells of city streets. Long rows of buildings stretched north along the river, and above the roofs here and there towered high sparless masts and huge funnels painted in strange bands of color, emitting thin wisps of smoke or steam which rose almost perpendicularly into the air. Along the rough pavement passed an interminable procession of rumbling trucks piled high with great boxes stenciled with addresses over-seas. Soldiers and sailors moved along the sidewalk. There was a restless but ordered sense of activity.

Beyond the guarded gates to one of the nearest piers the steel shed-like building, which enclosed the dock-ends and extended its two-story projections out along each pier, opened wide black doorways. Through them electric trucks passed in and out from the yards crowded with freight to the dark interior.

Inside the building was the same orderly confusion. Up to the high ceiling against every wall was piled an infinite variety of boxed, baled, and crated material: wagons, gun-carriages, aeroplanes and caissons, provisions of every

description, medical and commissary supplies, lumber, canvas, rope and wire, barrels, casks, and metal cylinders of fluid. Between the barricades of freight, and almost indistinct in the gloom to sun-dazed eyes, a long line of soldiers stretched far down the building, and beyond a distant corner out on the enclosed pier to the gangways to the ship. They were hot, dirty, and tired with long hours of railway travel, and they moved forward in slow advances of ten or a dozen feet, resting their packs, meanwhile, on the concrete floor and leaning on the polished blue barrels of their rifles. Bronzed with their months of training, their dark faces offered little contrast to the rakish service caps of khaki or the drab of service uniforms. They were tired, but their discipline was unbroken, and there was a noticeable gayety in the ranks and the spirit of a holiday already at hand.

Here was a regiment of pioneers, weatherbeaten faces making dark contrast to straight blue eyes and sun-faded hair. Matching them in appearance was a regiment of city-bred, whose recently broadened shoulders swung easily beneath the heavy packs. Glittering with rivulets of sweat, the black faces of the negro companies responded to every diversion with instant smiles and laughter. Among the men passed and repassed officers in smart inconspicuous uniforms. They were young, for the most part, but here and there were older faces.

The doors of the pier shone with sunlight that filtered down between the pier-shed and the high side of the waiting transport. At each door the narrow gangway ascended sharply to the ship's side. At two gangways the troops were embarking; at the others stevedores were loading supplies and freight.

There was no view of the vessel, only glimpses of plates of rivet-studded

steel through square sunlit openings — steel at this door painted a sky-blue, and at the next door and the door beyond in slanting stripes of black and white camouflage. There was a smell of salt water in the air and a reminiscent tang of other seafaring days in a huge coil of tarred hawser.

Beyond the steep ascent of the gangway there was light and a sudden sense of heat. Like a mighty building the sides of the transport lifted high against the roof of the dock-shed and extended from the head of the basin to the river at the far end. Aft the forward cargo-deck, the superstructure rose deck on deck to the culminating sweep of the bridge, full sixty feet above the greasy water of the slip; and above the cargo-deck the foremast and the mainmast rose high against the blue sky, dwarfing the stocky kingheads which directed the long cargo booms. Across the face of the ship the blue, white, black, and gray camouflage shattered the otherwise orderly outline, giving to the vessel the fantastic appearance of some gayly painted plaything of a giant.

In the shadows of the decks, white-clad officers directed the chaos of the embarkation; and up the gangways and down the black hatches in the deck two interminable files of soldiers issued like brown ropes from the doorways of the pier and smoothly slid across the narrow strip of water, to be coiled away somewhere in the caverns below the decks.

A dozen women in cool blue Red Cross uniforms mingled with the crowd. Y.M.C.A. workers busily offered their final services. Trunks and boxes, officers' baggage, came over the side and were snatched off by perspiring men and hurried below. Everywhere were ceaseless activity, heat, the confused sounds of many voices, and the smells of the ship, the water, and sweating bodies.

The embarkation was completed, and the long tan lines that for seeming hours had mounted steadily the slender gangways had terminated in the steel decks below. We lunched in the once richly decorated saloon where men and women had gayly gathered in long voyages to the distant Orient. But to-day the central table was lined with naval officers, and on either side, at other tables, sat the several hundred army officers who were accompanying us. In the soldiers' quarters galley-fires had been long lighted and dinner was being rapidly served to the men. With cup and tin plate in hand, they passed in line before the serving-tables, then scattered about the decks and voraciously devoured their first meal on shipboard.

All afternoon the loading of baggage and supplies continued. Everywhere about the decks the soldiers wandered, examining their new surroundings or clustering about boxes and hatch-covers to write last letters before departure. Night came. Far across the river a myriad lights gleamed like faint stars against the soft sky. From the darkening river rose the voices of passing vessels, ferries calling out to each other in the growing dusk, deep resonant whistles of ocean vessels and the raucous cries of tugboats. Below decks on the transport a piano dominated all local sounds with the staccato metallic notes of the latest music-hall melodies. About the piano a hundred soldiers gathered in a hollow circle, in which two negro soldiers, streaming with sweat, clogged violently, with white flashes of smiles and clapping hands. From the roofs of the dock-sheds bright flood-lights illuminated the transport with an unreal daylight, and far above their glare, in the still hot roof of the sky, faint stars shone with a pale white lustre.

It was midnight. Driven by the in-

tense heat from below decks, the sleeping soldiers incrustated every level surface of the ship. On every square foot of deck, on life-boats, on life-rafts and piles of still unstowed baggage, on booms, hatch-covers, and gratings, they flung their bodies in sleep. Upturned to the glaring lights and the stars beyond, white faces lay as on some strange field of battle. Here and there half-naked bodies turned or twisted heavily. Broad chests rose and fell in even breathing; bare feet extended stark and white against the deck. A man with a dark moustache across his lip cried out a sharp incoherent sentence of foreign words. Beside him a tall young man with clean-cut boyish features tossed restlessly. As he shifted his weary body, his arm fell across the sleeping man beside him. I watched the arm unconsciously and almost tenderly tighten about the stolid figure, and then, as the touch brought back some far memory to his dreams, I saw his body relax, the fitful tossing ceased, and he sank into tired sleep.

It is late afternoon of the second day. For almost twenty-four hours we have been ready, awaiting the word which would send us on our way. During these long hours the soldiers swarmed restlessly about the ship. At frequent intervals the army band blared noisily popular patriotic airs, and the men roared out the ringing choruses in appreciation. But now there are certain signs which to an observing eye indicate nearing departure. The pilot, a young man with a jaunty black-and-white checked cap is on the bridge chatting with the captain. Quietly, all but two of the hawsers have been cast off, and all but one gangway have been lowered away from the side. A vibration trembling deep within the great ship indicates that our engines are turning over. That test alone is indicative. The wail of our siren rises loud

above the roofs, and now every man realizes that the long journey is at hand. There is a noticeable quiet.

Four tugs, with much churning of green water, puff noisily into the slip and fasten like leeches against our bow and stern. Soldiers crowd the rails. Everyone is on deck. From the upper deck, directly below the bridge, where I am standing with several of the ship's officers, I watch with dull emotion these last material severings from a land that holds all that is life to me.

Bells jangle deep in the engine-room. The tugs surge against the ship. Suddenly I become conscious that we are moving. With my eye I line up a deck-stanchion with a mark on the dock-shed. The cheering becomes general, a wild triumphant tumult of sound, a roaring of these thousands of American voices.

The dock-sheds are deserted. No answering cheers meet our ears. From a doorway appears a single Irish stevedore, who waves his arms to us. All the cheering instantly focuses on him; he becomes to us America, and the roar of triumphant farewell swells up from the packed decks.

Slowly we slide past the dock and out into the stream. On the forward deck the army band smashes into the chorus of 'Over There.' Instantly the voices respond. It is tremendous, and there is a lump in my throat and tears of emotion stand in my eyes.

A cool breeze sweeps up the river. Piled high in lofty towers and pinnacles, the great city rises from the blue water, a gleaming silhouette against the sky. About its feet innumerable wharves, like extended fingers of a giant hand, clutch the water. A ferry-boat crowded with returning workers slides past us; there is a flutter of handkerchiefs from its decks. The band strikes up the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Slowly we glide down the river, our decks mass-

ed with khaki-clad soldiers. The band plays continuously and the men join in every chorus, volleys of cheers drowning the music as ferries and pleasure vessels pass us. The long pile of gleaming buildings mounting to a single crag of white drops behind and we glide slowly past the green park at the island's point. Against the clear sky the gray cobwebs of the bridges stand out in delicate tracery. Ferries and excursion boats pass close to us, and upturned women's faces send us a last farewell.

From the after gun-deck I watch the towers darken in the soft evening light and sink slowly into the horizon. In the widening bay a great argosy rides at anchor. There are graceful sailing ships of other days, rejuvenated to begin a new life of usefulness. There are steel cargo-carriers, stolid honest burghers of the sea, strangely bedizened in their mad dress of camouflage; and between them dart the smart gray patrol boats.

Gray green, the massive figure of Liberty seems to pass us. Behind her the distant shore lies low on the horizon. The sun dips behind it and is gone. With arm uplifted the symbolic goddess seems to tender us a silent benediction.

We pass the Narrows and steam slowly through the passage in the great steel net that guards the harbor. On either hand, behind the soft green hills, must lie the guns that guard the seagate to the city. At last, the open sea!

The channel buoys drop behind us and suddenly I am conscious that the land has sunk below the horizon. Night begins to close down rapidly on the darkening sea. There is a steady whirling far above, and out of the sky appears a sea-plane that has come to escort us. Ahead, another strange shape looms in the sky, a silvery cigar almost invisible against the gray. A minute

later it passes over us and our decks are white upturned faces. From the left a long rakish craft climbs over the horizon, its graceful sides and low funnels patterned with converging stripes of white and black. Behind the destroyer is the gray bulk of a tall-stacked cruiser. A mile farther a submarine awash falls in on our right. Sky and sea merge slowly into night, and in the deepening dusk the escorting ships become phantom shapes that the eye must strain to see. Our long voyage is begun.

II

Morning came with dazzling sunshine and a calm blue sea. On right and left the cruiser and destroyer flanked our course. The submarine, sea-plane, and dirigible had disappeared. At noon I began my new duties as Junior Watch-Officer, and took my first of many four-hour watches on the port wing of the bridge.

The transport bore an enviable history. She was well armed, and her officers displayed unconsciously in their bearing the training which characterizes the American naval officer and places him in the enviable position which he holds to-day. The captain, a graduate of the Naval Academy, who had since continuously followed his profession in the regular navy in practically every quarter of the globe, possessed in a high degree those qualifications of professional ability and courtly personality which almost invariably stamp our naval officers. Among the other officers were many who had joined the Reserve Force on the outbreak of the war, men whose long experience on merchant vessels qualified them highly to perform their present invaluable service.

Early in the afternoon faint smears of light smoke edged the horizon, and a few minutes later the funnels of the

convoy poked up above it. An hour later we were in their midst. Gathered from unnamed ports, these unnamed vessels met on a definite square mile or so of ocean known only to their commanders. Fantastically marked with camouflage of various colors, with our escorting cruisers and destroyers circling about us, we made our picturesque formation and began our united progress.

It may be pertinent at this point to explain that the true purpose of camouflage is not, as is popularly supposed, to render the ship invisible, but rather, by various arrangements of converging bands of colors, does it seek to conceal the relative direction or 'bearing' of the ship from enemy vessels which may sight it. So successful is this effect, that I have several times found it necessary to study carefully a vessel, to determine its actual direction; and of the vessels in our convoy one repeatedly gave us trouble, due to the fact that she constantly seemed to be falling off an undeterminable number of points from her actual course.

For four days the heat of a cloudless midsummer sky beat down upon the ship. With the breeze behind us, the movement of air was neutralized and we seemed to pass steadily through an intense calm. At night many of the soldiers slept on deck, and the long promenades were almost impassable with sleeping bodies. Below decks, by day, the soldiers were rapidly accustoming themselves to their new quarters. Meals were served with clocklike regularity to appease appetites sharpened by sea air. Daily the band played a concert on the deck, and the other ships of the convoy were a never-failing source of interest. All the day the men basked in the sunshine. It was to the majority of them a long-desired rest after their weeks of arduous training.

On the fifth day a hazy sky and

rapidly moving gray clouds on the horizon gave promise of a change. By sunset the sky was dark with black clouds, and as day departed, an indescribable blackness settled over the ocean. Nowhere was sky or sea clearly discernible, except along the northern horizon, where a pale band of lemon light separated the pall above from the lead-gray of the water and seemed to let in across the sea a heavy ray of light, such as might shine beneath the lowered curtain of a window in a darkened room. Against this clear bar of light the ships of the convoy on our port beam, in black silhouette, perched on the top of the horizon from which the ocean, like a blank wall, seemed vertically to descend. Now and then came the rumble of thunder from the south, where against the complete darkness of the sky the lightning fell from low-lying clouds in straight smooth liquid plunges to the sea.

At eight I took my watch on the port wing of the bridge. From my high prospect the bow of the ship was but indistinctly visible; aft, all was engulfed in darkness. The sea was smooth, but the impending storm was appalling. On clear nights it is none too easy to keep formation in a convoy, for, as a necessary protection against submarine attack, all lights are extinguished or totally obscured from sunset until dawn; but on such a night the danger of collision was immeasurably increased. In half an hour the lightning became incessant, and showed on every quarter of the horizon. Not the traditional jagged flashes, but smooth, falling columns of fire that seemed to pour from the clouds as molten steel is poured from the tapped hearth. Suddenly, the rain began — rain so dense that it obscured wholly whatever the darkness had left visible. Blotted out instantly were our companion ships, the incessant lightning showing only a falling curtain of

silver threads, behind which my companions on the bridge seemed to move as vivid black and white figures, projected on the screen by a cinematograph.

One hour later there was a brief respite, and in the abrupt relief, at each lightning flash, I could dimly see the black forms of our sister ships plunging evenly on the long swells. Our formation was still maintained and all was well. I was soaked through to the skin, but the air was warm, and the heavy coolness of saturated clothing compensated for the fatiguing heat of previous days.

At intervals the rain fell with even greater violence; and at midnight, when my watch was at an end, I left the bridge and groped my way below to my cabin with infinite relief.

Sunday dawned bright and cool, a heavy brilliant blue sea rolling in deep valleys and high mountains of sparkling water, the highest peaks slashed into flying spray by the knifeblade of a strong northeast wind. Against the blue sky cottony clouds tore like clippers before the wind; and over the moving surface of the sea the ships of the convoy, like gayly garbed ladies of the chorus, in their fantastic camouflage, pitched and rolled, taking now and then a flood of green water over the bow, which poured aft and spouted in cascades from the decks, then settling deep by the stern, with a clear sight under the forefoot. By night the sea had somewhat moderated — a deep ultramarine sea flicked with foam, and above it a pale sky of delicious blue, across which heavy pink clouds sailed slowly.

The soldiers stood the ordeal well, but the motion of the ship did not pass unnoticed and there were not a few cases of violent seasickness. For the ship's officers and crew the storm was a mere detail in a routine in which

storms and submarine warnings had become almost monotonous. There was a kind of fine fatalism in their attitude. To be sure, the submarine danger was at that time particularly acute, and one officer had left two ships torpedoed beneath him; but the realization that no precaution or safeguard was being neglected, and that, despite occasional sinkings scored by submarines, the Germans were playing a losing hand, kept confidence up to a high degree.

Too much cannot be said to the credit of the reserve officers of the transport service for the efficient service they perform. Many have voluntarily left positions of command on smaller merchantmen or passenger ships, to accept gladly the more arduous war-service in subordinate positions and at a material reduction in compensation. Back and forth, from continent to continent, they are transporting our army, running their zigzag courses in darkened convoys, ever ready to show their heels to the lurking foe, or, if necessary, to meet him face to face with steel from well-manned guns and the rocking blasts of depth-charges cast in the sea. Their hours are long; their recreation negligible; I never have heard a word of complaint from their lips.

Just aft of the mainmast, on the forward freight-deck, the superstructure of the ship rises abruptly a full three decks to the bridge, where I stood my watches. From side to side, across the beam of the ship, the bridge extends, a long broad promenade inclosed in the centre about the wheel and binnacle, and housed over on each end to protect the watch-officers from the weather. Beside the binnacle, which holds the compass, are the telegraphs or engine-room signals, by which the speed of the ship is regulated; and here, in fact, are the eyes and the brain-centre of the vessel. From the starboard bridge the

senior watch-officer gives his orders to the quartermaster at the wheel, and maintains a strict lookout for whatever of importance may appear on the surrounding sea. On the port side the junior watch-officer also scours the sea and at regular intervals inspects the ship, and performs such other duties as the senior watch-officer may put upon him.

Behind the bridge is the chart-house, where the navigating officer keeps his charts, astronomical instruments, and chronometers. And above is the signal-bridge, where the signalmen flicker their red and yellow flags in hurried words and sentences to other ships, or hoist aloft the gay, multicolored alphabet flags of the International Code by which coded messages are transmitted. Here too is the blinker by which in peaceful waters night-messages are flashed in dots and dashes of light; and, above all, the fingers of the wireless hold the vessel in close communication with the shore and with a wide radius of vessel-dotted sea.

The starboard wing of the bridge is held by the senior officer of the watch, and it is here that the captain and the other officers of the ship may be frequently seen. My station was on the port wing where, by day or night, at dawn or sunset, I watched the unending beauty of sky and sea and the long line of our flanking convoy.

'Smoke on the horizon!' With his glass the captain studied the thin wisp that faintly smeared the pale blue. Incredibly soon the stacks showed above the horizon. The navigating officer joined me. 'She's a big one,' he commented. Two other ships on either side of the first became visible. Rapidly their hulls came up, the course west and passing a few miles to the south of us.

Like huge race-horses, they came steadily on, spun smoke trailing behind them. The huge liner towered above

her companions, but all were maintaining an equally high speed.

'She can carry ten thousand men. Think of it!' said the navigator.

For a moment I too was staggered at the thought; and then, as my eyes swept the vast heaving expanse of sea, the great vessel became a toy that floated there, a chip with its puny load. Despite the greatest feats of human ingenuity the sea remains incomparable, vast, unconquerable.

'Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.'

Already the great ship was a speck sinking below the horizon.

By night I saw Polaris high on the left dimmed by the multitude of surrounding stars. Ahead, rising from the sea, in the brief hours before the dawn, came Venus and Jupiter, like liquid drops of silver flame. Behind the swinging masts Orion extended his mighty length, and above him, far above the masts, the glittering Pleiades shone like some rare jeweled design of da Vinci pinned to the silken fabric of the night.

In the strange solitude of these long night hours, and in a silence broken only by the sound of the sea swirling and foaming past our sides, with its brilliant wake of phosphorescent light, or by the sudden shrill of the boatswain's pipe and the heavy footfalls of the changing watch, my thoughts would wander to the peace and simple happiness of all that we were leaving behind us; of the unknown future that was awaiting us; of the hopes and fears of those thousands who slept almost within hand-touch within the thin steel walls; and then, with my eyes aching to pierce the night, to discern the black form of our convoy or to catch the white rushing path of a torpedo that might suddenly challenge our way, my thoughts would centre on the work at hand and on the submarine that

might even now be trying to pierce the same surrounding night with its single eye. Then each breaking crest became a thing of suspicion, and I was fascinated and buoyant under the still suspense.

At two-hour intervals I inspected the great vessel from stem to stern. Here in the slow lifting and sinking of the bow there was a noise of parted waters. Everywhere watchers scanned the sea, silent sentries paced, prostrate sleepers encumbered the decks. There was eternal vigilance and complete oblivion. Far down in the engine-room sounded the mighty movement of the engines; their tremor pulsed the ship with life.

In the evenings there were movies in the ward-room. On a sheet fastened against the forward bulkhead, the Y.M.C.A. projector cast the reeling comedy or tragedy — familiar pictures from a land that was home: a flash of American rural scenes or a crowded street. It was home — our United States. How absorbed we became in the incident-crowded skein of some inconsequential and half-baked scenario! Forgotten for the moment was our present environment.

From the dark, tobacco-rifted room I groped to the deck to go on my watch. My eyes were dulled for the moment; then, as they pierced the clear night darkness and I saw the sea and the stars and the convoy, the magnitude of this great mid-Atlantic drama would burst upon me. Here was a mightier moving-picture than even the imagination could conceive, here was the most tremendous setting, here the actual dangers. Who knew what heroes might be among us an hour hence?

The white church flag, with blue cross, fluttered against a gray sky. From the bridge I could hear now and then the words of the chaplain, words of God and Country and Liberty. The

soldiers surrounded him. The band-master lifted his baton. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' The music of brass was lost in the music of deep voices:—

'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

It was late morning. From a dozen lookouts within a few seconds had come the cry of 'Land!' On the far horizon for a little space the movement of the line of sky and sea seemed stilled; a low green-gray thread rested along the waters. Men crowded forward. They clung to the shrouds and climbed to every point of vantage. The green line whitened into cliffs, and through the glass appeared the slender white column of a lighthouse.

The band is on deck. It has played the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' There is a moment of silence; and then, with a crash of brazen instruments, the 'Marseillaise' begins. It is France!

The sails of fishing vessels dot the horizon. White bold cliffs lift higher; promontories jut seaward. A sea-

going tug passes close to us, guns mounted fore-and-aft and racks of depth-charges on her fantail. From the peak a flag of vertical bars of blue, white, and red greets our eyes. Sailors in red-tufted white hats wave to us.

Now we can see green fields mounting slowly behind the white cliffs. As we near land other lighthouses appear, and now I can plainly see a ruined castle with gray unroofed walls.

We are moving slowly in column through the bold entrance to the harbor. Of a sudden appears the city, cast into the circling hillside; gray buildings with blue slate roofs; the white outlying walls of green-embowered châteaux; and above the still dark water of the harbor, the massive walls of ancient fortifications, with turrets and low towers.

The sky is very blue, the harbor is alive with vessels. The anchor-chain roars through the hawser-pipe. We are swinging slowly with the tide.

'We are over, over there!'

LORD RHONDDA AND BRITISH FOOD-CONTROL

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

ON July 2, 1918, Lord Rhondda, the second British Food-Controller, and the substantial creator of the great British Ministry of Food, died after a lingering illness of some months' duration. Lord Rhondda had been in charge of the British Ministry of Food since the retirement of Lord Devonport, early in the summer of 1917. His incumbency therefore extended over almost exactly a year. Some months before his death

he had contracted an acute illness from which he had never absolutely recovered. In spite of his weakened condition, England's need prevailed upon him to stick to his post when his own interests called for his retirement for recuperation. He remained Food-Controller to the day of his death. Lord Rhondda literally died in the trenches.

During the weeks of Lord Rhondda's illness many of the active duties of ad-

ministration of the Ministry were performed by Mr. J. R. Clynes, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food. The services Mr. Clynes had rendered in representing the Ministry before the British public in the debates of the House of Commons, as well as his labors in the internal conduct of the Ministry, made his succession inevitable from the first. His subsequent appointment to the post has been considered as welcome as it was expected.

A propitious feature of Mr. Clynes's succession to Lord Rhondda, as of his earlier association with him, lies in the fact that, while the former Food-Controller had in his own affairs always represented the interests of capital, Mr. Clynes had come to his task from activities in labor organization. In conscripting the services of these men the British Premier has demanded and has received, for the good of Great Britain as a whole, without regard to party or private interest, the unswerving devotion of these two outstanding figures in the two great, and sometimes opposed, fields of social and industrial activity.

It may be appropriate to seize the moment of the transfer of England's food-problems from the hands of one administrator to those of his co-laborer, for a short survey of the record and present accomplishments of the British Ministry of Food. Lord Rhondda's place in history is secure. In the midst of the battle which brought him low, we can only refer to the main features of the campaign he waged, leaving to other pens and times the more detailed interpretations of his principles and acts.

We in America know something about food-administrations. Our own Mr. Hoover has shown us something of the problems and the opportunities which lie before such an organization in wartime. From a nation which ate, drank, and was merry, with no thought of the morrow, we were changed overnight

into a nation which counted the cost of every mouthful, and by a right reckoning counted this cost, not in terms of money alone, but in terms of soldiers and munitions of war and morale. Mr. Hoover taught the American people to save in the midst of plenty. They were not, as was Europe, threatened with a shortened supply at the base of production. The best impulse to saving was an imaginative and ideological one. He taught us that the matter of food goes back to the heart of democracy in its gathering together and in its spreading abroad; that, while the power of legislation lies with the government, administration rests in the hands of the ultimate civic unit, the last citizen in the furthest recess of the nation, the humblest man in the organism of the state. The reciprocal value of this lesson on American standards of citizenship has been abundantly pointed out.

Effectively as these matters have been brought home to the consciousness of Americans during our first year of war, we have permitted ourselves to fall into error in a too narrow interpretation of their significance. We have thought, for instance, that America has been unique in the handling of problems of food; that while our Food-Administration has been an unquestioned success, other administrations have either been failures or have had only a qualified usefulness. This is by no means the case. The war could not have continued as long as it did had not all the Allied nations in Europe had a food-control which effectively administered greatly shortened supplies under seriously aggravated conditions. Like our own Food-Administration the British Food-Ministry has been the popular success of the war. Americans learn with some surprise that the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies have operated their food-administrations upon general principles which are almost

identical. It is in the details, which are themselves the outgrowths of local conditions, that the differences are found.

I think perhaps a case might be made showing that the British Food-Ministry has profited by a study of some of the features of the American plan. One seems to find coming into the work of the British Ministry a growing impulse toward dependence upon popular goodwill, supplementing the laws and the edicts under the Defence of the Realm acts, beyond what was found at first; and this, of course, is the American principle. But it is too early as yet to point out influences as between the one and the other administration. When I say that there has been, as between the Food-Administration at Washington and the British Ministry of Food, almost an identity of principle, I mean that Great Britain and America have saved food by almost precisely the same methods. Making allowance for the differences in agricultural and industrial circumstances of the two countries, the face which the Food-Administration has turned to America has been quite similar to the face which the Ministry of Food has turned to Great Britain.

These things being said, it remains to study some of the comparative features of the two administrations. It is of first importance to notice that, while the United States is, by and large, a nation which supplies itself with food, Great Britain is, by and large, a nation which must secure its food from outside. With respect to subsistence the United States is an exporting and Great Britain an importing nation. The small imports of the United States and the smaller exports of Great Britain do not invalidate these general facts, which are of real significance in determining the functions of a food-administration. While it was the business of the United States Food-Administration so to administer its powers as to get the maxi-

mum of food out of the country for the service of the Allies at the same time that it was protecting the subsistence and economic interests of its own people, it was the business of the British Ministry of Food to get as much food into the country as possible, and to administer its supplies for the economic subsistence and welfare of the people. While one of the first problems of the United States was the rising price, and incidentally the depleted store, due to the purchases by Allied buyers, the first problem of Great Britain was an absolute shortage which had to be filled by every means possible.

Events are more important than theory in any narrative, and one may find in the pages of history explanations that no amount of cold reason would uncover. So it is that the first activities of the British Food-Ministry are found long anterior to the existence of the Ministry as such, and before even the problem of economical administration was thought of, in the presence in the markets of the world of British buyers for the army and the navy. And the first necessity for an American Food-Administration was seen in the necessity to adjust American business to, and in a manner to protect the American consumer from, the activities of the Allied buyers of foodstuffs and munitions. The germ of the British Food-Ministry is found in its buying organisms; the germ of the American Food-Administration is found in its selling organisms.

The Royal Commission on Wheat-Supplies and the Royal Commission on Sugar-Supplies have been in existence since soon after the beginning of the war, as a part of the machinery of war. Eventually they were merged into and became the foundation stones of the Ministry of Food. These commissions have been severely prescribed in their operations as war-agencies. Mr. Clynes, in his report to Parliament, made the

point that though the Ministry, through its commissions on supplies, acts as buyer, it does not act as trader. No profit is made on the gross business of the commissions; commodities are turned over at a cost which covers expenses of administration and no more. Like all food-administrations of the present war, the British Food-Ministry is wedded to the principle of the fixed price in all internal dealings within the circle of the Allies. But this does not refer to purchases made outside this circle. The war created an economic stalemate for self-protection among those associated for one end. It did not abrogate the law of supply and demand in those few and narrow remaining parts of the globe which are not included in this bond of military self-interest. For this reason there was a wide variety in the cost to the commissions of some of the chief commodities. This variety was harmonized in the accounting of the Ministry, in such manner that the profit made in certain imported commodities made up for the loss suffered in local purchases.

So far the activities of these commissions were similar to the activities of the United States Grain Corporation, with this important difference, that while it was the purpose of the Grain Corporation to get grains out of the United States regularly and without dislocating American supplies, it was the business of the royal supply commissions to get grains and sugar into Great Britain. Both worked by similar systems and without profits. Both were capitalized by their governments. Both had an absolute control over all business and manufacturing processes of every kind and order.

So close was the organization of buying for the armies and civil populations of the Allies and the United States, that there was set up the most gigantic commercial organization in the world,

which operated without a cent of profit, without dividends, and on the narrowest margin of overhead. The activities of this organization covered the world. It was at once simply a system of book-keeping and the most powerful agency of control over the necessities of life that the world has ever seen. On account of financial and shipping conditions this organization was practically administered by Great Britain and the United States. England in her purchasing commissions served the Inter-Allied Wheat Executive in purchasing and distribution. The United States Food-Administration, in its Division of Coördination of Purchase, in its Grain Corporation, stood at the chute of the bin and regulated the supply and the outflow. The cost of bread to the miner in Nevada and to the ranchman in Arizona was adjusted to the price paid by the governments of Europe for their cereals. The price paid by the Wheat Commission of London was the same price paid by Uncle Sam in Washington for his army and navy. If Great Britain needed any force other than that of the penalties of law to hold her retailers to the established prices, it would be found in the fact that, not only did the government administer its own enactments, but it was actually the dealer from which the retailer got his supplies.

While buying and selling stood at the centre of Food-Administration activities, these did not constitute the entirety of the problem. Because the task was such a large one, because it involved not only the manufacturers and traders in food but all consumers of food as well, food-administrations had to broaden out from their commercial centres, and pay some regard to wider if vaguer social and political principles. At this point began their greatest dangers. You may, as has been discovered, turn big business over to the service of the state with a minimum of readjustment.

The corporation has its machinery in such shape that it lies ready to the hand of central governments. But governments have not such easy access to little business or to the millions of consumers. These demand in their handling a particular order of political philosophy.

With regard to these matters we find a difference between the fundamental powers with which the British Food-Ministry was first endowed and the powers upon which Mr. Hoover's Food-Administration has had to depend. The powers of the Food-Ministry are absolute and as strong as martial law. As is well known, the powers awarded to the United States Food-Administration by the Lever Act as passed are notable for their absence rather than for their energy. The British Ministry of Food was established under the Defence of the Realm regulations, like the British Constitution an ever-expanding code of law now running to several hundred enactments. Among the chief powers touching food-problems mentioned in the Defence of the Realm regulations are the powers to regulate food-supply, to take possession of food, to regulate the manufacture of and dealing in food, to safeguard the maintenance of food-supply, to require returns. When it was seen that Great Britain's food-requirements were going to demand more administration than that involved in the buying of sugar, grain, and meats, the responsibility of encouraging the increase in production was placed upon the agricultural authorities of the King's government. The first measure looking to conservation and control was passed November 16, 1916, when the Board of Trade was given power to make regulations as to the food-supply of the kingdom. Under these powers a Food-Controller was immediately appointed. The first order in food-control was issued November 20, 1916, before the appointment of Lord Devonport, and had

to do with the conservation of flour and bread. The Ministry of Food was established along with the ministries of Labor and Shipping, and the Air Board, by act of December 22, 1916.

All the acts of the British Food-Ministry have been based upon the penal law, and this has been rigorously enforced. But England soon learned that law was not enough. The power of ministries is the power of the people. Unless the people are behind the laws, the execution of the law falls down. In spite of the difference in powers between the two administrations, there was little divergence in principle. In the absence of powers, and supplementary to them, Mr. Hoover called upon the volunteer good-will of business and the populace. He organized the Food-Administration upon the principle of centralization of responsibility and distribution of administration, and Lord Rhondda followed the same principles. In spite of the strong provisions of the Defence of the Realm regulations, he placed his main dependence upon the people of Great Britain. He centralized the responsibilities of his Ministry and decentralized its functions. The strong place the British Food-Ministry occupies in the hearts of the British people to-day, as well as the marked success that has followed upon its regulations, are tributes to the broad and enlightened spirit in which the Ministry has been conducted.

The test of the Ministry came in the matter of rationing. Lord Rhondda and his advisers hesitated to take the step. And yet it was the one thing needful to quiet discontent and cement the sympathies of the people with the service of this prime necessity of the motherland. The fault of the administrator often lies in the fact that he asks too little rather than too much. Like America's immediate acceptance of conscription, Great Britain's hearty coöperation in rationing

was an assurance to officialdom that it is not wrong in placing dependence upon the people. Rationing eliminated injustices and anxiety, and it equalized burdens. Before the rationing system was introduced, the 'queue' evil had grown to serious proportions. Mr. Clynes estimates that the number of people drawn up in queues in one week was not less than 1,330,000. These were caused, not so much by shortages as by fear of shortage. England introduced her first ration cards about February 1, 1918. She came to a full national system of rationing on July 13, at this time beginning the rationing of sugar, fats, meat, and bread, with extra coupons in the book for things later to be placed on the ration list.

With the introduction of rationing the last doubt with regard to the success of the British Food-Ministry was removed. Britain now has food sufficient to satisfy all probable and even improbable demands; the food is well and fairly distributed; it is not wasted; and, above all, every British housewife is a colleague of the Food-Ministry.

Two points remain to be considered as distinguishing the British Food-Ministry from our own Food-Administration. With us the Food-Administration came to price-fixing involuntarily, and without express legal authority (with one or two well-known exceptions), but was led to it by the logic of circumstances. Price-fixing is a part of the spirit as well as of the letter of the British law. Prices were fixed at every stage, from the producer to the consumer, and were based always upon cost plus a reasonable profit. No feature of British food-administration, not even the purchase of supplies, was more fundamental to the work of the Ministry than the principle of maximum prices. Social justice, the necessities of war, and the encouragement of production, all demanded and enforced this principle.

So far I have said nothing about the subsidizing of bread. This is because, while the practice was clearly at variance with our own, it was based upon a principle which is simple, and once expounded must be accepted at its own value. Each country does things in its own way; and if Great Britain chose to quiet social and industrial unrest by helping to pay out of taxes some of the cost of the bread served at your table and mine, the most we can say is that it was her way of doing things and nothing was lost thereby. The necessity of keeping down the consumption of bread while its price was retained at pre-war figures, about twenty cents for a four-pound loaf, presented a nice problem in administration, but evidently it was satisfactorily solved. Bread has required a subsidy of about \$200,000,000 a year.

An argument other than the social one was found for the subsidy on potatoes. This subsidy, first projected in order to make it possible to enforce the use of potatoes in bread, was expected to run to about \$25,000,000 the first year. Instead of that it amounted to only about \$7,500,000, and in addition secured an increase in production of 680,000 tons over the year before, which, at the present price of potatoes, and in view of their value as food-stuffs, indicates that the British Food-Ministry made a very good business turn indeed.

The British Food-Ministry and the United States Food-Administration faced their second year of aggressive work together. Both had grown from practically nothing in the summer of 1917 to world-compass in 1918. The British Ministry of Food was functioning through some 2000 local food-committees. Its central and provincial personnel numbered upwards of 7000. From the start both, by their success, were a strong augury of victory for the powers banded together against German aggression.

THE LETTER

BY O. W. FIRKINS

LITTLE enough the letter said.

What could they say but, 'He is dead'?

It was sealed and stamped and the name engrossed;
They gave it to the maid to post.

As she dropped the note in the teeming square,
She jested with the idlers there.

As it went to the car, the truckmen joked;
The agent sat on the bag and smoked.

The carrier sped from door to door,
Gurgling over the batsman's score.

As he mounted the steps which the creepers roof,
He whistled a catch from an opéra bouffe.

It lay in the hall on a silver tray,
"Twixt a bill and a card for a déjeuner.

The girl came laughing down the stair;
The feet danced, danced the lips and hair.

And the mother smiled as she turned her head,
And gave her the note: 'For you,' she said.

A MOTHER

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

LATE in the afternoon, when I returned from the hospital, I found that the Rani's servant, whom I had left that morning sitting on the veranda, was still sitting there. I was not pleased, for I wanted that hour to transplant a bed full of cherished rose-cuttings.

'I told you not to wait for me,' I began reprovingly. 'I've other things to do this evening.'

'My mistress commanded me not to return without you. I wait,' she answered.

I sighed, and looked at her. She seemed not to have moved since morning. I knew that she could wait a week without inconvenience to anyone but myself.

'Show me the way,' I said.

Across the wide road, and down a street a yard and a half wide, she led me quickly — a street as private as a courtyard, where on the steps in front of each house Hindu women in white were spinning and sewing. Of course, I had to stop in front of each fascinating group to explain where I was going, and why I could not sit down. My lack of haste in obeying her mistress's summons annoyed the servant so much that she answered for me rather curtly several times, 'To Raja Braham Khan's.' And when we came to a cow which blocked our way by standing entirely across the street, she slapped its flank with an energy which echoed her contempt for all Hindu institutions. We passed down weavers' streets, where each

house was humming with its hand-loom, past long stretches of starched thread, until we came to the city wall, and the wheat-fields beyond it.

'Where now?' I asked.

'Ahead,' she answered, pointing with her chin to a group of palatial old houses rising out of a watered garden.

Impressed, I demanded, 'Who is Raja Braham Khan?'

She stopped in the path and turned around to look at me.

'Don't you know?' she gasped.

'I do not,' I replied. 'If there is one man in this town called raja, there are fifty.'

'He is n't just called a raja,' she retorted. 'He *is* one. The only real one. Before there was a city here, his forefathers owned all this land' — her gesture indicated the country for miles around. 'They conquered it. And whoever was, was their slave.'

I was properly appreciative. She led me through the outer courtyard, where huge water-buffalos were eating mustard fodder from clay mangers, and drew aside the curtain of the inner courtyard. Within, on three sides, were two stories of living-rooms, with wide verandas in front of them. Where the late sunshine slanted across the door of one of the rooms, an old woman in white was spinning wool; another woman, in very common dark blue garments, was seeding cotton through a little machine like a clothes-wringer; and another, with a straw fan, was winnowing pulse.

On a bride's stool, near the old

woman, a girl in fine white things sat, doing nothing. They all rose when I came in, and the stately Rani came forward to receive me.

'You are very kind to come,' she said when I was seated.

She spoke as a queen might have spoken to one to whom she had granted an audience.

'It is a great pleasure to me,' I answered truly.

I had forgotten about my roses the moment I saw her.

She was looking at me keenly.

'You're young,' she commented. 'I supposed you were old.'

'Young? I?' I exclaimed. 'I warrant you were a grandmother when you were my age.'

We might as well begin family history at once, I was thinking.

She put aside her graciousness.

'Don't grandmother me!' she cried bitterly. 'Three sons have I, three grown and bearded sons. And not one grandchild. My sons' wives,' she explained, waving her hand contemptuously toward the two women who had withdrawn to the farthest veranda; 'they bear no sons!'

I expressed my sympathy.

'Twice has my eldest son been left a widower — childless. I have arranged for his remarriage. The other two are away so much, in government service, that they have n't time to take other wives. But they must. I'll have them do it.'

I understood that, if she had decided they should marry, there would be no way of avoiding the irruption of new wives. I wondered as I looked at her how many of the conquering generations of her ancestors had been as regal as this daughter of theirs. She was a majestic woman, wholesome and fine-looking, with a rich rose-color in her cheeks, and the long thin nose which in our city they call the unmis-

takeable indication of aristocratic birth. As I was admiring her, she turned to the pretty colorless girl near her.

'This is Aziz Begam,' she said quietly; 'my daughter. For her sake I sent for you.'

Aziz means 'The Beloved.'

'Is she — at home — with you?' I asked hesitatingly.

'A widow,' said the Rani.

I looked again at the listless girl, and at the weary grief in the face of her mother.

'A widow,' she repeated. '*My* daughter. A widow at fifteen.'

I was silent. There seemed nothing to say.

'Would that I were barren,' moaned the Rani, 'and that she were the mother of sons! Oh, that I could have taken her widowhood and she my joy! Five sons I bore her father, who loved me alone all his life.' Pride thrilled her voice for a moment. 'Our joy was great — until my daughter was born, when the boys were sturdy little lads. I wanted a daughter, but I wept at her birth, fearing her fate. I knew no other woman had been so happy as I. I wept — and loved her more than all my sons. Sons?' she cried. 'Are they not kings? Just little, they wrap their turbans on so,' — she made a vivid gesture, — 'and out they go, into the world, where they will — kings! But we sit and await their return.'

She paused, and then began again, wearily.

'I was afraid for her, but her father comforted me. Being our daughter, she *must* be happy, he assured me. But I loved her trembling. At twelve we married her to her uncle. It *was* contrary to our custom,' she explained, noticing my surprise; 'but I said my daughter must be happy, and he was young and strong and had no other wife. And he lived just next to us — so near that all day long I could watch

over her. Then he died, after six months, away with his regiment. Two days' illness — pneumonia, you call it.' She said the word bitterly, as if our calling it that had caused his death. 'My child was left. *My* daughter a widow. I command all things but the one I want, her happiness. She has been sitting in the court ever since, mourning.' The lady wiped away her tears. 'She has not known life, she who has no son. Have I joy in life, now that she is joyless?'

'Lady,' I said boldly, 'you married her once contrary to your custom. Marry her again. Let her live.'

'Ah,' she exclaimed, 'that may not be. Do women of our caste remarry? It could not be. You do wrong to suggest it. But you come and teach her something — reading, your religion, anything to amuse her. All day she sits there, waiting for nothing, all her life — until death.'

I doubted if the girl suffered as much as her mother. She was not so living-hearted.

'What will you teach her?'

'I cannot come myself to teach her regularly,' I answered; 'but I may be able to get a young Christian woman to come to teach her. There are all sorts of lovely things to fill the days with.'

'Low caste?' she inquired.

'No,' I said, 'not altogether. You'll like her. She knows lots, and she's a nice girl. She has even been to high school.'

'What will she teach me?' asked Aziz languidly.

'Lovely things,' I began with enthusiasm. 'How to read. Reading is a kind of life all by itself — making words out of letters — books about women and everything in the world. And how to knit stockings, red and purple ones, and mufflers of many colors, and baby shoes with cunning tassels.'

'And why should I make baby shoes?' she asked.

As she spoke, she turned her little hand palm upward in her lap. That significant gesture taught me more than I had ever known of unrelieved ennui.

'For your brothers' sons, to be sure!' I answered. 'And socks for your brothers; they'll be so proud of you, for do they not bring you gifts? — that silk veil you're wearing I'm sure they brought you.'

She had on a clinging veil of purples in Persian tones, the like of which I had never seen.

'How did you know?' she asked, surprised.

'It's a way brothers have,' I replied.

'It's a way my mother has, rather,' she corrected with a smile. 'Not one of the boys dares to come home without a gift for me. Almost before they bow to receive my mother's caresses on their heads, they must mention what they've brought me. Once my youngest brother forgot.'

She laughed lovingly.

'Besides all that,' I resumed, 'she will teach you to crochet; that's *most* exciting, — far better than doing nothing, — and embroidering on net —'

'When will you bring her?' she inquired with interest.

'To-morrow if she can come. I'm not sure.'

'Make her come!' exclaimed the lady. 'Both of you come for dinner.'

Her face had lighted up the moment Aziz had shown interest in me.

'If we may dine in here, with just the women, and no men —'

'Dine where you will,' the Rani cried.

'And there are to be no men in when the teacher is here for lessons. She's young —'

'Whatever you say, whatever you ask,' they agreed eagerly.

And when I came away they called down all the blessings of heaven upon me.

II

Jasmine, whom I took with me the next afternoon, is the very personification of discretion — but of a very interesting discretion; of a discretion so interesting that, during one of the several years in which she was in my care, I received twenty-nine proposals of marriage for her, four of them in one day. At the Rani's dinner her merry tongue wagged on and on delightfully; unawed by her hostess, who beamed upon her, unawed even by the whole chickens reposing on piles of rice on silver platters, which were set before each of us.

Through course after course of greasy, spicy meat she flirted gently but firmly with Aziz, who served us with a charming shyness. By the time we had eaten our rice-flour pudding and its silver covering, which makes one keen-witted, and had tasted the abundance of sweets which makes one doubt that love digesteth all things, the girls were friends. Their softly veiled heads close together, they sat on a cot in the courtyard, looking over the treasures of Jasmine's sewing-bag. Aziz took them all delightedly in her thin hands, — precious patterns of lace, balls of gay wool, varieties of knitting-needles stuck for safety into a cork, a silver thimble, a little pin-cushion and needle-book, — and handed them one after the other to her mother.

The Rani pretended to talk to me, but her thoughts were all on her daughter's pleasure. Some time before we came away, she found that I knew her mother and sisters, who lived in a town where I often go with the doctor to her dispensary. Thereupon she wanted to adopt us both, to employ us permanently, and I had some trouble

in convincing her that neither Jasmine nor I could be hired by the month or year to amuse Aziz.

After that I went occasionally to the Rani's, sometimes because there was no other chaperone for Jasmine, sometimes ostensibly to see the progress Aziz was making, but really because I loved seeing the girls together, and enjoyed the queenly gratitude of my hostess. Aziz enjoyed reading, but crocheting and knitting she utterly delighted in. Her thirst for new patterns was insatiable. She spent whole days trying the patterns in a book whose English directions she could not read. She took to making her own designs for filet lace, conventionalizing in her own way the blossoms of yellow mustard that the servants brought in from outside, the leaves on the one great tree that shaded the inner courtyard, the frisky lambs, and her pet chickens.

Whatever the daughter enjoyed, the Rani enjoyed a pitiable hundredfold. She never had seen such exquisite edging for veils as Aziz made, and no one in her presence dared ever to have seen anything nearly so beautiful. Her admiration of her daughter's skill was so extreme, that she appeared to be utterly shocked when I suggested that she learn to knit. She declared she never could learn, she was too stupid. She would do the old exquisite embroidery which she had learned in her girlhood, and which was nothing in comparison with the things Aziz could do.

At length, one day, after many kindnesses and favors to us, she sent her servant to invite us to the great wedding of her oldest son, which had been arranged for the next week. All the women of the Rani's kin would be there, whom I wanted greatly to see. Unfortunately, I was to be out of the city the next week, but I promised to send Jasmine. I was heartily sorry not

to be present. I did not know what a wedding it was to be.

I went away as I had planned, and returned as usual by a night train. I awoke the next morning wondering what had happened during my absence. One surely misses something by being away even a day from our city. And while I was dressing, before five, Jasmine came into my room, announced only by her sobbing.

'Miss Sahib,' she cried; 'oh, Miss Sahib!' And she hid her face in her veil and wept unrestrained.

'What's happened now?' I questioned her. 'Brace up a bit and tell me.'

'It's Aziz,' she said. 'She's killed. I saw it. The lady has no daughter.'

She sat on the floor by me, her face hidden in her arms, and cried and gasped out the terrible story.

'It was the day after the wedding. They had brought the bride home. I was sitting there where we always sat, in the east veranda, and the house was full of women singing. And the men in their rooms were feasting with the bridegroom. He left them to speak to his mother a moment, and when he returned he heard them say with men's insinuations, pointing toward his cousin, Raja Afzal, who was coming toward them across the field, "His will be the next wedding. He boasts the bridegroom's sister loves him — that in the darkness she has said so."

'The Rani's son pushed through them to a closet and seized an axe. He hewed his cousin down in the path where they met.' Jasmine cried afresh. 'He came rushing in where we were sitting talking — his clothes were dripping blood. Miss Sahib, we ran from his face, screaming. He seized Aziz as she fled. He swore at her. He called her fearful names. "It's over with you!" he cried. We heard his mother crying, and struggling with him. He

locked her in the kitchen. Then he killed his sister with many blows, — she was so little, — and left the house.

'We were still screaming, wild with terror. The men came in. They guessed what had happened. They found the lady unconscious. The court was full of blood and the body was scattered around. We huddled together, and even with our eyes shut we saw it all. I shall see it and smell it forever!' she sobbed.

She could not leave the story unfinished.

'In the evening the police came, and took away the bridegroom, and the body of Afzal, which had lain in the field all afternoon. None dared go near it, except the crows — its blood whimpered above the ploughed earth. No one in the city slept that night. I have wept these three days, seeing his bloody face, and her all crushed up. But the Rani has not wept. The house is full of mourners, but she sits apart. She sees only her sons. She has given them all her wedding jewelry, and all that Aziz had, to get him acquitted. No one can comfort her. She is stricken. Oh, I wish I'd never gone there!'

'But, Jasmine,' I protested, 'how could it happen? She never spoke to that man, did she? Within those high walls, with women around her day and night, she was surely blameless. She could n't have seen him. It could n't have been true!'

Jasmine sobbed. 'Anything *could* have been true,' she said. 'She was only a girl — a girl shut out of life. She had to do something. Just pushing back the curtain a bit, as he passed, — as he often did, — and lifting her eyes to him, — it was begun. He boasted of it, — fool that he was, — it was ended. That *might* have been.'

'But suppose she did that,' I interrupted. 'If she did lift her eyes as he passed — what then?'

'You never understand,' my little protégée answered between sobs. 'Does not a woman know that all men's eyes are full of evil purposes? Unless one consents, why should one let one's eyes meet theirs? It may have been his lie. It may have been her thoughtlessness. She was young. I was very fond of her. She learned so beautifully.'

When I went out to our morning tea on the veranda, the doctor was waiting to relieve herself by telling me a few more ghastly details. What was left of the girl's body had been brought to the hospital, and she had gone through the ordeal of giving witness at the inquest, to save the Rani the shame, worse than death, of having the body taken to the public morgue. In the hospital women everywhere were helplessly talking of the murder. I had to go that evening and sit awhile with the mourners. I did not see the Rani.

III

Our city's summers exaggerate mightily the terrors of life. With the weight of that day's dusk, the horror of a great darkness stifled us. For days we could by no means get away from it. I would wake suddenly at night, stiff with an inexplicable fright, and find the doctor wide awake and anxious to talk about home. Day after day we heard reports of the murderer's trial. And when finally we heard that he was sentenced to eight years in prison, we were sorry for the Rani's sake that the term was so long, and sorry when we remembered Aziz that it was not longer.

One morning in the early autumn, when I had gone with the doctor to Garwali dispensary, the Rani's sister came to the clinic to see me. She wept as she laid aside her outer veil, and sat down beside me.

'My mother heard you were coming,'

she began, 'and sent me to you. She begs you to go to my sister, and to entreat her to come to us for a change. We've sent servants with horses to bring her, but she sends them back. We've gone ourselves, and she refuses to leave the house. She eats nothing — not one mouthful. She has not shed a tear. She sits alone, going mad. Perhaps if you go and beseech her she will come. My mother begs you to try.'

I was deeply touched; I knew it was not the mother's habit to beg anything of anyone. No member of that family had ever before come to the public dispensary. They paid us instead for going to see them.

'I'll do what I can,' I replied. 'I'll go to see her to-day. But if you've failed, what can I do?'

The humble words of her gratitude I remembered that evening, as I walked through the city by the path that was familiar now, and out beyond its farther walls to the Rani's cluster of gardens. In the gathering darkness of her courtyard only the two worthless daughters-in-law and the frightened little bride greeted me lonesomely. I tried to talk of pleasant things with them, but horror clung about them, and fastened itself upon me.

'Stay with us,' they besought me. 'The house is full of shadows and things, and we're afraid.'

But I could n't stay. I had to see the Rani and go home.

'May I go to her now?' I asked.

'If you wish,' they answered. 'We don't dare.'

I climbed to the flat roof of the second story, on which there was a little room with a veranda. On its clay floor the Rani was sitting. When she saw me she stretched out her hand and said, 'Come in. She loved you.'

I sat down beside her weakly, shocked at the change in her. She was very thin. Her face was gray, and her eyes

were very bright. In her grief she had torn out her hair until she was nearly bald.

'Sit here,' she said calmly. 'From here you can look down there.'

I looked. There was a new-made grave in the family burying-plot.

'I look there always,' she said.

'Dear Rani Sahib,' I cried, 'I loved her and I love you. I come from your mother and your sisters. They sent me to beg you to come to them. They told me to entreat you thus.'

I clasped my hands in the prayerful way no one is supposed to resist.

'Don't trouble me,' she said quietly. 'I will not go. I stay with her. At night I sleep on her grave. Could she stay out there in the dark alone?'

'Your mother is old,' I continued. 'She beseeches you, your mother. It's madness to stay here.'

'I'm mad now,' she agreed. 'Some days I'm mad. If I went there, and saw Afzal's mother, I would be altogether mad.'

She still looked at the grave.

'Have you seen a jail?' she questioned after a while, in a monotone.

'Not the inside of one,' I answered.

I had often seen chained labor-gangs, scantily clad in sackcloth. I was thankful she had not.

'Who cooks the food they eat there?' she demanded.

'I think they have cooks,' I replied vaguely, as soothingly as possible.

'My sons also give me lying comfort,' she went on. 'He hates common food. Never would he eat bread of flour not ground by hand. At mills

they grind the bad grains with the good. These years I have not let the servants prepare his meals. I alone knew just how he liked each thing seasoned. When he comes home from a journey he says, "Thank God for the food my mother prepares!" How can I eat good food while he chokes on coarse half-cooked stuff? He was my first-born.'

There was a pause.

'Is there a heaven?' she asked. Her voice seemed dead.

'There is,' I said.

'But what's the use?' she argued. 'Our eyes are to be in the tops of our heads in heaven. God knows that, if we see our children, we'll cease worshipping Him.'

'That's not true,' I assured her. 'God does n't mind us loving one another, and our children. He Himself is —'

'What do you know about it, childless child?' she interrupted. 'Don't comfort me. I can wait my eight years for comfort.'

'Dear mother,' I said, 'do you think you can live fasting eight years?'

'I *will* live,' she replied, without a change of tone. 'I will not die until he returns.'

I hoped she would die sooner. Afzal's brother had sworn to kill her son the day he returned from prison.

'I will not die,' she continued calmly. 'I wait for him. When he comes home I will kill him with my own fingers, because he hurt my flower.'

That was six years ago. She is still waiting.

PATRIOTISM IN THE TENEMENTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

1

OUR work began in a place which I had known about from the newspapers, but which a good citizen is supposed to know from the outside only. It was the club-rooms of the Thomas J. McManus Association, the headquarters of one of the strongest rock-ribbed Tammany districts in New York. You go to the Ninth Avenue Elevated, then around the corner of Fiftieth Street to the Avenue, and down a few houses, and climb a flight of stairs over a grocery store, and there you are. Draft-boards were then new things, and our board was, I suppose, like most of those which worked busily through the war in this free, self-drafting country.

As you went in, the club-rooms were full of little tables, and the Advisory Board and its assistants busy helping a motley crowd to fill our questionnaires. At one table a husky Irish long-shoreman, in his jumpers, was telling a story which put him where he wanted to be, in Class 1 A. At another table a Lithuanian peasant, with four children and a wife, was exhibiting birth-certificates and a marriage-certificate of the persons therein described, as the best possible reason why his \$90 a month earnings should continue and his soldier-ship be deferred. At another, a scow captain was explaining the absence of his wife and dependents to his official interrogator — a good young man, who looked like a Sunday-school teacher marooned in a foreign land, and who was sitting at a table under the very

portrait of the McManus, genius of the place. 'You see,' he was saying, 'she has been having pains for a week now; I could bring her, and if you say I have got to, I'll go and get her; but,' he added viciously, 'I am a Republican, and this Tammany joint is no place where I want a child of mine to be born.'

In the front room, in whose comfortable chairs the politics of the district had been played for a generation, the wise men of the draft were located. It was a clatter of questions and quick answers. 'No, the Turk is not an alien enemy, get supporting affidavit signed by each dependent, tell him to get them and bring them around, get the marriage-certificate and birth-certificates for the children, check them up too. No, a misdemeanor is not a crime; if he has n't done anything worse than that, he is no Class 5 H man. Tell him to go to the Greek Consul and get a certificate and come back Friday.'

In the middle of the turmoil of the front room, the chairman of the board — a bald-headed lawyer, with a gift for getting things done — was profusely cursing a non-producing coal-man over the telephone. It was in the early Garfield days, and the chairman was assuring the coal-man confidently that the Provost-Marshal General and the director of the draft would court-martial him and order him shot at sunrise if the coal did not arrive in an hour. It came.

I had a small table given to me and set to work to learn to ride the ques-

tionnaire à la Squeers — a course which I presume was followed by most of the fifty-four hundred lawyers who, in New York City, volunteered for the Legal Advisory Board of the draft. It was slow work. The first applicant for legal advice and assistance was an Italian with four dependents; and, what with his limited English and my limited knowledge of the intricacies of the dependency clauses and the blanks to be filled out, it certainly took time. 'Remember,' said a sarcastic voice at my ear, 'it is this war and not the next one we are getting soldiers for.' The chairman passed, and thus goaded, I finished and put Giuseppe in Class 4 A.

Some twenty or thirty assistants were doing like work. All sorts and conditions of men came: clerks, mechanics, longshoremen, waiters, laborers, chauffeurs, bar-tenders, — a never-ending stream, — patiently waiting their turn to answer their country's questions and be classified in accordance with their eligibility for the supreme service of citizenship.

The copybook is right. Practice does make perfect. Familiarity, slowly acquired, with the questionnaire and with the service act, by degrees gave my mind greater freedom to study at close range the human aspects of the great draft. Local board work might be called the lost opportunity of the novelist. The questionnaire was a searching document. The disclosures it required left about as much privacy to the registrant as to a gold-fish in a bowl in the parlor window. Originally a highbrow, I soon found myself guilty of a distinctly friendly and sympathetic attitude toward burglars and highway robbers. I had tête-à-tête talks at the board with, I think, six, three of each, not including one convicted and pardoned murderer. The murderer was a rather low-class party. The others were surprisingly decent fellows. It was a gen-

uine disappointment to me to have to classify them as morally unfit, when I could see every one of them, if given his chance, going over the top, as fearless men full of genuine fighting spirit — the real stuff for soldiers. The French dealt with this problem better than we did.

One of my associates handled his cases of this class with great finesse. He is a careful soul, and when I found, on examining the questionnaires turned in, one which he had 'advised,' with the criminal questions unanswered, I called it to his attention.

'Yes,' he said, 'I remember this fellow: he was a fine, upstanding chap, about thirty-two, good soldier stuff. I was just starting to ask him, "Have you ever been convicted?" etc., when I caught a look in his eye; so, instead of asking that, I said, "You are down as a plumber by trade. Have you been a plumber right along, or was there a while when you did something else?" He grinned and said, "Well, there was about two years and seven months when I was a stone-cutter and a broom-maker." "Well," I said, "have you voted recently?" "No," he replied, "not since 1910." So I concluded that I had better skip those questions. If the Draft Board wants to lose a perfectly good soldier and a decent fellow, too, why, send this questionnaire back for those answers.'

One of my ex-burglar friends told me, with considerable pride, that he was now chauffeur for a well-known elderly lady of wealth, who lived quite alone, protected by two burglar-alarm systems, and who insisted upon his sleeping in the house as an additional precaution.

It would be a libel upon the district to create the impression that it was full of burglars and highwaymen. The few I met happened to surprise me by being so decent. The main bulk of the

district consisted of a mass of almost uniformly poor people of the laboring class, hardworking men, — with now and then a rummy, — and plain, simply dressed women, the married ones generally with an abundance of children. The men are of a kind that makes soldiers — physically strong, and with a good percentage of the daredevil, adventurous type. The slackers were extraordinarily few. Those who claimed dependents had them generally in profusion. Schemes to beat the draft were rarely tried, and when they were tried they generally failed. The necessary information was forthcoming from one source or another.

II

The draft in our district was a kaleidoscope of nationalities. As you saw the long line patiently waiting for their turn at the advisers' tables, they looked like what they were — an average assembly of New York workingmen. When you analyzed them separately, — and never has this process been done in our history with such minute thoroughness as the questionnaire required, — you found the ends of the earth were before you.

This good-looking tobacconist is a Turk; he has a French wife; they were married in Syria. You put a note on the yellow slip, 'Marriage certificate unobtainable.' The next is a first-paper Englishman from South Africa, formerly an actor, now a salesman. Next come two husky lads from Ireland, willing to serve in an American army, but no British army need apply. The next is a blond giant, with a strong accent. 'Where were you born?' 'In vat is to be the vorst licked country in the world.'

So it went. Yet with all the diversity of nationality, there was somehow a unity, indefinable, intangible, but real.

They were citizens of the big city. They were all Americans.

I have said that we had little trouble with slackers. We had far more cases of men who were too anxious to go than of those not willing enough. 'What about the wife?' when put to a man with a wife, but no children, brought at most times an optimistic and cheerful response. 'Oh, Mary can get along all right, can't you, Mary?' 'Sure I can, if I don't have a big stiff like you to feed.' Mary had worked before marriage, and simply expected to return to supporting herself. There were few clinging vines found in our district.

Because there were so many diverse nationalities in the district, so many who listened to the spoken word and read not even the Hearst newspapers, our chairman, long before the system of instruction to drafted men was devised and systematized, had worked out a programme for the proper send-off of our boys. 'We want,' he declared, 'to do three things. We want to send our boys off sober and clean and in good order. We want them to know what they are fighting for. We want the district to see them go off a credit to the district, and help make the draft popular here, so that we will get more soldiers later from the spectators.'

So the Board worked out this programme. The open-air send-off, the first we had, drew nearly thirty thousand people, with flags, bands, cigarettes, chocolate for fine soldier boys, sober, clear-eyed and confident, who left the district in a whirl of enthusiasm and local pride — good for them and good for us all. These open-air meetings were precursors of many other occasions, some small affairs, some big assemblies, but with like purpose. The biggest indoor meeting of the kind was held on the hottest day of last summer. It was the most interesting public meeting I ever attended. It was held

in the basement auditorium of one of the public schools. It was in the very centre of the McManus district. It was an assembly of his people. The McManus was there — chairman of the meeting.

Now we all know about Tammany — at its worst. In the mind of the average cultivated New Yorker, who takes a mild interest in politics, there is a somewhat blurred but distinct picture of the district leader as a type and representative of bad government — a combination of red-light houses, saloons, dance-halls, gambling dens, crooked contracts, manipulated by diamond-fronted men with dyed moustaches in rear rooms behind the bar.

When we know a type, a stage villain, or village maiden, or Tammany politician, we are rather disturbed and annoyed at variations and innovations. The McManus, so-called to distinguish him from four brothers, all bachelors like himself, living together in a twenty-dollar flat in the district, turned out to be a hearty, husky Irishman of fifty, who looked like the fighting forties, and wore a close cropped beard. A handsome man he was, with courtly ways, twinkling eyes, and as Christian Science a manner as can be permitted to a good Catholic. What I mean is that he seemed to radiate health, heartiness, friendliness. I am told that he does n't drink a drop, considers the saloon the bane of his people, and won't have a disorderly resort in the district. Germany for fifty years built up over a docile people its power and unity by teaching them whom and how to hate. The McManus went on a different principle. He built up his power in his district, in perhaps half that time, by teaching his people whom to love — Thomas J. McManus. Moreover, McManus is still leader of his district and the Kaiser has abdicated.

But to return to the meeting. It was,

as I said, the evening of the hottest day of the summer. Into this big auditorium came the wives, mothers, brothers, and fathers of the boys about to leave for camp. The air was filled with the wailing of babies. The hall was full of them.

We started out with song. A chorus-leader brought in from the 'outside' attempted to lead us in harmony. He looked like a good young man in a strange place. He started wrong. 'Let us try the chorus of "Over There,"' he announced. The response was feeble. 'What, have you no more lungs than that?' he began again, in what was intended to be a tone of friendly sharpness. The McManus, not yet chairman, stepped forward on the platform and raised his hand. 'Just one minute now. There is one song that every man, woman and child in this great West-Side district does know. I suggest that we begin this meeting with it. Try the "Star Spangled Banner."' The district did know it. It sang until the chandeliers shook. The 'outsider' had been wrong. The 'Star-Spangled Banner' was the song with which to begin such a war-meeting, and it seemed natural enough and proper enough that the 'outsider' had been shown his error by the man who knew the district, its pride and its patriotism, and was its natural spokesman. Score one for the McManus.

Introduced as chairman, he prefaced his speech with score two. 'This being a district of plain people, without frills or fancies, I am going to ask the ladies to allow us to take off our coats,' suiting the action to the word himself. Every man's coat in the house came off in two seconds. It was a blessed relief. The man in front of me had a shirt slit from the shoulder-blades to the belt; but ascertaining that no lady was behind him scrutinizing his much-exposed anatomy, he accepted the comforts of his situation relieved of embarrassment.

The McManus made a distinctly good speech, passionate, full of punch and patriotism. He began by regretting his own inability to get into the khaki. 'They tell me because I am fifty, I am too old, but I want to tell you there is many a young fellow in the district I can trim yet.'

'Good for you, Senator!' said my next neighbor; 'you are right, your mauilies are good yet.'

In the middle of his speech, a woman in one of the front seats, having a particularly noisy baby, in immediate proximity to the speaker, started to go out. Before she reached the aisle the orator stopped his speech. 'Wait now,' the McManus commanded, in a voice brusque but kind, 'you go back and sit down; that baby is all right. God forbid that in this great West-Side district a mother at a meeting on a night like this should have to go home because her child gives up a natural cry. Thank God, it is a baby's natural cry in its mother's arms, and not the cry of the babies of Belgium bayoneted by the Huns.'

The mother went back and the baby marvelously stopped crying. Continuing his parenthetical remarks, the Senator added, with a grin of engaging frankness, 'You know I always did cater to the ladies in the district, and now they have got the vote, I am going to cater to them more and more and more!'

Other orators there were: the Senator (Tammany, of course) for the district; an assistant district attorney, 'one of our own'; a good Catholic priest, the idol of his people, who received more applause than any of the others; and a doctor, who talked with unvarnished plainness of the requisites of fitness to fight. But the permanent impression I retained from the meeting was the picture of the McManus, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, in the chair-

man's seat, with the gavel in one hand, while with the other he held, sitting quietly on his knee, one of the toddlers of the district, who had strayed on to the platform, and who will vote the straight ticket for McManus in 1938.

III

The humors of the draft would fill a book. The work was full of incident, and many a local board man will tell you that it was one of the most interesting and engrossing episodes of his life. More marriage tangles and triangles came out in the course of the draft than Arnold Bennett could have imagined. Some were sad cases and some were funny.

Here is an Italian confronted with the following question under the dependency clause: 'Is any other person contributing to the support of the named dependent?'—his wife. It took some explanation before he understood the question. His eyes then glittered and he hissed, 'I theenk so; I catcha heem, I kill heem!'

The case of David and Uriah is not without its modern counterpart. In our board, a man had claimed deferred classification on account of a wife dependent upon him for support. He was told that half an hour earlier his wife had been in and said that she thought she could get along, and was willing to waive her rights and permit his service in the army. It seemed very patriotic to us. The husband had other ideas. 'That's some more of that d—— policeman's work, all right. He thinks because he has got one of these here necessary employment cinches, he can stay around in my flat, while I am in the trenches hunting the Hun! Nothing doing!'

If there was anything from which more than from another our board drew satisfaction, it was in the numerous

cases in which we made wedding-bells — long deferred — ring. Men who for one reason or another had delayed ceremonial marriages, with consorts of long standing, revised their views on the subject of matrimony when they found a new use and reason for the marriage-certificate as a necessary proof of the existence of a dependency recognized by law.

Sometimes, when the wedding was not feasible, the theory of common-law marriage had to be stretched to cover cases which a judge would find difficult. Take a problem like this: Here is a man, a decent respectable fellow, with a wife and two children and no marriage-certificate. Why? Well, he had married in pique, following a lover's quarrel, a worthless woman, who a month later left him, telling him incidentally that she had an unreleased husband elsewhere. Repentant, and this time sober, the deserted one goes back to his true love, tells her his story and his situation. There was no legal proof to get annulment or a divorce. The departed one's story might or might not be true. He had no money to hire detectives to find her or the facts. The solution adopted was that the young people took one another for better or worse, without the wedding-lines, lived otherwise decently, and accumulated two pretty children. For the first time in their lives the certificate became a necessity. We called it a common-law marriage. Bad law, perhaps; but we hope it was good practical sense under the circumstances.

The wife is not always a dependent. One of my friends served on a board which included part of the colored belt. To him, in the toils of the law, came Jasper, a husky colored person, who promptly claimed the exemption due to a man who had a wife and two children. He produced the children and the marriage-certificate, but no wife. Some-

what uneasy was Jasper when told to bring the wife. Two days later he came with a large fat lady, the deferred wife. It looked like an ordinary case of dependency — a Class 4 A case — until the wife began to make a few inquiries.

'Ah is his wife, all right,' she admitted, 'but what does this dependency word mean?'

It was explained to her. The situation changed at once.

'Now, see heah, Mr. Man,' she began, 'I's been supporting this yere worthless crapshooting black trash for ten years.'

The examiner considered this a propitious moment in which to explain the allotment of soldiers' wages for wife and children and the allowance for dependents. A new light came into her eyes.

'Thank God for dem Huns and dis war!' she ejaculated; but she added venomously, 'If Jasper don't have no more luck shooting them Boches than he lets on he has shooting craps, dis war never going to end.'

Jasper became a soldier.

One of our members was a person of rather precise and mathematical views, who had a mania for making soldiers. He was forever figuring in dollars and cents on the mathematics of dependency. It ran something like this. 'Now, Mrs. Clancy, let us figure this out. You have two children. Your husband makes eighty-two dollars a month. He says he turns it all in to you. My own guess is that he holds out something for Saturday night, but let that go for the minute. Now, you have to feed him out of it. He looks like a good eater. What would you board a big fellow like this for if he were not a relation of yours, with prices as they are?'

'Sure, ten dollars a week is little enought,' says Mrs. Clancy.

'Very good,' says the mathemati-

cian; 'so out of the eighty-two, or shall we say seventy dollars, he turns in, you feed him forty dollars' worth. That leaves forty-two dollars at most for you and the children. Now, you would get, if he went into the service, fifteen from his pay, fifteen from the government and twelve for the children. That makes as much as forty-two anyway. If he got killed you would get fifty-seven fifty a month for twenty years, or, if he got incapacitated,' etc., etc. The persuasive examiner went on, putting the allurements of the allotment in a most attractive way, while Clancy, poor soul, squirmed visibly.

Mrs. Clancy would rise to the situation. She would appear to hesitate. 'Well, maybe you're right. The man has n't brought me a full pay envelope since Corcoran's saloon was opened, and that is four years ago, come January. Eighty dollars a month, he says he brings home. Not to me. Let me think it over a bit, will you?'

The interview is suspended. I asked the mathematician a few days later what had become of Clancy. 'Nothing doing,' he sighed. 'She came in yesterday and said Clancy had been to the priest and signed the pledge, and she concluded she could not get along without him.'

The mathematician occasionally got a soldier in this way, but his methods had by-results not wholly undesirable. 'Most of these men,' he declared, 'think that when they bring home a depleted pay-envelope and give it to the wife, have her cook it and feed most of it to them, that they are worth their weight in gold. I have shown a lot of these women that their husbands pay just about their board, and that they would be better off with a little government money, free time for themselves, and a chance of cashing an insurance policy. I count on doing one or the other of two things, making a soldier or a bet-

ter husband. Either result does Uncle Sam some good.'

IV

With all the incidents, humorous or pathetic, which came during the work of the Selective Service Act, the deep and lasting impression, however, made upon my mind was one of profound respect for the patriotism of the poor. We are hearing so much these days about Bolshevism in Europe, and the dangers of the proletariat inflamed against the bourgeoisie and the capitalist — dangers which alarm some even in our own country. All these causes for alarm may be real, but there are some facts which should give us confidence. Take our own district, for example, and remember that it is only one of many, and note the response to the call for citizen soldiers.

Our people were all poor. They were asked to fight for a country which had given them little more than a bare subsistence. The red star has been replaced by a gold star in many of its tenement windows. The district contains only seventeen city blocks, yet fifty-five thousand people live in these blocks, closely crowded in tenements. It sent eleven hundred men into the army, half as many more into the navy, and with special inductions surely seventeen hundred men went from it into the country's service.

Forget for the moment that these men went to risk their lives for their country — and they saw hard fighting, and we are proud of them. Let us think prosaically of the conditions they left at home. The average wage of these men was at least three dollars a day. These 1700 men (100 from every block on the average, and one block sent 228) had a combined earning capacity of \$5100 a day, over \$30,000 a week, \$122,400 a month. These figures

represent, not the decreased earnings of some large company with vast capital to draw upon: we are talking about the capitalization of human deprivation, lost each day and week and month by about 1500 families living in these congested city blocks. This figure, over \$122,000 per month, is lost earning capacity, is wages directly out of pocket. It represents self-sacrifice, even suffering, uncomplaining privation; it represents foregone winter clothing and wholesome food for younger children; dark two- or three-room tenements for parents who can no longer afford to pay \$15 per month for rent; it represents almost everything which makes life worth living; education for children, who are now working at tender ages. It represents so many things that I will not tire you with a further enumeration. But these people do not whine or beg; they are patriotic, proud of their boys, and more than willing to sacrifice to give them the one big chance.

The uninformed layman will say, 'But you are forgetting the allotments and allowances to cover these losses, provided for by law.' Well, it is pretty nearly time for something sharp and severe to be said about these theoretical payments and the reasons why they were months in arrears or never came at all. The mothers and wives who re-

lied upon them and needed them somehow got along without them, with the help of their neighbors or by unwonted labors. The way in which the department at Washington almost completely broke down under its responsibilities is one of the yet-to-be-discussed problems of the war. With uncomplaining fortitude, our district met the shortcomings of the government, which kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope.

Let us think about this thing further while there is time. We are past the delirious Monday of the world's great armistice—wary, staggering toward peace. The big dollar-a-year men are resigning from their jobs at Washington. The camps are emptying and war-industries are getting their contract cancelations; thousands of men are being thrown out of war-employment in consequence. The boys in France are looking toward home; reconstruction is the new word, with all the confusion and the potentialities of distress which it implies. Let us not forget too soon the sacrifice of the people of districts of which ours is but a fair sample. Let us make the new America to which the boys return, a land worthy of their generous devotion, and of the willing sacrifice of those who made their service possible.

CLEMENCEAU TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

LET the reader be reassured. This will be no foolish attempt at painting a grand Reynoldsian portrait, with the background of victory and of a glorious sunset to warm it. The following pages aim only at replacing the main facts of Clemenceau's life in their natural environment. Even this humble task has its difficulties, for Clemenceau, as an individual, is far from being well known; he has been frequently and passionately discussed; and there have been in his long life curious incongruities which had better be merely stated than explained.

Georges Clemenceau was born in 1841, the son of a country doctor in a village of Vendée. People in Vendée, since the royalist rebellion of 1794, have been divided into 'Whites' and 'Blues,' the former being the Royalists and the latter the Republicans, with all the changes that such words must inevitably undergo in the space of a century. Now, Dr. Clemenceau was a Blue, and of a decidedly deep dye, for he was anti-royalist and anti-clerical to the extent of refusing to let his children be christened, even in a district where religious antagonisms were so marked.

It should not be inferred that Clemenceau's father had had these opinions bequeathed to him. On the contrary, his family was entirely on the other side, belonging to the aristocracy of the province and being better able than most others to support its claims with

seals and charters. One of his uncles — to whom M. Clemenceau refers affectionately in *Le Grand Pan* — was a priest. But the medical schools of the early part of the nineteenth century in France were hot-beds of atheism, and toward 1840 a physician who retained some religious belief was regarded as a phenomenon. So young Georges Clemenceau grew up in a home which must have been pointed out as a stronghold of 'advanced ideas,' and it is probable that both his father and himself enjoyed the consciousness that it was.

Circumstances must also have helped to make a resolute partisan of the boy. He was seven in 1848, when the Second French Republic was proclaimed; and even to its enemies this new experiment appeared so idealistic and noble, that when, three years later, it was brought to an end by the President — Prince Louis Bonaparte — becoming a dictator, there was disappointment in all liberal circles; and in the environment in which Georges Clemenceau was being reared there must have been rage. A boy of eleven, intelligent as this one undoubtedly was, is deeply influenced by such happenings.

About this time young Georges was sent to the lycée at Nantes, to go through the classical course which was the universal rule in those days, and became optional, only in the case of a future physician, in 1902. He was a good scholar and must have enjoyed his Classics, for even now he frequently quotes the Greeks. The lycées in those days were patronized by Republican

families preferably to Catholic schools, because their teaching staff was secular, and a few professors here and there actually were against the tyrant, as Napoleon III was called by his braver enemies. But even there the son of Republican parents must be conscious of being watched and disliked as a future agitator and the cause of possible trouble to the headmaster. So this atmosphere again could only produce irritation, and occasionally dare-devil recklessness, in such a boy as was father to the Clemenceau we have known.

Indeed, in 1860, Georges Clemenceau was ripe for the freedom of the Paris Medical School. Here, where he was entered on graduating from the lycée, the student could rail at religion — superstition, he no doubt called it — in the paternal vein, and even ventilate his abhorrence of the Imperial régime in the cafés to which the not very scientific sawbones of those days devoted much of their valuable time. Yet even this had to be done with some precaution; and how unreticent Georges Clemenceau must have been between his twentieth and his twenty-third year, we can easily imagine. The consequence was that in 1861 he spent seventy-three days at the Mazas penitentiary, and three years later even a worse misfortune befell him. The academic authorities, shocked, as he himself says, at his insistence in proclaiming the Republic while there was an Emperor, temporarily struck his name from the rolls.

He was twenty-three years old, and not rich: he could not afford to wait till the tyrant was overthrown, to go on with his medical studies. Those were not days when the French felt particularly anxious to seek their fortunes abroad; but Georges Clemenceau chose that desperate course. A few miles from his long-familiar town of Nantes, the big ships constantly sailed for America.

The half-fledged physician sailed on one of them. He stayed four years in the United States, keeping himself, not by the practice of an art he was conscious of having by no means mastered, but, as so many educated emigrants had done before him, by teaching his own language. He came back to France in 1868, with an American wife and with a knowledge of the English language which stood him in good stead during the Great War, but with a curious indifference to English or American thought and to political conditions in the United States. Most Frenchmen who have lived in America show the deep imprint of their experience during all their lives, but Georges Clemenceau seems to have come back as unmixedly French as when he left.

He settled in Paris again, and went back to his interrupted medical studies. A year later he took his degree, and immediately looked for patients in the Montmartre district.

The famous hill was not at that time the haunt of pleasure-seekers that it has since become. The American artists who loved it twenty years ago must remember how like a Southern French town the climbing winding streets used to look. It was a neighborhood of workmen, or very small tradesmen, with a proportion of painters and sculptors. The local doctors had a slim chance of attaining either to fame or to wealth; but they must have known their clientele as intimately as they might have in any provincial market-town. So it was with Clemenceau, and it gave him a chance to make a career beside the one he had inherited rather than chosen.

France frequently shows a type of man scarce in the rest of the world, namely, the politician evolved from the country doctor, or even from the veterinary surgeon. It is surprising that no political physician has yet beaten the political lawyer in the race for the

Presidency, for each Parliament has numbered between sixty and eighty members of that profession, some of whom have achieved considerable success. Nobody could have been surprised in Montmartre to see the new doctor take advantage of his daily growing acquaintance with the quarter to give a political significance to his hatred of the Imperial government, of the Church, and of all their supporters.

The power of Napoleon III was fast waning at the time; the Emperor, a few years before, had been compelled to renounce the absolute authority he had possessed between 1852 and 1860, and probabilities pointed to democratic changes. In Belleville — a quarter almost adjoining Montmartre — a young barrister of rare magnetism and eloquence, Léon Gambetta, had been elected a deputy on what was called a very 'red' ticket, and his platform, which included equal franchise, proportional taxation, disarmament, and the transfer of authority to the people, was fast becoming popular. Georges Clemenceau adopted it, and with the violent views he had cultivated, nobody was better fitted to defend it. In fact, he sprang into notoriety almost at a leap. It is surprising to note that as early as September, 1870, as soon as defeat had swept away Napoleon III and made a republic the inevitable alternative, Clemenceau, who barely a year before was still walking the hospitals, had become Mayor of Montmartre and was on the eve of becoming a prominent member of the Municipal Council, and of being sent as a deputy to the *Assemblée Nationale*.

Such unexpected risings from obscurity are frequent in all revolutions, but, contrary to what has also been so generally the case, Clemenceau never relapsed into anonymousness. During the decade which followed 1870 he was not known to many foreign observers

beyond professionals like Bismarck or Sir Charles Dilke; but in Paris, and even throughout France, he was as popular a character as he is to-day.

What sort of a person was he at that time, and what were his tenets and influence? An answer to these questions will enable us to visualize him more distinctly and to proceed with comparative rapidity through the continuation of his career.

II

Gambetta was the great man of the nascent Republic. He had founded it on the ruins of the Empire, and he was now defending it against the *Assemblée Nationale*, which, as everybody knows, consisted of a large majority of Monarchists busy making a republican constitution because they could not agree about the person of the monarch.

Clemenceau admired Gambetta, and they fought side by side. Both men were patriots and had voted on February 17, 1871, against the delivery of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. Both wished to rebuild France on entirely democratic foundations. But while Gambetta revealed himself as Oriental by his warm heart and warm imagination, by his splendid rhetoric, by his deftness at making the most of contingencies, by his magnetic gift for making and keeping friends, but also by his laziness, by his charming way of fancying that problems were solved when they ceased to bother, and by a pliability to circumstances which made him willing to negotiate secretly with Bismarck less than ten years after the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, Clemenceau was very different. He flattered nobody, loved nobody, and though followed by a large party, was not much loved by anybody. He had not yet developed the capacity for elegant witticisms which later on gave a sort of dry grace to his sarcasms; he was nothing

except violent. His logic was harsh and cruel, as was his irony, and his method consisted exclusively in brutally telling what he thought the truth about everything and everybody. The world to him seemed all wrong, and he said as much, in a tone which left no doubt that the principle of his action was hatred rather than love.

He was not an Internationalist; he would have loathed being called one, for the best part of his bitterness was reserved for the enemies of his country; but he was a Revolutionist, and frightened people a great deal more than Jaurès ever did, or any of Jaurès's truculent successors. All this can be read very clearly, not only in the contemporary documents, but in the well-known picture by Manet at the Luxembourg, called *La Réunion Publique*. The whole atmosphere of this picture is threatening; and while to us it appears as a portrait of Clemenceau, with a suitable background, to the generation which first saw it, it seemed that Clemenceau had to be the central figure of it precisely because it was threatening.

It is not surprising, therefore, if, after seconding Gambetta during his fight with the Assemblée, after preparing with him armed resistance to Marshal MacMahon, who had become the hope of the Monarchists, and after leading with him, and more actively than he did, the first great campaign against the Catholic Church, he parted company with him the moment Gambetta declared that the opportuneness of a reform was its best chance, expressed his belief that there was no such thing as a social question, and seemed to divert the country's attention from Alsace-Lorraine by attracting it to colonial expeditions. The same year in which Gambetta dubbed his doctrine and party Opportunism, Clemenceau, on his side, christened his doctrine and party Radical Socialism, and he took advan-

tage of the first opportunity — the question of French intervention in Egypt — to overthrow his so-called chief and former hero without any ceremony.

The effect of this prowess was extraordinary. It seemed as if nothing, not even the worshiped heroes of the new age, was sacred for Clemenceau or proof against his whims. During twenty-five years — he was forty then — not one Cabinet fell while he tolerated it, none lasted long after he became tired of it, and in most instances he was seen bringing the whole fabric down with a flourish of his pen, — for he had become the editor of a newspaper and never failed afterwards to have an organ of his own, — or with one of his short crushing speeches. He got whomever he liked elected to the Presidency, and kept whomever he disliked from the supreme magistracy. People became used to calling him the 'Tiger,' and although the students of contemporary history can see a serious motive for every one of his executions, a legend was created which showed him as a dilettante of destruction and a man who reveled in exercising his power against friend as well as foe.

Gradually it became a sort of postulate that a man who had such a gift for destruction had been refused the capacity for building up, and that Clemenceau would die without having done anything except please himself.

As for the questions on which the dreaded man's activities were exercised, they need not be recapitulated at great length. Clemenceau was against colonial expeditions, and overthrew Ferry after Gambetta, because he thought it as imprudent for France to settle in Tonkin as it was to settle in Tunis, so long as Alsace and Lorraine were in the hands of Germany. That this was his motive, and not the fact that he was *vendu aux Anglais*, has been contradicted, but whole articles can be

adduced to prove that it was so. He wanted a revision of the constitution, because he thought it insufficiently democratic; and when the Prime Minister objected that this was likely to create agitation, he replied with an encomium of agitation which added another trait to his description as a perturber.

He was an anti-clerical, of course, was against the monks, priests, and nuns, because, he said, they were the agents of a foreign monarch; he refused to welcome the Royalists, who, on the recommendation of Pope Leo, made their submission to the Republican régime, and he seized the occasion of Sardou's play, *Thermidor*, in 1891, to blame the dramatist for criticizing Robespierre, insisting that the Revolution must be taken in a lump (hence the *bloc* theory), and concluding with a savage apology for the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

This was the attitude of Clemenceau, and the impression of the world about him when, in 1893, the Panama scandal filled the world with disgust. M. de Lesseps had founded a company to dig the celebrated canal, and nine hundred million francs of French savings had gone into it. It was found after a few years that two thirds of this sum had been spent in auxiliary jobs or advertising, while a considerable part of it had been paid to one hundred and four French deputies, to secure their goodwill.

The name of Clemenceau was not on the fatal list, but the corrupt deputies were members of his party, and it was said that, without accepting money for himself, he had accepted some for his newspaper. Déroulède arraigned him in the Chamber; a famous duel ensued; then an electioneering campaign of extraordinary violence; and the upshot of it all, in the autumn of 1893, was that Clemenceau, for the first time in many

years, had no seat in the Chamber. During nine years he was kept out of the French parliaments, and had no means of influence except his pen.

III

This period of his life deserves some attention, as he was compelled to spend his activities in writing, and seven or eight of the fourteen volumes he then published revealed a very different Clemenceau from the man his people had been led to imagine.

Let us leave aside his pamphlets on the Dreyfus case, of which he ultimately became heartily tired; they were as violent as his hatred of injustice, coupled with his own inborn capacity for unjust criticism, could make them, and they cannot be absolved from the reproach of having brought contumely on the whole French army, while only a few officers had been reprehensible. But the works entitled *La Mêlée Sociale* (1898), *Le Grand Pan* (1896), *Les Plus Forts* (1898), *Au Pied du Sinai* (1898), *Au Fil des Jours* (1901), *Le Voile du Bonheur* (1901), *l'Emboscades de la Vie* (1903), and *Figures de Vendée* (1903), were completely different in character. They were not literature of a high kind. Most of them were made up of articles published in the newspapers, and especially of those *chroniques* — they have no equivalent in English — which are little else than a reporter's work, raised by the literary effort natural to the French to the level of essays or memoirs. When we go back to them, after the tremendous events of the past four years, we experience a strange sensation. The same Clemenceau whose name will be handed down to future generations with the glamour of gigantic history about it, appears to us as a mere journalist. He had talent, but of a kind distinctly inferior to that of a Lavedan, or a Donnay, or even

of a Henri Fouquier. He wrote terse, witty French, much better than the flaccid stuff which made his articles in *l'Homme Enchaîné*, at the beginning of the war, such tedious reading; but it was not the original French of a master of the language. Above all, volume after volume leaves on us the desolate impression that the man was looking for subjects while he might have been doing the greatest things preserved in the memory of men.

But in spite of this contrast of the past and the present, we cannot turn to those paper-covered volumes without remembering the pleasant revelation they were. Here was a good-humored, almost good-natured, Clemenceau, with a tendency to dreaming or to the quiet enjoyment of the past; a Clemenceau who was no misanthropist, for *Le Voile du Bonheur* — the dramatized story of a man long blind, who wants to be blind again the moment he gets a glimpse of the world — is only a literary apologue; a Clemenceau who made no allusions to politics or to the politicians he scorned; finally, a Clemenceau who condescended to show feeling, who loved his family, if he was still reticent about his friends, and out of the fulness of his heart found for animals the name which best describes what they are and what they ought to be — *les parents pauvres*, or the Fifth Estate.

The greatest surprise was for those who, either approving or deprecating, felt sure that Clemenceau could be only a *mangeur de curés*, a priest-hater. Surely the preface to *Le Grand Pan* was one long attack on Christianity; but it was evident that what the author imagined to be Christianity was only asceticism of inferior degree, and that whenever he should meet with Catholics who were kind and not selfish, intelligent and not stubborn, he could love them, not only for being kind and intelligent, but for being Catholics as

well. This was what appeared in *Les Plus Forts*, the hero of which is exactly the Monarchist and believer that the author was supposed to detest, and yet is invested by him with such qualities as nobody could resist.

In the afternoon of November 11, 1918, Clemenceau, whose every minute that day must have been full enough to seem like a lifetime, found leisure to drive to the convent in the rue Bizet in which he was tended a few years ago during a dangerous illness. He was seen leaving his car with an enormous bouquet, and asking for the Sister Superior, he gave her the flowers with a 'There, Sister! but for you, I should not be alive to-day.' People who have read *Les Plus Forts* knew quite well that Clemenceau only needed to become acquainted with nuns to love them.

But comparatively few people had read this novel. When Clemenceau wrote it the public imagined that his active life was over, and he was not enough of a literary creator to compel attention. He lived in seclusion in his quiet house in the rue Franklin, wrote his not quite first-rate articles, walked, fenced, or reared his chickens in the fancy farm in his back garden, and generally gave the impression of a happy sexagenarian. Nobody imagined that he would ever be the man he had been. And when, in 1902, he became a senator, it seemed that this was exactly as it should be; for what is a French senator if not a retired politician?

In reality, the most energetic part of his existence had not yet begun, but it was drawing near. In 1905, tired, like everybody else, of Combes's stupid anticlericalism, and finding to his disgust that he was shadowed by the Prime Minister's police, he shelved him as he had done so many of his predecessors. The same year the Kaiser appeared on his yacht off Tangier, went ashore, and delivered a speech which left no

sensible person in doubt that Germany would some day try to annex France, either by persuasion or by violence. It appeared also that the time for amateur premiers was passed, and responsible men must henceforth be found.

Rouvier was the first and acquitted himself well. Yet while he was in office, the name of Clemenceau was constantly mentioned as that of his probable successor. Most people, it is true, would repeat what had become a formula, namely, that Clemenceau was only a destructive element, and if he were given office, he would astonish the world by the daring of his freaks: but everybody felt that he must be given a chance. A compromise was found in March, 1906, by appointing him Minister of the Interior under Sarrien. It appeared immediately that Sarrien might be called the Premier, but that the real power was in the hands of Clemenceau. In fact, nobody noticed any change when, in October, Sarrien quietly dropped out and Clemenceau formally took the reins. He held them till July, 1909, beating the record of all the governments since 1871.

Not that this period was uneventful. It lives in the memories of Frenchmen as a time of tension and uncertainty. The religious persecution, which Clemenceau had not begun but which he had to carry on, almost brought about a civil war, and there were a number of strikes, two of which resulted in bloodshed; while another — the postmen's strike — threatened to stop the life of the nation. The European situation was fully as difficult. France had to fight the Moroccan tribes, cleverly handled by German agitators; and the famous incident of the Casablanca deserters brought her within an ace of a war with Germany herself.

Clemenceau showed his mettle in all these occurrences: he stood for order and patriotism, and resisted Germany

as if he felt sure that he could beat her hollow. Throughout these difficulties he found a bitter enemy in the Socialist leader, Jaurès, and the antagonism of the two men went far to simplify the questions at issue; for the man in the street, Jaurès became the embodiment of Socialist vagueness, while Clemenceau seemed to be the type of the wide-awake patriot.

Another characteristic of Clemenceau, as Prime Minister, also contributed to make him popular. He was the first man in office who refused to be merely the instrument of the Chamber, and insisted on being the leader of the team if he were to be on it. Everybody was tired of the shiftings, inefficiency, hauteur, and selfishness of the deputies; and whenever Clemenceau browbeat them, or answered an embarrassing question about the Anglo-French Entente with a sarcastic bow and a '*Je vous salue, messieurs!*' he was universally approved by the nation. Strange to say, he was approved also by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber itself. It dawned on politicians as on everybody else that the poor equilibrium of the public powers of France came from an uncertainty about the seat of authority. Let it be where it ought really to be, and everybody would be satisfied. It was only when Clemenceau reminded the Chamber that in 1905 it had swallowed an affront from Germany instead of fighting it out, that the insult seemed insufferable and the vote went against him. On the whole, he had, in spite of his occasional outbursts, shown a great deal more tact than had been expected from a violent man, and it was not till several years later that the real blemish on his administration — an amazing decrease in the French war budgets while the corresponding expenditure constantly rose in Germany — was made capital of in the Monarchist press.

IV

Clemenceau was sixty-eight when he had to give up office, but he showed no trace of fatigue, and was not looked upon as an old man. On the other hand, he had become interested in better things than mere party politics, and he was not to be driven back to the semi-idle life with which he had seemed to be satisfied between 1893 and 1902. As a matter of fact, his presence was constantly felt during the years which separated him from his present return to office. He was a senator, — that is to say, not much, — but the position he held in the Senate was singularly influential, for he acted as chairman to the two most important senatorial commissions — the War Commission and the Foreign Affairs Commission. The French Chambers do little good in their public sittings, because eloquence is the enemy of action, and the French political orator has not yet shaken off the notion that eloquence is due to any assembly. But in their private commissions both Chambers are away from the baneful presence of admiring hearers, their members speak in their chairs, — which is a rare antidote against orators, — they generally handle facts coming to them through secret channels, and they have to come to practical conclusions. The consequence is that most of the effective work done by the French Parliament is prepared for it, and not infrequently forced upon it, by these commissions.

As president of two commissions dealing with the vital relations of France to her neighbors, Clemenceau commanded unique influence. It was in the nature of things that this influence should be made known only exceptionally to the public, but it did appear, and created an enormous sensation in one instance, when, in 1911, very direct cross-examination by Clemenceau elic-

ited the fact that it was not the Foreign Minister, M. de Selves, who had negotiated the deplorable cession of the French Congo to Germany, but the Prime Minister, M. Caillaux, unknown to M. de Selves and very nearly unknown to everybody. The government could not survive such a blow, but the country was deeply grateful to the man who had placed the interests of France before those of a party.

This was the position of Clemenceau when the war broke out: he had a great past behind him, possessed immense influence, and in a quiet way enjoyed considerable popularity.

It will be remembered that the declarations made to the French Chambers by President Poincaré and by Premier Viviani in August, 1914, created the unanimity of feeling known as *l'union sacrée*. The immediate outcome of this unanimity was a tacit renunciation on the part of the chambers of Parliamentary control. The transfer of the seat of government to Bordeaux, after the defeat at Charleroi, in its turn weakened the influence of the senators and deputies, and comparatively few of them would leave their constituencies or Paris. The country looked upon this interregnum of the legislative power with undoubted favor, the absence of nagging deputies leaving to the ministers the mental freedom they needed under such momentous circumstances.

Only one man objected, only one voice rose in protest. Clemenceau, in the involved style which the danger of being censored caused him thenceforth to adopt, stated in *l'Homme Libre* his reason for keeping apart from the universal chorus. The paper was suspended. Clemenceau promptly issued it again as *l'Homme Enchaîné*, and returned to the charge. It was a strange thing, this old man defending the Parliament although he scorned most of its

members, and attacking the censor, although, thinking of possible changes, he by no means wanted the censorship to be suppressed.

This went on during two years, the articles becoming sometimes bolder, sometimes more cryptic, and *l'Homme Enchaîné* being frequently suspended. In long rosy sentences, very different from the writer's former style, each Prime Minister in succession found himself weighed and declared deficient. Viviani was a ringing cymbal, Briand a drone; Ribot and his octogenarian colleagues, above all, were derided by an indefatigable scorner, who, being only seventy-six and feeling like thirty, was full of contempt for their dotage.

Behind the Cabinets loomed a more important person, who was never mentioned by name but came in for copious abuse: this was President Poincaré. Every incident supplied *l'Homme Enchaîné* with a pretext for its attacks: the sanitary service, the protection given to shirkers, the Dardanelles expedition, the Saloniki expedition, the neglect of Sarraïl or of Painlevé, were inexhaustible mines of reproach.

Gradually the criticisms widened their range: the observers who followed Clemenceau's efforts to break away from the narrow space in which the censor kept journalists confined, saw him day after day take advantage of every bit of cover, until, Verdun giving him a unique point of vantage, he unmasked the royal battery and boldly called the Generalissimo a 'power of unpreparedness.' Yes, the military were as bad as the civilians; if the Germans were still at Noyon, if we had no heavy artillery, if we had enormous losses, which the War Minister would never dare to make public, it was the fault of the General Staff.

All this was said prudently and doled out in small doses, but it went home to inquiring minds and created sometimes

disquietude, sometimes irritation, sometimes both. The chief reproach was that Clemenceau gave no proofs of his strictures, probably had none, and merely obeyed his destructive tendency. This impression must have prevailed abroad as well as in France, for, in the spring of 1916, Sir Conan Doyle, having met Clemenceau in the course of a visit to the front, described him as a pugilist, a ravager, a man destitute of all constructive capacity. 'We have dangerous men in England,' the writer concluded, 'but none so dangerous as M. Clemenceau.'

A campaign which Clemenceau made to persuade the Chambers to delegate their authority to a sort of Committee of Public Salvation was put down to his old cult of revolutionary memories, or to his wish to place generals under the control of civilians. This feeling was so strong, that at the end of the Senate's Secret Committee in May, 1916, a motion inspired by him and blaming the Generalissimo was supported by only five votes. The present writer remembers waiting with curiosity for the next leader in *l'Homme Enchaîné*. It did not come the day after the vote, but it did come the day after that. Clemenceau chaffed the Senate for what he called their cowardice, said that his only object was the salvation of the country and the protection of the soldiers against deplorable influence; finally, he spoke of his indifference to success and of the joy with which he would welcome relieving death, in a tone which disarmed criticism.

V

How the same man who in May, 1916, was deserted by all except five Senators became Prime Minister in November, 1917, is not very difficult to understand, though at first it seemed to be a mystery. Between those two

dates the war began to appear unconscionably long; the cabinets of Briand, Ribot, and Painlevé fell amid universal indifference; the military authority itself — owing partly to the government withdrawing the initiative from the Generalissimo to vest it in the War Minister, who at the time happened to be a civilian — became uncertain; Ly-autey, Roques, and Painlevé at the War Office, Nivelle, Pétain, and Foch at G.H.Q., succeeded one another without any apparent reason, while it leaked out, in the spring of 1917, that Sir Douglas Haig was, reasonably enough, questioning the right of a French civilian war minister to annex the allegiance given by the British army to a French generalissimo.

Meanwhile the 'Defeatist' campaign carried on under the very nose of the Minister who ought to have stopped it, M. Malvy, was growing ever more audacious, and it was probable that the end of the war would be brought about at a Socialist conference — a prospect fraught with terrible possibilities.

In such an atmosphere criticisms rather than admiration were inevitable, and it seemed natural that the nation should at last demand that authority be lodged with men who had a right to be called authorities. The safety of France appeared preferable to the keeping up of the inert *union sacrée*. All this gave an all-important rôle to the commissions mentioned above, and to their president, Clemenceau. The patriotism of the latter had never been questioned, and when by slow degrees he succeeded in persuading his colleagues and his readers that, though discontented, he was not a pessimist, nay, that he, rather than his opponents, had never flagged in his belief in final victory, he became the centre of hope.

Finally, when, leaving aside all party considerations, he showed to the Senate that M. Malvy and, behind him, M.

Caillaux were a national danger, he was suddenly seen to be the only leader France could follow.

It will always be to the credit of President Poincaré that, in spite of the deep antipathy existing between him and the man who daily did his best to make him look ridiculous, he chose Clemenceau; and it will always be to the credit of Clemenceau that he made up his mind to ignore the awkwardness of this situation and consented to work day after day with the President at his elbow. In fact, the two men seem to have acted all along in perfect harmony.

As for the rôle which Clemenceau played during the year 1918, it can be summed up in one statement: from the day he took office, in spite of the dropping off of Russia, in spite of the difficulty there was in bringing over the American troops which then became the great hope, in spite of the tremendous effort of Germany at the last, there never was any doubt in France as to the final victory. Whatever his faults or mistakes, the man who at such a time could beget such an irresistible faith must be what historians will always call a providential man.

As for M. Clemenceau's methods, they were simplicity itself. '*Je fais la guerre*,' he said. As a matter of fact he did nothing else. He got rid of Malvy, Caillaux, and their low abettors, in order to have no buffers between him and the enemy; he nullified the attacks of his political opponents, the Socialists, by splendid silences, by a wonderful capacity for making the Chamber realize that those things no longer mattered; he had the courage to discharge a few generals whom no one else had dared to remove, while he recalled Mangin, whom M. Painlevé had exiled from the army, even from Paris, largely because he showed his religious belief with too much simplicity. He did not discover Foch, because he had discov-

ered him ten years before, when he looked for the best man he could place at the head of the *École de Guerre*; but he made Foch feel that he would be supported in any emergency and anywhere, were it even in those councils of the Allies where he showed what Mr. Balfour once called 'little patience and a will-power difficult to resist.' He visited the Front, saw the men, frequently several times a week, in the trenches, and made them feel that they had 'somebody behind them.'

Meanwhile he managed to do the usual work of a war minister, that is, attend to a thousand matters; and as the present writer can testify, give his attention even to the most modest suggestions. Even his inevitable outbursts — his answer to Czernin, for instance, which the *Journal des Débats* called the diplomacy of *la casquette sur l'oreille*, or that grandiloquent London declaration which President Wilson would have turned into so much more efficient propaganda — acted, after all, as useful simplifications. Altogether he represented the civilian element in a perfection of patriotic courage which the most exacting general could hardly have dreamed of. Nobody thinks it an exaggeration to say that he won the war as much as Foch himself.

Let me add that he has disclosed, since victory relieved him of the formidable tension he was bearing, an unsuspected capacity for emotion, for admiration, and for persuasion instead of bullying logic. No speech ever gave more the impression of the swan's song than the recent address to the Chamber, in which he besought his hearers to convince themselves that peace would require even more unity than war; and the homage he paid to the memory of Gambetta, to the genius of Foch, and to the heroism of the soldiers he had seen so often and so near, was warm and generous as the homage of a boy.

VI

It would be futile to attempt anything like a judgment on Clemenceau's life as a whole just now. We are too near the great drama to measure the characters in it properly. And the *dénouement* has been too sudden and too wonderful. Clemenceau would have been the same man even if the war had come to a less glorious conclusion; but what a difference it would have made in the verdict we should have passed upon him! Statesmen and warriors are not gauged like literary men, by their thoughts or their words, but by their deeds, and action of this kind is always conditioned by something which in ordinary life is generally called luck. Clemenceau himself feels this, and it was under this impression that he said recently that, after being long treated unjustly, he is now overestimated.

Clemenceau is not to be classed among the men whose power is made of deep-rooted belief served by never-failing energy, a Lincoln, for instance. He has nothing in common either with a Venizelos, whose infallible vision takes in the whole political horizon, or with a Wilson, so studiously trying to sum up his time and country that he almost seems impersonal. He is nothing if he is not personal. He was born like that, no doubt, and what we know of his bringing up in rather narrow provincial surroundings, where political antagonism was felt acutely and would seek violent expression, helps us to realize that he could only be a man of unsuppressed passions. He always appeared as an ultra-modern individual, the direct offspring of the Revolutionists — not by any means a man who cultivated agitation for its own sake, but a daring bubbling temperament which shrank neither from an armed conspiracy, nor from the danger of imprisonment, nor from duels, and which

refrained in 1871 from being in the riot only because the riot did not answer to what he thought useful to his country. He loved freedom and what he imagined was justice; and it was not his fault if in 1871, 1877, and 1898, — at the time of the Commune, the Royalist reaction, and the Dreyfus case, — his fight for justice and freedom was made easy by the masses following him.

His passions were noble. He long made the mistake of believing that the Republic could be only the continuation of the Revolution; but his soul was not the soul of a persecutor. He was not a cynic either, though he would perversely speak like one: he pitied more than he despised, and it is striking to find on investigation that, although he attacked men all his life, he retained an extraordinary belief in man.

His overruling passion, the main-spring of all his actions, great or small, was patriotism. It is pathetic to find so often in his writings the humble expression of an almost childlike gratitude for being born a Frenchman. The lore of France and of all French traditions has been to him what a definite creed is to others. There would have been no foundation for his moral life without it; but in the degree in which he possessed this feeling or was possessed by it, he never had any hesitation about his duty. The unity of his existence comes from nothing else, and his power had no other source. Whenever he saw France at stake, and felt responsible for her safety, — after the war of 1870, at the time of the Casablanca crisis, during this war, — he stiffened prodigiously and his great resources appeared. Whatever may have been his faults, the man who could not only represent but keep together forty million other men, as he did, must have had a great soul.

As for the influence which the attitude of Clemenceau cannot but have on the future of his country, it is immeasurable, but it can be stated in a few words. Not one French minister, in the last forty years, not even Gambetta, had given us the impression that he could extricate himself from politics, that is to say, from vanity or self-seeking interest. Clemenceau did. He lifted us up from what has so admirably been called *la République des Camarades* to the level of 1792. The notion of a responsible authority was becoming so obscured that even during the war it was misunderstood as much by those who defended as by those who assailed it. It is to-day as bright and clear as a beacon, and will inevitably bring about before long a remodeling of the French Constitution according probably to the American pattern.

Finally, the indomitable resolution of Clemenceau to achieve results, to secure the reward of an effort, and never be reconciled to failure, is in utter contrast to the amateurish government of so many of his predecessors. The lesson he thus gave will not be lost. A few years ago the fashion among aspiring young statesmen was to declare themselves realists, that is to say, to boast of being intelligently selfish. But Clemenceau has brought us back to the higher plane of virile ambition. He was in the tradition of Danton, who was in the tradition of the Ancients.

We can expect to see the men of M. Tardieu's generation take up the tradition of Clemenceau, and France will be the gainer. An era of manly activity is dawning upon us, nay, has already begun; and it is not the antipathy of a hundred thousand or so violent Socialists to the development of individuals that can untimely close it.

SHIPPING AND WORLD-POLITICS

BY RAYMOND GARFIELD GETTELL

I

ONE of the most far-reaching results of the Great War on American political thought has been the weakening of our traditional belief in the isolation of the United States from world-politics. This doctrine arose in the early period of our national history, when the United States was a weak nation, attempting to maintain its neutrality in the wars of the French Revolution period. Washington's warning against permanent alliances and Jefferson's fear of entangling alliances grew out of the unhappy experiences of the new American nation with the dynastic diplomacy of that day. The Monroe Doctrine, asserting the right of American states to follow their careers without fear of intervention or domination on the part of other states, has also been traditionally associated with the idea of American isolation from European controversies. Hitherto this point of view has been almost universal, dominating our national habit of thought and our political policies.

In the minds of most persons world-politics means questions of war, peace, alliance, and diplomacy. In normal times, however, the greater part of world-politics is concerned with matters of business. The official relations of states, while spectacular and conspicuous, rest upon a far more fundamental relationship among the citizens and corporations of different states engaged in trade and commerce. The consular service is ordinarily more active and important than the diplomatic corps; the

diplomacy of states deals largely with business questions; more modern treaties deal with commercial than with political topics; and all recent wars have had a commercial background.

International trade is dependent upon transportation between states. On the continent of Europe this is mainly a question of railway or inland-water communication; but for states such as Great Britain, Japan, and the United States foreign trade is dependent upon an ocean-going merchant marine. For such states the connection between shipping and world-politics is obvious; our own tradition of isolation is to some extent a myth. Before the Revolution the American colonies carried on a more important trade with England and with the West Indies than with one another; and in the very words in which Washington framed our policy of political isolation, he suggested the desirability of increasing our international trade. The great fallacy lay in believing that this could be done. The inevitable connection between business and politics is now so obvious, that no one would expect a nation to develop its foreign trade and at the same time be able to keep out of international politics.

The development of the past century, during which the United States has expanded its boundaries, multiplied its population, developed its resources, created an industrial and urban civilization, accumulated capital for investment, and expanded its foreign trade, has so changed its situation in world-affairs that its political isolation is

no longer a fact and its neutrality in a world-war is no longer possible. Since the war with Spain, when we found ourselves a colonial and naval power, and especially during the past four years, the mind of the American people has been awakened to the fact that, whether we wish it or not, we are a world-power; that our national life is affected by conditions in remote parts of the earth; and that we are directly connected with the wide currents of international politics.

At the time when we were withdrawing into our shell of political isolation, the United States possessed a large merchant marine. The Yankee-built, wooden clipper ships, were able to compete advantageously in cost, both of construction and of operation, with the carriers of their day; and during the early period of the Napoleonic wars the United States was the most important commerce-carrier in the world. The high-water mark of this development was reached just before the Civil War.

During the latter half of the last century our merchant marine declined. Many causes contributed to this result. The substitution of iron and steel for wood, and of steam for sails, transferred to Great Britain, with her more developed manufactures and her cheaper coal, the advantages of building and operation formerly possessed by the United States. The withdrawal in 1858 of the federal subsidy came just at the time when our merchant marine needed aid in competing with foreign lines. The Civil War, shortly following, led to high taxes on shipping, to lack of traffic to carry, to blockade of the Southern ports, and to capture of Union shipping by Confederate cruisers, the most destructive of which were fitted out in the shipyards of England, our most serious maritime rival.

The neglect of the American navy for twenty years after the Civil War de-

layed the reorganization of our shipyards and the use of steel construction on a large scale. During this period Congress took little interest in shipping; did not allow vessels transferred from the American flag in the Civil War to be readmitted to American registry; did not repeal the heavy taxes on shipping until 1868; did not allow the free importation of material for constructing wooden vessels until 1872, and of steel vessels until 1890, and did not provide liberal payments to American vessels for carrying mail until 1891. After the Civil War the energy of the American people and their available capital found most profitable employment in settling the Western lands, in developing our abundant natural resources, and in opening up transportation facilities within our own boundaries. This led to a westward movement of young men away from the sea. Besides, our rapidly growing manufactures, sheltered by high tariff barriers, offered steady employment and high wages to our surplus labor and to incoming immigrants. The output of these factories found sufficient market at home. Capital invested in shipping had to earn returns in competition in the world's markets, and wages paid to seamen were affected by international standards, while the products of our capital and labor were sold in our domestic market, within which the rate of returns was considerably higher than in the European countries. It was cheaper for American merchants to pay the freight rates charged by foreign carriers than to invest their capital in an American merchant marine.

For these reasons the American ocean-going merchant marine declined. At the beginning of the war, in 1914, the value of our import and export trade amounted to three and one-half billion dollars, but only ten per cent of this trade was carried in American ves-

sels. Out of a world's tonnage of 73,000,000 dead-weight tons, the United States possessed only 2,500,000 tons of sea-going shipping, and eighty per cent of this tonnage was engaged in our coastwise and Great Lakes traffic.

The outbreak of the war was soon followed by a serious shortage of shipping. British naval superiority drove the large German merchant marine from the seas. Submarine losses to allied and neutral shipping during the war amounted to over 21,000,000 dead-weight tons. Much neutral shipping was driven from the seas by fear of submarines. Despite rapidly accelerated production of vessels, and the seizure of all available enemy shipping, the allied and neutral nations had 3,300,000 less tons in operation at the end of the war than in August, 1914. To this deficiency should be added the increase in the world's tonnage that would normally have taken place during the past four years.

This decline in the tonnage available for world-commerce came at a time when the war demands of Europe for food and munitions tremendously stimulated the export trade of the United States. The value of ships and the freight rates charged for over-seas service increased enormously. Time cargo rates in the spring of 1914 averaged about one dollar per dead-weight ton per month. For steamers on voyages to the war zone during the summer of 1917, charters were made at rates as high as twenty-one dollars per ton per month. Freight rates on cotton from Savannah to Liverpool in 1914 were about thirty-five cents per hundred pounds; in 1917 they had increased to six dollars. Ships which before the war sold at sixty to eighty dollars per ton found eager buyers at three hundred dollars per ton; and fabulous tales are told of vessels which earned their total cost in a single voyage. American ship pers, lacking a merchant marine under

the American flag, met discriminations against them in favor of the merchants of states controlling the ocean carriers, and the few vessels under the American flag were being transferred to foreign registry because of the inflated prices foreign buyers were willing to pay. Besides, our seaports were congested with goods purchased for shipment abroad, which could not secure cargo space at any price. In December, 1915, 45,000 loaded cars were tied up near New York City, grain-elevators were filled to capacity, and five times as much freight as the available vessels could take had accumulated on the piers and docks of this port alone. Similar conditions obtained in other Atlantic seaports.

Protests from American merchants flooded Congress, and the United States began to realize the precarious position in time of crisis of a great commercial nation that does not possess a merchant marine. Several bills were introduced in Congress for the purpose of alleviating the situation, and after extensive hearings before the House Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the act creating the United States Shipping Board was passed, and approved on September 7, 1916. While one purpose of this act was to 'encourage, develop and create a naval auxiliary and naval reserve, and a merchant marine to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States,' it was mainly a regulatory measure. The Shipping Board was expected to have power over shipping similar to that of the Interstate Commerce Commission over railways, and much of the act dealt with questions of transfer of registry, excessive or discriminatory freight rates, procedure for hearings on complaints, and similar topics.

II

A few months after the passage of this act the United States entered the

war. Unrestricted submarine warfare was destroying the world's shipping faster than it could be replaced, and the United States was faced, not merely with the difficulty of securing shipping space for the accumulation of goods awaiting shipment abroad, but also with the problem of finding facilities for transporting to Europe a large army with all its equipment and supplies. Under these conditions the construction and acquisition of vessels and their efficient operation became paramount, and the question of regulation of private shipping relatively unimportant. Both the needs of our allies and the necessities of our own war-programme compelled the Shipping Board to secure a large ocean-going fleet under governmental control as speedily as possible.

Acting under the authority of the Shipping Act, the Shipping Board, on April 16, 1917, organized, under the laws of the District of Columbia, the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, and delegated to it the execution of its construction programme. After some delay and considerable controversy over the relative advantages of wooden and steel vessels, the corporation began to give contracts for what is probably the largest construction undertaking ever attempted by a single institution.

When the United States entered the war, there were 37 shipyards building steel vessels in the United States, and 24 yards building wooden vessels. In these yards were a total of 235 shipways. Seventy per cent of the ways in the steel yards were being used in construction for the navy, and many of the wooden yards were unfit for modern shipbuilding purposes. In order to procure ships, it was, therefore, necessary to expand the existing yards and build new ones. One third of the early contracts for the construction of vessels contained provisions by which the Fleet

Corporation advanced funds for the expansion of existing plants. The chief increase resulted from the creation of new yards. The number of steel yards has been approximately doubled and of wooden yards trebled since the United States entered the war.

In addition, four large agency yards, with 196 ship-ways for the construction of fabricated steel vessels, were built with government funds. These yards alone, when in full operation, can produce more tonnage per year than all the yards in any country have produced in any year up to this time. Government yards for the construction of concrete vessels were also established. There are now over 200 shipyards, with more than 1000 ship-ways, in the United States. Contracts providing for more than 2000 vessels, aggregating 15,000,000 dead-weight tons, have been given to these yards, and completed vessels are being turned out in record time. The delivery of a 3500-ton vessel ready for service thirty-seven days after work was started on it is a sample of the amazing achievements of our new shipbuilding industry. Prior to the war the United States was a poor third among shipbuilding nations. It now ranks first in shipyards, ship-ways, shipyard workers, ships under construction, and ships completed during the past year.

Meanwhile the Shipping Board was given authority to take over the title or the use of American vessels or of vessels building in American shipyards. The Board was convinced by British experience that the maximum efficiency of our shipping under war-conditions could be secured only through government control. Bringing our ocean-going merchant marine under the jurisdiction of the Shipping Board would not only enable it to regulate the inflated freight rates and the excess profits accruing to the fortunate owners of vessels, but would also enable our govern-

ment to utilize our merchant fleet at its maximum efficiency for war-purposes.

The first general step was taken on August 3, 1917, when all steel vessels of 2500 dead-weight tons, or over, under construction or under order in American shipyards for private and foreign owners, were requisitioned. The second step involved the requisition of American vessels in actual service; and on October 12, 1917, a general requisition order was issued, by which all American steel power-driven cargo vessels of 2500 dead-weight tons, or over, and all American passenger vessels of 2500 tons gross register, suitable for foreign service, were taken over. Some of these vessels have since been released from requisition, and additional vessels have been taken by special order. At present there are about 450 ships aggregating 3,000,000 dead-weight tons under requisition to the Shipping Board. These vessels are in general intrusted for operation to companies by which they were formerly controlled, but under strict government regulation as to rates, cargoes, and trade-routes. All receipts have been for government account, the operators receiving the requisition rates fixed by the Shipping Board.

When the United States entered the war, there were interned in the United States and its island territories, 99 German vessels of about 650,000 dead-weight tons. A joint resolution of Congress authorized the President to take possession of all vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States, which were under enemy ownership or register. This power was conferred on the Shipping Board by executive order of June 30, 1917, and the necessary steps were taken by formal seizure to confirm possession of these vessels. A number of German and Austrian vessels, seized by other countries, were later purchased or chartered by the Shipping Board and by American citizens.

As early as September, 1917, the Shipping Board, with the aid of the State Department, was making efforts to secure the use of Dutch vessels in American ports; and in the early part of 1918, an agreement was entered into between the United States and the Netherlands by which the United States was to charter these vessels. Under threats from Germany this agreement was violated by the Netherlands, which refused to allow Dutch ships to come to the United States in return for those which went from the United States to Europe on Belgian relief-work. Accordingly, a joint ultimatum was sent by Great Britain and the United States, threatening to requisition the Dutch boats in British and American ports unless the terms of the agreement were observed. The ultimatum stipulated that the boats would be returned at the end of the war, or paid for if lost. As the Netherlands felt unable to fulfill the terms of the agreement, the President, on March 30, 1918, issued a proclamation which brought under the control of the Shipping Board 89 Dutch vessels of over 500,000 dead-weight tons.

In addition, the Shipping Board has chartered about 300 vessels of over 1,200,000 dead-weight tons from other countries, chiefly neutrals; and American citizens have chartered about an equal tonnage of foreign ships. The embargo powers of the War Trade Board were utilized in chartering vessels from the neutral countries of northern Europe, the use of their shipping being secured in return for the licensing of the export of needed supplies of food and petroleum to them. Arrangements have also been made with Japan for the purchase of 15 completed vessels of 127,000 tons and for the construction in Japanese yards of about 50 vessels of 380,000 tons. Contracts have also been let for the construction of four vessels in a Chinese shipyard.

By these various steps the Shipping Board now has under its control more than 2000 vessels, of about 10,000,000 dead-weight tonnage. If the construction programme is continued as planned, the United States will possess in 1920 a merchant marine of 25,000,000 tons. This is equivalent to one third of the world's tonnage at the outbreak of the war, and will place the United States abreast of Great Britain as an ocean carrier.

III

The problems raised by this sudden enormous increase in our merchant marine fall under two general heads. The first are internal, and include the questions involved in the relation of our own government to our shipping. The second are external, and include the problems of our position in world-commerce, and our relations with other states as customers or rivals. The connection between these two sets of problems is, of course, quite close, as the degree to which our government assumes control over, and responsibility for, our merchant marine will determine largely our official attitude to the foreign complications that may result from our competition in the world's carrying trade.

One of the most complicated questions confronting the Shipping Board has been the determination of just compensation for vessels whose possession or use has been taken over by that board. These include the American and foreign ships, requisitioned while under construction in American shipyards, the Dutch ships commandeered in American ports, and numerous ships chartered by the Shipping Board. It involves financial dealings with owners, builders, and operators, and calls for decisions ranging all the way from petty adjustments with the crews of the Dutch ships, through the realm of charter-rates and fees to operators, to

the replacement of or reparation for vessels lost through marine or submarine risk. The sums involved have been tremendous, the legal entanglements many and difficult, and in some cases, as in the arrangements over the seized Dutch ships and the Norwegian vessels requisitioned while under construction, international complications have been involved. The astonishing fact is that most of these adjustments have been completed thus far without litigation. The policy of the Shipping Board has been liberal, and a spirit of coöperation on the part of private interests facilitated satisfactory settlements. The end of the war and the process of liquidation, as the government makes its final adjustments, will be the critical period, and the proper method of fixing standards of just compensation has occupied the minds of the legal staff of the Shipping Board for some months.

Closely related to this question is the more fundamental problem of the relation of the government to the merchant marine after the war. The Shipping Act limits the life of the Emergency Fleet Corporation to five years after the declaration of peace, though the Shipping Board itself is not limited to a specified duration. Before the Emergency Fleet Corporation is dissolved, some decision as to the permanent policy of the government toward shipping must be reached. The government may retain the ownership of vessels it has built, purchased, or seized, or it may dispose of these vessels to private owners. If the government retains ownership, it may operate the vessels, or lease or charter them to private operators. If it disposes of the vessels, it must determine the prices and the terms of lease or sale. It may write off part of the high cost which the government has been compelled to pay for these vessels as a part of the expenses of the war, and sell at a low figure, so that the

new owners may be able to compete at an advantage with foreign shipowners. In case the vessels are released to private ownership or operation, the degree of regulation which the government shall exert, or of aid which it shall give, must be decided upon. As long as the demand for shipping space remains keen, some form of government control must be maintained, and it will probably be more profitable for the government to charter the ships at prevailing high rates than to dispose of them outright. Other considerations than financial are, of course, involved.

Powerful interests will make every effort to influence these decisions to their advantage, and intelligent men will differ widely in their opinions as to the wise course to pursue. The Shipping Act of 1916 plainly favors the encouragement of private operators, expecting the government to withdraw when private enterprise becomes able to meet the situation. The Shipping Board has consistently followed the policy of assigning the great majority of its vessels to private operators, paying them a fixed fee for their services. Thus it has not only turned the profits from the present high freight rates to government account, but has maintained and developed the private organizations against the time when the war emergency is ended. The broad question of government management *versus* private control will be bitterly contested, and, as applied to our merchant marine, will be conditioned somewhat by the nature of the peace-terms and the degree of world-organization accomplished. The basic fact is that we now have a large merchant marine, and that its effect on our politics and policies must be recognized and understood.

As a problem secondary to the disposal of the merchant marine stands the relation of the government to the shipyards. Established yards have been

expanded and mammoth new yards built by means of government appropriations. Large sums have also been expended by the Shipping Board in increasing housing facilities for shipyard workers and in improving passenger transportation between the shipyards and the workers' homes. Either the government must continue in the shipbuilding business, or extensive financial adjustments must be made with private builders. Previous to the war, American shipyards, paying high wages and building on a small scale vessels of many types, could not compete successfully with foreign shipyards. At present the large government yards, equipped with the most modern appliances, and building standardized fabricated vessels on a large scale, can pay high wages and still build vessels more cheaply, if necessary, than their foreign rivals. The United States will henceforth be a formidable competitor in shipbuilding as well as in ship-operating.

Important legal questions have arisen concerning the public or private status of vessels owned by the United States government, but operated by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which is not technically a part of the governmental system. The liability of the United States, as employer, for death or injury to seamen, and its responsibility in case of damage to other vessels through collision are typical cases involved. The question of state and local taxation of shipyards or other utilities built by the Fleet Corporation from government funds is a similar problem.

In carrying on the rapidly expanding functions made necessary by the war, the Shipping Board has naturally been compelled to make adjustments with other government agencies engaged in affiliated duties. Relations with the Railroad Administration over control of coastwise shipping owned by railway systems, and with the Navy Depart-

ment over the question of supplying officers and crews for the merchant marine, are examples of the difficulties encountered. In some of the conferences held to determine the restrictions to be imposed on imports to the United States, in order to save shipping space for war-needs, the State Department, the Food Administration, the Treasury Department, the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, and the Shipping Board were deeply concerned.

IV

While these problems of the relation of our government to our merchant marine and to our shipyards present many difficulties, the effect of the sudden rise of the United States to first rank in the world's ocean-carrying trade opens up post-war international questions of tremendous possibilities, especially in our relations with Japan and with England.

Japan has, perhaps more than any of the other Allies, taken advantage of the war to further her own political and economic interests. She has resisted attempts of the War Trade Board to place restrictions on her imports to the United States, and has driven shrewd bargains with the Shipping Board for vessels purchased from Japanese yards. In particular, Japanese lines have almost monopolized the carrying trade of the Pacific. American vessels were transferred to the Atlantic because of the larger profits to be earned in the war-zone, and British vessels were withdrawn from the Canadian and Oriental routes because of the war-needs of Europe. In this situation the Japanese have extended their carrying trade at the expense of both Great Britain and the United States. Without any corresponding increase in the cost of operation, they have benefited by the enormous increase in freight rates. Their

lines have prospered and expanded, and a powerful group of new shipping millionaires has arisen in Japan.

With the return of normal conditions, the United States will unquestionably wish to utilize part of her merchant marine in trade with the Orient. The shipyards on the Pacific Coast are turning out a large tonnage, and vigorous efforts will be made in that section of the country to employ a considerable number of these vessels in trade that will develop the Western seaports. The Japanese will, no doubt, try to retain the favorable position they now occupy in the carrying trade of our Pacific Coast.

Attempts to favor our own shipping by legislation will no doubt meet diplomatic resistance and commercial retaliation, and bad feeling may result.

With Great Britain, however, the greatest after-the-war mercantile rivalry will come, unless the terms of peace provide for some form of international organization or friendly pooling of interests. Before the United States entered the war, our commerce suffered considerably because of restrictions placed upon it by Great Britain. This was the natural outcome of our position as the most important neutral maritime power, in our relation to the power that controlled the sea. The origin of the Shipping Board was, indeed, closely connected with the desire of American merchants to secure redress for discriminations and interference at the hands of Great Britain. These acts in most cases were, no doubt, necessary from her point of view, if she were to wage war successfully against German military power; although in some cases there was a suspicion that the opportunity was being taken to destroy American trade-competition as well.

During the war the coöperation between Great Britain and the United States in shipping affairs was noteworthy. The submarine menace to the

former's supply of food and raw materials, and the desire to see a large American army in France were so urgent that Great Britain welcomed the rapidly growing American merchant marine as essential to the winning of the war. British experience, knowledge, and skill were placed freely at the disposal of the United States. Joint action was taken with regard to the seizure of Dutch shipping, and agreements were made to share equally shipping that either Great Britain or the United States secured from neutrals. The Shipping Control Committee, which allocated all tonnage under the control of the Shipping Board to trade-routes and cargoes, and which handled all the cargo transport for the American armies in Europe, was a joint committee, composed of two American shipping experts and a representative of the British shipping mission. Complete harmony obtained between the American and British representatives on this board. The Allied Maritime Transport Council, in London, composed of representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, outlined the general programme of commodity requirements, priorities, and shipping allotment for the four Allies; and here again remarkable harmony in dealing with difficult adjustments prevailed during the war.

With the return of peace, the question of shipping rivalry with Great Britain again becomes conspicuous. The United States Shipping Board is encouraging a policy of trade-expansion, is coöperating with boards of trade, and is carrying on a campaign of education intended to awaken America's interest and pride in our new position on the ocean. Efforts are being made now to establish selling agencies abroad, and to see that cargoes will be available for American ships when the war-demands come to an end. Arrangements are being made to secure bunk-

ering accommodations in various parts of the world, and our port and harbor facilities are being increased to provide for an enormous expansion of foreign commerce. American business is looking eagerly to foreign markets as an outlet for our war-stimulated manufactures.

For some time there will be a great demand for shipping space. It may therefore be necessary to continue international control and allocation of shipping; but the question of maritime adjustment with Great Britain can be postponed only at great peril. The good feeling resulting from war coöperation should be utilized before trade-rivalry creates an attitude less favorable to amicable settlement.

The question of the freedom of the seas is perhaps the most difficult topic with which the Peace Conference will have to deal, and freedom of the seas is not merely a question of naval policy. In times of peace it depends largely upon the possession of a merchant marine and the equipment for ocean trade. The control of bunkering facilities and of the price of bunker coal, the determination of port charges, and the power to fix freight and insurance rates, are far more important in normal times than naval predominance. The recent attempt of a British syndicate to purchase part of the fleet of the International Mercantile Marine Company, and the prevention of this sale by the United States Shipping Board, which agreed to take over the vessels at the price offered, is an indication of the national rivalries preparing for the day when trade competition will replace the artificial unity of common war-needs. To further private interests and to aid partisan politics, efforts are being made in both to arouse mutual suspicion and to emphasize the selfish national point of view. In this direction lie great dangers.

In all discussions of our shipping competition, it should be remembered

that most of the vessels added to the American merchant marine are of comparatively small tonnage. Few of those contracted for during the war exceeded 7500 dead-weight tons, and the greater number were of 5000 tons or less. These vessels were planned when the submarine menace made it desirable to avoid putting too many eggs into one basket. Aside from the seized German vessels and the ships purchased from the International Mercantile Marine Company, our merchant fleet is better adapted to coastwise service or trade with South America than to transoceanic competition with the larger and faster ships of our rivals. On the other hand, the construction policy of the Shipping Board has already been changed to provide for larger vessels, more able to compete successfully in world-trade.

In this competition the cost of operating American vessels will be important. Because of our prevailing high wages and high standards of living, and because of our navigation laws, the cost of operating American vessels with American crews is high. To offset this handicap, efforts will no doubt be made, on the one hand, to modify existing laws so as to reduce the cost of operation; on the other, to secure government aid to offset the higher costs. American labor, a considerable part of which will henceforth be employed on the high seas, is interested in this aspect of the situation.

The end of the war leaves the power that controls the sea politically and economically supreme. But in the process of winning the war, that control, formerly the monopoly of Great Britain, had to be shared with the United States, whose undeveloped, but potential, maritime strength was called into existence. The future of the world depends upon the way in which Great Britain and the United States use the world-dominion which sea-power gives them. If they

compete as jealous rivals, they will begin an era of international controversy as full of danger to the peace of the world as the period of territorial and dynastic rivalries now closing. If they use their combined power to secure for their selfish advantage the domination of the world, and wage economic warfare against the weaker states, their league of exploitation will go to pieces through internal disagreements and the bitter resentment of the remainder of the world. If, through loyal coöperation they use their combined power in the interests of justice and maritime freedom, they will have made the greatest possible contribution toward world-organization and lasting peace. The authority of any league of nations that may be formed will find its chief power of enforcement in time of peace in the commercial supremacy of Great Britain and the United States, and in case of war, in the naval supremacy of the same two states. Unless these states coöperate in full harmony, no real world-organization is possible.

The United States has, perforce, ceased to be an isolated neutral, and has now assumed partial responsibility for international order. In return, she has a right to demand assurance against the abuse of the power of maritime imperialism, and must see to it that she herself escapes the temptation to enter upon the career of selfish national exploitation and commercial rivalry which her new sea-power offers. Far more important for us than the redrawing of boundaries in Europe is the adjustment of our maritime relations with Great Britain. And in our internal policy, one of the chief dangers which must be guarded against is the spirit of aggressive imperialism, which our awakened national strength makes possible, and which the successful utilization of our new merchant marine will cause many to think desirable and inevitable.

THE IDEA OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. II¹

I

MANY people have said to themselves, like Jeannette in the touching old ballad, —

If I were King of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or, if kings must show their might,
Then let those who make the quarrels be the only men to fight.

But even Jeannette evidently realized that the idea of making the fate of a tribe or a nation depend upon the fortunes of one or two selected champions was but a pious aspiration, which not even the King of France or the Pope of Rome could translate into practical politics.

There is one theory, indeed, which, if we accept its initial postulate, would make limited warfare logical. If battle be regarded as the trial of a cause before the judgment-seat of God, there is no sound reason for pouring huge armies into it. It is manifest that God can deliver his verdict in the result of a duel of one against one, quite as well as in the result of a war between whole nations in arms. On this theory, war would be an extension to politics of the

'wager of battle' between individuals — a method of obtaining a supernatural ruling, indistinguishable in principle from the drawing of lots or tossing of a coin. But although men have always talked, and still talk, of 'appealing to the God of Battles,' they have never shown any disposition to accept, save at the last gasp, a judgment which ran counter to their passions or their cupidities. Whatever may have been their professions, their practical belief has always been that 'God is on the side of the big battalions,' or, in other words, that war is a part of the natural order of things, the immeasurable network of cause and effect, and no more subject to special interventions of Providence than commerce, or navigation, or any other form of human activity. Nor is there any reason to suppose that they will ever believe otherwise. If it be difficult to conceive them, in their disputes, abiding by the awards of impartial reason, it is a hundred times more difficult to conceive them accepting the wholly unreasonable awards of artificially and arbitrarily restricted violence.

These truths are so obvious that it may seem idle to insist upon them. Nobody, it may be said, proposes that Paris and Berlin should in future settle

¹ A small group of qualified Englishmen have long been working toward Universal Peace from an angle of their own. Forming the League of Free Nations Association, they have divided the principal problems among experts, for extended study, appraisal, and suggestions for solution. These inquiries, eventually to be published in book form, will, in the Atlantic's belief, form a highly important treatise on World Peace; but in the meantime, the group has united in the compilation of the following article, which may well serve as an introduction to all attempts at a League of Nations. The composite authorship of the paper is especially interesting, the names of the collaborators being, —

H. G. WELLS, *Chairman*

VISCOUNT GREY
GILBERT MURRAY
J. A. SPENDER
A. E. ZIMMERN

H. WICKHAM STEED
LIONEL CURTIS
WILLIAM ARCHER, *Secretary*
VISCOUNT BRYCE, *Consultant*

their disputes, like Rome and Alba Longa, by selecting three champions apiece and setting them to cut each others' throats. In this crude and elementary form, indeed, the proposal does not appear; but disguised applications of the same principle are constantly commended in the writings of those who, holding war to be eternally inevitable, seek refuge from sheer despair in the belief that it is possible to subject it to rule and limit, and say to it, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' They cannot or will not see that any conventional limitation is foreign to its very essence. It is perfectly possible, and consonant with human nature that nations should agree not to appeal to force, and should hold to that agreement even when one or the other believes itself to have suffered injustice. But it is utterly impossible and inconsistent with human nature that, having appealed to force, they should agree to exercise it only within limits, and accept impoverishment, humiliation, servitude, — in a word, defeat, — rather than transgress the stipulated boundaries.

It may be objected that codes of law have in fact been devised for the partial humanization of war, and that not until the present time has any civilized beligerent made a practice of disregarding them. But these so-called laws of war have always been conventions of mutual advantage — rules which all parties held it to be, on the whole, to their own interest to observe. The German War-Book quite frankly places the chief sanction of such trammels upon military action, not in humanity, but in the fear of reprisals. We do not deny that man is an emotional being, and even in the midst of his fiercest fighting there are horrors from which the decent man, and even the decent multitude, instinctively recoils. Decent men do not, as a rule, want to hurt their wounded prisoners, they rather like to pet them;

and they regard people who do otherwise as blackguards. And no doubt it is largely these emotional mercies and generousities which have brought about those rules of chivalry or scruples of religion which form the supposed 'redeeming features' of war. But the necessities of war completely override all such weaknesses as soon as they begin to endanger actual military interests. And the logic of war tolerates them only as cheap concessions to a foolish popular psychology. It must be remembered that undisguised atrocities on a stupendous scale — such, for instance, as the massacre in cold blood of whole regiments of helpless prisoners — would be too strong for the stomach of even the most brutalized people, and would tend to bring war into discredit with all but its monomaniac votaries. If we look closely enough, we shall find that all Geneva Conventions and such palliative ordinances, though excellent in intention and good in their immediate effects, make *ultimately* for the persistence of war as an institution. They are sops to humanity, devices for rendering war barely tolerable to civilized mankind, and so staving off the inevitable rebellion against its abominations.

II

Criticisms of the project of a League of Nations have consisted hitherto very largely of the statement of difficulties and impediments, rather than of reasons for rejection of the project. All such criticisms are helpful in so far as they enable us to map out the task before us, but none are adequate as conclusive objections. Few of the advocates of an organized world-peace fail to recognize the magnitude of the task to which they invite men to set themselves. But their main contention is that there is really no alternative to the attempt but resignation to long years

of human suffering and disaster, and therefore that, however difficult the enterprise may be, it has to be faced. The recital of the difficulties is, they say, a stimulus to thought and exertion rather than a deterrent.

And there are certain objections to the undertaking as such that must be taken up and dealt with in a preliminary discussion.

There is, first, an objection which it will be convenient to speak of as the 'Biological Objection.' It is stated in various forms, and it peeps out and manifests itself in the expressed thoughts and activities of quite a number of people who do not seem to have formulated it completely. But what many of these objectors think and what still more feel, may be expressed in some such phraseology as this:—

Life is conflict and is begotten of conflict. All the good qualities of life are the result of the tragic necessities of survival. Life, stripped down to its fundamental fact, is the vehement urgency of individuals or groups of individuals to survive, and to reproduce and multiply their kind. The pressure of individual upon individual and of species upon species sharpens the face of life and is the continuing impetus and interest in life. The conception of life without war is a conception, therefore, not simply utopian but millennial. It is a proposal that every kind and sort and type of humanity should expand and increase without limit in a small world of restricted resources. It is, in fact, absurd. It is an impossible attempt to arrest and stereotype a transient phase of human life. It is inviting paralysis as a cure for epilepsy. It is a dream of fatigued minds. Terrible as the scope and nature of human warfare have become, it has to be faced. The more destructive it is, the more rapid the hardening and evolution of the species. Life and history move cycli-

cally from phase to phase, and perhaps such an apparent retrogression as we mean when we talk of the breakdown of civilization, may be only part of a great rhythm in the development of the species. Let us gather together with our own kind, and discipline and harden ourselves, in a heroic resolve to survive in the unavoidable centuries of harsh conflict ahead of us.

Now, here is a system of objection not lightly to be brushed aside. True, the element of mutual conflict in life is often grossly overstated and the element of mutual help suppressed. But, although overstated, there are valid criticisms here of any merely negative league of nations project, any mere proposal to end war without replacing it by some other collective process. There do seem to be some advocates of the league whose advocacy is little more than a cry of terror at the disappearance of established wealth, the loss of wasted leisure, and the crumbling of accepted dignities. Those who have faith in the possibility of a world-league are bound—just as the Socialist is bound—to produce some assurances of a control over the blind pressure of population, that may otherwise swamp the world with prolific low-grade races. They are bound to show that their schemes are compatible with a series of progressive readjustments, and not an attempt to restore and stereotype the boundaries, the futile institutions, and the manifest injustices of the world of 1914, with only armaments abolished. They are bound to show that exceptional ability and energy will have, not merely scope, but fuller scope for expression, achievement, and perpetuation, in the new world to which they point us, than in the old. In the years to come, as in the whole past history of life, individual must compete against individual, type against type.

But having made these admissions,

we may then go on to point out two fundamental misconceptions which entirely vitiate the biological argument as an argument for the continuation of war as a method of human selection. It is falsely assumed, first, that modern war is a discriminatory process, selecting certain types as against certain other types; whereas it is largely a catastrophic and indiscriminate process; and secondly, that belligerent states are in the nature of biological units, super-individuals, which either triumph or are destroyed; whereas they are systems of political entanglement of the most fluid, confused, and transitory description. They neither reproduce their kind nor die; they change indefinitely; the children of the defeated state of to-day may become the dominant citizens of its victorious competitor in a generation or so. They do not even embody traditions or ideas: France, which went into the Revolutionary wars at the end of the eighteenth century to establish the republican idea throughout Europe, emerged as an empire; and the defeat of the Russian by the German imperialism led to Lenin's 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'

The essence of success in the biological struggle for existence is preferential reproduction; whereas the modern war-process takes all the sturdier males to kill and be killed haphazard, while it sends all the more intelligent and energetic girls into munition factories, substitute work, and suchlike sterilizing occupations. If it prefers any type for prosperity and multiplication, it is the alert shirker, the able tax-dodger, and the war profiteer; if it breeds anything, it breeds parasites. The vital statistics of Germany, which is certainly the most perfect as a belligerent of all the belligerent states engaged, show already tremendous biological injuries. Germany in the first four years of the war had lost by the fall in her birth-rate alone

nearly 2,600,000 lives, approximately 40,000 per million of the population; Hungary, in the same period, lost 1,500,000 (about 70,000 per million), the United Kingdom 500,000 (or about 10,000 per million). Add to this loss of lives the under-nutrition of the millions that were born and their impoverished upbringing. These things strike at the victors as well as at the vanquished. They are entirely indiscriminate as among good types and bad, while on the whole the battlefield destroys rather the good than the 'unfit for service,' who remain at home to breed.

The whole process which, on a vaster scale, has brought Europe to its present plight may be seen in miniature among the tribes of the Indian frontier. Go up the Khyber Pass and stand on the ridge above Ali Masjid. In front lies a desolate valley, flanked by barren mountains under a blistering sun. On the slopes to right and left, at intervals of about a thousand yards, are oblong inclosures each with brown walls and a little loop-holed tower at one corner. These inclosures are the villages of the Pathan tribes which inhabit the valley, and in the towers are men with rifles, waiting their chance to shoot man or boy who may rashly expose himself outside a neighboring village. For all or nearly all of them are at feud with each other, and though the causes of their warfare are forgotten, it is a point of honor and pride with them never to become reconciled. There have been, roughly, three stages in the history of these feuds. In the first, men fought with knives, daggers, and other primitive weapons, and the result may have been, as a German would argue, 'biologically good.' The fittest survived, the population was kept from increasing beyond the number which an inhospitable soil would support, the arts of peace, such as they were, could be pursued without serious interruption.

The second stage was reached when the flint-lock rifle came on the scene and took the place of knife and dagger. With this the vendetta necessarily became more of a national industry; but the weapon was short of range and irregular in its killing power, and there was still a fair chance of survival, and a certain presumption that the better or more skillful man would escape. But before the end of the nineteenth century the village marksmen had possessed themselves of the Martini-Henry and other long-range, high-velocity rifles, brought from Europe by the gun-runners of the Persian Gulf. At this, the third stage, the biological merits of village warfare manifestly began to disappear. The village marksman in his mud-tower now makes the whole valley his zone of fire. Cultivation becomes impossible in the no-man's land between village and village; only behind the cover of the village wall can men sow or plough or reap, tether their cattle, or graze their sheep. Every village must be provided with a communication-trench, so that its inhabitants may pass under cover to the sanctuary—guaranteed twice in the week—of the government-protected road which runs down the centre of the valley. The question now is, not whether the vendetta is biologically good, but whether the tribes can at all survive under it; and weary officials, at a loss to solve the vexed problem which they offer to the government of India, have been heard to suggest that, if a few machine-guns could be conveyed to the village marksmen and installed in the mud-towers, there would soon be no frontier problem at all.

The question which the civilized world has now to consider is, whether it can survive, or its life be more tolerable than that of these tribesmen under a vendetta of high explosives.

So that when the biological critic

says, 'Life is conflict,' we reply, without traversing his premises, that war has ceased to be conflict and has become indiscriminate catastrophe, and that the selective processes that enlarge and enrich life can go on far more freely and effectively in a world from which this blundering, disastrous, non-selective, and even possibly dysgenic form of wastage is banished. But we have to bear in mind that this reply puts upon those who are preparing schemes for a League of Nations the onus of providing for progress, competition, and liberty under the restraints of such a scheme.

III

It may be worth while to take up and consider here a group of facts that are sometimes appealed to as a justification of war. It is alleged that there has been an extraordinarily rapid development of mechanical, chemical, and medical science since 1914, and a vast and valuable accumulation of experience in social and industrial organization. There has been great mental stimulation everywhere; people have been forced out of grooves and idle and dull ways of living into energetic exertion; there has been, in particular, a great release and invigoration of feminine spirit and effort. The barriers set up by the monopolization of land and material by private owners for selfish ends have been broken down in many cases.

There can be no denying the substantial truth in these allegations. Indisputably there has been such a release and stimulation. But this is a question of proportion between benefits and losses. And all this stir, we argue, has been bought at too great a cost. It is like accelerating the speed of a ship by burning its cargo and timbers as fuel. At best, it is the feverish and wasteful reaping of a long accumulated harvest.

We must remember that a process may be evil as a whole, while in part it is beneficial. It would be stupid to deny that for countless minds the Great War has provided an enlightening excitement that could have been provided in no other way. To deny that, would be to assert the absolute aimlessness and incoherence of being. But while this harvest of beneficial by-products of the war is undeniable, there is no evidence of any fresh sowing, or, if the process of belligerence and warlike preparation is to continue, of any possibility of an adequate fresh sowing of further achievements. The root from which all the shining triumphs of technical and social science spring, we must remember, is the quiet and steadfast pursuit of pure science and philosophy and literature by those best endowed for these employments. And if the greedy expansion of the war-process is to continue, — and we have shown that without an organized world-peace it must continue, — there is nothing to reassure us of the continuance of that supply of free and vigorous educated intelligence, in which alone that root can flourish. On the contrary, it is one of the most obvious and most alarming aspects of the war-process that university education has practically ceased in Europe; Europe is now producing only schoolboys, and the very schools are understaffed and depleted. The laboratories of the English public schools are no longer making the scientific men of the future, they are making munitions. It is all very well for the scientific man of fifty to say that at last he has got his opportunity; but that is only a momentary triumph for science. Where now is the great scientific man for the year 1930? Smashed to pieces in an aeroplane, acting as a stretcher-bearer, or digging a trench. And what, unless we can secure the peace of the world, will become of the

potential scientific men of 1950? Suppose it to be possible to carry on this present top-heavy militarist system for so long a period as that, what will have happened then to our potential Faradays, Newtons, and Darwins? They will be, at best, half educated; they will be highly trained soldiers, robbed of their intellectual inheritance and incapable of rendering their gifts to the world. The progress of knowledge will be slowing down toward stagnation.

IV

A considerable amount of opposition to the League of Nations movement may be classified under the heading of *Objections from precedent and prepossession*. The mind is already occupied by the idea of attachment to some political system which stands in the way of a world-league. These objections vary very much in intellectual quality. Nevertheless, even the most unintelligent demand some attention, because numerically these antagonists form considerable masses. Collectively, in their unorganized way, they produce a general discouragement and hostility far more formidable than any soundly reasoned case against an organized world-peace.

The objection from prepossession is necessarily protean; it takes various forms because men's prepossessions are various; but 'There never has been a League of Nations, and there never will be,' may be regarded as the underlying idea of most of these forms. And the objector relapses upon his prepossession as the only possible thing. A few years ago people were saying, 'Men have never succeeded in flying, and they never will.' And we are told, particularly by people who have obviously never given human nature ten minutes thought in their lives, that world-unity is 'against human nature.' To substantiate these sweeping nega-

tives, the objector will adduce a heterogeneous collection of instances to show the confusions and contradictions of the human will, and a thousand cases of successful mass-coöperations will be ignored; we are moved to doubt at last whether human beings did ever suppress piracy, develop a railway system, or teach a whole population to read and write. If the individual objector is carefully examined, it will be found at times that he is under the sway of some narrow and intense mental inhibition, based on personal habits or experiences. Some of these inhibitions, if they are traced to their source, will be found to be even absurdly narrow. The objector dislikes the idea of a World-League of Nations because it is 'international,' or, worse, 'cosmopolitan,' and he has got into the habit of associating these words with shady finance or anarchist outrages or the white-slave traffic. Or he has had uncomfortable experiences in hotels abroad, or he has suffered in his business from foreign competition. Many of the objections that phrase themselves in some such formulas as 'People will never stand it,' or 'You do not understand the intensity of feeling,' are indeed rather cases for Jung and Freud than for serious dialectics. But from such levels of unreasoned hostility we can ascend to much more reasoned and acceptable forms of prepossession, which must be met with a greater respect.

Most human beings are 'patriotic.' They have a pride, quite passionate in quality, in the race or nation to which they belong; an affection identical in nature with, and sometimes as intense as, that which they feel for family and home, for a certain atmosphere of thought and behavior, for a certain familiar landscape and atmosphere, for certain qualities none the less real because they are often exquisitely inde-

finable. And they are jealous for this 'national' quality of theirs — at times almost as men are jealous for their wives. Now, how far does this group of feelings stand in the way of a League of Nations project? A number of vigorous speakers and writers do certainly play upon this jealousy. They point out that the League of Nations project, as it develops, involves controls, not merely of military, but of economic concerns — controls by councils or committees upon which every country will see a majority of 'foreigners,' and they exaggerate and intensify to the utmost the suggestion of unlimited interference on the part of these same 'foreigners,' with the most intimate and sacred things.

One eloquent writer, for example (Mr. Belloc), declares that the League of Nations would place us all 'at the mercy of a world-police'; and another (Mr. I. D. Colvin) declares that the council of a League of Nations would 'own' all our property as the British now 'own' the empire; an unfortunate parallel, if we consider the amount of ownership exercised by the British Government over the life and affairs of a New Zealander or a Hindu.

Perhaps the most effective answer to this sort of thing is to be found in current instances. One might imagine from these critics that at present every government in the world was a national government; but in spite of such instances as Sweden and France, national governments are the exception rather than the rule. There are very few nationalities in the world now which are embodied in a sovereign government. There is no sovereign state of England, for example. The English, the Scotch, and the Welsh, all strongly marked and contrasted nationalities, live in an atmosphere of mutual criticism and cordial coöperation. Consider again the numerous nations in the

British Empire, which act in unison through the Imperial Government, imperfect and unrepresentative as it is; consider the dissolving nationalities in the American melting-pot; consider the Prussians and Saxons in the German Empire. What is there in common between an Australian native, a London freethinker, a Bengali villager, a Uganda gentleman, a Rand negro, an Egyptian merchant, and a Singapore Chinaman, that they should all be capable of living as they do under one rule and one peace, and with a common collective policy, and yet be incapable of a slightly larger coöperation with a Frenchman, a New Englander, or a Russian? The Welshman is perhaps the best instance of all, to show how completely participation in a great political synthesis is compatible with intense national peculiarity and self-respect.

But if one looks closely into the objections of these 'anti-foreign' alarmists, it will usually become clear that the real prejudice is not a genuine patriotism at all; the objection is not to interference with the realities of national life, but to interference with national aggression and competition, which is quite a different thing. The 'British' ultra-patriot, who begins by warning us against the impossibility of having 'foreigners' interfering in our national life, is presently warning us against the interference of 'foreigners' with 'our' empire or 'our' predominant over-seas trade.

It is curious to see in how many instances certain conventional ideas, never properly analyzed, dominate the minds of the critics of the League of Nations project. Many publicists, it becomes evident, think of international relations in terms of 'Powers,' mysterious entities of a value entirely romantic and diplomatic. International politics are for them only thinkable as a competition of those powers; they see the

lives of states as primarily systems of conflict. A 'power' to them means the sort of thing which was brought to perfection in Europe in the eighteenth century, in the courts of Versailles, Potsdam, St. Petersburg, and at St. James's, and it means nothing else in the world to them. It is, in fact, a conspiracy against other and competing powers, centring round an aggressive Foreign Office, and availing itself of nationalist prejudice rather than of national self-respect. Patriotism is, indeed, not something that the power represents; it is something upon which the power trades. To this power idea the political life of the last two centuries has schooled many otherwise highly intelligent men, and by it their minds are now invincibly circumscribed and fixed. They can disregard the fact that the great majority of men in the world live out of relation to any such government with astonishing ease. The United States, Canada, China, India, Australia, South America, for example, show us masses of mankind whose affairs are not incorporated in any 'power,' as the word is understood in diplomatic jargon; and quite recently the people of Russia have violently broken away from such an idea of the state, and show small disposition to revert to it. These objectors are in fact thinking still in terms of the seventeenth and eighteenth century in Europe — a very special phase in history. But the fixity of their minds upon this old and almost entirely European idea of international politics as an affair of competitive foreign offices has its value for those who are convinced of the need of a new order of human relationships, because it opens up so clearly the incompatibility with the pressing needs of the present time of the European conceptions of a foreign office and of diplomacy as a secretive chaffering for advantages.

Upon this point we cannot be too clear: it is not nationality that is threatened by the League of Nations, it is this 'power' obsession, which used national feeling in an entirely Machiavellian spirit. And this power idea carries with it much more mischief than the threat of sudden war and the attendant necessities of armament. It is about the nuclei of these European power systems that the current conceptions of economic warfare and territorial exploitation have grown. It is to them that we owe the conception of peace as a phase of military preparation during which there is a systematic attempt to put rivals at an economic disadvantage. And it will be clear that an abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of powers involves, not merely the abandonment of ideas essentially militarist, but also the abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of economic systems.

So, as we penetrate these common prepossessions of an age which is now drawing to a close, the positive as compared with the negative side of the League of Nations proposal opens out. Behind the primarily negative project of 'no war upon earth,' appears as a necessary corollary a new economic phase in history, in which there will be a collective regard for the common weal of mankind. The examination and elaboration of the possibilities of economic world-control, already immensely foreshadowed by the gigantic 'poolings' that have been forced upon the powers allied against Germany, is one of the most rapidly expanding chapters in the study of the League of Nations project.

V

Another considerable body of criticism hostile to the League of Nations proposal is grouped about certain moral

facts. Before concluding these introductory remarks, it is advisable to discuss this, not merely in order to answer so much of it as amounts to an argument against the world-league project, but also because it opens out before us the real scope of the League of Nations proposal. There seems to be a disposition in certain quarters to underestimate the scale upon which a League of Nations project can be planned. It is dealt with as if it were a little legal scheme detached from the main body of human life. It seems to be assumed that some little group of 'jurists,' sitting together in a permanent conference at The Hague or in New York, will be able to divert the whole process of humanity into new channels, to overcome the massive, multitudinous, and tremendous forces that make for armed conflict and warfare among men, and to inaugurate a new era of peace throughout the world.

The change we contemplate here is not to be so easily achieved. It is a project of world-politics, and there is no modest way of treating such a project. It would be better left alone than treated timidly. It is a change in which nations and political and educational systems are the counters, and about which we must think, if we are to think effectively, in terms of the wealth of nations and millions of men. It is a proposal to change the life and mentality of everyone on earth.

Now the thought of those who direct their attention to the moral probabilities of a world-peace turns largely upon the idea of 'loyalty.' They apprehend man as a creature of intense, essential egotism, who has to be taught and trained very painfully and laboriously to unselfishness, and the substitution of great and noble ends for base and narrow ones. They argue that he was in his origins a not very social creature who has been forced by his

own inventions into a larger circle of intercourse. He had learned his first unselfishness from his mother in the family group; he had been tamed into devotion by the tribe and his tribal religion; the greater dangers of a solitary life had enforced these subjugations upon him. But he still relapses very readily into base self-seeking. His loyalty to his nation may easily become a mere extension of his personal vanity; his religious faith a cloak for hatred of and base behavior toward unbelievers. In times of peace and security, the great forms in which he lives do so tend to degenerate. And the great justification of war from this point of view is that it creates a phase of national life in which a certain community of sacrifice to a common end, a certain common faithfulness and helpfulness, is exacted as a matter of course from every citizen. Men are called upon to die, and all are called upon to give help and suffer privations. War gives reality to loyalty. It is the fire that makes fine the clay of solidarity. The war-phase has been hitherto a binding and confirming phase in the life of communities, while peace has been a releasing and relaxing phase. And if we are to contemplate a state of the world in which there is to be no warfare, we must be prepared also, these critics argue, for a process of moral disintegration.

The late Professor William James found enough validity in this line of thought to discuss it very seriously. In his essay on 'The Moral Equivalent of War' he deals very illuminatingly with this question. He agrees that to relieve the consciousness of ordinary men from the probability of war, without substituting any other incentive to devotion, may be a very grave social loss. His own suggestion for giving every citizen a sense of obligation and ownership in the commonwealth, for weaving the ideas of loyalty and serv-

ice, that is, into every life, is to substitute the collective war of mankind against ignorance, confusion, and natural hardships, for the war between man and man; to teach this, not only theoretically, but by the very practical expedient of insisting upon a period of compulsory state service for every citizen, male or female. He proposes to solve at the same time this moral problem and an equally grave social problem, by making the unskilled or semi-skilled part of the labor in the (nationalized) mines, in the (nationalized) fisheries, in hospitals, in many types of factory, and so forth, a public service. Personal freedom, he insists, has invariably been bought, and must always be bought, by responsible participation in the toils and cares of that system of law and service which constitutes the framework of human liberty.

It would be idle to deny the substantial truth in this type of criticism of peace. To recognize it is to sweep out of one's mind all dreams of a world-peace contrived by a few jurists and influential people in some odd corner of the world's administrative bureaus. Permanent world-peace must necessarily be a great process and state of affairs, greater, indeed, than any war-process, because it must anticipate, comprehend, and prevent any war-process, and demand the understanding, the willing and conscious participation of the great majority of human beings. We, who look to it as a possible thing, are bound not to blind ourselves to, or conceal from others, the gigantic and laborious system of labors, the immense tangle of coöperations, which its establishment involves. If political institutions or social methods stand in the way of this great good for mankind, it is fatuous to dream of compromises with them. A world-peace organization cannot evade universal relationships.

It is clear that, if a world-league is to

be living and enduring, the idea of it and the need and righteousness of its service must be taught by every educational system in the world. It must either be served by, or be in conflict with, every religious organization; it must come into the life of everyone, not to release men and women from loyalty, but to demand it for itself.

The answer to this criticism that the world-peace will release men from service, is, therefore, that the world-peace is itself a service. It calls, not as war

does, for the deaths, but for that greater gift, the lives, of men. The League of Nations cannot be a little thing; it is either to be a great thing in the world, an overriding idea of a greater state, or nothing. Every state aims ultimately at the production of a sort of man, and it is an idle and a wasteful diplomacy, a pandering to timidities and shams, to pretend that the World-League of Nations is not ultimately a state aiming at that ennobled individual whose city is the world.

DEMOBILIZATION IN ENGLAND

BY W. P. CROZIER

I

IN England, as will be found elsewhere, demobilization is a much more complex matter than appears at first sight. The fighting is over; why should not the millions of mobilized men be distributed again among the industries which are thirsting to absorb them?

There are two obstacles to a general and immediate release of large numbers of men. General demobilization cannot begin until peace is secure; and although we know in fact that Germany has been, by the terms of the armistice, rendered powerless to renew the war, it is only common prudence to postpone the beginning of general disbandment until at least the peace preliminaries have been signed. The peace preliminaries are an outline of the terms of peace which, signed by the belligerents, have binding force, but which require to be filled out in detail by the final

treaty; and the settlement of the details may take many weary months.

A second difficulty is the state of the industries to which the demobilized men will return. The industries need men, it is true, but at present they lack the raw material with which to furnish employment for the men. In cotton spinning and weaving there are now 150,000 fewer men and women employed than when the war began; in the building trades 350,000 fewer men; in paper-making 100,000; and so on in many other industries. Before these numbers can be reemployed, the necessary raw materials for their work must be imported, and that is a question of the tonnage-supply. At the moment, therefore, the great need, from the point of view of industry and reemployment, is, not to disband the army as rapidly as possible, but to collect all the available shipping in order to restock the country with sufficient raw materials.

Thus the interval between the signing of the armistice and the settlement of peace presents an opportunity. Demobilization proper, which means the transport, not only of great numbers of men, but of vast masses of military stores, will itself make a heavy demand on British shipping. At present the transport of men and munitions to the front from England is comparatively small, and shipping can be spared for importation. Shortly, when a large supply of materials has begun to flow into the country and when peace is actually between our hands, it will be possible to release by rapid process between three and four million men from the navy, the army, and the air-force.

But that is only one, though much the largest, part of the demobilization problem. There are also the war-workers. In the munitions industries it is estimated that, while the great bulk of the workers will remain and carry on the normal peace occupations of the trade, not less than a million (mostly women) will have to search for employment in some other field. That is the main problem on the civil side. There is another which demobilization brings with it — the future of the 'war-substitutes,' again mostly women, large numbers of whom will certainly be displaced by the returning men. Over a million and a half women have entered industry and commerce during the war. Such, broadly, is the problem.

General demobilization is postponed; within narrow and restricted limits the process has already begun. Both now and in the future the guiding principle is to be the needs of industry. There will be no demobilization by military units; that method would only flood the country with unemployed. Individuals, not units, will be released, according as industry can absorb them, and there are jobs waiting for them to

take up. The men who are now being brought back are of three classes.

First, the miners. They are needed, like the ships bringing in the raw materials, to lay the foundations for a great expansion of industry, and they are needed at once. A hundred thousand are to be released forthwith. We hear little of the immediate release of railwaymen, but it seems certain that the influx of raw materials and the increased production of coal will demand the early return of numbers of men to enlarge our transport facilities; even the slowing down in the dispatch of military supplies to the front will scarcely supply the necessary means. The second class to be released are the 'demobilizers,' those who are required to work the machinery of demobilization. These include the officials of the labor exchanges, upon whom the success of the whole process will largely depend, and additional personnel to carry out the transporting of so many troops in a short time by sea and land. Thirdly, the 'pivotal' men. These are they on whose employment turns the employment of much larger numbers than their own. The number of them to be returned at once is put at 150,000.

For every man in all three classes a job is waiting. On their speedy return and the work that they will do, together with the provision of adequate raw materials, depends the possibility of a rapid and successful general demobilization of the forces.

II

The machinery for demobilization has been carefully thought out. The Ministry of Reconstruction — a thinking but not an executive department — has worked out the plans, in conjunction with the Ministry of Labor and the War Office. It is believed that sixty per cent of the forces have work of some

kind awaiting them, and the problem is to bring the man to his job as smoothly and quickly as possible.

We start, then, with the man. He receives a form on which he will give particulars as to himself — his previous employment, whether married or single, and especially whether he has received from his employer an undertaking to receive him back. This form will be sent to the Labor Exchange in the area in which the man normally resides, and it will be the business of the Labor Exchange to verify his statement. Employers, on their side, are being asked to fill up cards asking for the return of those men whom they need, so that the card of the employer ought to meet the soldier's form at the Labor Exchange. When the employer has not sent in the card, the Labor Exchange will inquire of him whether he proposes to take back the man whose form it has received. In either case, whether the employer assents after inquiry or has already sent in his card, the Labor Exchange tears off a 'slip' from the foot of the man's form and returns it to his commanding officer. In this way the 'slip men' are constituted, — those for whom work is waiting, — and preference will be given to them in order of release. But they will not all stand on an equal footing. The Government has divided the trades and industries of the country into forty-two groups, and these it has arranged in a 'Priority List' according to their importance to the nation, the state of the supply of raw materials in each, and so forth. It thus refines the principle of the needs of industry: the reservoir of 'slip men' will be drawn on according to the needs of those industries which are, at the moment, the most essential to the country and the most capable of expansion.

Again, within the groups on the 'Priority List' there are certain qualifications in the choice of men. Prefer-

ence will be given to married men, to men with a record of long service in the field and to those long-service men — alas! there can be but few of them left — who entered the army before the war. As for the forty per cent of the army who apparently will be 'non-slip' men, without work waiting for them, they too will be demobilized in their turn according to the importance of their previous trade or occupation on the Priority List.

There is, naturally, no little discontent among some sections in the army with this machinery. Married men with families and men who have been on active service for the greater part of the war are inevitably aggrieved that others with no such title to consideration should be released before them. They will receive the sympathy of all humane men, but there can be no doubt that the British Government has chosen aright in subordinating other considerations to the smooth and ordered reabsorption of the army into industry.

There is a natural disquietude among some of the men abroad as to whether the army at home, being on the spot, will have an unfair advantage in securing the employment that is open. It has therefore been arranged that, so far as possible, the home and foreign armies shall be demobilized in equal proportions. The sick, wounded, and prisoners of war will be released without any reservation, as soon as they have been sent back to England or are fit for return to work. It will not, of course, be possible to send home, at any rate in the early stages of demobilization, the whole of any units abroad. As the process goes on, involving, as it will, the removal of immense quantities of military supplies, a certain number of troops will be required as guards and supervisors, and units will therefore be reduced to cadres which it is expected

will number about a third of the strength. These cadres will in their turn be brought home gradually, as circumstances may permit.

The navy, again, stands on a special footing. Its demobilization depends on the certainty and security of the peace settlement, and all that is decided at the moment is that demobilization, when it begins, will keep in view the necessity of reëstablishing the mercantile marine and fishing industry. Whatever be the general character of the peace settlement, however, it ought obviously to be possible to release without delay a large number of the men who have been engaged in the immense fleet, numbering from three to four thousand ships of all kinds, which has constituted the anti-submarine service.

The machinery for the return of the soldiers from their stations abroad to their places of residence or work at home has been drawn out in great detail; and in order that there may be no hitch in the organization, complete rehearsals have been held at various stages in the process. Concentration camps will be set up at various points behind the front. These camps will serve certain fixed dispersal areas at home, of which there are twelve, containing eighteen dispersal stations. In giving the soldier information as to what, exactly, will happen to him on demobilization the Ministry of Reconstruction addresses him in these terms:

'For instance, if your home is in Bradford, you will be sent from your unit to the concentration camp for the West Riding of Yorkshire, where you will meet other men from other units, all of whom are going to the West Riding. From that concentration camp [or collecting place in the case of units serving at home] there will be mapped out a particular route by which parties will travel direct to the dispersal stations in their particular area at home.'

Every soldier will receive a dispersal certificate, informing him what he has to do, together with a list of the arms and equipment which he has to carry. Arrived at the dispersal station, he will hand in his arms and equipment, which must correspond with the list, and he will then receive certain documents and be sent on twenty-eight days' furlough. The documents include a railway warrant to his home, a protection certificate to show that he is a properly demobilized man, a gratuity based on the length of his service (for a private who has served over-seas five pounds for the first year and ten shillings for each additional month), a ration-book, and a so-called 'donation policy,' which comes into force in case of unemployment.

To the gratuities there are three classes of exceptions. No conscientious objector will receive them; no man who has been discharged within six months as medically unfit for service; and no man who has been released for civil work for the time that he has been engaged on such work at full rates of civil pay. During his twenty-eight days' furlough, the soldier will receive his ordinary pay and ration allowance, and his separation or family allowance to his wife or dependents will be continued.

At the end of the furlough the soldier will, to quote the words of the Ministry of Reconstruction, be 'finally demobilized.' It will be noticed that the word 'discharged' is not used; and inasmuch as the phrase chosen by the Ministry is a reply to a supposed question in which the soldier asks about the date of his 'final discharge,' it has been keenly criticized. The soldier asks whether he is to be 'discharged,' that is to say, completely released from all his military obligations; and he is told only that he is to be 'demobilized,' which means, not discharge, but continuance under some sort of obligation to rejoin the army. For some time there

was considerable doubt as to the Government's intentions on this point, and from certain answers which were given in Parliament, it appeared that the Government itself had either not made up its mind whether it would or would not maintain military authority over the demobilized forces, or was not ready at the time to declare its intentions. All doubt has, however, now been cleared up by a new army order which has been issued by the War Office.

It is obvious that the general military policy of England must depend on the character of the peace settlement. If we are to have the Europe and the foreign policy of the past, we shall need one kind of army; if we obtain the League of Nations and disarmament, an army — or a police contingent — of a very different kind. But meanwhile, even if only on a small scale, demobilization is beginning. The question, therefore, which the soldier is asking, — whether on being sent home he will be finally and absolutely released from military authority, — has been decided in the negative. The War Office has formed a new army reserve called Class Z. Into this reserve all the men will be passed who are now coming home, and they can be recalled to the army, in the words of the order, 'in the event of an emergency, remobilization becoming necessary.' It is quite clear, however, that this army reserve is likely to receive a great many more of the demobilized soldiers than the early and privileged classes which precede the general dispersal. After stating that the new class is intended for the man now coming home, the order goes on to say that it will apply to all men demobilized so long as the Military Service Acts remain in force. The acts, however, will in all probability remain in force for a considerable time (estimated by some authorities at eighteen months), which will depend on the duration of the Peace

Conference. It is not merely a question of the peace preliminaries, which may be signed in the early spring, or even of the final treaty, which some authorities think will require a further six months, but of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, which will be deposited by the signatories in due course. At least until the ratifications have been received, Class Z will remain in existence, and there would therefore appear to be no doubt that the great bulk of the demobilized army, on returning to industry, will be comprehended within the new reserve, and will be liable to be recalled for service in case of a sufficient emergency. Subject to this obligation, the War Office lays no restriction whatever on the demobilized soldier. He will not be subject to any form of military discipline. He will not, by virtue of his inclusion in the reserve, forfeit any right he may otherwise possess to a disability or other pension, and the order remarks, perhaps a little ambiguously, that 'it is not intended that the formation of the new reserve should be a bar to emigration or repatriation over-seas.'

It would be unreasonable to object to the decision of the Government to retain their hold in this manner over the demobilized army. Probability is one thing and certainty another. It is improbable in the extreme that any emergency will arise in Europe which could require the recall of the army or of any large part of it. On the other hand, absolute certainty there is none; and just as caution forbids the Government to demobilize during the armistice, which is technically only a suspension of hostilities, so prudence forbids them completely to relax their hold over our military forces until the final signature of peace.

Demobilization, however, brings with it an immediate military problem which is not solved by the creation of Class Z, and the solution of which cannot

be left until the final peace settlement. That is the question of the provision of garrisons over-seas, for example, in India and Egypt; possibly also in Germany, if forces have to be kept there until the German Government has carried out the conditions of the peace treaty. The Government has therefore decided forthwith to raise a special voluntary army, which will be a substitute for the forces at present forming the overseas garrisons and will constitute the necessary reserves at home. Men at present in the army are being invited to extend their period of service for two, three, and four years, if they are between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five, and special bounties and periods of furlough are being held out to them as an inducement. The formation of this army is independent of anything it may be necessary to do when the military policy of England comes to be settled after the treaty of peace.

In spite of all that the Government has done and may be able to do, there is likely to be considerable unemployment. It has already been stated that only some sixty per cent of the men in the army have promises of reinstatement from their employers, and for some time at least the difficulty of providing adequate raw materials and tonnage for the country's industries is certain to be great. The Government has therefore put into force a scheme of unemployment benefit, in order to tide over the transition period. The demobilized soldier or munition-worker will endeavor to find employment through the local labor exchanges; and working in conjunction with these, there will everywhere be local advisory committees, of which some two hundred and sixty have already been set up. These committees will consist in equal proportions of representatives of the employers and of the employed, and it will be their business to consider the

state of trade and industry within their area and to act as advisers to the labor exchanges, and also to the men seeking employment, with regard to the available openings and the capacity of industry to absorb labor.

After an effort has been made to find employment and has failed, the so-called donation policy comes into force. The demobilized soldier will be entitled to receive benefit for twenty weeks during the first twelve months, at the rate of twenty-nine shillings per week, with six shillings a week for the first child under fifteen years of age and three shillings a week for each additional child. Women who have been engaged with the military or naval forces will receive twenty-five shillings a week, with the same allowances for dependents. The same scheme applies to civilian workers, except that it will be in operation for six months instead of twelve, and the donation will be payable for thirteen instead of twenty weeks. There are reduced rates of benefit for boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who receive fourteen shillings and sixpence, and girls of the same age who receive twelve shillings and sixpence.¹ Vigorous protests against these rates of pay have already been raised by certain sections of labor, which demand that the benefit for adult workers, whether male or female, should be fifty shillings per week. No payment will be made during the first three days of any period of unemployment. This provision is adopted from the existing organization

¹ While revising the article, the writer has had to alter the figures for unemployment benefit. Men were to have had 24 shillings, women 20 shillings, boys 12 shillings, and girls 10 shillings. But the Cabinet, which has just announced a bonus on war-pensions, has now increased the unemployment benefits by 5 shillings for adults and 2 shillings and sixpence for boys and girls. Polling day is just ahead — December 14. — THE AUTHOR.

under the Insurance Act, and is intended to supply a period during which the applicant must make an endeavor to find work, or must accept the work that is offered, if the Labor Exchange concerned is of opinion that the offer is a fair and reasonable one.

Special provision will have to be made with regard to the disabled men. The plan which holds the field and which in broad outline has now been adopted by the Government is that known as the Rothband scheme, after its originator, a large employer of labor in the North of England. Mr. Rothband's proposal was that a national appeal should be made by the King, to all employers of labor asking them to bind themselves to give employment at the close of the war to disabled men. Lists of employers who had given such an undertaking would be compiled and would be placed in the hands of the labor exchanges, whose business it would be to see that they fulfilled their obligations. The obligation would be only a moral one, but obviously the labor exchanges would have the means of bringing pressure to bear in the case of the attempt of any firm to shirk its undertaking. The scheme has its weak side, in that certain employers would probably persist in standing out; and if they chose to put up with the discredit, they might succeed in burking their obligations. On the other hand, the only alternative would appear to be a compulsory scheme, which would be extremely distasteful to employers and would put a premium on the slackness and inefficiency of any men who chose to trade on the knowledge that there was a legal obligation on employers to find work for them. The idea of compulsion was, therefore, abandoned, and it is anticipated that after the elections the national appeal will be made, although it is yet uncertain whether it will be put forward by the King or by

the Government. It may be added that the same kind of question was debated by the Imperial Government in Germany before the revolution, and there, too, the idea of a compulsory scheme was finally abandoned as impracticable.

Much has been made in England of the provision of land for ex-soldiers and sailors as part of the demobilization scheme. Many plans have been discussed, but little has been done. In 1917 the War Office took a *plébiscite* of certain forces at the front, and it was afterwards announced that no less than seventeen per cent of the men had expressed a desire to go on the land when the war was over. This figure, which amounts roughly to three quarters of a million men, should be heavily discounted. Large numbers of men, especially when they had been only a short time in the army, declared the attractions of the free and open-air life to be such that they would not on any account return to their former and frequently sedentary occupations. It has, however, been found that the longer time they spent in the army, the more contented they became at the prospect of returning to their former employment; and probably the number who have any serious desire to go on the land is very much smaller than that suggested by the *plébiscite*.

Another large reduction has to be made for those who have neither experience nor capital. The Government made a start with its policy of finding land for ex-soldiers by means of an experiment under the Small-Holdings (Colonies) Act of 1916. The feature of the scheme was that the land colonies were to be established on a communal and coöperative basis. The settlers worked in the colony either as individual small holders or as members sharing the profits derived from working the colony as one large farm. An estate was, for instance, leased from the

Crown in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and it was the original intention that the colony should consist of a central farm and sixty small holdings ranged round it. The central farm was, in the first instance, to embrace the greater part of the estate, and land would be gradually taken from it and added to the small holdings as the settlers became qualified for their work. It was afterwards decided that, in the first instance, the estate should be worked as a whole on a profit-sharing basis, instead of being divided up into small holdings. Another colony, in Lincolnshire, was designed for market-gardening, and the intention was to divide it up into holdings of about ten acres each. These experiments, however, touch only the fringe of the subject; only four colonies have been provided with a total of six thousand acres. Sir Richard Winfrey, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, expressed the hope a few months since that eventually one million acres would be secured, but demobilization is already close upon us and little has been done.

Not long before the close of the last Parliamentary session, the Government introduced a bill to make it easier for the county councils to secure land for the purpose of allotments or small holdings, and also to make it easier for them to erect houses and buildings for settlers. Plans, however, are one thing and practice another, and at the present time we have not got beyond the pioneer colonies and the gift from certain public-spirited landowners, like the Duke of Sutherland, of farm lands to be used for the benefit of soldiers. The whole question is hedged about with difficulties of finance and ownership. In the Dominions the problem is much simpler, and some of the governments, which have much land at their disposal, are putting generous schemes

into force for the benefit of the returning troops.

In other directions the Government is taking various measures to assist demobilized officers and men. There are, for instance, the men who on going into the army were compelled to break their apprenticeship in various industries. Many of them will now desire to complete their training, but they could not do so if at their present age they were to receive only the wages appropriate to their position as apprentices. The State will therefore step in and make an addition to the wages which the employer pays. In the Civil Service, for twelve months from the beginning of demobilization, all permanent appointments will be reserved for ex-officers and ex-soldiers. The only exceptions will be such posts as require special qualifications or involve special responsibility or are held by men unfit for general service. Again, assistance will be given to officers and men whose professional training was interrupted by their entrance into the army. Provision is being made to assist those who by reason of their military service are unable to meet their financial obligations after the war, such as rent, insurance, or school-fees; and the Civil Liabilities Department will be instructed to lend aid, especially in the case of the one-man business, the closing of which has been one of the chief hardships of the war. A minor but not unimportant help given by the Government is the provision of free passages for the wives and families of officers and men returning over-seas.

Demobilization brings with it also a group of problems relating to material of war. Special measures have to be taken to deal with vast quantities of army stores. It has not been forgotten in England how great were the scandals in South Africa when military supplies were disposed of after the Boer War.

The value of the army stores which will now have to be sold is put at about five hundred million pounds, and the Government has instituted a general survey, both of the materials to be disposed of and of the uses to which they may be put in the various industries of the country. The Ministry of Reconstruction has come to the conclusion that there ought to be a Ministry of Supply, dealing with the whole question of the provision and the sale of government stores of all kinds; and it is projected, apparently, that the Ministry of Munitions, having finished its own work, should be transformed into such a ministry. Except, however, for the decision that one single organization shall be made responsible for the sale of the military stores, and that the process shall be based, so far as possible, on a careful analysis of the needs of our industries, the Government's intentions have not been announced.

There are other very difficult questions of a like kind, such as the future of the national factories and workshops, some of which are not even yet fully constructed. Dr. Addison, the Minister of Reconstruction, has explained that they fall into various classes: those that are state-owned, those that are partly state-owned and partly owned by firms; those that are serviceable for the purpose of storage, and so on. The policy of the Government with regard to their disposal is awaited with much interest. It involves large and difficult questions of finance and employment, and its broad outlines yet remain to be announced.

England, therefore, has her plans in varied stages of elaboration. Some are perfected, like those relating to the demobilization of the home and foreign armies. Some are extremely vague, especially those relating to all questions of material, and on the provision of material depends the employment of the demobilized men and women. To all plans alike the test of execution has still to be applied. There are, at the moment of writing, many complaints of the slowness with which the demobilization of even the first selected men is being conducted. But allowances ought to be made. The position is rather like that of any army which, having conducted a long and continuous offensive, is suddenly thrown on the defensive. All our organization has hitherto looked outwards toward the front. Now we have suddenly to change front, to face both ways, to organize another and an inward-flowing stream. At the same time, the Government has to feed our industries with raw materials, grapple with gigantic problems of supply, and control the transference of the war industries to works of peace. The General Election distracts both ministers and people from the attention that they should be giving to these problems. Not until it is over and done with, are we likely to learn the full plans of the Government on some subjects which will necessarily affect the amount of fresh employment and therefore the rate of demobilization. This is a period of experiment and improvisation, and the test is about to begin.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FROM A PRIVATE LOG

WELL, things have been sort of moving lately. It is very hard to realize that the war is over, even though a great German fleet of battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, and destroyers is lying at anchor, with flags lowered, under our guns. The new Emden is only about three cables from us at the present moment!

The armistice was signed on the 11th, but except for a little exuberance that night when we 'spliced the main brace,' everyone (of course, I am only talking about the fleet, not of people ashore) took the news and the fact very quietly — indeed, you would n't have known that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Of course, the German Fleet was still very much a 'fleet in being,' and so there was no relaxation possible on our part, and we just carried on as if nothing had happened, — did our usual drills and firing, — and last Sunday the Sydney did what I suppose was the last North Sea patrol during the war.

Early on Wednesday morning, the 20th, we got back to our anchorage, dirty and bedraggled-looking, and got the news that the King was going to inspect the Grand Fleet that morning. This meant a real hustle and polishing and tidying up; but by 11.30, when he came round, we were n't looking so bad. At 12.30 it was all over, and then our programme was, dinner, prepare for coaling, coal ship, tea, clear ship, supper, and prepare for sea.

At 1.40 Thursday morning, November 21, we sailed — the whole Grand Fleet steaming out, squadron by squad-

ron, nearly 200 ships in all — 33 battleships (including the 6th Battle-Squadron — the American squadron), 9 battle-cruisers, 5 special-service cruisers, 32 light cruisers, and a hundred or more destroyers. At daylight that morning, we formed into two divisions in line ahead, six miles apart, — cleared for action, with all hands at their battle-stations, — and in this formation we steamed to meet the German High Sea Fleet, coming to surrender ignominiously without firing a shot.

At about 9.30 the Cardiff, a British light cruiser, was sighted leading a long line of German ships disappearing in the far distance over the horizon. For a fortnight we had had nothing but dense fog day and night, but on this one morning Nature rose to the occasion, and though it was n't absolutely clear, the sun was shining, the sea was almost like glass, and the visibility varying from about four to six miles.

The two fleets met, steaming in opposite directions, the Germans passing down the centre between the two lines, with British airships low down overhead — and then at a given signal all squadron leaders altered the course 180 degrees outward from the German line, the remaining ships of each squadron following round in succession. This brought the Grand Fleet round in the same formation as before, but steaming in the same direction as the Germans, and the course was set for the Firth of Forth.

Sir David Beatty, in the Queen Elizabeth, led the Battle Fleet of the Northern line, and abreast him was the Seidlitz, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Tägert, leading the Ger-

man battle-cruiser squadron of five ships. Astern of the rear ship, the Von der Tann, came the German Commander-in-Chief, Admiral von Reuter, flying his flag in the Friedrich der Grosse, and followed by the remaining eight ships of the battle squadron. Then came a gap, bridged by the King Orry, once an Isle of Man pleasure steamer, but now flying the White Ensign and acting as a connecting link for signaling purposes; and then, led by the Phaeton, a British light cruiser, came Commodore Harder and his seven light cruisers.

Astern of the rear German light cruiser followed what can only be described as swarms of destroyers — British, then 49 Germans, then more British.

I've no words to describe it. It was stupendous, magnificent, wonderful; and this huge fleet — such a fleet as the world has never before seen manœuvred, or even in company — was handled with such precision, with such absolute accuracy and absence of 'flaps,' that it might have been a huge clockwork toy, devised mechanically to do certain things at definite times. There was not an accident or the vestige of a hitch in the whole proceedings, and it was really a triumph of accuracy and skill.

By 3 P.M. the German Fleet was at anchor in the Firth of Forth east of Inchkeith, guarded by sufficient units of the Grand Fleet. Each ship of the guarding force then had to send an inspection party, under a commander, to a corresponding German ship, to search for possible explosives, and to give the commanding officers their instructions. Rather appropriately, the Emden fell to the lot of the Sydney, as her predecessor had done four years ago, though in a somewhat different manner!

The German colors were still flying from each German ship, but at 3.57, as I stepped on board at the head of my

small party of officers and men, the 'sunset' bugles sounded, and down they came with a run, never to be hoisted again — at least, until the peace conference decides what is to be done.

On my arrival on board, I was received by the commander, being piped over the side with peace-time formality, and went straight to the captain's cabin, where the captain, Becker, was waiting. It was a trying business and I hope I shall never have to go through anything like it again; for, in spite of all the devilish cruelty the Huns have indulged in, I could n't help feeling terribly sorry for him. Here was a man forced by circumstances to surrender his ship without firing a shot, and I could n't help putting myself in his position — or rather trying to. I did n't succeed, for such a thing is so entirely outside all our training and upbringing, all our traditions, that it was, and is, impossible to imagine it. With a British Fleet it just could n't have happened — either there would have been a fight, or our ships would have been blown up.

I think the Germans wanted to be perfectly friendly, but though, of course, one was absolutely courteous, there could be no fraternization, and I limited conversation strictly to necessary questions and answers; but I could n't help feeling rather a beast. Captain Becker offered me his hand and also a cigarette, both of which I of course refused — the first by having both my hands occupied sorting out papers, and the second by 'I don't smoke, thank you!'

After collecting the information I wanted, and leaving the Commander-in-Chief's instructions in writing, I did a quick inspection of the ship, just going through her magazines, shell-rooms, torpedo-rooms, and so forth, and finding them all empty. The next morning at 9 o'clock I again went on board and made a thorough and complete exam-

ination of every hole and corner in the ship, which took some hours; but there was nothing at all in the way of arms or explosives on board — even the breech-blocks of the guns had been landed at Wilhelmshaven. There seemed to be plenty of food and clothing, but otherwise the ship was practically empty.

Before leaving for the last time I went to the captain and thanked him for the assistance his officers had given me; and I was rather touched when he thanked me for the 'great discretion and consideration' I had shown in the way I had 'carried out a duty which must have been very distasteful' to me! It *was* distasteful, for I had the feeling the whole time that I was hitting a man when he was down, and also, when going round the ship and seeing all the various devices, I felt as if I were looking over my opponent's hand at cards, or reading someone else's letters! However, the business had to be done, and was done thoroughly, and with due dignity and formality.

The situation on board was interesting. There was discipline of sorts, and men obeyed their officers, but it had relaxed considerably, and orders were obeyed in a slack manner. This was the general impression I received; but it was also very noticeable that there was a section of men on board, cleaner and smarter-looking than the remainder, who still held to the old traditions of discipline and loyalty to their officers. When we were in the captain's cabin he called an orderly and asked if a certain form had been completed, and the orderly replied, 'How should I know?' in a most insolent manner. The captain turned to me and said in English, with rather a despairing shrug of the shoulders, 'They have all gone mad — mad!' Some few men had blacked out the 'S.M.S.' on their cap-ribbons, leaving only 'Emden.'

The German ships and destroyers are now leaving in batches for Scapa, and our turn comes on Monday to escort the light cruisers up there — and then I don't know what we shall do. I hope the powers that be won't think it necessary to keep us there too. I've certainly seen enough of Scapa in the winter to last me for the rest of my life.

This 'neither-one-thing-nor-the-other' period — neither peace nor war — is worse than either! It's curious how it affects people. While war was on, everyone was happy and cheery, however uncomfortable the conditions — the ship was just a happy family; but now everybody's nerves seem to be rather on edge, and I spend half my time soothing people down and smoothing over stupid little quarrels which just could n't have happened a fortnight ago. I feel it myself, too, and find I have to exercise an enormous amount of self-restraint to avoid damning people up hill and down dale without real rhyme or reason! It is the relief from strain I suppose — strain that one has n't noticed much, but that must have been felt almost unconsciously; and, too, there is the feeling of staleness, — that everything now is flat and unprofitable, — but probably the first 'leave' will cure all that! It has n't been possible to get ashore much lately. I think I've only landed about three times this month, and that tends to make one rather irritable.

STYLISH STOUTS

The title is not my own; it is the comforting caption that advertises a dress sale, comforting because it perhaps indicates an epochal adjustment of fashion to fact. Is it possible that the stout woman, poor dear, has at last become stylish? May she at last be frankly fat, emancipated from frantic remodelings

at the hands of *corsetière* and *couturière*? The burden of obesity is not in the carrying of its pounds, but in being forced to treat the obvious as if it were surreptitious. What dizzy elation for the fat woman to realize that henceforth she is suffered to be not only frank but fashionable! Dame Fashion is as fertile in the unexpected as Dame Fortune.

The fat woman has been so long accustomed to commiseration that it may be difficult for her to realize her new dignity; we have all pitied her, been sorry for the bursting glove-clasp, the exuberant girth, the sweets desired but denied, the chin whose apparent hauteur was so unjust to the kindly heart beneath it; and above all for that plump palm laid upon our arm with its accompanying tremulous whisper, 'Am I as fat as she, or she, or she?'

But now all that evil time is forgotten. The anti-fat nostrum, the recipes for rolling, the panting mountain climb, all the many-doctored advice, all the beauty-parlor pummeling — all this is obsolete, for obesity has come into its own. The corpulent dame now has dresses made to exhibit, not to conceal, her shapeliness; these throng authentic fashion-sheets. She has her own clothes, not the adapted 'line' of the lean and lovely sylph. The fat woman is no longer done out of her inheritance by a cruel and carping world. She has become a 'stylish stout.'

The 'stout' is even entering story, not for farcical effect either. There is an increasing number of portly heroines in fiction. The male novelist still averts his eyes a little when he makes one. He leaves his outlines a bit vague, out of deference for past convention; for he knows he is an innovator. Fiction is always far in arrear of popular opinion, but there are a few romancers who are coming abreast of the times in portraiture. Alice of *Buried Alive* is a dumpy darling, and her charm is increased

rather than diminished by the fact that she is fat. There is nothing neurasthenic about a well-padded person. The obese are always amiable. Older and wiser than we, the Oriental has incorporated this fact in his daily philosophy. In the Orient stouts have always been stylish. Knowing that fat women are good to live with, the harem husband long ago persuaded both himself and the ladies that they are equally good to look at. The Westerner, on the contrary, is still at that callow stage of development when he tries to persuade himself that a woman, because she is good to look at, is also good to live with. Fortunate for the Occidental husband are our customs of liberty for ladies, permitting women whose nerves are but thinly clad with flesh to run freely about the streets, venting their irritability on the neighbors. Under Eastern seclusion a thin woman, closely confined, might keep the whole seraglio in a stew. It is for self-protection that Oriental convention cultivates an ideal of sleekness and opulence as the feminine standard.

It is a curious fact that in neither East nor West has the stylishness of stouts been extended to the male sex. The norm for man is to be long and limber. As the hero of romance, a man may be brawny; but except in farce, he may not yet be fat. In America this ideal of masculine slimness is explained by our fondness for thinking of our men as lean wrestlers with frontier conditions, for the fact of a frontier is still a pleasant figment of our fancy. As a matter of brutal truth, both our men and our women have swelled perceptibly during a long period of plenty and of ease. Not all our Hooverizing has notably reduced the tendency of both sexes toward an opulent maturity. The pitiful point is that our men are not yet allowed by fashion to grow fat with dignity. Of course, it has never been so hard for a man to be voluminous as

for a woman, because he thinks only of how uncomfortable he feels, and not, concomitantly, of how ungainly he looks. And yet the fat man has had pain enough in being the butt of the papers and of his pals; and from this anguish he cannot be relieved until fashion lifts its ban from his person as it has lifted it from that of the lady. No shop is as yet exhibiting styles for the stout man. He is still forced to squeeze himself into clothes designed for the stripling.

But the emancipation of men will follow that of women. Women are not so selfish that they will permit themselves to expand into efflorescence without seeking to obtain equal liberty for the fat man. No chivalrous woman will be content with her privilege of obesity without wanting men to share it. In due time the fat man, like the fat woman, will be made heroic in fiction and in fashion-plate. The day of the fat lady was long in dawning, but at last her freedom and her fashionableness have arrived. Just as surely will a day come when tailors will announce to men patrons the happy era of stylish stouts.

THE FARM

The grandfather and grandmother are sitting on the lawn under the maples, near the old gray-white house under the eaves of which the mud-wasps have plastered their little fawn-colored homes. It is August, and the air is very soft and hazy, and filled with the whirring of insects. In the fields the butterflies are flitting about over the delicate wild carrot, and the woods in the distance are beginning to thin out and take on a rusty appearance.

The grandfather is reading aloud to the grandmother, who is knitting — knitting very fast, with quick, regular darts of her forefinger. The grandfather puts out his hand as he reads, and strokes the shaggy Airedale terrier. He is a puppy, but he looks like an old dog, with stiff, limited motions of his hind legs, and patience in his amber eyes, which peer out from wisps of dull red-brown hair.

A bird with a downy white feather in its beak flies to the top of the apple tree; but soon the feather comes wafting slowly down. A mellow, buff-colored apple falls with a gentle thud, and a little stubbly green one topples down, brushing the tree-trunk. Over near the tennis court the pear trees are bent with the weight of their fruit, and children are playing on the green, green grass, and there is the soft pad-pad of the ball on ground, against racket.

All about us there is peace and quiet, but now a shadow passes over the grass. The turkeys under the thorny bush and the hens that are taking dust-baths in the roadway see it, and know that there is a chicken-hawk overhead, and there is an uneasy stir among them. One young turkey hen twists its glistening neck and cocks its eye apprehensively upward.

For us — the grandfather is reading an article describing the treatment of the prisoners taken by the Germans; and the grandmother, who wears a Red Cross button in place of her accustomed brooch, is knitting, knitting. And of the things that she is knitting there is already quite a little pile, and they are all 'stump socks,' to be worn on the ends of amputated limbs instead of gloves or stockings.

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CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA is the least known and most interesting country in the world. The views of a single observer are but a pin-prick of light on the whole vast subject, but various papers which the *Atlantic* has printed, by Madame Ponafidine and others, have afforded a clue to conditions there, which will be reinforced, by a curiously interesting article in the March issue. COMMONPLACES IN BUZULUK, this account is called, which is taken from the notebook of an English physician, who has been living for a number of years in a country district of Russia, practicing his profession among the peasantry. Dr. Rickman's wife was also thrown into close relations with the population, and the story of their adventures during the final year of Czarism, the sudden and violent revolution of the Bolsheviks, and the counter-revolution organized by armed Czech forces, forms a narrative exceptionally picturesque and illuminating.

Readers of the *Atlantic* remember Reverend Willard Sperry's striking paper, THE GULF, picturing the widening gap between the ideas of soldiers returned from tremendous experience abroad and the home-staying population. His new paper, BRIDGING THE GULF, continues the same thought, giving helpful and constructive suggestions. A paper dealing with conditions here from a different and very human angle is contributed by the WIFE OF A SAGEBRUSH FARMER, who tells, in actual letters to friends, what it means to run a farm with a Bolshevik, a pacifist, and a cellist out of work for farm hands. The paper is very characteristic of the topsy-turviness in which we live. Another paper on the UNITED STATES TO-DAY will deal with the PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE MIDDLE WEST, written by an excellent observer long known to *Atlantic* readers, Charles M. Harger.

The *New World* will be treated from many other angles. THE PEACE CONGRESS AND THE BALKANS was written, at the editor's request, by Mr. James D. Bourchier, of the *London Times*, who is one of the first authorities in the world on Balkan conditions, and, more than this, a man of feeling and ready penetration, who has been studying these Near Eastern problems on the ground all his active life.

THE MIND OF GREAT BRITAIN with respect to the returning soldiers will be discussed by Mr. J. L. Hammond, of the British Bureau of Reconstruction; while the editor has invited from France the first competent assessment of the physical damage done to France and her consequent just claim upon the Central Empires, which, so far as we know, has been published in this country.

Miss Montague, known wherever the *Atlantic* is read, contributes a story, and Captain Johnston, another.

We should like to call the especial attention of our readers to an unusual feature of this month's *Atlantic*. It will consist of the first of two installments of a most intimate biography. Many of our readers will remember the name of CARLETON H. PARKER, whose paper on the I. W. W. stirred great interest last year. Unhappily for America, Mr. Parker died from the strain of over-work. This record of his life, written by his widow, is an intimate story of the hopes and accomplishments and the passionate delight in life of Carleton Parker and his wife. AN AMERICAN IDYL, we call it, because there is a freshness about it wholly American and the simplicity and charm which can only come in a chronicle truly devoid of self-consciousness and written from pure love of the story and its hero.

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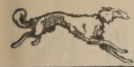
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you cannot afford to miss

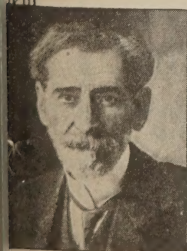
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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 19 W. 44TH STREET
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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — FEBRUARY ATLANTIC

U.S.N.' (May, 1918), and as an ensign ('Students of the Sea,' September, 1918), at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. 'On the day the armistice was signed,' he writes, 'was transferred to the flag office, where I am writing "A Short History of the U.S. Naval Forces in France," with the full approval and coöperation of Admiral Wilson.' Thomas H. Dickinson is connected with the United States Food Administration. He contributed 'Bread and the Battle' to the July, 1918, *Atlantic*.

* * *

O. W. Firkins, poet, essayist, and critic, and professor of English at the University of Minnesota, is also the author of a highly considered life of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has been an occasional contributor of thoughtful verse to the *Atlantic*. 'A Mother' is the fifth in the series of unusual stories drawn by the Elderly Spinster from her experience of many years as a volunteer worker in a hospital in Northern India, where she was thrown into relations of peculiar intimacy with Indian women of all castes and kinds. George W. Alger, a practising lawyer in New York City, is well known as a vigorous writer on social questions. He is the author of *Moral Overstrain* and *The Old Law and the New Order*.

* * *

Abbé Ernest Dimnet, Professor at the Collège Stanislas, Paris, well known to *Atlantic* readers, has done much by his writings during the war to strengthen the bonds of international friendship. His concise, yet complete and lifelike sketch of the great French Premier and War-Minister was written at the personal request of the editor, preferred during his recent journey abroad. Raymond Garfield Gettell is Professor of Political Science at Amherst College. Out of the fullness of his experience as Recorder of the United States Shipping Board, he has written this article in response to the *Atlantic's* invitation. This second paper on the 'Idea of a League of Nations' in its general aspects, concludes the preliminary survey of the subject by the group of leading Englishmen under the chairmanship of Mr. H. G. Wells. W. P. Crozier is a British journalist, on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*,

perhaps the best training school for journalists which Great Britain affords.

* * *

Professor Fite's recent paper on the Scientific Prepossession seems to have stirred many emotions in the psychologists of the country. We have received a very large number of letters, of which the following, from Professor George M. P. Baird, is not uncharacteristic.

According to the best literary traditions, a message from the tomb should be grim, grisly, and stern, or, at least, properly mournful and tear-compelling; but the latest *bruit* from among the bones, which issues *via* the December number of the *Atlantic*, brings only that hearty laughter which is the physis of man's spirit. 'The philosopher who views life under the aspect of eternity' (*sic*) probably has no desire to tickle our intellectual ribs with antique reactionary wheezes; but, whatever his intent, he has succeeded admirably and is entitled to the meed of the joymaker.

This writing is in no sense a reply to 'The Human Soul and the Scientific Prepossession.' There can be no reply: one cannot argue a joke or unleash a syllogism at the tail of a jest. When Pantaloon strikes Pierrot with a bladder-bauble, the obvious return is not a carefully considered and well-phrased rejoinder. Humor, even when unintentional, should be met with humor. However, — we blush to admit it, — since there are a few psychologists who are as solemnly Malvolian and impervious to the risible as are the philosophers, we hasten to warn them against any sober effort to ruin a delightful bit of fantastic fiction by crushing it beneath the bludgeon of ill-humored fact. Let psychologists keep their unhallowed hands from the philosophic prepossessions; there is all too little fun in life as it is. Those of us who have been ensnared by the Freudian heresy may interpret Professor Fite's picture of the failure of modern science as the dream expression of a suppressed desire, but, in the name of Billiken and all the gods of laughter, let us keep it to ourselves.

* * *

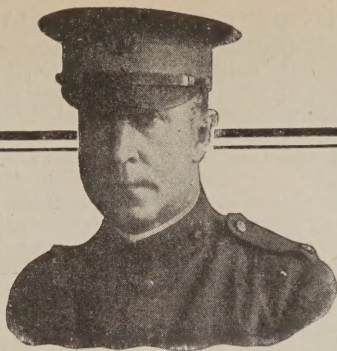
For the paper properly entitled 'Prussianizing Wisconsin,' in the January *Atlantic*, we have received many letters of praise and blame. The facts given in Mr. Stewart's letter have not, however, been impugned, and the case is for the American people to consider. It is worth while to print this collateral testimony to 'American' activities in a section of California.

You are entitled to the highest praise and the deepest thanks of true Americans for the publication of the brave article on 'Prussianizing Wisconsin' in the current issue.

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happening in this community, with the same results in resentment and bitterness. I too could tell you things, in the manner of Hamlet's ghost, to chill your young blood. But the spirit of Blackmail hovers too close above me. God help America!

The campaign to prepare by terror the way for the fifth loan has already begun.

Cannot the press cry loud enough, and in advance, to check this incredible system, and avoid the inevitable and costly resentment and bitterness that are sure to follow? Is it not sufficiently incredible that I dare not even sign my old American name?

And here is an example of the testimony of the contrary-minded;—

DEAR SIR,—

Your recent issue is a very great disappointment [ment] to me; I have read the *Atlantic* for some time with increasing pleasure, and my wife has also become a firm friend of the *Atlantic*; now you spoil it all with the tacit acceptance of Deutscher Stewart's impudent claim that coercing a Pro-German into investing his money in Liberty Bonds is on a par with the mob rule which dominates Russia and threatens the rest of the world.

As a member of most of the war-activity committees in this bailiwick, I consider this an insult to all of us.

I am a newcomer in the field of the *Atlantic Monthly* and had looked forward to a long and pleasant relationship; now I am going back to my beloved Kipling, and am done with 'Brittle intellectuals'—whatever that may mean.

Suggest your reading the *Butte Bulletin* of December 23, 1918.

* * *

The following account, written to the *Atlantic*, of the reception of the news of the cessation of hostilities in far-away Tientsin will, we are sure, be of interest to our readers.

TANGKU, 16th Nov., 1918.

I wish you might have seen Tientsin this week, and taken part in the tremendous celebrations of Victory and Peace. Practically up to the last, the Chinese believed Germany invincible; hence the Allied foreign communities did, and still are doing, all in their power to impress on them the enormous significance of November 11.

French, British, Italian, American, Japanese—all celebrated together and separately; and the Chinese celebrated too! They had 20,000 in a grand parade on Wednesday. All Victoria Road was a mass of bunting, flags, and colored lights. Wednesday morning a Grand Parade of Allied troops was held, while solemn minute-gun saluted Victory. Battalions of French veterans in gray-blue, with their wicked bayonets fixed, marched past, followed by Sikhs, Japanese, British, Americans (15th Infantry), and Chinese. Each nation's anthem was played in turn. . . . Very few

foreigners in Tientsin have not given of their dear ones to make this Victory possible. Hence a note of solemnity and of seriousness colored the week. 'We owe this joy to our holy Dead' was the watchword of all. The evening of the 13th, an Allied Victory Ball was held in Gordon Hall. I was touched to note that the decorations at the British Consulate included only British flags and our own Stars and Stripes. . . .

Faithfully yours,

ROPER D. WOLCOTT.

* * *

Sometimes wisdom dwells in secret places—and sometimes she does n't. Perhaps no further introduction is necessary to the following analysis sent to the *Atlantic* by the 'Sunshine Library of Resurch' (*sic*) of California.

FOOD CAUSES OF INFLUENZA

A gentleman who has examined a large number of cases of influenza and pneumonia, tells us that apparently people very seldom have influenza unless they have eaten *very freely, very freely, very freely* of one or more of the following foods: Eggs, mushrooms, dill pickles, carrots, turnips, mustard, radishes, horseradish, cabbage, celery, parsnips, rabbits, squabs, or rye bread, or else coffee made of rye; or else have eaten meat *freely* two or three times a day.

And secondly, that they very seldom seem to have pneumonia unless, *in addition to these 'influenza foods,'* they have also eaten too freely of: Onions, garlic, tripe, lettuce, eggs, or greens.

This gentleman may, in his enthusiasm, have been utterly misled; but even if what he says is only half true, or has in it a dim, clear hint of truth, it is certainly worth looking into. And he suggests a very simple way in which you can do it. Find out what the ten or fifteen favorite foods were *before being sick*, of those of your friends, living and dead, who have had influenza or pneumonia; and find out definitely just how freely and how often they ate each of these favorite foods. And little by little you will get a hint as to whether eating too freely of one's pet foods ever helps in causing serious sickness.

Our correspondent, who is certainly an enthusiast, also informs us that great dullness in children, excessive tallness, excessive shortness, the shape of the ear and nose, heart disease, inflammatory rheumatism, weak eyes, rotten teeth, quarrelsomeness, miserliness, and hair turning white at the age of thirty, these and many other ailments do also quite often reveal at sight what a person's favorite foods are, and prove that he has eaten some of them too freely.

We cannot endorse such extraordinary statements, but they are certainly worth looking into.

To us also the statements seem out of the ordinary, but to readers suffering from excessive tallness, uncomfortable shortness, miserliness, or youthful whiteness of hair, we extend the gleam of hope.



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The Raybestos Company Bridgeport Connecticut

◀Look For This Silver Edge▶

We are glad to adduce this testimony to our entire respectability.

I am moved to tell you an incident which happened to me in a small Texas town last winter. We were stranded there for a week with nothing to do, — for in Texas one is not allowed to play cards in public places, — nothing to read except *East Lynne*, Mary J. Holmes, and *Lucile*, so that when I saw coming into the dining-room a lady with an *Atlantic*, which she opened by the side of her plate as she sat at her dinner, I thought perchance that she would know of some place where I could get our *Atlantic* and other long overdue magazines. When I met her I said, 'I see you are interested in the *Atlantic*. Where were you able to get the January number? We have tried everywhere but have not found it.' To which she replied, 'This is not the last one; indeed, I have not read it, but I always feel that in a strange place being seen with the *Atlantic* really places one.'

* * *

The latest and most generous contribution to our *Atlantic Box for French Children* was accompanied by this pleasant letter from our remotest colony — a place, if ever there was one, to escape the horror of the thought of war.

FLORIDA BLANCA
PAMPANGA, P.I., Nov. 12, 18.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here on a sugar plantation, in a remote section of the Philippines, we are very sheltered from the war. Not even its high prices affect us much. . . . The native market supplies us with eggs and vegetables at very low cost, clothes we require few of on an isolated plantation. But for the ever-beloved *Atlantic* and its faithful lesser brethren we would scarcely know of war.

I think of all this. I look at my baby, so safe, so well supplied; I see my pretty house, my husband busy at his sugar-production; and then I think of those other mothers and babies.

I enclose a P.O. for \$200, to be used for war relief. I wish it were \$2000. As you have the latest information as to where the greatest need lies, I leave the use of the money to your judgment.

VERA H. FARNHAM.

* * *

An interesting echo of Miss Case's happy paper in the December *Atlantic* comes from a California address.

December 10, 1918.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thank you for the *Atlantic* always, but this month an especial thank-you, because of 'Music Hath Charms.' Not only the style of it, — the gentle humor, the deep undertone of human sympathy, — but also the personal memory it brought, made me read it through, and then read it through again.

It brings this picture first: a far-away Ken-

tucky village in the foothills of the mountains; a plain chapel in an industrial school; faces of mountaineer girls, — pretty, plain, furtive, gaunt, as the case might be, — all gathered there for Sunday vespers. There, too, 148 and 40 were popular — beloved! I can see again Elsie's far, sombre gaze at the low autumn hills — fiery Elsie, whom music could charm most truly into a more peaceful mood. Like a sharp silhouette comes Ola's thin, vivid little face, usually so full of jealousy and dissatisfaction, but during singing full of a quiet peace almost too mature for her young years.

But again, and even dearer, is the other picture — a schoolroom in New Mexico, a mission schoolroom, full of dark-eyed girls of all ages, from baby Serafina to our calm eldest, the stolid Teofela. At the organ sits 'tha museek teechar,' where she can command not only a sweeping view of dark heads, black eyes, and vitally vivid hair-bows (oh, the colors those children choose for their bodily decoration!), but also where she can glimpse through the window a bit of peach orchard, flowering pale pink and 'Japanesey' against the blue New Mexican sky. Out of doors all is sunshiny, blue, and full of peace — inside, the same quiet spirit lies, even if the colors are too vivid and full of edge. Josephina, at sixteen very womanly and self-reliant, sits at the leader's desk, conducting Sunday afternoon services, and the only teacher in the room is my humble self, selected because of my ability to 'read so queek at the sight'! I feel again the worn organ-keys beneath my fingers, and hearing once more the sweet, musical voices rise in full chorus, I smile tenderly at the words 'Da-a-y ees dy-y-eeng eentha West!' True, the organ wheezed; Carlota did whisper over often; Julianita would forget to sing, in her envious admiration of Consuela's new, new hair-bow of magenta-and-green plaid; and someone occasionally droned along in weird monotone. But what mattered such mere details? Happiness filled the room like a perfume, and love of singing breathed in every note, shone in every pair of great dark eyes. Afterward, till suppertime, we walked arm in arm, girls and teachers, beneath the big cottonwood trees, watching the brilliant sunset, and the fairy lights of rose and mauve and palest green suffusing the eastern mountains — that austere range called 'Sangre de Cristo,' which watches over the little city at its foot-hills, and guards the mission school too, where dark-eyed disciples of 'the blood of Christ' are gathered from plaza and cañon, from hillside and desert land, to learn the beauty of the song of life.

So, again, thank you for the December *Atlantic*, and the memories it brought.

* * *

We beg to announce that, in compliance with many requests, Mr. Gordon Snow's 'Reflections of a Draft-Board Man' has been reprinted from the August (1918) *Atlantic*, and may be obtained at this office at the rate of 10 cents for single copies, or \$5.00 per hundred.



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1919

COMMONPLACES IN BUZULUK

BY JOHN RICKMAN

I

FROM the time of the great Revolution in February, 1917, until the end of April, 1918, it seemed to us in Buzuluk that, whatever might happen elsewhere, there was no possibility of war in our part of Russia. The Bolsheviks, apparently owing to orders from headquarters in Moscow, were trying to raise an army of several thousand men in the Buzuluk Department. Some said that it was necessary to have the Bolshevik force, in order to keep down the Cossacks of Orenburg and Uralsk. Owing to the secrecy which the Bolsheviks maintained by the censorship of telegraphs and newspapers, and owing to the mental confusion which seemed to exist in the minds of most of the people, the idea of the possibility of a Cossack uprising passed from our minds. Meanwhile, from various causes, among the most important of which were the high wages and good food given to the troops, the Bolsheviks were able to raise a fair collection of not very serious-minded, but, so far as we could judge at that time, not bloody-minded, young men, who enlisted in the Red Guard. The number of prisoners of war who joined up was comparatively large, and we thought that they for the most part were driven into the Red Guard by hunger.

In the last week in April we heard with great surprise of a skirmish that had taken place between the Cossacks of Orenburg and our Red Guard. The people regarded this more as a brawl than as a serious battle. The next we heard of any disturbance was a rumor that the Cossacks had found sixty of the Red Guard asleep while guarding a bridge. The bodies of the victims, in some cases decapitated, in others limbless, were dumped in a large field, to be then sorted out and buried by relations. This action filled the Red Guard with fear and immediately made them terrorists. They set up martial law, and took immediate possession of the railway, bridges, and roads. At that time trains were running freely to Samara, and even to Orenburg (with permission of the Cossacks). We all expected the affair to blow over; but toward the middle of May we began to hear disconcerting rumors that there was to be an uprising, and the Cossacks were to be overthrown. At that time the Germans, we were told, had commercial occupation of Saratoff, and we expected that they would give assistance to the Cossacks.

In the third week in May we were startled to hear that the great bridge over the Volga at Suizran had been captured by some rebel prisoners of war

called Czechs, who, we were told, were pro-Ally and pro-Russian. At first we thought that the Czechs had captured Suizran from the Germans, but later we heard that their enemies were the Bolsheviks, and that real civil war had broken out in earnest. The railroad service to Samara was suspended. The trains ran as far west as Kinel and as far east as Totskoe. Within two days we heard that Samara had fallen. Both Czecho-Slovaks and Cossacks had spies and agents in our community, who kept us supplied with information. We heard circumstantial accounts of the fall of Samara, and were told that soon Buzuluk would fall as easily into their hands.

For five weeks we were 'cut off from the outside world.' In the meantime we heard rumors of the wonderful success which followed the Czecho-Slovaks in their military operations. Kinel fell into their hands, and very slowly, day by day, a few more miles of the railroad line between Kinel and Buzuluk would be captured by the Czechs. A few of the Red Guard were posted in the outlying villages, and we heard, though it is doubtful, that in Loobimovka they were disarmed by the peasants they were sent to protect. In more villages they were disarmed by the Cossacks, who carried off their rifles and gave the soldiers a flogging.

The Cossacks did not proceed against us from Orenburg. During these five weeks the nerves of the Red Guard became severely shaken. Rumors reached us that the Czecho-Slovaks were executing Bolshevik commissars and the heads of civil government. The Commissar of War for the Buzuluk Department issued orders of which this is a type:—

HEADQUARTERS, BUZULUK-URALSK
FRONT

COMRADES IN ARMS

You must remember that we are engaged in a serious military campaign. The whole

of the military and civil population must be mobilized to a war-footing. I have been distressed to see that my comrades in arms, as well as the civil population, have not realized the seriousness of the situation. . . . I strictly order that the munitions of war shall be used solely for military purposes. *There is to be no shooting of sparrows*, and no random shooting at night. Every comrade is to account for every cartridge used.

COMRADE COMMISSAR OF WAR.

The terms of martial law stated that no one was to leave his home or to be on the streets of Buzuluk between the hours of 5 P.M. and 5 A.M., and yet we saw notices of evening promenades, which were well attended. In their endeavor to obtain transport, the Red Guard without notice one day requisitioned some horses and carts from the peasants who were proceeding to Buzuluk with market-produce. News of this spread rapidly among the peasantry in the outlying districts, who, after this, became afraid to take their farm-produce into the town. As a consequence, the town went without dairy products and fresh vegetables for several weeks. The peasantry did not associate these high-handed actions with Bolshevism: they blamed chiefly the Red Guard; and when the Red Guard, after due notice, made legitimate requisitions on the villages for men and horses, the peasantry, so far as they were able, refused to comply. Notices such as the one given below, which was posted in the railroad station at Buzuluk, were widely distributed:—

FELLOW CITIZENS

Fight for your land! The enemy is attacking us, and he will take from you lands which you have grabbed from the rich — and so forth.

The peasants were unmoved by these notices, because they did not believe that the enemy was doing any-

thing but fight against the Bolsheviks; and rumors propagated by Cossack and Czech agents assured the people that in the territory of Czech occupation the peasants were better treated than in that occupied by Bolsheviks.

On Sunday, the 23rd of June, we heard from up the railroad line a noise which we took for thunder. In the evening, as the noise continued fairly persistently, we concluded that it must be guns. Prudence directed that two of us should pack our knapsacks with portable provisions and barest necessities. Next morning all was quiet, and several of the party had made arrangements for that evening to go to the monastery orphanage, which lay at the foot of the hills on the other side of the river, to see about our relief work there.

II

Buzuluk under the old régime was a military centre on the Tashkent Railroad. In the town were barracks capable of holding during the winter about ten thousand soldiers (more than one-third of the population of the town). It also had magazines, stores, and several batteries of field artillery. Traversing the department from east to west ran the railroad; and from north to south a large and important military highway connecting Uralsk with Biuguloslán. Measuring in each case from the centre of the town, the railroad station lay about one and a half miles to the south; half a mile to the north ran the river Samara, a stream swift enough to make its passage by swimming difficult, deep enough to inconvenience cavalry, and with such wide, sandy shores on one side as to offer least protection to any force trying to cross it. On the other side, the banks were for the most part wooded and parallel to the river; and some distance from it, screened by trees, was one of the best

roads in the district. Beyond the road low hills rose to the height of two hundred to three hundred feet, in places wooded to the top, in others bare. These hills were cut by numerous gullies, and down some of these gullies ran roads from the villages on the table-land above.

The Samara River was crossed by one large iron bridge just opposite the town. The bridge and causeways which led up to it were exposed on either side to possible machine-gun fire. When we first heard firing we expected that the attack would come along the railroad and that the Bolsheviks would keep control of the hills and the bridge. From our point of view the importance of this lay in the fact that the orphanage and the centre of our work in the town of Buzuluk would remain in the same hands.

On the Monday evening, about seven o'clock, Mrs. R—, Mr. K—, and the writer set out in a peasant's cart to cross the bridge on our way to the monastery orphanage. On the causeway that led up to the bridge we were stopped by the guard, who demanded to see our passports. We handed him letters of identification and recommendation, which we had received from the Bolshevik authorities. The guard at the bridge consisted of a group of about twenty men. Our arrival drew most of them away from their camp-fire, and the group closed around us, some carrying hand-grenades or revolvers, some carrying bread, some carrying both. They asked us who we were, what uniforms we wore, and why we wished to cross the river.

We explained briefly the work we had been doing in the district for the last two years; but they appeared not to have heard of it and to disbelieve us. One man said that we were foreigners importing foreign gold to aid the Cossacks. As he said this, we heard rifle-

shots on the other side of the river, and the whiz of bullets. Almost immediately a horseman galloped over the bridge and cried out in a voice husky with fear, 'I have been shot at by the Cosacks!' This produced consternation in the group that was surrounding us. They darted about like ants in a nest that has been disturbed. A few stayed by us and, calling us spies, recommended their comrade, who acted more as a chairman of committee than as officer commanding, to have us shot. He seemed in doubt as to what to do. Eventually he handed us over to a guard of four older and steadier men, and giving them our papers and a penciled note to the Comrade Commissar of War, directed that we should be taken to the military prison.

The four men of our guard seemed to be glad of an excuse to get away from a military outpost that appeared to be getting dangerous; consequently they were genially disposed toward us. We three sat in a peasant's cart, and beside us were placed hand-grenades with the safety catch slipped off—ready for immediate use. The four guards sat at the four corners of this cart dangling their legs over the edge, with their rifles and bayonets pointing into the air. We passed in the street many of our friends, who recognized us, but dared not show it lest perchance they should be called to account.

We arrived at the headquarters of the Bolshevik army on the Buzuluk front. At the same time that we arrived, there also came several Tartars who had been caught at another bridge some ten miles up the river. We asked to see the Comrade Commissar of War, but were told that he had disappeared and had not been heard of for two days. His work was being done by his secretary, a very capable married woman of about thirty. The Tartars' case was taken first. She explained to them that

the memorandum which had been sent up from their place of captivity had ordered that they were to be put in prison until they were sentenced by the Commissar of War. She regretted that it did not lie in her power to release them at once. The quiet Tartar farmers burst into tears and asked her if she could not extend to them any mercy. One of the sentries of the Red Guard standing in the room went up to one of them and said in a gentle voice, 'Never mind, dad. It will only be for a day or two, and the prison is not bad, and the food is quite good.' So they were led out and everyone in the room felt sorry for them.

Our turn came next, but the secretary was interrupted by several small matters. A shell, I think the first, came into the town and burst not far from the building. The secretary's charming little daughter, of about nine, who had been all the time in one of the big leather armchairs, took her mother by the arm and said, 'Oh, mother, do come to the window and see what a huge hole it has made!' Mother and daughter looked. Then some great, rough country boys of the Red Guard began to question the secretary about some small points. She answered them or put them off with admirable tact and decision. In the meantime another shell had fallen farther up the street, and the daughter said, 'Mother, do come to the window and watch them as they arrive.'

The secretary turned to us and, lighting a cigarette, read our papers and the penciled memoranda that had been sent up from our place of capture. She said, 'I am very sorry, but I am quite unable to release you. This is a matter for the Commissar, and he has gone. And yet I don't quite like to put you in prison. You say that you have been doing philanthropic work, and I quite believe you. If you can produce some

evidence which I may keep, I will release you on parole. You must stay in your house, however, and I will send a man to guard it.'

We had then to produce satisfactory evidence. Mr. K—— turned round in his chair and looked at the sentries in the room, who were sitting on the tables, rolling cigarettes, gossiping, playing cards, or reading. One man came to us, and Mr. K——, recognizing him, said, 'You searched our house last November. Did you find anything compromising in it?' The man replied, 'I know you at 27 Orenburg Street. You have been doing philanthropic work these two years past for refugees.' The secretary considered that conclusive, and we were ordered by her to proceed home at once. Our friends among the civil population, seeing us this time without a guard, did not fail to recognize us and let their recognition be known.

That evening at about nine o'clock a horseman rode through the town telling everyone that all doors and windows must be fastened, and that anyone seen on the streets would be shot at sight. There would be no exceptions, no excuses taken. The day and night were baking hot, and the stuffiness of that closed-up house seemed far worse to us than shells. On Tuesday morning at about 4 A.M. we were all wakened by what seemed to be an earthquake. The Bolsheviks had planted a battery about a hundred and fifty yards up the street, and it had begun action. Immediately following the explosions of the artillery was the *tut-tut-tut-tut* of a machine-gun, which was mounted on a wooden tower about a hundred yards away. Firing continued from these two points intermittently for several hours. There was almost continual firing at these two points for more than a day. Every now and then we heard little bursts of rifle-fire, either in the street

or by the bridge, which was about a quarter of a mile away. We came to the conclusion that the Cossacks or the Czechs must have taken possession of the hills on the Monday afternoon, and had mounted guards there and were shelling the town and the railroad station. About nine o'clock we heard that it was forbidden for anyone to light domestic fires lest, should a house be struck by a shell, there would be a serious conflagration.

We heard that the Red Guard were 'combing the town for counter-revolutionists.' In one instance a family well known under the old régime had taken refuge in the cellar; one of the Red Guard stood at the cellar-door and said, 'I shall throw in hand-grenades until —— comes out.' The person referred to came out at once, and was shot down with a revolver. In another case the soldiers went into the house of another family which, because of its prominence under the old régime, was believed to be counter-revolutionary. They demanded that certain young men who had been army officers should be handed over, or else their addresses given. The young men had not been heard of by their family for days; accordingly, as the information was not forthcoming and as the family was unable to deposit a money security by way of bail, an old man and his wife and two younger women relations of these officers were marched into the out-house and there shot.

About midday eighteen young men of the Red Guard, armed with rifles, revolvers, hand-grenades, swords, and bayonets, came into our yard, drew their revolvers, and 'covered us.' They said that as they walked down the street someone had shot at them, and they were going to search the premises. Several houses shared our large back yard, and they reserved ours till last. The young men scattered, and darted in

and out of the houses, cellars, and stables like mice blinded by the sunlight. Our house was completely dark because shutters and doors were tightly closed. I opened our back door and said, 'Now you want to search our rooms.' Going from the bright sunlight into the doorway seemed like stepping into a gloomy cavern. One of the soldiers said, 'All right, but you go first.' I believe he was really afraid of being surprised, because, though I went in and began to light candles, he never got beyond the doorway. Mrs. R——, Miss W——, and Miss P—— stood in the middle of the yard while the young men of the Red Guard walked round them rather sheepishly, not knowing quite what to do under the circumstances, yet not quite liking to do nothing. Eventually they put up their revolvers and stood in the corner, with trembling fingers trying to roll and light cigarettes; every shell made them jump.

Mr. K——, being our best linguist and the head of the party, was personally conducting several young men through our storeroom. They found one pile of cases that reached nearly to the ceiling. 'Ammunition!!' 'No,' said K——, 'not ammunition. They are cases of milk.' This sounded like such an outrageous lie that one of the young men raised his rifle and said, 'Whoever heard of milk in boxes!' Mr. K—— said, 'Wait a minute, let me get a box and show you.' So he lifted down one of the boxes and pried open the lid. 'You lied! They are hand-grenades.' 'No, they are tins of milk.' And taking the tip of a bayonet, he offered to spike one of them to show the milk inside. They would not let him do this. At last one of them said, 'Well, I guess it is all right. I have heard they have milk in tins in America.' The whole party then collected in the yard, and after another warning

that if any of us were seen on the street we would be immediately shot, they filed out and continued their search elsewhere.

About five minutes later we heard a shot in the house just over the way and soon a cart drove out of the yard carrying the dead body of a boy of about eighteen; he had been shot for impertinence. His mother accompanied the body.

When the bombardment became more severe, and the enemy seemed to be getting the range of the battery posted just up our street, we deemed it prudent to take to the cellar. Our cellar was a very big one and housed about fifty people: two Armenians, several Jews, two or three Greeks, one or two Poles, some Lithuanians, two or three prisoners of war, some peasants, small shopkeepers, a woman dentist and her Austrian assistant, a Ukrainian doctor, and, among the medley, ourselves. Each family brought its own mattresses, a trunk or two, and, most precious of all, its holy images — heirlooms or specially blessed ikons received on the wedding-day. Before the images, which were placed against the wall on trunks, burned little tapers, so that our cellar came to look like the crypt of the Church of the Saviour in Tzarskoe Selo on a festival. Before the holy images little groups were kneeling, murmuring prayers.

In the afternoon the house in the next block was hit by a shell, and burned down almost immediately. Toward nightfall the bombardment became lighter, so we decided to sleep in the house, though many of the cosmopolitan crowd preferred the cellar. Next morning, about four o'clock, the battery just up the street opened fire again. The enemy on the hills seemed to have got its range more accurately, for we heard the shells pass over, whereas before many of them had fallen

short. At about six o'clock street-fighting began. Then we knew that the Czechs were actually in the town. For a few minutes the machine-gun which was posted just outside our front door was playing down the street. It was soon moved on toward the station and its place taken by a lean and weary soldier, a prisoner of war, a Magyar, who probably had joined the Red Guard because nowhere else could he get sufficient food. While he stood at the cross-roads, a bullet struck the hand-grenades in his belt, and he died horribly.

About half-past seven in the morning we ceased to hear firing in our street, though there was a terrible din by the station and at the bridge-head. When standing at our front door for fresh air, we saw three soldierly young men strolling down the pavement, carrying their rifles by the sling, wearing their shrapnel helmets somewhat tilted back on their heads. From their quiet bearing and their easy gait, we saw that this army had been recruited from a very different source from that of our recent defenders. They told us quietly that they were Czechs. They seemed shy, and aware of the fact that they had a professional relationship to us, and that their professional work was disagreeable and not yet done.

At eight o'clock Mr. K—, Miss P—, and the present writer drove in a cart to some refugee quarters of the town. It showed bad organization on the part of the Czechs and Cossacks that, though the former had occupied the town for nearly an hour, they continued to sweep the streets with shrapnel from their own guns on the hills. We drove up to the first officer that we met, and explained our proposed work. He gave us a convoy. In the refugee quarters we found two slight cases of injury, — nothing more on the surgical side, — but calls on all sides for tinc-

ture of valerian, the universal favorite among Russians, lay and professional, in any time of emotion. After finishing our medical work at the refugee quarters, we were convoyed home.

A young Czech with us had heard us question the refugees at the barracks and seemed shy. I remarked to him, 'You Czecho-Slovaks will be taking a great many prisoners in proportion to your numbers.' He replied, 'We don't take prisoners.' We could hardly believe our ears. We asked him to say it again because we could not have understood. 'Well,' he said, 'of course we pick out Magyars and Germans.' We asked him what they did with the Russians. He said, 'That depends on circumstances.' We told him that, if there were any Czechs wounded whom we could assist by personal attention or with drugs or dressings, we should be glad to do so; but we also told him that we could have nothing to do beyond that with an organization which behaved in such an inhuman way. He shrugged his shoulders and said, 'It is war.'

Street-fighting continued in patches for an hour or so, then all was quiet. By half-past ten notices were posted in the streets, signed by the Military Commandant of the town, saying that that afternoon there would be an election for mayor and council. I was told that the phraseology of these notices was that in use under the old régime, and that the inhabitants remarked privately that it was reactionary and no good would come of it. It would not be fair to say that the public sentiment in the town in those first few hours of Czech occupation was divided in favor of or against the new order. The superficial observer might be inclined to think, if he confined his attention to the streets and cafés, that rejoicing at the new order was widespread and profound. The rich came out in pretty

dressess for the first time in many months. Gay sunshades and silks for the first time that year distinguished rich from poor; and we who had come to think that a charm lay in everybody wearing fustian, realized that more was in the change than showed on the surface. We who had been working with the recent government, striving for improvement in hospitals, schools, and the courts, wondered what had become of our associates in this service, who had held positions under successive governments and who had been retained owing to the approval of the people and the manifest zeal and ability of the men themselves. The rumor which seemed authentic, and which had preceded the arrival of the Czechs, that all people connected with the Bolshevik government in whatsoever capacity would be shot, had the effect of driving out of the district and from their posts many who had served us well. Others had fled with the retreating Bolshevik armies, so that we were deprived of our best, as well, perhaps, as of our worst, administrators. We common people felt, almost to a man, that the government had got into the hands of 'reactionaries.'

About noon Cossacks rode through the streets and were received with ovations by the wealthy, while the masses shuddered. Miss K—— A——, a Russian girl who has lived and worked with us for two years, and in whose integrity we have implicit trust, told us that she saw a Cossack driving a cartload of headless bodies through the street. Where they were buried, we do not know. I searched for them among the hundreds of Bolshevik bodies which were piled in a field for identification by the relatives. In the afternoon there was a service of thanksgiving in our parish church, attended by the Cossack and Czech officers, and by the mayor and council (though no one

could tell me who had appointed these last officials); and the church offered up prayers and thanksgiving because it had been reëstablished by the government and the country had got rid of the enemy, and law and order had been restored. While the service was going on, the bodies of the Bolshevik soldiers lay in a field by the station, and many of their relatives dared not come to look for them because they were afraid that the new government might identify them with the Bolshevik government which had passed away.

On Thursday morning, twenty-four hours after the town had fallen into the hands of the Czechs, while walking to the refugee barracks to look at the two patients who had been injured, I was arrested by the Czechs on suspicion of being a German spy. A small party of Cossacks was nearby, so the Czechs handed me over to them. I was taken to the station. On the way there I began talking to my guard, asking them if they were Uralsk Cossacks. They said it was none of my business. I replied that it very soon might be, because if there were any such among their number, I would call on them to identify me, for I was well known in the Sobelova region.

I was taken into a little room in the station, and while waiting there heard shots on the other side of the wall in the little courtyard outside. I said to my guard, 'You do not mean to say that there is fighting still in this station?' He replied, 'No, there is no fighting. We are shooting our prisoners and spies.' I said, 'Do you try them at this station?' He replied, 'Yes, you will see the officer in a minute or two.' In the minute or two while I waited, several more were tried and shot.

When my turn came, I was ushered into an office by the Cossacks, who stood on either side of me. The officer turned to one of the men and said, 'What

have you brought him here for?' He replied, 'He was handed over to us because he was thought to be a German spy by one of the sentries, and this sentry told me that he thought he recognized the prisoner as having been among the Bolsheviks and one of those who escaped when they were "cleaning up" the town.'

The officer turned to me and said, 'Who are you?'

I replied, 'An Englishman.'

He said, 'Well, now, I know that is not true, because there are no English in this district. We were told quite definitely that there were no Allies in the neighborhood, but that there were many Germans who were trying to pass for Allies.'

I said, 'I am sorry to say that you have been quite misinformed. A party of English has lived and worked in the Buzuluk Department since the summer of 1916. Here is my British Foreign Office passport.'

He refused to look at it and said that he was tired of looking over forged documents. I told him that I could produce within one hour, if he would give me a convoy, four more British Foreign Office passports and their owners, and in addition five Americans with American passports. He said, 'I have no concern with them at all. I am dealing with you, and you only, and all your statements about other passports have nothing to do with me.'

I looked at this differently, so pressed my point. I told him that my passport was issued in September, 1916, that Mr. W——'s was issued in November of that year, Mr. K——'s and Mr. B——'s in the month following; that at the British Embassy in Petrograd the British Red Cross Commissioner had given me a letter of introduction to the head office of the Russian Red Cross, and that I had got a certificate of identification from them; that, owing to

that certificate, I had received from the Provisional Government a free pass to travel with the posting-horses of the district.

He seemed to be very annoyed. I handed him all the papers in question. He would not look at them. He asked me if I had ever been to Germany and when. I gave him a circumstantial account of my traveling in 1914, which he considered extremely suspicious; and when he asked me whether in 1916 I had traveled to Russia *via* Germany, I burst out laughing. He seemed a little bit ashamed of this foolish question, and by way of recovering his dignity, examined my passport. I was particularly desirous that he should not see on it some notes of identification which the Bolshevik government had written on the back. He then ran through the other papers, and after long thought, said I was to go home. I told him that I was not satisfied with this, and demanded more than his mere word that I could go home in safety. He asked what I wanted, and I told him that, as the Czechs were shooting suspected spies without proper trial, I demanded proper protection by a document in his handwriting stating that I would be free to travel about and pursue my business. He demurred for some time, but eventually gave me such a paper as I requested. He then said, 'Good-day, sir!' dismissing me. But I stayed on, and said, 'I want another such paper for my wife.' He said, 'Very well, I will put her name on this.' I answered, 'Her duties and mine lie in separate places, and I must ask for an equal protection for her too.' He gave this almost without demur, and bade me good-day. I told him that it would be necessary for me to ask the rest of the English and Americans to fix some hour by appointment with him for receipt of permits. He seemed anxious not to meet any more English or Americans,

and told me that he would give me then and there permits for all of them, which I told him was an unsatisfactory arrangement.

The same afternoon I was arrested again, but got off without difficulty owing to this permit. As far as I remember, we were troubled no further.

After the outburst of welcome to the Czechs had subsided, public sentiment was kept aflame by governmental activity, which, as many of the people said, looked well on posters and advertisements. The markets were 'free,' the shops were permitted to sell anything at any price to anyone, and the rich felt quite at home again. But the poor grumbled that all this 'prosperity' was very hard on them, and we of the middle class (the professional people) and the peasants and poor people felt that with all this 'order' there would be again a struggle to get a government that did what we common folk wanted. The head of our railroad station, quite one of the biggest officials in our district, had expressed himself in days gone by as anti-Bolshevik. When we asked him what he thought of the new régime, he would neither declare himself in favor of nor against it, and from this we judged that, so far as he was concerned, either the new government did not meet his approval, or, if it did, he was afraid to say so because he realized that public sentiment was against it.

There was a glamour in those first few days of Czech occupation in the mere idea of order. Nearly everyone was a little tired of the excessive waste

of energy and the impatient striving after better things under the Bolshevik government. Nearly everybody we met felt that somehow or other the Bolsheviks were right, but that what we all needed was a change of air, a little holiday, and then we should come back to work refreshed and happy, to take on again the task of developing the physical, spiritual, and mental resources of our country — Russia. In the spring we all realized that Bolshevism, as we then found it in our district, needed to be modified, but people said the change must not be sudden. When we asked how the change was to come about, they replied, by sending up different representatives at each election — wiser men, who were not to be exactly anti-Bolshevik, but would modify the Bolshevik programme by degrees. Above all, they seemed desirous of avoiding sharp conflicts, and dogmatic party programmes.

The triumph of the Czecho-Slovak arms killed Bolshevism for a time, and the new government tyrannized over their thought as forcibly as their predecessors under the Tsar. There was reason to believe that the government thought its hold on the people was secure. The people had tasted freedom and had seen their sons shot in defense of it. To them the professions of the new government sounded mocking. The people had resolved to modify Bolshevism because it was foolish and ill-timed. In the case of the new government, they became embittered because they thought it malignant and selfish, and therefore to be overthrown.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL. I

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CARLETON H. PARKER

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

I

SUCH hosts of memories come tumbling in on me. Fifteen years ago, September 3, 1903, I met Carl Parker. He had just returned to college, two weeks late for the start of his senior year. There was much concern among his friends, for he had gone on a two-months' hunting trip into the wilds of Idaho, and had planned to return in time for college. I met him his first afternoon in Berkeley. He was on the top of a step-ladder, helping to put up an awning for our sorority dance that evening, uttering his proverbial joyous banter to anyone who came along.

Thus he was introduced to me, a Freshman of two weeks. He called down gayly, 'How do you do, young lady?' Within a week we were fast friends, I looking up to him as a Freshman would to a Senior, and a Senior seven years older than herself at that. Within a month I remember deciding that if ever I became engaged I would tell Carl Parker before I told anyone else on earth!

After about two months he was calling one evening with his pictures of Idaho. Such a treat as my mountain-loving soul did have! I have yet the map he drew that night, with the trails and camping places marked. And I said, innocence itself, 'I'm going to Idaho on my honeymoon!' And he said, 'I'm not going to marry till I find

a girl who wants to go to Idaho on her honeymoon!' Then we both laughed.

But the deciding event in his eyes was when we planned our first long walk in the Berkeley hills for a certain Saturday, November 22, and that morning it rained. One of the tenets I was brought up on by my father was that bad weather was *never* an excuse for postponing anything; so when Carl telephoned anon and said, 'Of course the walk is off,' 'But why?' I asked.

'The rain!' he answered.

'As if that makes any difference!'

At which he gasped a little and said, all right, he'd be around in a minute; which he was, in his Idaho outfit, the lunch he had suggested being entirely responsible for bulging one pocket. Off we started in the rain, and such a day as we had! We climbed Grizzly Peak, — only we did not know it for the fog and rain, — and just over the summit, in the shelter of a very drippy oak tree, we sat down for lunch. A fairly sanctified expression came over Carl's face as he drew forth a rather damp and frayed-looking paper-bag — as a king might look who uncovered the chest of his most precious court jewels before a courtier deemed worthy of that honor. And before my puzzled and somewhat doubtful eyes he spread his treasure — jerked bear-meat, nothing but jerked bear-meat. I never had seen jerked anything, let alone tasted it. I was used to the conventional picnic sand-

wiches done up in waxed paper, plus a stuffed egg, fruit, and cake. I was ready for a lunch after the conservative pattern, and here I gazed upon a mess of most unappetizing-looking, wrinkled, shrunken jerked bear-meat, the rain dropping down on it through the oak tree. I would have gasped if I had not caught the look of awe and reverence on Carl's face as he gazed eagerly — and with what respect — on his offering.

I merely took a hunk of what was supplied, set my teeth into it, and pulled. It was salty, very — it looked queer, tasted queer, *was* queer. Yet that lunch! We walked farther, sat now and then under other drippy trees, and at last decided we must slide home — by that time soaked to the skin, and I minus the heel to one shoe. I had just got myself out of the bath and into dry clothes when the telephone rang. It was Carl. Could he come over to the house and spend the rest of the afternoon? It was then about four-thirty. He came, and from then on things were decidedly — different.

How I should love to go into the details of that Freshman year of mine! I shall not go into detail — only to say that the night of the Junior Prom of my Freshman year Carl Parker asked me to marry him, and two days later, up again in our hills, I said that I would. To think of that now — to think of waiting two whole days to decide whether I would marry Carl Parker or not!! And for fourteen and a half years from the day I met him, there was never one small moment of misunderstanding, one day that was not happiness — except when we were parted. Perhaps there are people who would consider it stupid, boresome, to live in such peace as that. All I can answer is that it was not stupid, it was not boresome — oh, how far from it. In fact, in those early days we took our

vow that the one thing we would never do was to let the world get commonplace for us; that the time should never come when we would not be eager for the start of each new day. The Kipling poem we loved the most, for it was the spirit of both of us, was 'The Long Trail.' You know the last of it: —

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do —
But we're back once more on the old trail, our
own trail, the out-trail,
We're down, hull down, on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new!

II

After we decided to get married, and that as soon as ever we could, — I being at the ripe and mature age of, as mentioned, a Freshman of just eighteen years, he a Senior, with no particular prospects, not even sure as yet what field he would go into, — we commenced discussing what we might do and where we might go. Our main idea was to get as far away from everybody as we could and live the very fullest life we could, and at last we decided on Persia. Why Persia? I cannot recall the steps now that brought us to that conclusion. But I know that first Christmas I sent Carl my picture in a frilled high-school-graduation frock and a silk Persian flag tucked behind it, and that flag remained always the symbol for us that we would never let our lives get stale, never lose the love of adventure, never 'settle down,' intellectually at any rate. Can you see my father's face that sunny March day, Charter Day it was, when we told him we were engaged? My father being the conventional, traditional sort who had never let me have a real 'caller' even, lest I become interested in boys and think of matrimony too young. Carl Parker was the first male person who was ever allowed at my home in the evening. He

came seldom, since I was living in Berkeley most of the time, and anyway, we much preferred prowling all over our end of creation, servant-girl-and-policeman fashion. Also, when I married, according to father, it was to be someone, preferably an attorney of parts, about to become a judge, with a large bank-account. Instead, at eighteen, I and this almost unknown, to him, Senior stood before him and said, 'We are going to be married,' or words to that general effect. And — here is where I want you to think of the expression on my conservative father's face. Fairly early in the conversation he found breath to say, —

'And what, may I ask, are your prospects?'

'None, just at present.'

'And where, may I ask, are you planning to begin this married career you seem to contemplate?'

'In Persia.'

Can you see my father? '*Persia?*'

'Yes, Persia.'

'And what, for goodness' sake, are you two going to do in *Persia?*'

'We don't know just yet, of course, but we'll find something.'

I can see my father's point of view now, though I am not sure but that I shall prefer a son-in-law for our daughter who would contemplate absolute uncertainty in Persia in preference to an assured legal profession in Oakland, California. It was two years before my father became at all sympathetic, and that condition was far from enthusiastic. So it was a great joy to me to have him say, a few months before his death, 'You know, Cornelia, I want you to understand that, if I had had the world to pick from, I'd have chosen Carl Parker for your husband. Your marriage is a constant source of satisfaction to me.'

Carl finished his Senior year, and a full year it was for him. He was editor

of the *Pelican*, the University funny paper, editor of the *University of California Magazine*, the most serious publication on the campus outside the technical journals; he made every 'honor' organization there was to make; he and a fellow student wrote the successful Senior Extravaganza; he was a reader in economics and graduated with honors. And he saw me every single day.

I feel like digressing here a moment to assail that old principle — my father, along with countless others, held it so strongly — that a fellow who is really worth while ought to know by his junior year in college just what his life-work is to be. A few with an early developed special aptitude do, but very few. Carl entered college in August, 1896, in engineering, but after a term found that it had no further appeal for him. 'But a fellow ought to stick to a thing, whether he likes it or not!' If one must be dogmatic, then I say, 'A fellow should never work at anything he does not like.' One of the things in our case which brought such constant criticism from relatives and friends was that we changed around so much. Thank God, we did! It took Carl Parker until he was over thirty to find just the work he loved the most and in which his soul was content — University work. And he was thirty-seven before he found just the phase of economic study that fired him to his full enthusiasm — his loved field of the application of psychology to economics. And some would have had him stick to engineering just because he started engineering!

He hurt his knee broad-jumping in his Freshman year at college, and finally had to leave, going to Phoenix, Arizona, and then back to the Parker ranch at Vacaville for the better part of a year. The family was away during that time, and Carl ran the place alone. He returned to college in August, 1898,

this time taking up mining. After a year's study in mining he wanted the practical side. In the summer of 1899 he worked underground in the Hidden Treasure Mine, Placer county, California. In 1900 he left college again, going to the coal-mines of Rossland, British Columbia. From August, 1900, to May, 1901, he worked in four different mines. It was with a considerable feeling of pride that he always added, 'I got to be machine-man before I quit.'

It was at that time that he became a member of the Western Federation of Miners — an historical fact which inimical capitalists later endeavored to make use of from time to time, to do him harm. How I loved to listen by the hour to the stories of those grilling days — up at four in the pitch-dark and snow, to crawl up, with the blessing of a dear old Scotch landlady and a 'pastie,' to his job. He would tell our sons of tamping in the sticks of dynamite, while their eyes bulged. Sometimes it would be an old Vacaville crony who would appear, and stories would fly of those boy times — of the exploits up Putah Creek with Pee Wee Allen; of the prayer-meeting when Carl bet he could out-pray the minister's son, and won; of the tediously thought-out assaults upon an ancient hired man on the place, which would fill a book and delight the heart of Tom Sawyer himself; and how his mother used to sigh and add to it all, 'If only he had *ever* come home on time to his meals!'

One article that recently appeared in a New York paper began, —

'They say of him that, when he was a small boy, he displayed the same tendencies that later on made him great in his chosen field. His family possessed a distinct tendency toward conformity and respectability, but Carl was a companion of every "alley-bum" in Vacaville. His respectable friends never

won him away from his insatiable interest in the under-dog. They now know it makes valid his claim to achievement.'

After the British Columbia mining days, he took what money he had saved and left for Idaho, where he was to meet his chum, Hal Bradley, for his first Idaho trip — a dream of theirs for years. The Idaho stories he could tell — Oh, why can I not remember them word for word? Three and a half months he and Hal were there, — hunting, fishing, jerking meat, trailing after lost horses, — having his dreams of Idaho come true. (If our sons fail to have those dreams!)

When Hal returned to college, the *wanderlust* was still too strong in Carl, and he stopped off in Spokane, Washington, penniless, to try pot-luck. There were more tales to delight a gathering. In Spokane he took a hand at reporting, claiming to be a person of large experience, since only those of large experience were desired by the editor of the *Spokesman Review*. He was given sport, society, and the tenderloin to cover, at nine dollars a week. Since he never could go anywhere without making folks love him, it was not long before he had his cronies among the 'sports,' kind souls 'in society' who took him in, and at least one strong loyal friend, — who called him 'Bub' and gave him much excellent advice that he often used to refer to, — who was the owner of the biggest gambling-joint in town. Spokane was wide open in those days, and 'some town.' It was the society friends who seem to have saved his life: for nine dollars did not go far, even then. I have heard hostesses of those days tell of the meal he could consume. 'But I'd been saving for it all day with just ten cents in my pocket.' I met a pal of those days who used to save Carl considerable of his nine dollars by 'smooching' his wash into his own home laundry.

About then Carl's older brother, somewhat fastidious, ran into him in Spokane. Boyd tells of how Carl insisted he should spend the night at his room instead of going to a hotel. 'Is it far from here?' 'Oh, no!' So they started out with Boyd's suitcase and walked and walked through the 'darndest part of town you ever saw.' Finally, after crossing untold railroad-tracks and ducking round sheds and through alleys, they came to a rooming-house that was 'a holy fright.' 'It's all right inside,' Carl explained. When they reached Carl's room, there was one not over-broad bed in the corner and a red head showing, snoring contentedly.

'Who's that?' the brother asked.

'Oh, a fellow I picked up some place.'

'Where am I to sleep?'

'Right in here — the bed's plenty big enough for three!'

And Boyd says, though it was 2 A.M. and miles from any place, he lit out of there as fast as he could move. Boyd adds, 'I don't believe he even knew that red-headed guy's name!'

The reporting went rather lamely it seemed, however. The editor said it read amateurish, and he felt he would have to make a change. Carl made for some files where all the dailies were kept, and read and re-read the yellowest of the yellow. As luck would have it, that very night a big fire in a crowded apartment house broke out. It was not in Carl's beat, but he decided to cover it anyhow. Along with the firemen he managed to get up on the roof; he jumped here, he flew there, demolishing the only suit of clothes he owned. But what an account he handed in! The editor discarded entirely the story of the reporter sent to cover the fire, ran in Carl's word for word, and raised him to twelve dollars a week.

But just as the crown of reportorial success was lighting on his brow, his mother made it plain to him that she

preferred to have him return to college. He bought a ticket to Vacaville, — it was just about Christmas, — he also purchased a loaf of bread and a can of sardines, and with thirty cents in his pocket, he left for California, traveling in a day-coach all the way. I remember his story of how, about the end of the second day, he coldbloodedly cultivated a man opposite him who looked as if he could afford to eat, and of how the man 'came through' and asked Carl if he would have dinner with him in the diner. The tale of what and how much Carl ordered and the expression and depression of the paying host! It tided him over until he reached home, anyhow — never mind the host!

All his mining experience, plus the dark side of life as contrasted with society, as he saw them both in Spokane, turned his interests into the field of economics. And when he entered college the next spring, it was to 'major' in that subject. May and June, 1903, he worked underground in the coal-mines of Nanimo. In July he met Nay Moran in Idaho, for his second Idaho camping-trip, and it was on his return from this outing that I met him and ate his jerked meat and loved him and never stopped doing that for one second.

III

There were three boys and a girl in the Parker family. Each of the other brothers had been encouraged to see the world, and in turn Carl planned fourteen months in Europe after he should graduate, his serious object being, on his return, to act as Extension Secretary to Professor Stephens of the University of California, who was planning to organize Extension work for the first time in California. By that time we had come a bit to our senses, and I had begun to realize that, since there was no money anyhow to marry on,

and since I was so young, I had better stay on and graduate from college. Carl could have his trip to Europe and get an option, perhaps, on a tent in Persia.

I stopped writing here to read through Carl's European letters and laid out about seven I wanted to quote from: the accounts of three dinners at Sidney and Beatrice Webb's in London — what knowing them always meant to him! They, perhaps, have forgotten him, but meeting the Webbs and Graham Wallas and that English group could be nothing but red-letter events to a young economic enthusiast one year out of college, studying Trade-Unionism in the London School of Economics.

Then there was his South African trip. He was sent out by a London firm, to 'expert' a mine near Johannesburg — after he had cabled five times for it, said firm still sent on no money. The bitter disgust and anguish of those weeks — neither of us ever had much patience under such circumstances. But he experted his mine, and found it absolutely worthless; explored the Veldt on a second-hand bicycle; cooked little meals of bacon and mush round about wherever he found himself, and wrote to me. Meanwhile he learned much, studied the Coolie question, investigated mine-workings, was entertained by his old college mates, mining experts themselves, in Johannesburg. At last he borrowed money to get back to Europe, claiming that 'he had learned his lesson and learned it hard.' About that time he wanted California with a fearful want, and was all done with foreign parts, and claimed that any place just big enough for two suited him — it did not need to be as far away as Persia after all. And finally he came home as fast as ever he could reach Berkeley — did not stop even to telegraph.

I had planned for months a dress I knew he would love, to greet him in. It was hanging ready in the closet. As it was, I had started to retire, — in the same room with a Freshman I was supposed to be 'rushing' hard, — when I heard a soft whistle, our whistle, under my window. My heart stopped beating. I just grabbed a raincoat and threw it over me, my hair down in a braid, and in the middle of a sentence to the astounded Freshman, I dashed out. My father had said, 'If neither of you changes your mind while Carl is away, I have no objection to your becoming engaged.' In about ten minutes after his return we were engaged, on a bench up in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum grounds — our favorite trysting-place. It would have been so foolish to have wasted a new dress on that night. I was clad in cloth of gold for all Carl knew or cared, or could see in the dark, for that matter. The deserted Freshman was sound asleep when I got back — and joined another sorority.

Thereafter, for a time, Carl went into University Extension, lecturing on Trade-Unionism and South Africa. It did not please him altogether, and finally my father, a lawyer himself, persuaded him to go into law. Carl Parker in law! How we used to shudder at it afterwards, but it was just one more broadening experience he got out of life.

Then came the San Francisco earthquake. That was the end of my junior year and we felt that we had to be married when I finished college — nothing else mattered quite as much as that. So when an offer came out of a clear sky from Halsey & Co., for Carl to be a bond salesman on a salary that assured matrimony within a year, though in no affluence, the bottom being all out of the law business and no enthusiasm for it anyway, we held a consultation and decided for bonds and

marriage. What a bond salesman Carl made! Those who knew him knew what has been referred to as 'the magic of his personality,' and could understand how he was having the whole of a small country town asking him to dinner on his second visit.

I somehow got through my senior year, though goodness, how the days dragged! for all I could think of was Carl, Carl, Carl, and getting married. Yet no one — no one on this earth — ever had the fun out of their engaged days that we did when we were together. Carl used to say that the accumulated expense of courting me for almost four years came to \$10.25. He just guessed at \$10.25, though any cheap figure would have done. We just did not care about doing things that happened to cost money. We never did care in our lives, and never would have cared, no matter what our income might have been. Undoubtedly it was the main reason we were so blissful on such a small salary in university work — we could never think at the time of anything much we were doing without. I remember the happiest Christmas we almost ever had was over in the country, when we spent under two dollars for all of us. We were absolutely down to bed-rock that year, anyway. (It was just after we paid off our European debt.) Carl gave me a book — *The Pastor's Wife* — and we gloated over it together all Christmas afternoon! We gave each of the boys a ten-cent cap-pistol and five cents' worth of caps — they were in their Paradise. I mended three shirts of Carl's that had been in my basket so long they were really like new to him, — he'd forgotten he owned them! — laundered them, and hung the trio, tied in tissue paper and red ribbon, on the tree. That *was* a Christmas!

We loved tramping always more than anything else, and just prowling around the streets arm-in-arm, ending perhaps

with an ice-cream soda. Not over cost-ly, any of it. I have kept some little reminder of almost every spree we took in our four engaged years — it is a book of sheer joy from cover to cover. Except always, always the need of saying good-bye — it got so that it seemed almost impossible to say it.

And then came the day when it did not have to be said each time — that day of days, September 7, 1907, when we were married. Idaho for our honeymoon had to be abandoned, as three weeks was the longest vacation period we could wring from a soulless bond-house. But not even Idaho could have brought us more joy than our seventy-five-mile trip up the Rogue River in Southern Oregon. We hired an old buckboard and two ancient, almost immobile, so-called horses — and with provisions, gun, rods, and sleeping-bags, we started forth. The woods were in their autumn glory, the fish were biting, corn was ripe along the roadside, and apples, Rogue River apples, made red blotches under every tree. 'Help yourselves!' the farmers would sing out, or would not sing out. It was all one to us.

I found, along with his every other accomplishment, that I had married an expert camp cook. He found he had married a person who could not even boil rice. The first night out on our trip, Carl said, 'You start the rice while I tend to the horses.' He knew I could not cook — I had planned to take a course in Domestic Science on graduation; however, Carl preferred to marry me sooner inexperienced, than later experienced. But evidently he thought even a low-grade moron could boil rice. The bride of his heart did not know that rice swelled when it boiled. We were hungry, we would want lots of rice, so I put lots in. By the time Carl came back I had partly cooked rice in every utensil we owned, including the coffee-

pot and the wash-basin. And still he loved me!

That honeymoon! Lazy horses poking unprodded along an almost deserted mountain road, glimpses of the river lined with autumn reds and yellows, camp made toward evening in any spot that looked appealing, — and all spots looked appealing, — two fish-rods out, consultation as to flies, leave-taking for half an hour's parting while one went up the river aways to try his luck, one down. Joyous reunion with much or little luck, but always enough for supper — trout rolled in cornmeal and fried, corn on the cob garnered from a willing or unwilling farmer that afternoon, corn bread, the most luscious corn bread in the world, baked camper style by the man of the party, and red, red apples. Eaten by two people who had waited four years for just that. Evenings in a sandy nook by the river's edge, watching the stars come out above the water. Adventures, such as losing Chocolada, the brown seventy-eight-year-old horse, and finding her up to her neck in a deep stream running through a grassy meadow with perpendicular banks on either side. We walked miles till we found a farmer. With the aid of himself and his tools, plus a stout rope and a tree, in an afternoon's time we dug and pulled and hauled and yanked Chocolada up and out on to dry land, more nearly dead than ever by that time. The ancient senile had just fallen in while drinking. And then, after three weeks, back to skirts and collars and civilization, and a continued honeymoon, from Medford, Oregon, to Seattle, Washington, doing all the country banks *en route*. In Portland we had to be separated for one whole day — it seemed nothing short of harrowing.

Then came Seattle and house-hunting. We had one hundred dollars a month to live on, and every apartment we looked at rented for from sixty dol-

lars up, until in despair we took two wee rooms, a wee kitchen and bath, for forty dollars. It was just before the panic in 1907 and rents were exorbitant. And from having seventy-five dollars a month spending money before I was married, I jumped to keeping two of us on sixty dollars, which was what was left after the rent was paid. I am not rationalizing when I say I am glad that we did not have a cent more. It was a real sporting event to make both ends meet! And we did it, and saved a dollar or so, just to show we could. Seattle was quite given to food fairs in those days, and we kept a weather eye out for such. We would eat no lunch, make for the Food Show about three, and nibble at samples all afternoon, coming home well-fed about eight, having bought enough necessities here and there so that our consciences did not hurt. Much of the time Carl had to be on the road selling bonds—we almost grieved our hearts out over that. In fact we got desperate, and when Carl was offered an assistant cashiership in a bank in Ellensburg, Washington, we were just about to accept it when the panic came and the cry was all for retrenchment in banks.

Then we planned farming, planned it with determination. They were too awful — those good-byes. Each got worse and harder than the last. We had divine days in between, to be sure, when we'd prowl out into the woods around the city with a picnic lunch, or *bummel* along the water-front, ending at a counter we knew which produced, — or the man behind it produced — delectable and cheap clubhouse sandwiches. Bond business and business conditions generally in the Northwest got worse and worse. In March, after six months of Seattle, we were recalled to the San Francisco office. Business results were better, Carl's salary was considerably raised, but there were still separations.

IV

On July 3, the Marvelous Son was born, and never was there such a father. Even the trained nurse, hardened to new fathers by years of experience, admitted she never had seen anyone take parenthood quite so hard.

Those were magic days — three of us in the family instead of two, and separations harder than ever. Once in all the ten and a half years we were married I saw Carl Parker downright discouraged over his own affairs, and that was the day I met him down town in Oakland and he announced that he could not stand the bond business any longer. He had come to dislike it heartily as a business; and then, leaving the boy and me was just not worth the whole financial world put together. Since his European experience — meeting the Webbs and their kind — he had a hankering for university work, but he felt the money return so small that he just could not contemplate raising a family on it. But now we were desperate. We longed for a life that would give us the maximum chance to be together. Cold-bloodedly we decided that university work would give us that opportunity and the long vacations would give us our mountains.

The work itself did make its strong appeal, too. Professor Henry Morse Stephens and Professor Miller of the University of California had long urged Carl to go into teaching; and at last we decided that if it meant living on husks and skimmed milk all our days, at least we would be eating what there was to eat together, three meals a day every day. We cashed in our savings, we drew on everything there was to draw on, and on February 1, 1909, the three of us embarked for Harvard — with fifty-six dollars and seventy-five cents excess-baggage to pay at the *dépôt*, such young ignoramuses we were.

That trip east was worth any future hardship we might have reaped. Our seven-months-old baby was one of the young saints of the world — not once in the five days did he peep. We owned the world. And I, who had never been farther from my California home town than Seattle, who never had seen real snow, except our first married Christmas in the Northwest, when we spent four days in the Scenic Hot Springs in the Cascades and skied and sledded and spilled around like six-year-olds! But stretches and stretches of snow! And then just travelling, and together!

And then, to be in Boston! We took a room with a bath in the Copley Square Hotel. The first evening we arrived, Nandy (Carleton, Jr.) rolled off the bed; so when we went gallivanting about Boston shopping for the new home, we left him in the bathtub, where he could not fall out. We padded it well with pillows, there was a big window letting in plenty of fresh air, we instructed the chambermaid to peep at him now and then, and there we would leave him, well-nourished and asleep. (By the time that story had been passed around by enough people in the home town it developed that one day the baby — just seven months old, remember — got up and turned on the water and was found by the chambermaid sinking for the third time.)

Something happened to the draft from the home bank that should have reached Boston almost at the same time we did. We gazed into the family pocketbook one fine morning, to find it, to all intents and purposes, practically empty. Hurried meeting of the finance committee. By unanimous consent of all present we decided — as many another mortal in a strange town has decided — on the pawn-shop. I wonder if my dear grandmother will read this — she probably will. Carl first submitted his gold watch — the baby had dropped

it once and it had shrunken in value thereby in the eyes of the pawn-shop man, though not in ours. The only other valuable we had along with us was my grandmother's wedding present to me, which had been my grandfather's wedding present to her — a glorious old-fashioned breast-pin. We were allowed fifty dollars on it, which saved the day. What will my grandmother ever say when she knows that her bridal gift resided for some days in a Boston pawn-shop!

We moved out to Cambridge in due time and settled at Bromley Court, on the very edge of the Yard. We thrilled to all of it — we drank in every ounce of dignity and tradition the place afforded, and our wild Western souls exulted. We knew no one when we reached Boston, but our first Sunday we were invited to dinner in Cambridge by two people who were ever after our cordial, faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Graham Brooks. They made us feel at once that Cambridge was not the socially icy place it is painted in song and story. Then I remember the afternoon I had a week's wash strung on an improvised line back and forth from one end of our apartment to the other. Just as I hung the last damp garment, the bell rang and there stood an immaculate gentleman in a cutaway and silk hat who had come to call — an old friend of my mother's. He ducked under wet clothes, and we set two chairs where we could see each other, and yet nothing was dripping down either of our necks, and there we conversed and he ended by inviting us both to dinner — on Marlborough Street at that! His house on Marlborough Street! We boldly and excitedly figured up on the way home from it that that one meal had cost more than it cost us to live for two weeks — it honestly did.

We did our own work, of course, and

we lived on next to nothing. I wonder now how we kept so well that year. Of course, we fed the baby everything he should have, — according to Holt in those days, — and we ate the mutton left from his broth and the beef after the juice had been squeezed out of it for him, and bought storage eggs for ourselves, and queer butter out of a barrel, and were absolutely, absolutely blissful. Perhaps we should have spent more on food and less on baseball. I am glad we did not. Almost every Saturday afternoon that first semester we fared forth early, Nandy in his go-cart, to get a seat in the front row of the baseball grandstand. I remember one Saturday we were late, front seats all taken. We had to pack baby and go-cart more than halfway up to the top. There we barricaded him, still in the go-cart, in the middle of the aisle. Along about the seventh inning, the game waxed particularly exciting — we were beside ourselves with enthusiasm. Fellow on-lookers seemed even more excited — they called out things — they seemed to be calling in our direction. Fine parents we were: there was Nandy, go-cart and all, bumpety-bumping down the grandstand steps. I remember again the Stadium, the day of the big track meet. Every time the official announcer would put the megaphone to his mouth to call out winners and time to a hushed and eager throng, Nandy, not yet a year old, would begin to squeal at the top of his lungs, for joy. Nobody could hear a word the official said. We were as distressed as anyone; we, too, had pencils poised to jot down records.

Carl studied very hard. The first few weeks, until we got used to the new wonder of things, he used to run home from college whenever he had a spare minute. At that time he was rather preparing to go into Transportation as his main economic subject; but by the end of the year he knew Labor would be

his love. (His first published economic article was a short one that appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1910, on 'The Decline of Trade-Union Membership.'

We had a tragic summer. Carl felt that he must take his Master's degree, but had no foreign language. Three terrible, wicked, unforgivable professors assured him that if he could be in Germany six weeks during summer vacation, he could get enough German to pass the examination for the A.M. We believed them, and he went, though of all the partings we ever had, that was the very worst. Almost at the last he just could not go — but we were so sure that it would solve the whole A.M. problem. He went third class on a German steamer, since we had money for nothing better. Oh, the misery of that summer! We never talked about it much. He went to Freiburg, to a German cobbler's family, but later changed, since the cobbler's son looked upon him as a provision of Providence sent to practise his English upon. His heart was breaking and mine was breaking, and he was working, working at German (and languages came fearfully hard for him), morning, afternoon, and night, with two lessons a day, his only diversion being a daily walk up a hill, with a cake of soap and a towel, to a secluded waterfall he discovered. He wrote a letter and a post-card a day to the babe and me. I have just re-read all of them, and my heart aches afresh for the homesickness that summer meant to both of us. He got back two days before our wedding anniversary — days like those first few after our reunion are not given to many mortals. I would say no one had ever tasted such joy. The baby gurgled about and was kissed within an inch of his life.

About six weeks later we called our beloved Dr. J—— from a banquet he had long looked forward to, in order to

officiate at the birth of our second, known as Thomas-Elizabeth up to October 17, but from about ten-thirty that night as James Stratton Parker. We named him after my grandfather, for the simple reason that we liked the name Jim. How we chuckled when my father's congratulatory telegram came, in which he claimed pleasure at having the boy named after his father, but cautioned us never to allow him to be nicknamed.

I remember the boresome youth who used to call week in week out, — always just before a meal, — and we were so hard up and got so we resented feeding such an impossible person so many times. He dropped in at noon Friday the 17th for lunch. A few days later Carl met him on the street and announced rapturously the arrival of the new son. The impossible person hemmed and stammered, 'Why — er, when did it arrive?' Carl, all beams, replied, 'The very evening of the day you were at our house for lunch!'

We never laid eyes on that man again! We were almost four months longer in Cambridge, but never did he set foot inside our apartment. Wish someone could have psycho-analysed him — too late now. He died about a year after we left Cambridge. I always felt he never did get over the shock of having escaped Jim's arrival by such a narrow margin.

And right here I must tell of Dr. J——. He was recommended as the best doctor in Cambridge, but very expensive. Carl said, 'We may have to economize in everything on earth but we'll never economize on doctors.' So we had Dr. J——, had him for all the minor upsets families need doctors for, had him when Jim was born, had him through a queer fever Nandy developed that lasted some time, had him through a bad case of grippe I got (it was at Christmas-time; Carl took care of both

babies, did all the cooking, — even to the Christmas turkey I was well enough to eat by then, — got up every two hours for three nights to change an ice-pack I had to have — that's the kind of man he was!), had him vaccinate both young, and then, just before we left Cambridge, we sat and held his bill, scared to open the envelope. At length we gathered our courage and gazed upon charges of sixty-five dollars for everything, with a wonderful note which said that, if we would be inconvenienced in paying that, he would not mind at all if he got nothing. Such excitement — we had expected two hundred dollars at the least! We tore out and bought ten cents' worth of doughnuts, to celebrate. When we exclaimed to him over his goodness, — of course, we paid the sixty-five dollars, — all he said was, 'Do you think a doctor is blind? And does a man go steerage to Europe if he has a lot of money in the bank?' Bless that doctor's heart! Bless all doctors' hearts!

When we left for Harvard we had an idea that perhaps one year of graduate work would be sufficient. Naturally, about two months was enough to show us that one year would get us no place. Could we finance an added year at, perhaps, Wisconsin? And then, in November, Professor Miller of Berkeley

called to talk things over with Carl. Anon he mentioned, more or less casually, 'The thing for you to do is to have a year's study in Germany,' and proceeded to enlarge on that idea. We sat dumb, and the minute the door was closed after him, we flopped. 'What was the man thinking of — to suggest a year in Germany when we have no money and two babies, one not a year and a half and one six weeks old!' Preposterous.

That was Saturday afternoon. By Monday morning we had decided we would go! Thereupon we wrote West to finance the plan, and got beautifully sat upon for our 'notions.' If we needed money, we had better give up this whole fool University idea and get a decent man-sized job. And then we wrote my father, — or rather I wrote him without telling Carl till after the letter was mailed, — and bless his heart! he replied by a fat God-bless-you-my-children registered letter, with check inclosed, agreeing to my stipulation that it should be a six-per-cent business affair. Suppose we could not have raised that money — suppose our lives had been minus that German experience! Bless fathers! They may scold and fuss at romance and have 'good sensible ideas of their own' on such matters, but — bless fathers!

(To be continued)

BRIDGING THE GULF

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there appeared, under the caption 'The Gulf,' a statement of one of the vague, but none the less imperative, problems of war-time, the problem of a divided society. The division in question was not the obvious schism between enemies, but the subtle rift which reappears in every time of war, between the soldier point of view and the civilian point of view. This gulf is an inevitable by-product of all wars; and even with the signing of peace it remains as one of the dilemmas of every period of reconstruction. Since the strain and agony of this war have been, for the soldier, greater than in any previous war, this temperamental gulf and the general social problems which it raises are correspondingly serious.

The initial problem needs no restatement here. It is a contemporary manifestation upon a vast scale of that spiritual schism which always appears in the world when some men live in dire strain and stress while other men live in comparative comfort and security. In each recurring circumstance this contrast and conflict give rise to what Nietzsche once finely called, 'the pathos of distance.'¹

¹ It was Nietzsche who gave us this pregnant phrase, and with the phrase its definition: 'The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply, — it almost determines how deeply men can suffer, — the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and colored, that by virtue of his suffering he knows more than the shrewdest and wisest can

Hundreds of thousands of men are now returning to civilian life from the armies of the modern world, to feel and in turn to make us feel the 'pathos of distance' which separates battlefields in France from Beacon Street, Boston, or the Main Street of Coffeyville, Kansas. The readjustment and reconciliation of the two points of view in a single experience, to say nothing of the history of a nation, is a spiritual problem which few men have seriously anticipated on either side of the gulf.

The prospect that the present schism between the soldier mind and the civilian mind can be overcome by any ingenious 'works' which emanate from the deliberations of well-meaning but unimaginative committees of welcome is very poor. Our instinct for organization, our fertile genius for saving works, may easily lead us astray here. The problem goes deeper than that, and resolves itself at last into the sterner task of a lonely self-discipline of the inner life. So it always has been, so it will be now, as the waiting civilian prepares himself to receive the homecoming soldier. When the two stand face to face again, no perfunctory mechanics of greeting can get across the rift — only

ever know; that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant dreadful worlds of which "you know nothing" — this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathizing hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble; it separates.' — THE AUTHOR.

a penetrating insight which is born of imagination and sympathy.

In the moment of initial reunion it is more than probable that the presence of this subtle gulf will not be felt. The gladness of the returning on the one side and the genuineness of the welcome and homage on the other side will obliterate, for the time being, the rift which the War has set between the two. The first mutual greetings will seem to be a re-affirmation of the old unity of the common life.

But sooner or later, because the reactions of human nature to experience are reasonably reliable, a difference in the point of view must make its appearance. The first American draft took from a little village in Vermont seventeen of her sons. Before they went away to the wars, thirteen of those boys had never slept a night away from home in all their lives. It is not within the bounds of possibility that the intervening years should leave those boys unchanged. Life in the Vermont village must forever afterward be judged from a different angle. It must be tested on the touchstone of Château-Thierry and the Argonne Forest, which is of sterner stuff than the innocuous domesticities of the daily round in the Green Mountains. Which is the real world, which is the better world, may be an open question; but for these homecoming men, and for those who welcome them, there must be, in the years immediately to come, the consciousness and the collision of two very different worlds in place of the former platitude of one world.

Every troop-train, therefore, lumbering back to the Channel ports with its freight of khaki, every west-bound transport on the North Atlantic in mid-winter, is a symbol of this 'pathos of distance,' a great question-mark set against all the conventions of home.

These men are returning to the Allied

homelands as the incarnation of victorious democracy. But, of themselves, they are also the substance of a new spiritual aristocracy. The bluest blood in the veins of the civilian Brahmin is not half so blue, to-day, as the blood in the veins of the humblest 'Wop' or 'Dago' or 'Nigger' in the A.E.F., who has seen hard service at the front. Moral aristocracies are an inevitable by-product of every time of intense living. And not even the fresh vindication of the democratic principle can blind our eyes to the new-born aristocracy of men who are coming back to civilian life 'with the chilling certainty, with which they are thoroughly imbued and colored, that by virtue of their suffering they know more than the shrewdest and wisest of us civilians can ever know, because they have been familiar with and at home in many distant dreadful worlds of which we know nothing.' Something more than the cracker-barrel philosophy of the Vermont grocery store; something more than the platitudes which pass across mahogany desks of First National Banks or overflow oak pulpits in orthodox churches, will be needed to overcome the 'pathos of distance' between the two worlds. The problem of the readjustment of the spiritual aristocrat to the 'many-too-many' who make up his easygoing democratic environment, is always hard. But never was the task of reconciliation harder than now. In the welter of problems which are rolling on the shores of peace-time, like a ground-swell after storm, none bulks bigger and more imperious than this.

II

In his absence civilians have told one another that the soldier will not come back the same man he went. He will be changed. But how he will be changed, we really do not know. Every effort to

forecast the change is tinged by our own point of view. We read into the expected change the particular creeds and codes which are still dear to us. And then we read them out again, with the sanctions of the soldier to give them new validity. Are we Tories? Then the soldier will come back from the wars cured of all the seductions to radicalism and pledged to a life of dogged conservatism. Are we rebels? Then the soldier will have been infected by the virus of revolt and will return a sworn 'Red.' Are we sectarians? Then the soldier's experience will have taught him the truth of our dear dogmas, and he comes to take his place in our choirs to chant our creeds.

To this whole natural tendency on the part of the civilian to read into the soldier's life our favorite creeds and then read them out again with the *imprimatur* of his experience, the soldier himself seems to take candid and often brutal exception. He does not propose to be monopolized or exploited by any civilian point of view. If he is not always gentle with us in his effort to disillusion us, this is because he must make us realize, at whatever cost to our complacency, at what price he has bought his new and hard-won moral independence.

It was a British officer who had won the M.C., and who therefore had the right to speak, who not long ago rebuked the facile civilian gift for prophecy about the changes in the soldier's character.

The Bishop tells us: 'When the boys come back They will not be the same; for they'll have fought

In a just cause: they lead the last attack
On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
New right to breed an honorable race.
They have challenged Death and dared him to
the face.'

'We're none of us the same,' the boys reply.
'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone
blind;

Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find
A chap who's served who has n't found *some*
change.'
And the Bishop said, 'The ways of God are
strange.'

Lines like these, and they have not been uncommon from the trenches, are not an indictment of the soldier; they are not even an indictment of war. They are an indictment of the civilian habit of using the soldier as fresh laboratory material for the dissecting-rooms of theology and politics.

What makes the soldier, on the further side of the 'pathos of distance,' resent the civilian aptitude for moral diagnosis of his experience, is the fact that he does not even understand himself, and therefore he suspects our proffered helps to a better self-knowledge. He has not hesitated to tell us that throughout his own experience he has been bewildered and 'inarticulate.' He understands clearly neither his world nor himself. He knows only that he has been living intensely. And he feels vaguely that the proffered systems of religion and politics and economics by which the civilian would help him to self-knowledge are not founded on a discipline as drastic as his own.

Systems, whether theological or sociological, are always the product of a reflective epoch in experience, once removed from the engrossing business of living. They are the output of intellectual 'luxury trades.' For the business of fighting they represent a non-essential industry. The life of the soldier would seem to have been preoccupied with the stern business of bare existence, when life is reduced to its lowest denominators. And the soldier has had neither time nor inclination to take that mental step once removed from life, to indulge in the second-hand business of reflecting upon life.

The London *Lancet* recently con-

ducted an extensive questionnaire into 'The Essential Characteristics of Successful and Unsuccessful Aviators.' The answers to the questionnaire from over six hundred flying men revealed the fact that the one universally recognized requisite for successful flying was the absence of introspective and imaginative bents of mind. This item recurs with precise and methodical regularity. 'Not too much imagination' — 'Very little imagination' — 'Lacking in imagination' — 'Must have no imagination.' Airmen seem to depend on the intuitive reactions of the mind rather than on its reflective processes, for safety and victory. To philosophize in an aeroplane, to draft the platform for a coming Utopia or to rewrite the Nicene Creed in the middle of a spinning nose-dive, with a German overhead, would seem, even to the stolid civilian whose feet are still glued to the ground, a work of dubious supererogation.

What is true of the airman seems to be true in lesser degrees of all men in the other branches of the service. Their lot has been cast with facts. Their life has depended, not on their ability to force any rigid system upon the facts, but rather on their infinite adaptability to fact. What they bring back from their experience, therefore, is what contact with fact always first begets, a certain mental pliability rather than a rigid system. Youth's asset in war is more than physical, it is also psychological. The very absence of the reflective frame of mind, which is the luxury of maturity, gives to youth its advantage over age in the trenches.

Those of us, therefore, who are waiting on the dock to greet the home-coming soldier with a system, have missed the one important truth about his inner history. For the Nicene Creed, High Tariff, Single Tax, and Bolshevism, are, for better and for worse, all of them systems, which are once removed

from the engrossing business of living. And because the soldier mind has not been able to remove itself from the primary business of living, it returns to us, so far as systems are concerned, almost a *tabula rasa*. The old systems are gone. No new systems have been fabricated to take their place.

If a man has been a good soldier, he has 'carried on' without the buttress of any system. He has not even troubled to investigate the remoter implications of his own act, either for himself or for his world. A 'Camel' or a 'Fatima' has been worth ten volumes of sociology. His Egeria in his celibate world has not been a highly idealized Columbia. But for him a certain 'K-k-k-katy' has been the 'blessed damozel' who has leaned out from the golden bar of heaven and waved him her heartening cheer. Not that the soldier is wanting in a fine religious and political idealism, but that, for the moment, 'K-k-k-katy' at the kitchen door has been a more concrete and plausible incarnation of democracy than a highly systematized Goddess of Liberty. The civilians with their systems are born Platonists. The soldier is an Aristotelian. For better or worse, he has had to live with concrete facts.

III

Something of this sort, then, constitutes the initial task for those who, on the civilian side of our modern 'pathos of distance,' are seriously concerned to bridge the gulf: some perception that we have here the old but always new collision between the two great types of mind.

On the one hand, we have had at home a mind which, under the stress of war and the collision of ideals, has been freshly obsessed with the need for more and better systems in religion and business and politics. The enemy has proved to us the terrible power of a

systematic theology, once a people are indoctrinated with it. After Prussianism no one can ever say again that it does not matter what systems prevail in the world. Von Treitschke and his successors have vindicated the power of the systematic thinker once for all. They all but wrecked the world. And the civilian mind in the Allied countries, in its reaction from the terrible power of a dogmatic system imposed upon the German nation, has seen no duty but the clear duty of offsetting this sinister dogmatism by other and liberal dogmas.

The origins of the war in an evil system of religious and political thought have seemed to demand on our part a reconsecration of the common mind to the business of philosophizing. And so, preoccupied with our new systems, we go to the pier to greet the soldier, in the hope that for the sake of civilization he will countersign our intellectual efforts with the sanctions of his experience.

Yet what greets us is not a mind like our own, but a mind unlike our own — a mind which has been trained to suspect reflection as debilitating if not dangerous. We are greeted with a mind which has no systems, but only a method.

What is needed, then, on the part of the civilian who looks with eager expectancy to the men of the homecoming armies, is not any system of thought, but a frame of mind, a mental and moral method, which meets the soldier's own. The soldier will be reserved. He will make no effort to explain or interpret himself to us. That is the way with aristocrats. We must be willing, for the sake of the common cause, to go all the way to meet him. And we shall meet and know him, not on the basis of any reflective dogmatism about religion or politics or business, but on the ground of a common attitude toward

life, and a common method of meeting the world which is before us. By some solitary inner discipline, one by one, we must be reborn into the processes of the soldier's inner life, if the gulf is to be bridged.

IV

The first characteristic of the soldier-method is a certain mental and moral sincerity. The war seems to have blasted away the superficial insincerities of life among the men who have tasted it in person. They may be frank and even brutal in expression, but they come back to us more honest than they went. They have discovered what Leslie Stephen means when he says of his own progress from orthodoxy to agnosticism, 'When I ceased to accept the teaching of my youth, it was not so much a process of giving up beliefs as of discovering that I had never really believed.' The war seems to have been for the fighting man, not an adventure in aggressive doubt, but simply a pounding to pieces of convention and platitude, of all dogmas which do not rest on the 'fixed indubitable certainty of experience.'

For men cannot triangulate and direct gunfire by impressionistic mathematics. There is no key in the back of the book to assure the gunner in advance of the systematic correctness of his aim. He must trust in one thing alone, the reliability of his method, verifying the method only after the event, by observation. This necessity for trusting the method must reflect upon the whole inner process of life. This military sincerity, an utter naked willingness to face the facts and take all the facts into account, to overlook none, would seem to breed a certain moral attitude toward life, which has as yet no adequate counterpart in the civilian spirit, where men still feel at

liberty to pick and choose the facts which fit their particular system.

There is no sin against Truth so common, and yet so grave, as the sin of picking and choosing facts to fit a theory. There is no spiritual habit which so surely undermines the integrity of thought and conduct as this. It has taken nothing short of a great war to teach men the peril of this process. To face the facts in their confusion, contradiction, and totality is the achievement of a sincere nature.

That is what his life has forced the soldier to do, at whatever expense to the order and decency of his systematic thinking. The average decorous churchgoer would be horrified at the recension of the Creed which a British chaplain says that he has heard, in substance, a hundred times at the front: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, and a trench-mortar has just blown my pal, who was a clean-living lad, to pieces; and God is love, and they crucified the sergeant-major; and peace on earth, good-will to men, and I stuck my bayonet through his belly; and Jesus died to save us from sin, and the Boche has been raping women; and this — war never ends!'

Such a creed may be grossly heretical, but at least it has the merit of utter and naked sincerity, for, soldier-wise, it faces all the facts.

Over fifty years ago Thomas Huxley wrote to Charles Kingsley his confession of faith in the scientific method. 'Sit down humbly before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all costs to do this.' But a half-century of thoroughgoing scientific education has not yet bred a generation to this high faith.

It has been left for the soldier, above all men of our time, to understand what it means to follow facts wherever and to whatever abysses they may lead, and to find peace of mind at the far end of that quest of naked sincerity.

We cannot expect that men who have been perfected by their discipline in the habits of sincerity will look with sympathy and understanding upon the vestiges of old insincerities still lingering in the religion, the politics, and the business of the civilian world. The least suggestion of insincerity will repel the soldier. He will understand only sincere men and sincere institutions. He challenges us, in advance of his returning, to cleanse our mental and moral habits of those insincerities which still pass as the currency of an uncritical orthodoxy and respectability.

A second characteristic of the soldier-method would appear to be the habit of facing reality unafraid. The soldier's fears may not have been cast out by perfect love, but they have been exorcized by a certain triumphant Stoicism. 'Thy friends are exultations, agonies, . . . and man's unconquerable mind.'

In Synge's poignant drama of the west coast of Ireland, *Riders to the Sea*, the old woman, Maurya, comes at last to the time when the sea has robbed her of all her sons, and she says, 'There is n't anything more the sea can do to me now. It's a great rest I'll be having now.' In the same way hundreds of thousands of men have come, in the last four and a half years, to the point where they could say, 'There's nothing more the war can do to me now, nothing worse that life can do to me. And I have found peace beyond fear.'

Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace
there,

But only agony and that has ending:
And the worst friend and enemy is but death.

If the discipline in courage has been brought to this point, the soldier's habit of facing life unafraid will be something more than a physical recklessness: it will have become 'stuff o' the very stuff and life of life.'

The soldier unconsciously will expect from the civilian world a similar habit of facing life unafraid. He will not understand the timidity and apprehension with which so many civilians look upon their time. And the one intellectual and moral policy which will awaken no response in his spirit will be the policy of 'Hush!' We live in a world which, for religion and statecraft, is still filled with stubborn, hostile, and unconquered facts. We know to-day what Paul meant when he set his face toward Western Europe and said, 'A great door and effectual is opened unto me *and* there are many adversaries.' In the very mood of that finely chosen 'and' there is something of the spirit of the soldier. The civilian would have written 'but.'

Is there a hostile fact in our world? Let us not suppress the knowledge of this fact. Let us not evade the fact. Is there a skeleton in the ecclesiastical or political closet? Have the custodians in panic locked the door and thrown away the key? Let us break the door and drag the brute out and have a fair look at him. Are we trembling at the spread of Bolshevism? Let us look the thing in the face. Let us drag out the unlovely facts which breed anarchy the world over; let us look into our mills and mines and counting-houses and see why it is that men see 'red' and turn 'red.' The civilian policy of overcoming obstacles by the incantation of a timid 'Hush!' will awaken no echo in the character of the soldier who has faced the shock troops of Prussia and faced them unafraid. The tangled problems of civilian life will have for him no terror, for his experience has

cast out fear. So the soldier waits and watches to see in us the signs of a spiritual courage kindred to his own.

The absence of these qualities of sincerity and courage in the civilian point of view may well make of the soldier's experience a liability and not an asset for our world of conventions. The failure of the homelands to meet and greet the soldier in something of his own temper might conceivably alienate him from the common mind, so that he should turn critic and not confirmer of the world of things-as-they-are.

V

Moreover the soldier, having learned to face reality sincerely and unafraid, has habituated himself to a life of risk. The last few years have rediscovered to us many of the primitive and unsuspected instincts of human nature. Not the least significant of these instincts, which have been balked rather than transformed by modern civilization, is the instinct of Trial and Error, man's native tendency to 'take a chance.' This instinct, denied its natural expression in a world which prided itself on its safety appliances, found a poor vicarious satisfaction in betting on horse-races or playing the roulette wheel.

But beneath the surface, the slumbering capacity for risk waited its last best time. It is said that toward the close of the war one of the leading British aces, with scores of German planes to his credit, was a young man who in other days had been a draper's clerk in a fashionable shop on Regent Street. Perhaps we underestimate the prior peril and discipline of selling *lingerie* to shoppers on the war-path. But certainly the world would not have suspected, in the person of a draper's clerk, with conventional frock-coat and impeccable top hat, the makings of one of England's most reckless aviators. Yet

smouldering beneath the peaceful avocations of the other days was this universal human vocation to risk.

In many American homes there still linger the memory and tradition of staid young men whom the Civil War turned into wandering soldiers of fortune. Outside the pale of humdrum life these detached uncles and second cousins went their way as rolling stones. They are remembered or mentioned with a gesture of deprecation and regret. But it may be questioned whether the fault was all theirs. Perhaps they could not find in the insipid concerns of the 'Reconstruction' years after the Civil War challenge and opportunity for their capacity for risk.

So again, men returning from France, to a world which is still primarily concerned to 'play the game safe' in business and religion and politics, may well question the validity of the ideal which we offer them, and turn soldiers of fortune like some of the generation before them. For a sea-way swept clear of mines and empty of submarines never can have for the sailor quite the terrible zest of the North Atlantic of the immediate past. And the 'Dago' who returns from the front-line trenches of Northern France will never find digging other trenches for the gas company an adequate moral substitute for his adventure.

A society which persists in placarding its institutions with the legend 'Safety First' will never win the intuitive moral response of the soldier. It is here that Peter Stubland — the latest child of Mr. Wells's genius for criticism — puts his finger on the weakness of so much of our well-meaning pacifist idealism. You'll never get us soldiers, he says, 'to stop cerebrating and making our damndest just in order to sit about safely in meadows joining up daisy chains like a lot of beastly figures by Walter Crane. . . . I have my

doubts of all this talk of making the world safe.'

The business house which offers an investment that is safe, and because it is safe, will make no direct appeal to the soldier. The church which preaches a 'safe creed' cannot expect that the ideal of safety will of itself attract the fighting man. On the contrary, the religion, the business enterprise, and the political platform which involve a plain element of risk will appeal to the still unexhausted capacity for risk which remains after the war. In enterprises of this nature, and not in mechanical imitation of the institutions of militarism as such, must be found those moral equivalents for war after which our time is groping.

In particular there must be an element of risk in the religion and the politics of the next few years, if they are to attract and hold the best soldier spirits. It is because Christianity is still in the making, and the would-be Christian still has to take many a moral chance, and because democracy is as yet an unfinished experiment, that they ought to attract the returning soldier.

And as a conclusion to the whole matter, it is to be noted that the habit of taking risks has generated in the soldier the further habit of selflessness. If you live a life of risk, you must give up thinking primarily of yourself.

It is here that the soldier's life has touched most intimately the austere types of moral idealism. To think of self in action, and to put personal salvation above risk for the cause, is to dally with the sin of treason, for which military law knows no forgiveness. That way lies a court-martial and the shooting squad. That so few men have yielded to the self-preserving instincts in the face of superhuman temptation is in itself one of the moral triumphs of the war. There has been something more at work here than gregarious courage.

There has been a conscious appeal to the profoundest truth of the spiritual life, that to seek to save self is to lose self, while to lose self is to find self at a deeper level.

The civilian world has had rather scant patience with the whole selfless temper of certain types of mysticism. We have re-read the mystics recently, but we have not yet consented to their doctrine of self-denial. The stubborn Anglo-Saxon individualism upon which our society rests, the New England habit of trying to make the most of our selves, has cut the other way. We simply have not understood what the old mediæval saint meant when he said, 'Nothing burneth in hell but self-will. Behold one or two words utter all that can be said: "Be simply and wholly bereft of self!"' It has remained for our soldiers to recover the neglected and the deliberately repudiated element of moral truth in the axioms of the selfless life.

For the rest of us, even during the war, to 'be simply and wholly bereft of self' has 'seared too much the sense of conscious creatures to be borne.' We have insisted upon the saving salt of a legitimate self-interest. The eye of modern ethics has had a perpetual squint toward self.

But the soldier has been taught by his experience what so many of us civilians may still have missed, that salvation, in the profoundest sense of the word, is a thoroughgoing indifference to all self-interest. The chaplains tell us that, while it is true that communicants at the Sacrament usually increased before hard fighting, when the fighting was over the soldiers were half-ashamed of themselves for having yielded to the impulse of self-preservation, even of spiritual self-preservation. A religion which is concerned merely to offer the soldier personal safety, though it be in the eternal realities of the spirit, makes

no permanent appeal to him. What is required is a religion which corresponds with his devotion to the cause, and asks of him selflessness for the sake of God and of his human kind.

So the religious worker on one of our transports, who recoiled in moral disgust from his task, when he found that for the first two thousand miles of the voyage he was expected to be a movie operator, and the last thousand miles, in the submarine danger-zone, a preacher of the elder evangelism, reacted normally to such a conception of the meaning of religion. The ideal of personal salvation, save as an incident in self-dedication to a great cause, makes, and can make, no deep appeal to men who, by the very conditions of their life, are disciplined in daily self-denial.

At the other end of the moral gamut of the time is the 'war profiteer.' That this sinister individual has figured so little in the war, and that his opportunities for selfishness have been reduced by law to a minimum, is one of the cheering aspects of the war. The profiteer in the person of Andrew Undershaft is not so serious a menace as once he was.

The real menace of war-profiteering has been transferred from the munitions factory to those more innocuous institutions which seem vaguely to be hoping that they can capitalize the war for their own purposes, through the person of the returning soldier. Not even the churches, to say nothing of the colleges and political parties, can escape the subtle temptation of the present moment to turn war-profiteers. The problem of the half-empty church, of the moribund political party which never half musters its vote, and of the college which baits its curriculum with alluring electives, is always with us. The institutional eye finds it very hard to overcome the cast of self-interest, a

self-interest which is so often justified by the profession of an ultimate altruism. So, for the sake of the Kingdom of God, the church would capitalize the returning soldier, incidentally filling her empty pews! And the political party, in the name of the country's welfare, would seek the suffrage of the soldier, incidentally to enjoy the perquisites of office! But always between the end and the proffered means there lingers the taint of self-seeking.

The soldier will ask of the institutions which are waiting now to receive him back some touch of the same great self-forgetfulness and self-renunciation which he has achieved. He will ask for churches and parties which dare to lose themselves for the sake of the world they profess to serve. He will see eye to eye with us at home only as we share with him a common point of view, a selfless devotion to great causes. In such a life the soldier has found himself. By such a method in our own liv-

ing, and such only, can we hope to understand him and be reunited with him in a world where his self-knowledge and ours become one.

'The gulf,' then, will never be bridged by 'works,' by any obvious mechanical social structure. In so far as it is really bridged, it must be bridged by that sympathy and imagination in the civilian soul which seeks to understand and reproduce in its own life the inner substance and method of the soldier discipline. The soldier character has been proved and approved. The real testing of the development of civilian character in wartime is yet to come. It comes with the returning soldier, who brings to us no final 'system' on which to try our patiently refurbished creeds, but rather a point of view, an intellectual and moral method. The only tempers of soul which can cross and finally obliterate the gulf are those now incumbent upon the civilian: Sincerity, Courage, Venturesomeness, and Selflessness.

WHEN I READ NAMES OF ENGLAND

BY B. K. VAN SLYKE

WHEN I read names of England

Old as the Druid stones,

I fall into a dream of men

Now but a dust of bones.

Around Tintagel hangs the shroud

Of fame of crumbled kings;

Though Quarley Down is pasture now,

Anciently it sings.

Ambleside and Bow Fell,
St Anne's-on-the-Sea:
The quaintness of an elder day
Imparts their wizardry.
Do they speak out to Englishmen
With strange and haunting notes?
Does long-familiar music still
Tighten the English throats?

If I were a British yeoman
Caught by the spell of a name,
I wonder if Vermont would burn
With Cornwall's primrose flame?
Would there be mystery in these —
Tombstone and Buffalo?
And in Chicago, scarred with wounds
London does not know?

Quarley Down was young once,
Clovelly not at all;
Two thousand years, and Michigan
Will bear the eyes of Saul;
Two thousand years, and one will sigh,
Dreaming over the word,
Michigan! Michigan!
And I shall have heard.

VOYAGE SENTIMENTALE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

THIS morning, December 6, we are approximately one third of the way between New York and the Peace Conference. The exact longitude is not given in the brief report of the day's run, posted on the bulletin board. The latitude varies considerably. It is widest in the immediate neighborhood of several young women from the vaudeville circuits, who are on their way to entertain the boys at the front. But we must not judge too hastily. If you watch them play at quoits on the promenade deck, you think you know what is meant by the freedom of the seas. But last night the tallest and loudest of them sang the 'Marseillaise' in a scarlet gown, and she was France at the Marne. For all of us it is a pity that we are more often detected pitching quoits on the deck of existence than heroically irrigating our native furrows with the impure blood of the invader.

We are on our way to the last act of the biggest show in history. We are one of the last waves which the suck of war has sent lapping from the west against the east. Some of us, one hundred and six I believe, men and women, carry the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. in the red triangle on the right sleeve. They are outbound to do their bit in accordance with the established evangelical tradition. Half a hundred of us have K.C. on the sleeve, and are out to serve the country in the older formulas of Nicaea and Trent. There are two or three with the still older insignia of

David. A few of us are stragglers in the army of newspaper correspondents sweeping forward on Versailles and the pensions of the Place de l'Étoile.

One day ahead of us is a shipload of newspaper men. You wonder. Are they boning up on their French conversation, like our own industrious boys of the Y.M.C.A., going at their task in the spirit of Château-Thierry? *Il fait beau ce matin, n'est-ce pas? Il fait chaud ce soir, n'est-ce pas?* Or are those several hundred newspaper men taking their advanced steps in French: *La maison pleine; étroit; trois de même chose; je vous verrai; jusqu'au plafond?* They are on their way to chronicle the great reconciliation scene in the fifty-two months' drama of blood and tears; and if they were dishonest journalists, they would now be typing their story of the opening of the Peace Conference. Being honest reporters, they probably play poker. It is the way of the world, *n'est-ce pas?*

A day and a half behind us is the President with his peace commissioners — probably the most momentous trans-Atlantic voyage, as we say in our cautious newspaper style, in the last four hundred and twenty-six years, since the three caravels set out from Palos. It is the latest flux in the rhythm of east to west and west to east, wherein the historians have found the harmonic law of civilization. In this convoy of one converted German liner, one dreadnought, and several destroyers is concentrated the reaction to four hundred and twenty-six years of westward

traffic: from Palos, from Plymouth, from Bristol, from Glasgow, from Queenstown, from Hamburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Bordeaux, Genoa, Fiume, Patras, Alexandria, and Beirut; from famine, plague, pogroms, church-fires, state gibbets, dragonnades; from the inclosures and fencings and palings and caveats and *Verbotens* and general boredom of a thousand years, since the Goths got the number of the Roman world. To all of this the voyage of the George Washington is to-day for us the fulfillment and the answer. Time, the major-domo, draws aside the portières of Europe and announces, 'If you please, madam, America!'

So that Woodrow Wilson can and must and probably will go further than Pershing, with his 'Lafayette, *nous voilà!*' From the navigation bridge of his ship, these wonderfully mild December nights, quick with the breath of the spray and lit with a blazing hippodrome of constellations, the President may be peering forward into the east, and he will say, '*Nous voilà*, Lafayette, Steuben, Kosciuszko, Christoforo Colombo, Drake, Bradford, Penn, Anne Hutchinson, La Salle, Carl Schurz; *nous voilà*, John Smith, Tammas Burns, Pat Casey, Michel Schmidt, Jens Jensen, Jacques Dupont, Vaclav Przebyshewski, Metros Kazandjian, and Cristo Chryselephantidopopulagolous; *nous voilà*, fugitives and adventurers, pioneers and buccaneers, Angles and Saxons, Picts and Scots, Celts and Iberians, Pollocks and Hunkers and Squareheads and Jews, out of whom we have built our strength and our vision. In this hour, when your strength is agonized and your vision is strained with pain, yet blinded with the radiance of a new hope, in this hour of reappraisal and reconstitution, *nous voilà*, a member of the family, anxious to help.'

It is obvious, however, these last

three days, that the President could not whisper his will and hopes and apprehensions into the ear of ocean without prudently holding on to a stanchion or pillar or taffrail or belaying-pin or mizzen-topmast, or whatever may be the appropriate and absurdly obscure nautical term for the nearest available piece of maritime furniture. There must be quite a bit of seasickness on the ship of peace, if we may judge by our own boat. Since the first twenty-four hours out, one side of the Atlantic has been a good deal higher than the other. The sea has been rubbing its iron-gray head with a thin shampoo of foam, the wind breathes mightily through the wiring of the ship, and the rail swings up and down, up and down, across fifteen degrees of sky and fifteen degrees of sea. But the wind, when it strikes the face, is warm as well as moist and loud, and it requires no hardihood to walk the deck without an overcoat. The whole bluster of the sea is very like the gray-haired Englishman in the smoke-room, with two of someone else's British babies on his lap. For them he tousles his hair and rends his monocle with gnashing fangs, and barks; and even so the ocean.

We have French lessons on board, administered by one of the Welfare men who knows the lingo much better than he can teach it. Being serious men and women of good standing in the churches of their faith, the students may learn to say *Il fait beau ce matin* with the aid of Divine interposition; but nothing less than Providence will overcome the peculiar method employed by the instructor. He divides his class in two, and makes them chant—port, '*Il fait beau temps ce matin*'; starboard, '*Il fait mauvais temps ce matin*'; port, '*beau*'; starboard, '*mauvais*.' And what is the use of it all? Like the minds of Mr. Wilson and the late German government, the minds of our shipload

and the minds of the old textbookmakers do not meet. *Voulez-vous la parapluie de votre belle-sœur?* Not on your life, monsieur; greater things draw us. *Je veux un billet pour le Conférence de Paix*, and there is nothing about *conférences de paix* in the textbook.

The girls stand the trip much better than the men. Even when the Atlantic has been unkind to them, they go out bravely on deck, and from under their rugs are never quite too wan to smile back. Whereas the men are inclined to sit about the smoke-room with their heads against the wall. It is also to be noticed that the expert on personnel, who picked out the Y.W.C.A. women for our trip, did not confine himself to a series of tests in biblical history and exegesis. It cannot be mere accident that in the dark-green tailor-mades, with military shirt and cravat, they make a pleasant eyefull, as the writer for one of our enormously circulated magazines remarks, between comments on the weather and the outlook for railroad securities. This may be hard on our boys at the front, who would have nothing interfere with efficiency in their canteen workers. But duty is duty, for a personnel inspector, *n'est-ce pas?*

The 'Y' men read a good deal of war-book stuff and light fiction. The girls read *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and eagerly discuss it with such newspaper men as are available, under the pathetic illusion that our business is connected in some mysterious way with literature. Our professional wag asserts that he was in a quandary when one of the girls asked who were the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. He said he easily recalled Shem, Ham, and Japhet, but could not for the life of him think of the fourth.

In what mood are these 'Y' men and women going forth to their work? Very much as all armies and auxiliary serv-

ices not driven by the lash have approached their tasks since wholesale fighting began in the world. There is a spirit of adventure giving glow to the fundamental fidelity to one's job. It is the predominant matter-of-factness that at first surprises — and hurts. But that is partly because there has been time, during the half-year they have been training or waiting, for the first eager anticipations to abate — the adventure of the sea, of Europe, of service for the country, of opportunities for personal self-education outside of the legitimate hours in canteens or headquarters.

They prepare cheerily enough for the job. They meet every morning for prayer and secular song, and in the process appears the national genius for organization which might somewhat puzzle a foreigner as he gives ear from the corner of the adjacent smoke-room. After the hymns and the prayer come regularly the choral reminders to keep on smiling and pack your troubles into the kit-bag. The programme unrolls without a lost motion, and the foreigner, in the face of such efficiency and good cheer and jesting, quite like a college rally, might wonder how close to the hearts of these men and women is the sense and call of their work. Do they realize this wrecked and torn and vindicated Europe that awaits them? Do they feel awe in presence of the tumult of race and class which they are about to witness from the frontier of Germany and the late Hapsburg lands? Are they aware of themselves as part of that great American wave-motion of which I have spoken, flooding back heavily against the shores of Europe?

Well, they realize in the restrained fashion of our national psychology, and they organize in the smooth, capable American fashion; but they certainly do not brood over world-drama as Tavarish Dostoievsky would, under

similar circumstances, or analyze rabbits out of a silk hat like Mr. Wells. They pass easily enough from the 'Rock of Ages' and the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' to *Il fait chaud ce matin*, or *ce soir*, as the case may be. The girls double-quick the promenade deck again and again, in pairs, or on the arm of an overcoated 'Y' man, and venture boldly into the bow of the ship, whence they are ejected ignominiously by orders from the bridge. To-morrow they will be chased back again. There are any number of young men on board who seem willing, nay anxious, to affiliate with the Y.W.C.A. They are specially useful in beating up against the wind when the sea breaks out into Corinthian shells of white spume, with green on the inner concave, a green as fresh, seemingly, as the first day of the world.

This last assertion is obviously sentimental, but it has its measure of excuse in the face of an ocean that is a thousand times as sentimental as any body of water has a right to be when it lies between two such reticent races as the modern American and the Ulster Irish. The first twenty-four hours out from Sandy Hook the sea was like the Hudson under the ice-gray clouds of late November, only much more so: still-gray, rippling, completely filling up the inverted bowl of the sky, and just at the farthest rim a gleam of silver.

Late the second day the Atlantic began to dress for dinner, only not in the conventional black. It went in for delicate mantillas of spumed lace-work. It revealed a middle-aged passion for giddy colors — turquoise, purple, lavender, bottle-green. It spluttered all over the place, like a fat man making ready in a tiled bathroom, and whistled in the rigging quite like a fat man shaving. Musically it went the limit — the storm-music from the *Valkyrie*, *Wilhelm Tell*, the whining sob of 'Ridi, Pagliaccio.' Nobody can be as senti-

mental as a fat man when he once gets going, and nothing could be more absurdly romantic than several square thousand miles of sea-water showing off before a boat-load of 'Y' girls.

II

Thus, only a matter-of-fact American editor would have the heart to run his blue pencil through such bits of the preceding tale as might seem to border dangerously on idyllic prose — or a North Irish editor. As granite a personality as we have on the ship is our table-neighbor from Belfast, who speaks of 'Jawn Morrley,' and has a nose pushed forward into the ether as implacable as the rock held in trust by the British Empire for the Prudential Insurance Company. And the most sentimental people on board ship are the English; the longer they have been in the Royal Air Force, or in the Imperial Picric Acid Service at Bethlehem, Pa., the closer this sentimentality lies to the surface. We have Englishmen on board who are constantly doing the Kipling chancies and 'Mandalay' and 'Danny Deever.' My own countrymen watch a ton of green water come over the side of the ship and say, 'Some wave!' But always I am under the apprehension that some tall, slim Englishman in a cap will turn to me and say, 'This morning the ocean just climbed over the rail and spat at me, quite.' Pure Kipling, you see. Whereupon it would be for me to soar to the same level, and I could probably think of nothing but the 'Courtship of Miles Standish.'

But if by a masterly mental *coup d'état*, I should manage to scale the height of the poetic argument and remark that there was about the sea in motion an awe and a passion, my British friend would say, 'Rather!' In the British language 'Rather' is a super

superlative, but it sounds like a snub. When they mean superb, they say 'Rather'; when they mean 'You amaze me,' they say, 'Really?' and when they speak of a pet animal they wax lyrical; and of such is the United Kingdom.

It is well that our peace commissioners should master this idiomatic use of 'Rather' and 'Really,' lest we think the British are asking us for a billion dollars when in fact they are offering us half of the German colonies. Especially should 'Really' be rehearsed by the class on board the *George Washington*. My left-hand neighbor at table is a fair-haired British matron, with a smile of easy good-nature, as I see it now. But when I first touched lightly on the number of hundred feet in the Metropolitan Tower at home she looked at me and said 'Really?' in a voice that went over my head like the wind in the palm fronds, and caused me to lose much of my interest in the apple-tart. Now I know better. When a British subject says 'Really?' it sounds like, 'What the devil do you mean by intruding on the privacy of my digestion?' but what he means is, 'Really?'

In exchange for my data on the height of the Metropolitan Tower and the number of people living east of the Mississippi, my kindly neighbor has put at my disposal any amount of interesting side-lights on the secret history of the war, chiefly relating to the activities of German spies and what General Byng said to General Plumer on a certain gray morning in December when, by all official accounts, Byng was in Picardy and Plumer on the Piave; this makes the revelations all the more sinister. Much more valuable, on the whole, are the authentic tales my neighbor has of the last winter in England; and a bitter winter it must have been, with oranges twenty cents apiece and apples seventy cents a pound. As for marmalade, it was but a memory; and

perhaps that is what Haig had in mind when he said to his men, 'We have our backs against the wall.'

One thing at the present moment is peculiarly disconcerting. The consensus of British opinion around our end of the table is that, when we get to London, we shall be homeless. It had seemed scarcely necessary to cable for hotel accommodation from New York, when the British metropolis, according to Mr. Baedeker, has ever so many hostels, each with regiments of rooms and battalions of bathrooms. But now I learn that the one big hotel on the Embankment that I had decided upon has been taken over by the War Office. Hotel number 2 is in the hands of the Censor. Hotels 3 to 6, with nine hundred bathrooms, have been absorbed by the Food Administration, others by the Horse Guards, and most of the remainder by the Munitions Department, the Usher of the Black Rod, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the master of the Chiltern Hundreds. Why the British government should have given up housekeeping on so extensive a scale and gone in for hotel life can be explained on no other basis than the temptation of open plumbing in the bathrooms. We know how ruthless has been the demand made by the war for the most modern improvements.

At any rate, the choice for us would seem to be at present between a corner in the British Museum and applying for the next vacant arch under Waterloo Bridge. It was suggested that one might hire a cab at Euston Station and drive around town till one found a hotel which was destitute of bathrooms and so had escaped the cupidity of the British government. But, in the first place, we hear that there are no cabs in London, and if we managed to pick one up, it would only be to drive around all night without success. And would it be

fun to spend the night navigating London, from Hampstead to Sydenham, with a steamer trunk, a suitcase, a shawl-roll and a typewriter? Well, rather!

Of course, there is just the possibility that our kindly allies are spoofing us. In that case we need a League of Nations worse than ever.

Il fait mauvais temps on the well-known ocean, as our French instructor so well reminds us. A southern gale howls through wires and ropes and tackle and sends us listing heavily against the white surge of the sea. Even the George Washington's double our own bulk cannot make her immune to such insistent pressure. Fate speed the George Washington and her freight! She carries with the President a good share of the hope of the world.

It is not chauvinism that makes me come back to this League of Nations, this Union, this Reconciliation, as the one recompense above all others for four years of woe. To the French, the Belgians, the Serbs, reparation by all means, and in full measure, for their wounds and their heartaches. To the British, gratitude by all means for their magnificent act of world-salvage on the seas. To the Russians, a speedy way out of the labyrinth; escape from the cavern of a millennial despotism into the light of day. To all the victims of the great agony, to all the sufferers by land and on the seas and from the air, alleviation and a merciful forgetfulness of what it is necessary that we shall forget.

But to-day and to us, in the heart of the gray waters, so limitless and so final, all local reparations, all readjustments, all the prestige of race and frontier, fade away into the gray mist, and only one light shines out — the vision of a world united and fortified against another such Calvary as we have lived through. It cannot be alone for terri-

tories and trade agreements that eight million men have died and twenty millions now carry the wounds of battle in their flesh, their nerves, and their souls; that nations have risen from the slime of servitude and thrones have crashed into the dust; that armies have sailed ten thousand miles across the seas to water strange lands with their blood; that the Sahara and the Alpine deserts have reëchoed with the tumult; that motor-lorries have ploughed their way through the Garden of Eden; that biplanes have drummed over Bethlehem and Nazareth. If not a leagued world, then it is a world of madness.

We sing a great deal on our way to war-racked Europe. We keep on smiling twice a day; we pack up our troubles in the old kit-bag, and we follow the long, long trail. And every night, of course, toward the end of the concert, the three Associated hymns, beginning with the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' ending with 'God Save the King,' — and the 'Marseillaise' between.

'Perhaps it was worth while after all,' says the professional wag at my elbow.

'What was worth while?'

'It took four and a half years of a world war to teach us the first stanza of "Oh, say, can you see?" Perhaps it could not have been done in less.'

'But they have learned it,' I said querulously.

'Pretty well; only I hope no school of politics will arise to demand that the nations learn every verse of their national hymns: the world could not stand it.'

In the heart of the spray clouds, and on the great heave of the sea, we strain a bit more fervently than usual to see the flag streaming through the dawn's early light; we invoke the Divine Protection for Our King a little more tremulously. But let it be confessed that Americans and Britishers let themselves go most when the first

violin sounds the opening snarl of the 'Marseillaise.' Then we throw up our heads like the war-steeds, we suck the air like four hundred horsemen of the Apocalypse, and leave no doubt as to the sincerity of our demand for the impure blood of the invader. Very likely we are least ashamed to let ourselves go in a foreign tongue. At any rate, by our *Allons* and our *Marchons* the Europeans will know we are coming when we are still a good bit off the Munster coast. The sound travels downstairs to the cellar of the ship, upstairs to the top story, the chimneys, and the clothes lines.

I use these domestic terms advisedly. We have suffered altogether too much from the poetic obscurity that hovers over the good old nautical verbiage. There is in the upper lounge — I prefer to call it the upstairs parlor — a sign which says 'No smoking abaft this pillar,' and one of us, who cannot for the life of him recall whether abaft means in front or behind, has been reduced to the expedient of walking all round the pillar to make safe. We have thus smoked abaft and athwart that pillar, and to the port and starboard of it, and the whole business is nonsense. Josephus Daniels made a brave stroke for progress when he put Right and

Left on our warships. Something of the color of life will go no doubt with these abafts and lees and taffrails. But then a great deal of color is going to accompany a great many old things out of life in the very near future. Baronial lawns will go, and ancient oaks, and the classics that train three per cent of us for culture and leadership, and the mantle of chivalry which woman is so recklessly throwing away in her eagerness to vote. Let them go, the good old abafts, and ivied towers, and chivalry, and much of the paraphernalia and *abracadabra* of an epoch that began dying on August 1, 1914. To be sure, it hurts when one thinks of Oxford, Cluny — But no, I am modern — Satan, get thee abaft me, or athwart, as the case may be.

In this seemingly mixed and inadequate mood we approach Europe and the Peace — frivolous, and yet a little frightened, gay but not outside of the echo of a sense of tears. Europe looms up ahead of us, the laboratory in which is to be fashioned a new world. 'And this new world, madame, is it that it is the parlor of the furniture of walnut of our grandmothers?' 'But no, no, monsieur, it shall be the free garden of our grandchildren.'

N'est-ce pas?

A GREAT LITTLE SOLDIER

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

I MET him, you might say, by accident — through causes in a way very remote from the war. It was about the time that Marshal Joffre was over here, and the English Mission.

His coming was heralded by a quaint little note, such as people who write get now and then: —

DEAR SIR, —

Being interested in Oriental books, and knowing that you have been in India, I would like to talk to you. May I?

Truly yours,

EUGENE LEE.

I asked him to come. He arrived at breakfast-time.

'I came early,' he said, 'because I was afraid I might miss you.'

It transpired, indeed, that, in his zeal, he had come without breakfasting — an omission which I was, happily, able to supply.

He was short and slight and a bit bent in the shoulders; not, at first sight, the figure of a student of high philosophy. You would have expected, rather, to find him working in a drug-store, or something of that sort. And this was about the fact with him. But I got a shock of happy surprise when I caught the fire in his eyes and the fierce flame of enthusiasm that blazed through his small frame.

'You know,' he said, 'I think this is like the war in the *Bhagavad Gita*, a war of spiritual forces, a war of principalities and powers — like Michael fight-

ing against Satan! That is why I wanted to talk to you about it. What do you think?'

But, without waiting for my answer, he went on with his own idea.

'It seems to me,' he said, 'that the Germans have given themselves up to the powers of evil — what the *Bhagavad Gita* calls the forces of Darkness and Passion, Tamas and Rajas — is that the way you pronounce them? Listen, and I'll show you what I mean!'

He pulled out of his coat-pocket a little edition of the great Indian book, which had evidently seen pretty hard and continuous service. He did not comment at all on the book, or the oddity of his carrying it about with him, but began to dive among the pages, hunting for his passage. Then he paused and looked at the book, his head set contemplatively a little on one side.

'Tell me,' he said, 'how did the *Bhagavad Gita* happen?'

'When I was out in India,' I told him, 'under the palm trees and the blaze of the opal sky, I found the Brahmins everywhere in power — men white as we are, under the sunburn; some of them with heads and faces like ancient Romans; men full of intellect, but full also of priest-craft and guile; spiritual tyrants over the lesser castes, the brown folk and yellow and black, that make India's hundreds of millions. But I found, too, that the Brahmins were not the true spiritual lords of India, creators of her deathless splendor. The Rajputs were that — one of the lordliest races on earth: great

men, warriors, bronzed like the most ancient Egyptians. From the red Rajputs came the Buddha, holiest of mankind, and Rama, the divine hero, and Vishvamitra, creator of the Vedas' noblest prayer. And from the beginning, the Rajputs had set their faces like flint against idolatry and priestcraft, and all the dark forces that have brought India to eclipse and shame.

'But civil war sprang up among them, — five thousand years ago, if the Indian tradition be true, — a war of brother against brother, an internecine war of kindred blood. And the Pandus, with the hero Krishna as their spiritual leader, stood for the divine ideals, the old splendor of the Rajputs, while the Kurus fought for anarchic tyranny and the powers of darkness. The great battle was fought and won, on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra; but, in that supreme victory, the Pandus gave their life-blood; the great race of the Rajputs, weakened for ages to come, was eclipsed, and the lesser race, the men with priestly tyranny in their veins, won dominance over India.

'The mighty battle was first recorded in war-songs and martial ballads. Then wise men saw that this battle was the type of that far greater battle, waged in the heavens, with God and his angels on the one side, and the powers of evil on the other — the endless battle for immortal souls. So they made the *Bhagavad Gita* the Scripture of that eternal war.'

You should have seen his eyes, glowing, yet full of contemplation, as he listened. Then he began again, meditatively, to seek for the passage that was in his mind, turning and re-turning the pages.

'Here it is!' he said, after a concentrated search; 'listen! — "Those of demoniac nature know not right action or right abstinence; nor is purity or discipline or truth found in them.

This world, they say, is without truth or firm foundation, without a Lord; not ruled by mutual law, driven only by wilfulness. Resting in this view, self-destroying, devoid of wisdom, they come forth violent and hostile, for the destruction of the world." — Is n't that exactly Germany?' he exclaimed triumphantly, 'all except about discipline. But I suppose it means spiritual discipline. And is n't this exactly like the Kaiser: "This foe has been slain by me, and I shall slay yet others. I am lord, I am master of feasts, I have won success and might and happiness. I am rich and of high estate; what other is like unto me?" And is n't it fine how it goes on: "Wandering in many imaginings, enmeshed by the nets of delusion, he falls into the impure pit of hell!" I think that's just what will happen to him!'

After breakfast, we went for a stroll through the highways and byways of the village. From time to time, the corner of his eye rested approvingly on the green spire of a hollyhock dotted with blossoms like red roses, in one of the village gardens.

'Is n't that fine?' he would say; 'I love flowers!' And then he would come back with a swift rebound to the spiritual issues of the war.

'Don't you think,' he asked, his brown eyes aglow, 'that the spiritual forces — angels and demons — are hard at it, on the two sides? That would account for all the stories of apparitions, would n't it? though I don't remember anyone on the German side saying anything about seeing devils in the air; but of course they would n't, would they? They would think they were angels! But, even so, I don't remember hearing about any Germans thinking they saw angels! All that kind of thing seems to be on our side!'

Then he fell to admiring a beautiful cluster of larkspur, dark and light blue

sapphire and turquoise, drawing in his breath with a quick ecstasy of delight.

It happens that I am a lover of birds and find much joy in their morning music. So, after we had talked a while about the world-war and the great spiritual war, of which it is the outer shell, I began to point some of my feathered angels out to him, for the village, as it happens, is pretty rich in them. And some such conversation as this followed, odd enough, and in its essence humorous enough, to be worth recording.

'That's a rose-breasted grosbeak!'

I said, pointing him out, on one of the higher twigs of an oak, over our heads. 'Listen a minute, and he'll sing again!'

'Yes!' answered young Lee; and he whistled the fifteen or sixteen lovely notes with perfect accuracy. 'I could play that on my flute! Don't you think it's a wonderful idea, in the *Gita*, of all the good forces incarnating in one tribe or race, and the dark forces incarnating in the other; and then coming together in battle, to fight it out to a finish — as if they could n't have a settlement any other way? Every one now sees that France stands for all the splendid things, with England rushing to her side, and now ourselves! I've been trembling to think that we might not have got into it! Think if, afterwards, we were all to know it was the great war between good and evil, and if we had stood back! But what a pity about Russia! Do you know, I think the Allies are getting what's coming to them because of Russia getting out, for their desertion of their ally, the Tsar!'

'Yes!' I said. 'That was a goldfinch that looped his song over our heads: *pe-cheechichee!* He has a charming song, like a canary, only richer and mellower, besides! Listen! Do you hear that fellow on ahead, in the gum tree? — a brown thrasher!'

'Seems to sing different words, in sets of two!' he commented, appre-

ciatively. 'Could n't play that on the flute so well! Could n't get the different words! — How soon do you think people will see the real significance of the war, — the spiritual side of it, — and be able to set it out in black and white, like the war in the *Gita*?'

An odd dialogue. When I think of it, and of him, and of our different pre-occupations, it wakes an odd emotion, of mingled humor and pathos, in my heart. As I saw him off at the station, — where military trains are now a magnificent daily experience, — he said, —

'I am ever so grateful to you! I hope we shall meet again!'

But I felt that the debt was on my side.

II.

When we met again, young Lee was in the uniform of the United States army. He had written me, from Camp Devens, saying, very briefly, that he had been drafted, and asking me to send him three or four books on Persian mysticism. Then, some little time later, — for I had been a bit slow in getting the books, — he had written again, asking me not to forward them, as he was on his way to our own camp; I call it our own, because the reservation skirts the village limits. And, in a postscript, he asked me to come to see him.

So I walked over to the camp, on an early day in spring. There was lots of mud, but I have the exact date fixed in my mind for another reason, in its way characteristic: I saw the first robins of the season, not singing yet, but hurrying overhead, against a gray sky; the vanguard of the great migration. So I know it was the ninth of March.

A kindly soldier-chauffeur ferried me over the last desperate stretch of mud, — calling up, in its symbolic way, the mud of Flanders, — and I stated my errand to another youth in

khaki, brisk and competent, with the badge of the Military Police on his arm. He directed me to the Hostesses' House.

It was really a heart-moving scene. One feels, in the splendors of this war, so much that is akin to tears; much, too, that passes the depth of tears!

Once more I told my errand, and a message was sent for Private Eugene Lee. I sat down in the corner of a wicker sofa, close to a snug wood-fire, and, going through the motions of reading one of the monthlies, — there were plenty of them lying about, and brightly bound books, — I turned my authentic attention to the big, cosy room and the people in it. For the most part, besides the officially occupied persons, they were young soldiers and their kin, taking, there, in the quiet daylight, what, in a good many cases, was certain to be the final farewell.

And the notable and touching thing was, that nearly all of them felt constrained to give to that ultimate leave-taking a drawing-room air. They were very reticent, very quiet; they seemed, almost of set purpose, to be limiting themselves to commonplaces. There was only one exception — an elderly Jewess, fondling the hand of her soldier son, was frankly sobbing, the tears trickling unwiped over her furrowed cheeks.

In part, I think, that almost detached air was due to the other people present, even though all of them, or nearly all, shared the same poignant emotion. In part, it was due to our American spirit which, so deeply Anglo-Saxon in so much that is best in it, is so shy, so ill at ease, with deep feeling, so unable to express it. With the elderly Jewess, it was different; in her veins ran the blood of those who sang, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept.' But, in still larger degree I think that quietude had another and greater cause: the splendor

of the undertaking, the awful eternalness of the issues, made their way into every heart and raised it somewhat above personal feeling; the poignancy of parting was hushed by the very presence of the Eternal.

Young Lee came in, and, after a quick glance about the room, marched briskly toward me, smiling, his hand stretched out in greeting. As I rose, I met the smile in his brown eyes — and that fire of enthusiasm that sprang straight from his eager, daring soul.

'You know, I think,' he said, as he sat down beside me on the sofa, 'that the Lord made up his mind to have me in this war! I'm pretty short, and I'm pretty light, and I wondered whether I could get past the Board; but they passed me all right!'

Yes, the khaki uniform, the heavy army overcoat, a good deal too large for him, brought that out. His body looked even smaller, slighter, than when I had seen him in hollyhock time; but his soul, looking out through those eager brown eyes, looked bigger. No question at all about his valor.

'Thanks for getting the books!' he went on. 'Won't you keep them till I get back again? I would n't know where to put them now! They'd get knocking about!'

Curious — I have talked to scores of them, on the trains, on the ferries, and as they pass my garden; and every one seems certain of coming back. I wonder whether they have ever heard of the 'First Hundred Thousand'? Not so many of them came back. From Ypres, from Verdun, so many did not come back. But perhaps many of them do think, instead, of going 'forward,' and this lighter talk is only Anglo-Saxon shyness.

A young couple sat at a wicker table a few feet from us — a soldier boy and his 'girl,' pretty, and light-hearted, and smiling; yet you could see from

her bright eyes that she had given her whole heart. And they had been talking nothings, a dance, a play, a bit of innocent gossip, until the moment had come for them to part — he, on his crusade, she to her 'war-work,' her Red Cross committees.

'Well, so long, Elsie!' the soldier-boy said, as they rose; he held her hand and smiled, as if they were parting on the front porch; and her cheerful smile exactly echoed his.

'So long, Jack! Take care of yourself!' And then tears suddenly welled in her eyes. She laid her other hand on his, which still held hers. 'God bless you, dear!' she said; and then, standing on tiptoe, she kissed him on the forehead. I think it was their first kiss.

'And you too, Elsie — God bless you!'

Then he bent down, and just touched her cheek with his lips. Purity could not have been purer. Then he straightened himself up, smiled, stood for a moment at the salute, and turned and stepped briskly out through the door.

Elsie went over to an aunt, who had been waiting. Though there were tears in her eyes, she bravely left them there.

I turned to young Lee; his clear brown eyes were watching them, shining.

'That was fine, beautiful!' he said. 'I have no one to bid me good-bye like that! I'm sorry, in a way, but glad in a way! I'm taking nobody with me but the Oversoul, the Lord. You're the only person I expect to see, that I know — and I only saw you once!'

He smiled — one of those luminous smiles of his, that expressed all the soul shining in his eyes.

We sat a while in silence. Then, I think simply with the wish to say something, I asked him, —

'What did you find hardest in your training?'

'Oh,' he answered, after a moment's

thought, 'I don't quite know! Everything and nothing! Getting out of my shell was hardest, perhaps! And at first I could n't sleep, for the noise! Now I can just curl up, and sleep like a top, even if somebody is sitting on my bunk, playing cards! And I'm not afraid of anybody now!'

His smile showed that, and the light in his eyes.

III

I heard from him, a good many weeks later; no address, simply a rubber stamp, in red ink, '*Over-seas.*'

'I am learning French!' he said; 'began in an odd way. We were mixed in with French soldiers, and some of us were lying out in a big wood, in trenches. The moon was full; you could see it in a hole among the treetops, in a veiled sky, and with a big, yellow ring round it. And suddenly there came the most lovely song, up among the branches; pathetic, and glad, and heart-breaking. Somehow it reminded me of the soldier and his girl we saw in the Hostesses' House; do you remember? My French friend heard it too, and listened.

"Ah!" he said, "un rossignol!"

'So that is what it was, though I don't know the English for it; but it's some bird we don't have; at least, I don't remember hearing it!

'Do you know,' he went on, 'I think the Lord was right, in getting me into the army — in lots of ways! A small man has lots of advantages! And it pays to be skinny, too! I don't think a skinny man minds starving a little quite so much as a fat one, or not getting water. And I'm sure the tall men get cramp in their shoulders, stooping in the trenches! But I've discovered another thing! A little man has a lot of advantage with the bayonet; I've discovered a trick — what you told me about that little Malay dagger on your table, the one you use for a paper-

cutter, you know, suggested it, I think. You remember, you said, when I picked it up and made a stab with it, in the air, "Oh, but that's not the way! They always stab upwards, under the heart, because there are no bones in the way! A blow downwards might easily glance off the ribs; a man has such a lot of ribs!" You did n't think much, at the time you said it, but it stuck in my mind; and it came back, like a flash, a few days ago; just at the right moment, I think. If I'd waited ten seconds, I don't think I'd be writing this letter! We were pushing forward through the woods — a string of six or seven of us; we had missed the rest somehow in the rush. Seven or eight big Boches suddenly jumped up out of nowhere, and rushed at us with bayonets. Then what you said flashed into my mind, and I shouted, "Jab upwards! Into their guts!" That sounds a bit coarse, but forgive me! My Boche — you can't think of them as men; they're not! they're devils — was over six feet, and heavy, and he made a downward lunge at me; but that's where a small, skinny chap has a pull! I side-stepped and jabbed upward! Well — another advantage is, your bayonet comes loose, quick! And that may mean the difference between this and kingdom-come, if there's several of them. You know, if your bayonet gets jammed between his ribs, you have to snap a cartridge off, to loosen it up. But the upward jab comes loose of itself. Well, the rest of the boys caught the idea. We got those Boches. They told about it, and I got my stripe! What do you think of that?

'Another thing. A small, skinny man can crawl through grass and brush and things, like a brown cat. And that's a tremendous pull, in getting after machine-guns. I think they fix them so that they can't easily fire down at you, even if they see you. But there's so

little of me to see! So I squirm along like a tortoise — you have a kind of odd feeling, a sort of itching, down your spine, thinking how it might feel if they did get you; and I would n't like to be shot in the back — or in the face, for the matter of that! Well, you squirm along till you get a good sight; and then you must wait until they begin firing, — not at you, of course, — so that they won't hear the snap of your rifle; then you get a slow, steady bead and let go. It takes time and patience, and you must only fire while they're firing; but the small, skinny man has a long pull.

'I've just read that over, and I'm wondering if you think I'm blood-thirsty? Well, when it's Boches, I am! You'd have no compunctions about killing a devil, would you? And I've seen a bombed hospital. But there's more than that. The *Gita* taught me. You remember that fine passage — wait a minute, I'll look it up! — So he had his *Gita* with him, in his knapsack! — 'Here it is! It's where Krishna says to Arjuna, "I am Time, grown ripe for the destroying of the worlds. Even without thee, they shall all cease to be, the enemies who stand there in the opposing armies. Therefore arise, win glory, conquering thy foes, enjoy thy splendid kingdom! For these are slain already by Me." You know the passage? Well, that's what I feel, and so I'm enjoying my kingdom!

'You know, I think, when I entered the army, I left myself behind — lost self-centredness, in a way; and now, in France, in the actual fighting, I've found Myself. You know what the *Gita* says, "Unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain!" So, though I can get the Boches, they can't get me. "Swords cut Him not, nor may fire burn Him"; that's what I feel, now. Do you know, I've come to think that Krishna and

the Lord are all one. I said that to the chaplain the other day, when he came on me reading my *Gita*. He did n't say anything, but he looked a bit shocked — I wonder why? I hope all this about myself does n't sound conceited. I don't think I am; that's the great advantage of being small, and insignificant-looking; you don't get vain.

'Well, I must stop now. I'm very happy. I hope you are. — I'll have to close this, and you may n't hear much of me for a while. They've passed the

word, that something big is on tomorrow. I must n't say any more, but you may hear of it. Good-bye!'

And, by God, we have heard about it, for his letter is dated July 16! What, in Foch's magnificent attack, may have befallen my great little soldier, how he fared, I do not know; I may never know. But I am well assured that, alive or dead, in the body or out of the body, he would fight on, blithe and valorous, an unconquerable soldier in the Lord's war.

WAR NEUROSES

BY FREDERICK W. PARSONS

In the early days of the war the attention of newspaper readers was attracted by the stories of queer behavior on the part of men exposed to prolonged and violent bombardment. Men reported as being 'gibbering idiots' emerged from the battered Belgian forts, men with reduced intelligence wandered about in a dazed and dreamy state, men were partially or completely paralyzed, were blind or deaf or insensible to pain. It was immediately thought that these conditions were the result of violent concussions occurring in the vicinity, and the striking but misleading term of 'shell shock' came into being. The name was applied to all queernervous and mental symptoms, and these patients suddenly acquired considerable notoriety. To be added to the group later were any nervous phenomena not definitely and obviously connected with peace-time neuroses, and all were thought to be satisfactorily

explained by proximity to exploding shells.

The alliterative name caught popular fancy; everybody, soldier and civilian, heard of it; the soldier exhibited it as evidence of how thoroughly he had done his duty, and the victims of 'shell shock' were the object of much misdirected but well-meant philanthropic effort. It was thought to be a satisfactory excuse for any anti-social act that brought a soldier before the courts. The misconceived idea that these symptoms were due to shell-explosions led the soldier to think them a natural consequence. If he had no wounds, then he should have nervous symptoms. If he had neither, perhaps people would not think he had participated in all the experiences of present-day warfare — which, of course, was an intolerable thought.

It is important that the psychological aspects of the development of war neu-

roses receive some attention, and that they become known to the public. The danger of mismanaging the American soldiers so incapacitated will then be less acute, and we may avoid some of the mistakes made by the Allied countries during a period of stress and hurry.

The nervous symptoms included under the misleading and forbidden term, 'shell shock,' are now called war neuroses, or simply nervousness. They are known to be similar to peace-time neuroses, and they are peace-time neuroses with a war-time coloring. The names — nervous prostration, nervous exhaustion, neurasthenia, and hysteria — are known to everybody. They represent symptoms for which there is no organic explanation; that is, they are not associated with any structural changes, and the gap caused by the absence of an organic explanation is filled by a psychological explanation.

It is believed that there are but two fundamental instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of reproduction. In civil life one has no concern as to his safety. We live sheltered lives, and it is only the very timorous who ever thinks of his personal safety. Most of the maladjustments in civil life centre about the reproductive activity of the individual, and on this fact a well-established, but not universally accepted, psychological theory has been built, first promulgated by Freud, but greatly elaborated by others. It is enough to say here that it is generally believed that Freudian principles are very important factors in the precipitation of peace-time neuroses. The neurosis is a maladjustment of the individual to his environment; his way of meeting a difficult situation. It is not the best way, but it is a way accessible to the individual. It is an avenue of escape, chosen unconsciously; it gets him out of the difficulty and does it in a manner acceptable to the individ-

ual's temperament. His conscience will not permit him openly to evade his duty and responsibility; but lacking the will and determination to stick to the job, his real desire to escape is gained by back-door routes, by an illness which he thinks is real; and his end is accomplished in an acceptable manner. Of all this the patient is not aware. He does not recognize his motive; he speaks of it and clearly shows it, but until it is called to his notice he does not see it, and even then he has great difficulty in accepting the explanation.

In discussing war neuroses as well as those of peace it must always be borne in mind that, although the language used is that of conscious action, the results of a true neurosis are never conscious and voluntary.

There are many causes for a war neurosis, but the foundation of all is a difficult situation. This difficulty may range from a lack of courage to the slight feeling of having been unfairly dealt with in a man who has given many examples of personal courage. The constant and unavoidable association with people whose natures grate on his own; the feeling that someone else should have been given a disagreeable assignment; the belief that blame has been unjustly placed; the strain of constant and unwarranted petty criticism; the knowledge that one cannot rely on one's associates, that leaves have not been fairly distributed, and that considerations other than merit govern promotions — all of these and many other similar sources of irritation produce more neuroses than does shell-fire.

After brooding over real or fancied wrongs, getting desperately sick of the situation, perhaps sleeping poorly, being cold, wet, and hungry, fighting an internal conflict in addition to the one with the enemy, a shell lands near, and there results a fit, a period of uncon-

sciousness, a dazed state, blindness, deafness, inability to speak, or coarse jerky tremors which may be so severe that locomotion and other voluntary motions are impossible and the soldier is taken to a dressing-station and eventually is put in a hospital. The whole trouble is credited to the shell-explosion, which may have occurred nearer to many others without damage to them; or the individual may be the sole survivor of a group.

The precipitating shock may be an emotional one. His chum is killed by his side; his officer is wounded in a particularly distressing manner; or, being detailed to escort walking wounded to the dressing-station, he is shocked by what he sees. In any event the situation has become intolerable, and without conscious mental activity, he finds that the neurotic symptoms accomplish his purpose; he is satisfied with the reaction, regards it as perfectly justifiable, and accepts the situation. It gets him out of his difficulty: he is incapacitated, everybody about him is wounded, and he justifies his presence in the hospital by the perpetuation of his nervous symptoms. He does not like to part with his neurosis, for getting well means a return to a mode of life to which he has not reacted in the average way, and he parts with his symptoms with considerable reluctance.

The psychological explanation is not flattering; he finds he is not the man he thought he was, and there is a reaction against the explanation, the person presenting the explanation, and the place in which the explanation was made. It is difficult for us to think well of the individual who tells us unpleasant truths. We much prefer to reject the explanation and keep our own misconceptions, particularly if they give us a comfortable feeling of self-satisfaction; but if the facts are put in such a manner that acceptance is un-

avoidable, then a reaction of dislike and criticism develops against everything and everybody connected with explanations which made the neurosis no longer a desirable experience.

The picture given presents the psycho-neurotic individual in a rather bad light. All are not so bad. Patients repeatedly have said that, if the explanation was correct, then their symptoms were without foundation, they were being imposed upon by subconscious mechanisms, — a condition that was not acceptable, — and a state of affairs existed that could not be continued. These patients get well at once, and are then better than ever before, for they are warned against the subtle approach of neurotic symptoms, the censor is on guard, and they are protected against an inner enemy by the knowledge of his tactics.

The man whom an hysterical paralysis protects from a hated return to the front does not consciously will his paralysis, nor does he easily believe it to be the result of a wish, unexpressed and unrecognized by himself. Sometimes the simple explanation that such is the case brings about a cure, so completely does the patient revolt against what seems to him his unconscious simulation. A very small percentage of patients show definite symptoms of brain-concussion. Men are violently thrown to the ground by exploding shells; sticks, stones, and clods of earth are hurled through the air, and organic changes take place comparable to the effects sustained when one is hit on the head by a brick falling from a chimney. These patients are dazed or even unconscious; but if without a fractured skull, they quickly resume a normal state and are willing and anxious to return. Men go for days without sleep, have insufficient food, suffer from lack of water, reach a stage of absolute physical exhaustion, and perhaps are

nervous, dazed, and jumpy. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours rest, they are well and wish to return. Both the concussed and the exhaustion cases urge the medical officer to discharge them; they want to get back to the company, and present an attitude quite unlike the neurotic patient, who often asks to go back but at the same time shows symptoms which absolutely prevent his being sent back — symptoms which would not exist if the desire expressed represented a real wish.

A number of patients show no spectacular symptoms, and this applies largely to officers. They have an anxiety reaction. Officers doubt their ability and worthiness to lead and have the responsibility of men. This is a transference of the emotion of fear for themselves to the possibility that injury may come to others. The transference of an emotion from the real to a false object is a common psychological experience. These cases are stubborn and not as easily cured as are the gross physical-hysterical symptoms, such as paralysis, tremors, speech-disorders, and disturbances of smelling, seeing, hearing, tasting, and feeling.

States of forgetfulness (amnesia) are not uncommon. A soldier overreaches in an effort to forget painful experiences, and forgets his name, organization, and occasionally all the facts of his early life, reverting to an infantile state. If his reaction is infantile, he is in effect an infant, and infants do not fight — obviously the fulfillment of a wish. Such states are transitory episodes, the changes from a lisping, toy-playing infantile state to a normal adult reaction taking place within a

few days, the condition having lasted from a few weeks to several months.

War neuroses are rarely found among the wounded, although the slightly wounded occasionally develop neurotic symptoms, and sometimes even the severely wounded, but only when convalescence becomes well established and a return to duty approaches. Prisoners of war never have a neurosis. Being wounded or taken prisoner accomplishes the same purpose as a neurosis, therefore neurosis is unnecessary. Even the thought of an active participation in war produces a neurosis in highly unstable individuals, and there are a number of so-called anticipation types developing as men are drafted, as the sailing time approaches, or when the European training period draws to a close. These cases show precisely the same symptoms which were formerly attributed to shells.

On the other hand, an over-sympathetic attitude or neglect, is likely to make permanent invalidism out of what should be a passing phase. These patients need employment, encouragement, suggestion, and explanation to help them on the way to recovery. Too much petting and too much attention make the neurosis a pleasurable experience to which the patient clings. Public glorification of the neurotic will be most unwise. Many will recover spontaneously after peace is declared; but there are failures to cure, and there will be a group of individuals superficially in a deplorable state, but in reality people who would rather have a neurosis than not. They will get well when the neurosis becomes as intolerable as the situation which caused it.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

V. THE BEST WAY (*Concluded*)

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

IV. EVERYONE TO HIS TASTE

'WHERE'S your mother?'

M. Bassinet entered the porter's lodge after wiping his big boots on the door-mat in the passage.

'You're home early, papa,' replied Sophie, who was watering the pot of pansies in the window, with a thousand precautions.

'Lolotte was tired — me too. Since morning we've whisked from Dauphiné to Vincennes, and from Montpernas¹ to Montmestre¹ — We haven't either of us stopped a minute. Ah! is that fried potatoes you're cooking, Mama Chignole? If it's not too much trouble, cut them very thin; they're crispier that way. — Well! — Where's your mother?'

'Mama Chignole' kept her eyes lowered on the potatoes, while Sophie hid the red in her cheeks by leaning out of doors.

'Gadding about the neighborhood! If I had known it, I should n't have hurried. Ah, these women! Their tongues! Their tongues!'

He was launched upon his great monologue on feminine garrulity, its causes and effects, when Madame Bassinet came in like a whirlwind, but stood transfixed at sight of her husband, whose presence she had not suspected.

'Here already?'

'Yes. But what does that mean?'

¹ Prononciation Bassinet.

His large forefinger pointed at her elaborate costume.

Madame Bassinet had not worn a wedding ring thirty years, not to know that the way to prove yourself in the right is to bluster.

'Yes; I am dressed up to-day! And what of it? Haven't I the right? Must I always be looking like a scrub-woman?'

She awaited the good smack which would permit her to close the incident in tears; but M. Bassinet was content to ask very gently, —

'Where have you been?'

She threw her umbrella and handbag on the table, took off her bonnet, and thrust the pins into it as if she were stabbing the stronger sex.

'You might as well know. I have been to see Vermillon.'

'Has anything happened to our Chignole?'

'That's not what I went for. You remember, Chignole was apprenticed to a bicycle manufacturer? Well, the man has made money off the war. He's working now on airplanes and he has called Chignole back to his factory. I flew up there; Vermillon waggled his thumb, and the release from military duty was dispatched!'

'Vermillon is no longer minister.'

'That does n't make him any less powerful. In eight days, your son-in-law, once more a civilian — do you understand that? — a civilian — will be taking his cocktail with you.'

Sophie kissed her mother. 'Mama Chignole's' eyes lighted up with unspeakable joy. M. Bassinet chewed the ends of his moustache.

'You seem annoyed! What are you shaking your head about?'

'No — but —'

'But what? I know what's the matter with you — stupid! You're afraid they'll call him a slacker! — Slacker! — Who would dare? Has n't he done his duty — that boy — and more? Infantry, aviation, wounded, medal! If everybody had done as well as he, we'd be in Berlin by now. Ah! And, if you don't approve, who cares? Go take his place, then!'

M. Bassinet submitted to the insult, shrugged his shoulders, and said with a wry smile, 'I beg your pardon, Mâme Bassinet. It is true, I have nothing to say. I am no longer good for anything.'

Whereupon, Madame Bassinet was seized with remorse. Realizing that she had gone a little too far, she went to him and laid her head upon his breast.

'Give me a big blowing up. But yes, my poor old dear, you are still fit to be a grandfather.'

*

* *

'Chignole and Frangipane, the cap'n is asking for you.'

They left the mess, where they had been smoking as they watched the rain-storm, and went to the captain's office.

He invited them to sit down on the petrol case which served as a sofa; then, vainly trying to soften his harsh voice, —

'I wanted to tell you first, before the news spread, that your friend — that our friend has been killed within the German lines. Headquarters has sent me last night's German wireless. They announce a bombing-plane brought down by their guns in exactly the region where our artillery observers saw Papa

Charles go down. The pilot was killed. There's no doubt about it.'

He rammed his pipe to keep his countenance. Chignole and Frangipane said nothing, and the silence was filled with the noise of the rain on the roof.

'There's no need to say anything. You understand me. — The Country — The Flag — For France — I've said the words twenty times over the tomb or to the memory of all those children who were given into my care, and whom Fate has taken from me. But I would like you to know how much I regret them. They have died of their own free will, as an example; to show their comrades, by their heroic suicides, what a Frenchman will do. War, like religion, has its martyrs. These are they.'

'I sent for you also to say good-bye to you, or rather to receive your farewells. Yes; you are to leave me. I have received two messages concerning you. One releases Chignole from military service and sends him into a factory; the other sends Frangipane to the school at Pau, to learn to be a pilot.'

Their eyes went instinctively to the map on the wall, where the bombarded objectives are marked with a red circle; then to the pennant of the squadron, adorned with the *fourragère*. They were on the point of breaking down, but they stiffened and saluted.

The captain held out his hand. '*Au revoir*, Frangipane — come back to us soon. There will always be a place for you here. Adieu, Chignole.'

The door slammed. The two friends were gone. The captain stood musing, his imagination filled with the vision of all this youth mowed down before its time. Then, shaking off his sad mood, he called through the telephone in a dry monotonous voice, 'Six machines ready for three o'clock — one hundred litres of petrol, twelve bombs.'

At mess, where, through an indiscre-

tion of the secretary, the two transfers were already known, bottles of champagne were stripped of their straw, and the Head of the Mess had taxed his wits to arrange the bill of fare for a farewell breakfast — rather a heavy one.

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* *

In the train they seemed to take a lively interest in the landscape; in reality each was following his own thoughts.

For Frangipane, this was the supreme reward: he was to be a pilot, his own master, the brain of the machine, the tamer of the beast; he was to take the responsibilities, no longer to be a piece of luggage. Nevertheless, a great sadness filled his heart. Only a few months ago, they had come to the front, four friends, so congenial, so closely identified, that they were like one man. Death had taken two, and would life spare the third?

Since the news of his return to the rear, Chignole had been an enigma. At the breakfast he had spoken only when he was obliged to, and now, sunk in his corner, he pretended to watch the smoke of the engine as it floated alongside the train.

Frangipane wanted to be certain, though certainty might mean pain.

'Chignole, I have a proposal to make. To-morrow I shall go to the department, and I'm not boasting when I say that at my suggestion they will give you an appointment as pilot-pupil. Should you like that?'

The eager, enthusiastic, noisy Chignole was now quiet, reasonable, cool.

'I should like it — if you think it possible —'

His eyes gave the lie to his lips. Frangipane took pity on him and did not prolong his torment.

'After all — well — go back to the factory — as they've asked for you.'

Chignole felt keenly the mute reproach in what this last one of his old friends had left unsaid. He wished that he had sufficient control of himself to cry out, 'Well, yes; I'll go with you — I'll break my neck — or be an ace!'

But no, he could not. He no longer had his nerves under good control. He had seen too many of his companions die. The deaths of Flagada and Papa Charles, coming so close one upon the other, had shocked him, depressed him, overwhelmed him. Was he to be condemned without excuse? Since chance put off the fatal moment, should he not take advantage of it? Life was offered him, and was he to reject it? There was Sophie, his wife, his very soul and his own flesh, awaiting him at the end of the journey. There was love, family life, the future; there was workaday Paris and the Paris of holidays; there was money to buy happiness; finally, there was his mother, whose old age he could smooth. Should he refuse Paradise, now that the way back to it was made easy? It was not as if he had asked this favor. It had been offered him, and he would take it. He was not a saint, he was a man who wanted to live. War had educated him, had opened up to him horizons hitherto shut away. Now, he knew joys in which he longed to share; and why should he not, indeed, since he had already done all his duty?

Still, Frangipane, too, had done his duty, and instead of going back to the rear, to safety, he was deliberately turning his face to new dangers.

If Papa Charles had been there, with his unwearying kindness, his contagious vitality, he would very soon have convinced Chignole, who changed his mind at a word; he would have given him back his faith in himself. But Frangipane, with his unresponsive face, his elusive manner, seemed to him already hostile.

Paris. — They separated with a foolish excuse, and said good-bye, feeling that they should never see each other again. They were already strangers.

V. CHIGNOLE GETS FAT

It was the end of November, and seven o'clock in the evening. Chignole came up out of the station of the 'Métro Blanche,' and went toward rue Lepic. He turned up his collar, for the rain was fine, invisible, but penetrating.

Yellow gleams from the shops streaked the sticky asphalt and lighted the pushcarts standing at the edge of the sidewalk with their wheels in the refuse of the gutter. The houses exhaled a stale damp smell that mingled with the city's stench, for the wind was bringing the reeks from Aubervilliers. Housewives, with shopping-bags in their hands, hurried to the street-hawkers' baskets, and chatted and made jokes under their bumping, mixed-up umbrellas. Little women, unwashed but painted, with dogs tucked under their arms, went down toward the bar-rooms of the Boulevard de Clichy, stumbling along on their absurdly high heels. Sewing-girls, going back up the hill to Montmartre, were buying pork sausage and vegetables 'ready cooked' for their dinner.

Chignole, crossing the street to make short a cut, saw someone approaching who looked like him. It was merely his image reflected in the glass of a shop-window. He stopped to look at himself, but the examination did not satisfy him, for he sighed. Here was no longer the elegant silhouette of the aviator, with his English jacket, his laced boots, his shoulder-belt, and the jewels of his decoration. This was the image of an ordinary, everyday civilian. Only the boutonnière, with its edge of colored ribbons, recalled a glorious past.

In this street, where once men and

women had turned to look at him as he passed, the best he could expect now was not to be jostled. In the military uniform he had been anyone's equal; now he was once more the workman with hands soiled by work, with broken nails — he who, in the escadrille, had polished his nails, like Flagada. He suffered from the promiscuousness of the factory. Where were the repartees of Papa Charles, the conversations at mess which had meant so much to him? Where were those unforgettable days of aerial warfare: the raid on Germany, the battle in the sky, the anguish over encompassing danger; the fighting against elements and men unchained; the triumphant returns, and the wedding procession across Nancy, winked at by benevolent authority?

He had nothing to complain of, for his work on the motors interested him; he was earning high wages; and he was prolonging his honeymoon with Sophie, to the delight of the old mothers. Still, he was not happy. He did not breathe easily here at the rear, where everything, even himself, seemed too narrow. The outlook of his wife, his mother, the Bassinets, was not his own. He had to force himself, to bore himself, to keep in tune with them.

Once he had gone into a bar where he knew he should meet comrades on leave.

'How fat you're getting!' they had said meaning it as a compliment. But he never went back.

He bought the *Liberté* which a ragged boy was hawking in the corner of a doorway, and he ran through the bulletin mechanically, under a gas-jet. His eyes went to the news of the war in the air: 'Adjutant de La Guérynière has brought down his fifth airplane.'

'La Guérynière — La Guérynière,' he stammered. 'Why, that's Frangipane!'

A flush of pride mounted to his face, but at the same time he was stirred by painful agitation.

'That's what I might have been — an ace. I too might have been cited in the bulletin. My name might have been in the newspapers — in history; my photograph on the covers of the illustrated magazines. But — I needed Papa Charles; by myself, I had n't the sand.'

It is easy to see what we might do, but we make so many things our excuse for clinging to life; a thousand little rootlets issuing from our hearts tie us to earth and prevent our flight.

At the corner of rue Durantin, he heard himself hailed by M. Fondu, who was also returning to the bosom of the family. M. Fondu was a changed man. All of a sudden he had felt warlike appetites arise in him. At the City Hall he was now nicknamed 'the General,' and privately he was flattered. He could not go to the front, but his combative instincts overflowed into numerous extraordinary memorials which he addressed to competent ministers, 'To be used where they will do the most good.'

'My boy, I have just put the last touch to a report on aviation. I've been looking a long time for a title. You know the title is everything. But I've found it. *How To Make Her Hum!* What do you think of it?'

The ramblings of 'the General,' which Chignole was careful not to interrupt, led them to rue des Saules. M. Bassinet, on the doorstep, beckoned them to hasten their steps. 'Hurry up! Come on! We want time to sip our lemon and gentian cocktail quietly before we sit down to the table.'

The first thing which struck Chignole as he entered the lodge was his picture as a soldier, 'an enlargement very highly finished and resembling him exactly,' according to his father-in-law. The soldier in the frame seemed to

mock the civilian. He was genuinely unhappy and it was with an absent minded 'Good-evening' that he replied to his family's noisy demonstrations of affection.

'A penny for your thoughts, Chignole.'

'Oh, not Chignole — Arthur — Chignole's a back number — Chignole — that's over and done with.'

Tired out, he went to the window and leaned his head heavily against the cold pane of glass.

The women were troubled, but M. Bassinet quieted them. 'Pshaw! A cloud which will vanish — when he knows about the surprise'; and with a wink, 'Go to it, Mâme Bassinet.'

Madame Bassinet hesitated coyly; but her husband, assuming a little of his forgotten authority, insisted: 'Go to it, Mâme Bassinet. Go ahead! Out with it! It's high time to tell him.'

Madame Bassinet wiped her eyes with a duster; 'Mama Chignole' was knitting baby-socks harder than ever; M. Bassinet murmured a broad joke to M. Fondu, who had abandoned his grandiose dreams for the moment. Sophie lowered her eyes.

Chignole started up! — Father! — He was to be a father! — A child! — His name, his blood perpetuated. The future, which had escaped him hitherto, belonged to him now. His mortifications, his regrets, his disappointments, his fears, were to melt away beneath the white curtains of a cradle.

'If it's a girl,' clamored M. Bassinet, 'we'll call her Victoria. And if it's a boy — well — what shall we name it if it's a boy?'

Then, in the silence caused by the general emotion, 'Mama Chignole's' voice arose, very clear: —

'If it's a boy, we'll call it Papa Charles!'

(The End)

THE HOUSE OF THE MIND

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

It was John Bunyan who long ago wrote an allegory on the Castle of Mansoul. Houses are more fashionable than castles nowadays, and minds, I fear, than souls, and it is time that someone produced a treatment of the House of Man's Mind.

It must perhaps be reluctantly admitted that not every mind merits description under the figure of a house. For some conventional intelligences the Flat of the Mind would be an adequate symbol. Yet at its best estate the mind is like some spacious mansion with varied chambers, Victorian or Colonial, but not without a very comfortable modern wing for practical convenience. For the mind is no unalterable house, but a developing structure in which successive historical periods are reflected, just as they are in the material fabrics of old seats of learning, in the remodeling of whose very buildings one can read the history of their times.

Only yesterday, the great collegiate houses of the mind were putting on new fronts and adding new wings, to meet the needs of war. Perhaps a tent would be a fitter symbol of these martial additions, for in the autumn of 1918 the universities were military camps. In hundreds of colleges the first academic assembly this year was At the Flag Pole, at 11 A.M. October first. At that hour, in all these little sisters to West Point, the members of the Student Army Training Corps, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, 'pledged their lives to the honor and defense of their country.' We felt ourselves in a different

world, even from that of last spring. We had given up our favorite courses, our seminars and select groups of graduate students. We were ransacking our past and digging up some less rarefied studies in which we were once, we dimly remembered, counted proficient. The happiest man in this new order was the one who could turn his back upon the specialty of his mature years and teach the military freshman what the army told us he needed most to learn.

Our colleagues in law and divinity went about disguised as professors of trigonometry and surveying, to which matters, it now appeared, they had devoted their studious youth. Others of us, fearful that such mathematical instruction as we could give might pave the way for military disaster, volunteered for less devious subjects — American history, French, and English composition.

One learned doctor of divinity, on undertaking to renew his youth by imparting trigonometry to the troops, ventured timidly to inquire about the textbook. His mathematical Mentor launched into a glowing account of the work (which it turned out he had written), declaring that it read like a novel and was as simple as a child. My friend hastened to provide himself with this paragon of textbooks. The first sentence that caught his eye was this: 'The method pursued in this book is purely heuristic.' This had a reassuring sound, but disclosed nothing definite about the method save that it was clearly no ordinary one. As the paragon contained no glossary, and

the large dictionary was not at hand, he took counsel with his erudite neighbors. Some weakly suggested that it must be a misprint. Others, under Gallic influence, hazarded that the method was to study the book only so long as the student found pleasure in so doing. This interpretation tallied with the conviction general among instructors that study is now a much more pleasurable process than it was when they were students.

The great reading-rooms of the library were halls for supervised study for the corps, each presided over by an officer. For this and other duties, an initiated friend informed me, we were to be reinforced with thirty-seven officers. 'Real officers?' I queried doubtfully. 'Real officers,' he replied a shade sternly. But he was related to Stonewall Jackson and is not appalled by the atmosphere of war. It was a stirring sight of an evening to see the companies marching from their several barracks across the moonlit quadrangles to study-hour in those big reading-rooms, with no sound but the regular beat of marching feet and an occasional sharp word of command.

The flag-raising was, indeed, an impressive occasion. Together our academic and military chieftains, across a hollow square flanked by serried masses of civilians, confronted fifteen of the real officers, backed by the Technical Corps in uniform, while a mixed multitude of prospective S.A.T.C. men brought up the rear. 'Technical Corps forward—*How!*' shouted the commanding officer. But the Technical Corps for some reason, perhaps for fear of treading on the fifteen real officers, did not advance. 'Come right forward, Technical Corps,' continued the major soothingly; and the Technical Corps, thus encouraged, advanced with all soldierly propriety a few steps nearer the seat of authority. The bugler blew 'To the Colors,' the flag slowly rose; the officers saluted, the soldiers stood at attention,

the civilians took off their hats. Militarization had set in.

The divinity halls were barracks, and so was the football stand. For a time the football team was without a habitation, and the Old Man was desolate. The men's clubhouse was turned over to the Y.M.C.A. The women's clubhouse was a hostess house, and the deans of women, martially dispossessed of their office rooms, sought temporary shelter in Classics. In a corner of one of the quadrangles is a building modeled on St. John's garden front at Oxford—a gray stone thing of mullioned oriel windows, half hid in clambering ivies. In our upheaval, this mellow and solid fabric became a hut, thus reversing the process applied to ancient Rome by a certain gentleman who found it brick and left it marble.

So was our sanctuary violated, so our fair college turned, not to a hospital, perhaps, but to a military school. It was all reflected in our new vocabulary. The clubhouse had become a hut. The men's halls were barracks. The dining-hall was 'mess,' not to say 'chow.' We marched to class (now known, alas, as 'school') and recited standing at attention. Mess, drill, school, quarters—in these four life was comprised. The freedom, leisure, idleness of academic days gave place to the fully prescribed routine of military training. Our sole period of repose was night, which began with taps and ended with what a freshman described to me as 'revelry,' thus casting new light upon Byron's famous line, —

There was a sound of revelry by night.

Truly we were upheaved. You rose up blithely in the morning, a mere professor of patristics, with not a care in the world and with very few students. You lay down wearily at night, a Y.M.C.A. secretary burdened with the responsibility of a large and crowded hut,

with a flourishing canteen, and a staff of three secretaries each more efficient than yourself. And all through no fault of yours; but solely because the real secretary's passports were unexpectedly ready and he had left for France.

The military transformation was not indeed wholly free from minor inconveniences. The first night that guards were set about our Campus Martius a surprising number of suspicious strangers fell into the military net. Library attendants, setting out for home as usual after taps, found their ordinary egress barred by zealous sentries, and were ordered to the other end of the quadrangles. There they encountered an even more resolute sentinel, who improved the opportunity to administer to them an extended reprimand. A zoologist who had worked late over his experiments was not a little astonished to be halted on the confines of the campus, and narrowly missed exchanging the security of his laboratory for that of the guardhouse. To enter the academic precincts was even more difficult. The janitorial night-shift, coming on for its priestlike task of pure ablution, found the quadrangles like the beleaguered city of scripture, straitly shut up; none went out and none came in. With such custodians we were surely in no danger of surprise. But it is not a little disconcerting toward the close of a recitation, when the notes of a bugle float in at the open windows, to see your whole class rise as one man and rush from the room, the hindmost, as he disappears, crying over his shoulder, 'He's blowing "Retreat"!'

Not the least benefit of all this upheaval is that it in a measure relieves us from the bondage of books. So short a time ago we cared for nothing but the reading and the writing of books. In this time of war-making the vanity of such pursuits has become clear. A statistical friend informs me that modern

publishers turn out almost a hundred thousand different books a year. One shudders to think how many they refuse. The most extraordinary thing about this excessive book-production is that we get on with reading so few of them. The fact is, reading books is not the wholly beneficent exercise it was formerly considered. For one thing, it begets in one a negative and commonplace attitude of mind, and unfits one for free self-expression. I once knew a man who had read so many books that he was quite incapable of independent thought. It is like being led about by the hand until one cannot get around in any other way.

But in the presence of war, actions speak louder than words, and practical studies are to the fore. There was little of the familiar casual attitude till lately fashionable with the modern undergraduate. For all the distractions of orderly duty and supervised study, the freshman of October, 1918, made a serious business of trying to be both student and soldier. There was a spirit abroad among them which, as one freshman wrote 'put a new face on the old saying, "Gott mit Huns."' Nothing better illustrates this new spirit than the behavior of the women students. They militarized themselves, and in their Woman Student Training Corps formed an organization with drills, officers, uniforms, a war-service pledge, and a muster-roll almost equal to that of the local S.A.T.C. itself.

Never was academic transformation swifter or more complete, and never did one hold shorter sway. For six weeks to a day this extraordinary experiment linked us to history. It was no small satisfaction to be teaching men, some of whom, as we all believed in October, would soon be officers in the new army. Then came the armistice. But those morning and evening bugles, and those columns in khaki which made the col-

lege a castle, will not soon be forgotten even in the haunts of ancient peace.

If these academic houses have been camps, the individual house of Man's Mind has been in the way of towering again into its old lofty proportions of the Castle of Mansoul, and marks of this period will long be with us in stouter walls and higher turrets. Others not quite so near the scene of conflict have at least forsaken the rich and quiet chambers of the mind, to build and occupy new quarters suited to the hour.

He can have given little thought to his own mind who does not see in it a complex structure, with many rooms that are far from modern. Everybody, one observes, is orthodox in some phase of his thinking; that is, there are some old rooms in his mind which he has not yet remodeled. Nor are these older chambers of the mind tenantless. In many a one of them dwells the spirit of some ancestor who added it to our mental establishment. For the mind is in a measure an inheritance, however much we may be responsible for the furniture we put into it. It is partly the society of these old fellows that makes these chambers of the mind attractive or otherwise. Who has not felt, in moments of sheer enjoyment, the disappearing presence of some stiff old Puritan forefather to whom all pleasure was anathema, and has not forthwith fled to some sunnier mental spaces where he could not follow? For these subtenants of ours, as if bedridden, cannot leave the quarters they have bequeathed to us. It would not be possible to get them all down to the dining-room together, to devour, say, a good book with you. And if it could be done, probably no single book would hold the interest of all these diversities.

What with construction and addition, some minds come to be of palatial proportions, richly furnished by read-

ing, travel, and observation, looking out through many windows upon fair prospects and far horizons. They are affluent, tranquil, settled abodes, in which the occupant lives busily, yet at ease. Their cupboards and store-rooms quickly yield what you are in search of, in the way of fact, opinion, or reaction. It is not alone that they contain much, but their contents seem to be so conveniently and accessibly disposed. These are the palatial minds, the houses of the mental aristocracy. They have many chambers, some looking westward over the fruitful past, but others to the east and the expectant future. For these houses are not mere treasuries of old values. Their occupants will show you many a new acquisition, with all the zest of the discoverer. Only these have not destroyed the proportion and perspective of the possessor, or made him forgetful of his other goods of longer standing. In minds like these you can wander for hours, finding new treasures, interests, and outlooks. We stay in them with a sense of luxury, and we leave them with a feeling of deprivation.

One sometimes finds his way into minds less spacious and well-ordered. Some are small but exquisitely furnished, and with their one or two rooms make delightful visiting. They have a genial atmosphere that is lacking in many a grander house.

Whatever be the origin or extent of the mental habitations that we occupy, for their furniture we are responsible. A common scheme of mental furnishing consists of a few prejudices inconspicuously placed where the chance visitor will stumble over them. Once, as I was playing the fourth hole of a Western golf course, a man driving by in a wagon stopped to offer me a golf-ball that he had found, and pressed it upon me as a free gift until I could not very well refuse. He then invited me to

enter his mind, which I did. It was not large, but it was a busy place, elaborately furnished with prejudices of the most substantial sort. He expounded to me the war, which, it developed, was nothing less than the irrepressible conflict between Romanism and Free-Masonry. The war has led to a remarkable airing out of the cupboards of the mind, and some very quaint furniture has incidentally been exposed to neighborly observation.

Not only in the amount and arrangement of their furniture, but in its character, minds differ very much. Some admit nothing but the latest thing, and think shame to show anything as old as last season. Others exhibit only second-hand articles. In the bric-à-brac of such a mind you encounter a host of jokes and anecdotes which bring back your lost youth. One sometimes meets men whose minds are furnished exclusively in the style of the eighteenth century — and unfortunately not always with the genuine antiques. And what a treatise might be written upon mental housekeeping: how windows should be kept clean, the furniture frequently shifted and overhauled, and grievances aired as little as possible, and only when nobody is about.

The most gracious aspect of a house is its hospitality. Some guests we admit to certain chambers but never think of entertaining in others. They would not understand or enjoy them. So it comes about that the same mind shows very different sides to different visitors. One you admit at once to the living-room; another never gets farther than the reception-room. A third has but to show himself, to be ushered into the intimacy of the garden or the study; and a fourth may come in without ring-

ing, and you will cheerfully take him with you over the whole house from attic to cellar. For friendship is to have the latchkey of another's mind.

It is clearly the business of the mind to build it more stately mansions as the swift seasons roll. For the mind cannot remain fixed, no matter what the psalmist thought about the heart. Ourselves, like everything and everybody else, must change. Here we have been misled by what we may call the delusive fixity of art. Art has beguiled us and we have been beguiled. In all its forms it has conspired to create in us the conviction that life, when it has attained a certain estate, becomes stationary. Everything about art is calculated to give one that settled impression. It has taught us to expect fixity, whereas life shows us only endless process and function, to which in mind and body we must conform.

Our minds are filled with these images of art, and upon them we unconsciously frame our thinking. But they are not real. Even the realities for which they stand are constantly changing. Your friends and associates of last year are now lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels. They are not the same. The very nations are not the same. What were *Ukrainia* and *Czecho-Slovakia* when you last went abroad? Can the mind then remain the same? It is a painful business living in a house that is being remodeled, and doubly so when it is the house of the mind. But in a world of new forces and changed faces, when a new thoroughfare is being opened through the mental property of each of us, it is not enough to withdraw into our mental habitations and shut the door. We must change our minds.

THE WAR AND THE MIND OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY J. L. HAMMOND

I

It is not difficult to trace the reactions of the great wars of principle in the past on the imagination of the combatants. By a war of principle is meant a war in which peoples are consciously defending some political idea, in contrast to wars that are solely concerned with the ambitions of rulers, the machinations and intrigues of commercial enterprise, or the restless movements of a growing race pushing here and there for more elbow-room in the world. In certain struggles some great issue stands out amid all these motives and causes of conflict. A great many questions were thrown into the melting-pot when France faced Europe in 1793: all the world is interested in the problems that were raised when Western Europe faced Germany in 1914. But in both cases there was one great overruling crisis of principle. France was fighting in 1793, even as the Allies were fighting in 1914, to give democracy its opportunity in Europe.

This was clearly recognized in Germany, where a distinguished German professor declared four years ago that Germany was making war on the ideas of 1789. The organization of the German State has been based on the belief that Europe made a false step with the ideas of the French Revolution, and that what the world needed was a return to the ideas of Frederick the Great. The war was to vindicate and establish this theory. The same view of the meaning of the German challenge in

1914 was taken by the eminent French historian M. Aulard:—

‘The present war, the war we are waging against Prussian militarism, against Prussianized Germany, is but the continuation of the French Revolution. We are fighting for the same cause for which our ancestors fought in 1793 and in the year II.’

This was the dominating issue. It is true that, as the war developed, the ideals for which the Allies were fighting have sometimes been obscured, the temptations of the old diplomatic world distracting men’s minds from the true purport of the struggle. Fortunately, the entry of America into the war restored the full sense of its meaning, and whatever the designs and expectations of this or that group, this or that interest, the normal Englishman hopes about this war, not that it will make his country richer or more powerful, but that it will create a world more favorable to the aims of democracy and the spirit of freedom.

A century ago England was profoundly influenced by the circumstances of her quarrel with France. England and France had often been at war. In the war that began in 1793 and ended in 1815 both nations behaved outwardly very much as they had behaved in former wars. This was Burke’s grand complaint against Pitt. There was the same filching of territory: ambition and intrigue took the same forms, if they found a larger theatre for their operations. But the war of 1793 affected the imagination of

England in a direct and lasting manner. We were fighting against France; it was more important that we were fighting against French principles. Pitt's phrase, 'the liquid fire of Jacobinism,' described the real object of our terror and our hatred. French doctrines frightened our rulers much more than French power. We derided French governments, not without reason, for their inconsistency in talking about popular choice while they were seizing cities here and states there on the good old-fashioned plan of tradition. But our ancestors would not have liked them any the better if they had kept their principles with the most scrupulous fidelity. For by the stability of Europe Pitt understood the maintenance of an equilibrium between a few great powers, without any kind of reference to the wishes and feelings of the people they governed.

The ideals that France preached were more dangerous and disturbing than the cynicism she practised. This explains why the feeling between the aristocracy and the few distinguished aristocrats, led by Fox, who welcomed French principles while they criticized French policy, was so bitter and irreconcilable. So long as England was fighting against Louis XIV, it was a contest of military powers; the war with Jacobin France was a spiritual conflict, and there was danger that French ideas might invade our society, even if French soldiers were unable to set foot on our shores.

To-day again we have been fighting, not merely against a formidable enemy, but against a theory of life and politics; only in this case we were fighting on the side of the principles that we opposed in 1793. The contrast is seen in the difference in the domestic history of England during the two wars. In the earlier war Parliament passed acts to suppress trade-unions, and the agitation for Par-

liamentary Reform was resisted as Jacobinical and seditious. 'Would you choose the occasion of a hurricane for repainting your house?' asked Windham, who was Burke's chief disciple. Burke himself denied that there was any particular in which the British constitution could be improved. Prejudice against democratic notions led statesmen to use language about the mass of the nation which at other times would have been judged dangerously provocative. Pitt talked of the artisans of the new industrial north as 'idle and profligate,' and Burke used an expression that was not easily forgotten by the reformers — 'the swinish multitude.'

Turn to the present war, and we find that the trade-unions have been scarcely less important, scarcely less integral a part of the administration of the country than the House of Commons itself. Voluntary recruiting, exemptions from military service on the ground of industrial need, the rationing of the textile industries, the control and organization of trade — all these administrative measures have been conducted with the responsible coöperation of the trade-unions. And Parliament, so far from recognizing the national emergency as a reason for resisting or postponing electoral reform, has enfranchised six million women and has more than doubled the electorate.

This association in the British mind of all democratic principles with a dangerous and bitter enemy had ominous consequences in the history of the nineteenth century. It brought ruin on all the liberal ideas, preached by Fox and his followers, which would have saved England from a disgraceful and a fatal chapter in the history of her relations with the Irish people: she might otherwise have escaped that distressing legacy which still embarrasses our good name in the sight of the world. But it had consequences not less important on

the development of our own life and our own institutions. For it helped to determine the form of our Industrial Revolution and to inspire the gospel that contemporary economists and politicians preached with such mischievous success to their own and to succeeding generations. And as the most important question we can ask about the effect of the present war is the question whether or not we are going to release the life and the prospects of our society from the tyranny of these ideas, it is worth while to examine their character and their origin.

II

If we turn to the writings and speeches of economists and politicians of a century ago, we are struck by their confident tone. Brougham and Macaulay believed emphatically that the miracles of invention and adaptation that make up the story of our mechanical triumphs during the early phases of the Revolution promised mankind complete power over its surroundings. A few eccentric persons like Thomas Love Peacock questioned this optimism: readers of *Gryll Grange* and *Crotchet Castle* will remember the fun he pokes at the 'Steam Intellect Society' and the march of mind. But it was the general view that the discovery of the uses of steam had provided the key to most of the problems of life, and that Great Britain, in full possession of these secrets, was stepping out on a course of triumph and wealth.

Now, it would seem reasonable to suppose that a great increase in the power of man over his surroundings ('Nowhere,' said Macaulay, 'does man exercise such a dominion over matter') would lead to a general improvement in the whole standard of life. A group of settlers living on an island on terms of equal comradeship would find life eas-

ier and simpler for each and for all, as new devices were invented to save labor and economic effort. But when we look at the history of the mass of the people living in the districts that were the centres of the new industry, — in Lancashire, for instance, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, — we find that just the opposite has happened. The majority of people in the districts were better off, freer, and living with a wider range of initiative and enterprise in 1750 than in 1830. This is the great standing sorrow of the Industrial Revolution. Something of this atmosphere of tragedy clings to the villages and the hills of the West Riding. The bleak and sombre landscape that gives such a setting to Charlotte Brontë's works seems to speak of the sad destinies of the hardy men and women, spinners, weavers, combers, croppers, who worked in the old days in their homes and rode across the hills with packs on their horses' backs. On this world the Industrial Revolution fell like a plague, or a war. It is not altogether surprising that the deterioration of their standard of life escaped the notice of the optimists of the day, for this whole world was more or less strange to them. But it is surprising that Brougham and Macaulay were not more impressed by the material aspect of the new civilization: by the hideous, squalid towns that grew up round the new factories, by the character which the look and the arrangements of these towns gave to the population that was to benefit by the great discoveries of science.

This seems strange to the modern mind, and it is intelligible only if we think ourselves back into the moral atmosphere of the time. This is easier to do because that atmosphere has hung about our thinking down to the present day. Roughly speaking, we may say that the men who welcomed the Industrial Revolution as the dawn of a great

age of discovery and human power believed that the law of progress demanded that the mass of men and women should live in poverty, and with no control over their own lives. It has been the custom sometimes during the war to talk of Marshal Foch's two armies: one an army of sacrifice, the other an army of victory. The first army was to resist, suffering tremendous losses, hoping only by its hardihood to create the opportunity for the ultimate triumph of the army of victory. In the same way our ancestors thought of the mass of men and women engaged in the new industry. They were an army of sacrifice. True, it was a dreadful spectacle that they presented. The records of the Committee of the House of Commons over which Michael Sadler presided tell a story of the sufferings and degradation of the children of the Lancashire and Yorkshire factory population that nobody can read to-day without emotion. The early pictures of the state of the Lancashire towns, revealed in the reports of Chadwick to the first Board of Health, make one wonder how any race could have survived such conditions of living. But most of the ruling class believed that this was inevitable, and that the ignorance and servitude of the many were as necessary to the development of the great Industrial Revolution to which England looked forward as the enlightenment and the riches of the few.

Why was this?

The answer is that the Industrial Revolution broke upon a society accustomed to certain fixed ideas of inequality and subordination. Those ideas had been encouraged by the course of English history from the break-up of the monasteries, the inclosure of the common lands, and the establishment of a social oligarchy as the ruling power, absorbing all the functions of government and all the opportunities of develop-

ment and education. To these ideas the war with France gave a tremendous stimulus. The first impressions of the French Revolution in England were favorable; but when the reaction came, it was overwhelming. It was not merely in the world of landlords and rich merchants that the ideas of equality and freedom were abhorrent. Bamford, a Lancashire weaver, has left an account of the early efforts of the English reformers, and he shows that a workman who talked about democracy ran a good risk of being put in the nearest horse-pond by his fellows. Equality was a French idea, and the Frenchman was the enemy. The Industrial Revolution took a form that was fatal to the ideas of equality.

Mr. Belloc goes too far in suggesting in his book, *The Servile State*, that the capital for the new industries came exclusively from the rich, for a great many of the new employers were poor men who scraped together a little money and started a small factory. Robert Owen was one of many who started from small beginnings. Gaskell, a contemporary writer, says that the men who succeeded in the industry 'were raised by their own efforts, commencing in a very humble way, and pushing their advance by a series of unceasing exertions, having a very limited capital to begin with, or even none at all save their own labor.' It is, therefore, a mistake to argue that the new industry was capitalized entirely by rich men. In truth, one of the strange features of the Industrial Revolution is the fact that the big merchants who had provided the capital for the earlier forms in which industry was capitalized did not become the pioneers of the new processes. The new capital was provided largely by small men.

But Mr. Belloc is perfectly right in his conclusion that the disastrous form that the new society took was deter-

mined by the moral atmosphere of the time. Two forces might have checked the new tyranny, the tyranny that swallowed up the whole life of society in this new industrial system. One was a sense of equality — a feeling for human dignity and freedom. The other was the corporate spirit that would have enabled bodies of men and women to resist by means of some kind of social organization the sweeping claims of the new power. Neither of these forces had any place in English society. A corporate sentiment had been fostered and maintained by constitutions of the past: the universities, the guilds, the Church. But the universities had become the private belongings of the aristocracy; the guilds had disappeared; the Church had become only one aspect of the governing class. Puritanism again had been an intensely individualistic influence on business and commerce. It was only in the trade-unions that this spirit was effectively maintained, and they were not strong enough to hold their own against the ruling powers. For the ruling class, which might in some circumstances have restrained the new power of capital, as a danger to society, threw the reins to it, believing that the more complete that power, the greater would be the prosperity of the State. The new masters of industry had only to declare their wishes and the government made haste to obey them.

There was then no corporate unit that could give conscious expression and vigor to any body of opinion or interest that was threatened by the new development. The inclosure of the commons, which had destroyed the old peasantry with all the bonds which brought its members together, had been the signal for the Agrarian Revolution which created the agrarian proletariat. The Industrial Revolution found certain obstacles in its way in the organized combinations of particular classes of work-

ers. Charlotte Brontë's novel *Shirley* gives a vivid account of one such struggle. But it was an unequal conflict. On the one side were the ruling powers and the vigorous capitalists of the new industry, preaching a simple doctrine that the mass of men and women were to be the instruments of the new system; that education, decent living, leisure, and any encouragement to the use of their minds would make them discontented with their inevitable lot, and thereby make them less efficient instruments. Mrs. Trimmer, one of the leading educationalists of the day, explained that, though she wanted some instruction for the poor, it was only such instruction as would make the poor 'less disgusting to their superiors.' On the other side were groups of workers able to organize themselves in defiance of the law, with great difficulty, sometimes in isolated unions, sometimes in larger combinations, in order to dispute the power of their masters at this or that point. There could be no question of the issue of such a conflict. The industrial system, with its concentration of power in the hands of the few and the regimentation of the mass of workers as irresponsible wage-earners, became a means, not for making a people more free, but for making authority stronger.

This theory, a kind of complacent Calvinism, was challenged by Shaftesbury and those who struggled with him for factory acts and mines acts. Shaftesbury accepted the general doctrine of subordination, and he had no sympathy with trade-unions or the workers' demands for political rights. But he would not accept the sacrifice of human life and human happiness which the industrial system seemed to his contemporaries to demand. A more direct and passionate challenge came from the Chartists, who disputed not merely the claim of the industrial system to dictate the general conditions of life, but

also the whole doctrine of inequality. But the Chartist movement failed, and the reaction of that failure on the working-class mind was seen in the temper of politics for the rest of the century. The note of revolution disappeared. The industrial system was accepted. And the conventional respect for the claims of that system limited all our ambitions and our ideas.

For the last few years before the war there was a new ferment. Mr. Wells has given a picture of this social unrest in *Joan and Peter*. In the strikes that were frequent, in the talk of the more thoughtful labor leaders, in discussions and policy, a new spirit was beginning to appear. It was significant that the most important piece of constructive thinking was contributed, not by any of the old intellectual leaders, but by a young man who, after a brilliant career at Oxford, had settled down to devote to the cause of industrial reform talents that most men in his position would have employed in the service of the Treasury or in making a career at the bar. This was Mr. G. D. H. Cole, author of *The World of Labour*. Mr. Cole was given an appointment on the staff of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers — a remarkable event to those who know the trade-unions' suspicion of middle-class advisers; and in that position he has shown that he has great gifts as an administrator. Already, then, before the war there was the beginning of a new spirit, an impatience, not merely of the injustices of the industrial system, but of what appeared to be its whole character. Freedom and democracy were casting ambitious glances in new directions.

III

What effect will the war have on that system?

The two most important facts about

our society before the war were that it accepted more or less consciously the argument that, in considering the reform of its life or institutions, we had to think first of the needs of the industrial system, and that it acquiesced in all the gross inequalities of life which resulted from this belief. Consider our towns. Could anyone imagine that those who designed them had any idea that they were to be the homes of men and women with minds to develop, with imaginations to nourish, with leisure to use for the recreation and the health of their bodies? They served none of these purposes, for they were not meant to serve any of them. They were simply an aspect of an industrial system which refused to recognize that the mass of men and women had any business with education, recreation, or the wider and spiritual purposes of life. The age which thought of men, women, and children as 'hands' for feeding the machines of industries had no use for libraries, galleries, playgrounds, or any of the forms in which beauty and space could bring comfort and nourishment to the human mind. As Morris said in the 'March Wind,' —

The singers have sung and the builders have builded,

The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;

For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,

When all is for these but the blackness of night?

Consider again our education system. It is quite untrue in one sense to say that England before the war despised education. Parents of the professional classes have been ready to make great sacrifices to send their boys to a public school. What most of them valued in the public school was its atmosphere of comradeship, its tone and standards of mutual honor and loyalty, its opportunities for healthy and developing

games. How far the English public school is successful as an educational force; how far its aims, methods, spirit, equipment, are adequate or well-conceived; how far, in other words, England has understood education — these are questions on which there is active and endless controversy. For the purposes of this argument it is more important to point out that, whereas a very expensive education was judged to be necessary for the children of a small class, the nation was quite prepared to let the children of the working class go into the mill at twelve, and that the children of the poor living in large towns and even in villages had to find their playgrounds in the streets.

In the middle of the nineteenth century our educational resources were scandalously deficient. Everybody remembers how they were described by Matthew Arnold and Carlyle. What was the nation's answer? There was a burst of public-school expansion, and nine of our chief public schools were founded in twenty years. But for the working classes scarcely anything was done. It was not till 1870 that there was a universal system, and the standard of efficiency was deplorably low. And down to the war itself the nation showed singularly little sense of responsibility for its children. We washed our hands of all responsibility for the boys and girls who left school at thirteen or fourteen. What became of them? In a great number of cases they became riveters' boys or errand-boys or van-boys; they dropped into some occupation which gave no training and left them stranded a few years later.

The Consultative Committee of the Board of Education issued a report in 1909 which pointed out a terrible truth, on which Mr. R. H. Tawney, one of the brilliant pioneers of the Workers' Educational Association, had long insisted: —

'There are signs that the factory system (where its operations are not held in check by the conscience of the employer or by the regulations of the State) is beginning to seize upon the improved human material turned out by the elementary schools at the close of the day-school course. Certain branches of machine production are being so organized as to make profitable the employment of boy and girl adolescent labor in businesses which, while demanding some intelligence and previous training, are in themselves deadening to the mind.'

Persons who talk of reconstruction mean different things by the term.

Some mean merely a more efficient nation on the old lines, greater output, energy better organized, mechanical improvements, industrial expansion. Others think of a nation on new lines, and they believe that the nation will emerge from the war prepared for a moral revolution. And the greatest revolution of all would be the emancipation of our minds from the bondage of this tradition.

Let us imagine what a difference it would make if we started boldly by asking what are the conditions that are essential to the good life and the free development, not of a class or a favored few, but of the community as a whole; if we put the industrial system out of our minds until we have decided what kind of a life a society ought to build for itself.

This is what the war has done for a great number of people. In one sense war must inevitably breed inequality and injustice. But it is true also that it is the nursery of a new spirit of justice. This war has been the opportunity of the common man. No higher service can be rendered to the nation than the service of the simple soldier, yesterday, perhaps, a dock laborer uncertain about

the morrow, or an errand-boy with the most precarious footing in our social system, who stands in the trench waiting for the cold dawn and an expected attack. What more can a nation ask of a man than she has asked of four or five millions during these suffering years? And the man who has made these sacrifices will not accept the values of the old system. War makes life cheap, but it does not make a man's life cheap in his own eyes. The more ready he is to risk it for an idea, the greater the value he puts upon it. The soldier who returns has broken through the strongest force in our nature, the customary standard, the habit of accepting the world as he finds it. In the old world he was the instrument of a system; in the new world he means to be in some sense the master of his life. The industrial system is challenged no longer by the reasoned discontent of a few, or the slowly spreading impatience of the many: it is challenged directly by the most powerful sentiments in a great body of the men who serve its needs.

This is a new moral force in our society: the presence of a great mass of men, conscious of sacrifices and services, who look at the world with new eyes. In the old days it seemed natural that a few people should have a life of spacious comfort and leisure, and that the great mass of the nation should live under conditions which gave no opportunity for a free and full life. The 'comfortable classes' had two or three holidays abroad every year; carters were on strike in London the year before the war, because they were not allowed a single day's holiday until they had had ten years' service. It seemed natural — this is the important truth about it — to poor as well as to rich. The war has made it seem grossly contrary to nature: the common sufferings of the trenches have taught a new philosophy

to the soldiers: the experience of rationing has taught a new sense of equality in the most docile of our villages.

Our bonds have been broken in another way. In one sense war exhibits more than anything else the impotence of man. Here are twenty millions suffering every kind of horror because a few people, by willing certain ends, have brought the whole world into this enveloping net. On the other hand, the war has revealed the wonderful resourcefulness of man. Take Great Britain alone, with her millions drafted into the army, and millions drafted into munition works. She could yet maintain her economic life, and feed, clothe, and arm other nations as well. The word impossible has dropped out of our language. It is seen that the human will and human energy have an infinitely greater power over the circumstances of life than anybody had supposed. New methods of organization, new forms of social effort, have been discovered.

Thus, at the very time when men are demanding a new kind of society, able to live its own life and pursue its own spiritual ends, freed at last from the lingering shadow of the Industrial Revolution, a new experience opens up new avenues for our ambition. The war has brought at the same time a new faith in human power and a new sense of the freedom and the range of the human will. The next few years will show whether our statesmanship can satisfy the spirit created by the war among the millions of men and women who have learned to ask of their common life that it should satisfy the spiritual needs of men and women, or whether it will break down under the influence of the forces which still judge a society by its industrial power. On the answer to that question depends the future of our civilization.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKES¹

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE indigenous fauna of South Africa was, a century ago, richer in genera and species than that in any other part of the globe. To-day the mammals have largely disappeared, — ruthlessly obliterated, — mostly slain by natives armed with the white man's weapons. Even fifty years since, vast tracts were still stocked with noble wild beasts, whose numbers and variety are quite incredible except to the old wanderers whose feet, in those long-bygone days, trod those then remote wildernesses. The reptiles were, relatively, almost as numerous as the mammalia, but their habits have enabled them to avoid destruction to the same extent. Usually dwelling underground, and largely of nocturnal habit, the lizard and the snake still survive in considerable numbers, except in the immediate vicinity of the abodes of men.

Yet one may live to-day in an environment in which are large numbers of snakes, and be hardly aware of their existence unless some unusual conditions bring them to one's notice. Before entering the Indian Ocean the Great Fish River runs for some hundreds of miles through a deep valley, between high banks of clay heavily perforated by the burrows of large field-mice and other rodents. Its sluggish,

muddy current is usually of insignificant volume. But occasionally heavy up-country rains cause the river to swell into a brimming torrent, on which are borne quantities of uprooted trees and shrubs. The mouse-holes become submerged and the snakes (principally the great African viper, *Bitis arrietans*, known as the 'puff adder'), which share the burrows apparently on amicable terms with the rodents, emerge to avoid being drowned. Gripped by the flood, they climb into the branches of the drifting trees and are swept out to sea. Soon afterwards the trees are cast ashore by the tide, their occupants chilled and lifeless. But on the first hot day they come to life and may be seen basking on the sand in quite embarrassing numbers. Then one realises that there are still snakes, and plenty of them, in South Africa.

The classification of snakes is as yet indecisive; its terms frequently change; in each system hitherto proposed numerous anomalies may be pointed out. One principle has, however, been established, namely, that no solid-toothed snake is venomous, but all snakes possessing grooved, channeled, or tubular fangs are venomous in a greater or less degree. No snake masticates its food. The teeth are invariably sharp and recurved, and thus adapted only for gripping and holding. The popular idea that a snake slavers its prey before engulfing it is incorrect; the saliva is never poured forth until the prey is well within the snake's maw.

The great family of colubrine snakes

¹ The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, F.Z.S., etc., Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, whose book, *The Snakes of South Africa*, contains extensive and useful information.

is well represented in South Africa. Some are venomous; some are not. But the venom of a colubrine snake is usually far more deadly than is that of any viper. The head of the family is the mamba, *Dendraspis angusticeps*, which is the longest venomous snake in the world. This distinction was formerly claimed for the Indian hamadryad, which, however, does not appear to reach a length of more than twelve feet. I have personally measured a mamba thirteen feet four inches in length, and they probably run to fifteen feet in exceptional instances. The mamba is, moreover, undoubtedly the most dangerous of all snakes. Not alone is its venom deadly, but it is highly aggressive at times and its speed is quite extraordinary. If disturbed during the pairing season, the mamba attacks without hesitation; and if at any time one happens to get between the mamba and its dwelling, the snake rushes straight for its objective and, in passing, strikes swiftly as lightning at the intruder. The mamba's fangs — two on each side — are long, deeply grooved, and powerful, and the amount of venom injected when they are buried in the flesh of a victim is much more than is necessary to cause death.

The mamba is very thin in proportion to its length. Occasionally, on being disturbed, it puffs itself out, thus considerably increasing the girth. It is primarily a tree snake, but is sometimes found in open spaces. It progresses in a series of bounds, suggestive of the successive uncoilings of a steel spring. The eye is large, round-pupiled, and expressive of intelligence. There are two varieties of the mamba — one colored a vivid grass-green and the other steely black. There is still some uncertainty as to whether one or two species exist. Mambas are common in parts of Natal, in Zululand, and in the northeastern Transvaal. Some years

ago certain stretches of scrubby forest land near the mouth of the Umkomas River in Natal were left unoccupied by both Europeans and natives on account of the prevalence of mambas. To-day, in Zululand, the news that a large mamba has been seen will cause the vicinity to be shunned — perhaps for months.

The mamba, like most colubrine snakes, is oviparous. The eggs are often laid among dead leaves between the protruding roots of trees. Soon after being hatched the young snakes ascend among the branches, where their protective coloration makes them difficult to discern. They live upon eggs, birds, and small mammals. The mamba has the habit of lying coiled among the branches adjacent to a footpath in a forest. Woe to the passing wayfarer in such a case! If he touch a twig, and thus impart the least tremor to the snake's lair, a lightning-swift stroke upon face, neck, or arm seals his doom. Such a stroke may be delivered either forward or sideways, with equal speed and effectiveness.

Another formidable colubrine reptile is the cobra — *Naja haji*, *Naja flava*, and the rest. These snakes, only slightly different from the Indian cobras, often attain a length of over six feet. Their venom is the deadliest substance known; I am not aware of anyone having recovered from a cobra's bite. Cobras vary much in coloration; I have killed adult specimens of a light lemon-yellow, jet black, and all intermediate shades. The cobra is a fierce fighter and, when reared up, with expanded hood, looks very formidable indeed. Anterior to the head the ribs lengthen and then gradually shorten to normal dimensions. These lengthened ribs, about twenty in number, lie, when the snake is quiescent, more or less laterally along the spine. But when the snake becomes excited, the neck

bends and the ribs spring out at right angles. Over them the loose folds of skin expand umbrella-fashion. When much enraged, the cobra spits drops of venom at its enemy. These are propelled a distance of about four feet.

The fangs of the cobra and the mamba are not erectile as in the case of the vipers, but are fixed in position, ready for action, at the anterior ends of the maxillary bones. They are deeply grooved, and occasionally the sides of the groove lap over and form a tube. Into this the poison is led by a duct from a gland which lies imbedded in the maxillary muscles. The latter, when the snake strikes, become strongly constricted and force a jet of poison through the duct. The fang is easily broken, in which case another soon takes its place. The number of possible replacements is indefinite. A microscopic examination of the tissues at the base of the fang reveals myriads of supplementary fangs in various stages of development, some being less than a two-hundredth of an inch in length.

The cobra is found all over South Africa, but is especially plentiful in the dry, sandy deserts to the northwest, in and beyond the Cape Province. Here extensive colonies of large mice abound, patches of ground thirty yards in diameter being thickly honeycombed with burrows. In these the cobras dwell — apparently, as in the case of the puff adders, on the best of terms with their hosts, upon whom they principally feed. It would seem as if the mice had resigned themselves to paying a certain toll to their formidable guests. However, it is probable that the mice revenge themselves by seeking out and destroying numbers of the cobras' eggs. The snakes are seldom seen. Occasionally — for instance, on an exceptionally cool day in summer — they emerge. In winter they hibernate, and on an ordinary summer day the

sand becomes so hot that any snake attempting to crawl over it would immediately be scorched to death. However, their frequent zigzag spoors show that cobras are in the habit of emerging at night.

The cobra is an incorrigible robber of birds' nests. Among the rocky hills fringing the desert its presence is often revealed by a swarm of angry birds. These circle around the marauder, screaming, pecking at it, and beating it with their wings. The bite of the cobra is fatal to all snakes, the cobra itself included.

A close relative of the cobra is the ringhals, or ring-neck, so-called from the presence of two black bands across the throat. This snake — *Sepedon haemachates* — is also widely distributed. In superficial appearance it resembles the American rattlesnake. The ringhals, when excited, exudes a quantity of venom, which drips down the fangs and lodges behind the abrupt, horny lower lip. Upon this the angry snake directs a blast of air through its extensible wind-pipe, with the effect that a jet of fine venom-spray is emitted toward an enemy. This jet may reach a height of six feet. That the eyes are aimed at, I have proved by experiment. If the poison reaches them, blindness — which may be permanent — results. The bite of the ringhals is highly venomous, but the snake appears to prefer disabling its enemy by means of the spray of venom.

II

The puff adder — so called from the loud, guttural, warning hiss which it utters when disturbed, is about thirty inches in length, with a girth of about six inches. It has tubular fangs about three fourths of an inch long. These are attached to the anterior maxillary bone by a hinged process, which

corresponds with the zygomatic arch in the higher mammals. Until brought into action, the fang lies back along the maxillary, under a protecting membranous sheath, — the *vagina dentis*. When one fang is broken or dislodged, another immediately takes its place. In the valley of the Shire, a tributary of the Zambesi, the puff adder attains a length of five feet, with a girth equal to that of a man's thigh, the fangs being correspondingly huge.

The coloration of the puff adder is in groundwork a series of delicate browns, with more or less regular curved transverse patches darkening to black and edged with vivid yellow. Its scales are keeled; its short tail tapers suddenly to a point. It is a sluggish creature, incapable of swift progression. When disturbed, it flattens itself to the ground, the air expressed in the process causing the warning hiss which has saved many a life. But if the foot of the intruder touch it, or even tread in its immediate vicinity, the puff adder lunges either forward or sideways, with a swiftness that the human eye cannot follow, and, having buried its fangs deep in the flesh, holds on like a bull-dog, forcing two streams of venom into the tissues. The expression of this snake, — its square muzzle and glaring, lidless eyes with vertical pupils, — the extraordinary gape of the jaws, and the huge, erected fangs, form what is probably one of the most fiendishly menacing combinations in Nature. Nevertheless, apart from its head, the puff adder is a creature of great beauty — more especially in spring, when the old skin has recently been sloughed off. The rich tints shade into each other in a pattern of bewildering complexity, and the curved, transverse markings form a tracery full of symmetry and grace.

It is to the great length of the puff adder's fangs that the comparatively large number of recoveries on the part

of human beings unfortunate enough to get bitten is due. This seeming paradox is explained by the circumstance that the venom is usually deposited deep down in the areolar tissue, between the blood-vessels. So that, if immediate incisions be made and a ligature be applied, the outflow of blood will probably carry the venom with it. The nearer the surface of the body, the more crowded are the blood-vessels, and the venom of a short-fanged snake is thus more likely to get rapidly into the circulation than is that of one with long fangs. But if the venom be discharged into an artery or vein, death will result within a few minutes, owing to clotting of the blood. Nevertheless, the venom of the viperine is not nearly as swift in its action or as deadly as is that of the poisonous colubrine snakes. The puff adder is not affected by its own venom, but most colubrine venom injected into its tissues will cause death.

The food of the puff adder consists of rats, mice, frogs, toads, and other small animals. Like most South African snakes, puff adders eat each other. If two, one larger than the other, seize an animal at the same time by opposite ends, the jaws of the larger snake will, on meeting, close over those of the smaller one, and the latter, as well as the prey, will be swallowed. In dealing with a toad or a very small animal, the puff adder will seize and swallow it without using the poison fangs; but in the case of a larger rodent, the snake will strike, let go, and wait until the victim collapses before swallowing it.

There are various other members of the viper family in South Africa, all more or less deadly. One, *Bitis atropos*, usually inhabits high plateaus and mountain ranges. Another, *Bitis cornuta*, the 'horned adder,' — so called from the groups of erect scales resembling horns which grow over the eyes, — inhabits desert places and has the

habit of burying itself in the sand at the base of a grass tussock, with only the head emerging. It is in point of species almost identical with the 'worm of old Nile' which Cleopatra employed to ease herself of her burden of life.

The 'night adder,' *Causus rhombeatus*, is much dreaded on account of its habit of lying at night in pathways and failing to move out of one's way. This snake is one of the exceptions to the rule of the viper class, in that it is not viviparous. It has another remarkable peculiarity: the poison glands, instead of lying compactly imbedded in the maxillary muscles above the angle of the jaw, are much elongated, and lie one on each side of the spine. They are connected with the fangs by long ducts.

Another aberrant genus is *Atractaspis*, of which two South African species have been recognized. These have adopted the habits and appearance of the blind burrowing snakes (*Typhlops*), which are non-venomous. These vipers also are oviparous. They have fangs so abnormally developed that the mouth cannot be opened wide enough to admit of their being erected.

One of the most interesting adaptations found among snakes is that of the non-venomous 'egg-eater' — *Dasypteltis scabra*. This creature is only about eighteen inches long, with a diameter of about three fourths of an inch. Yet it will swallow an ordinary fowl's egg without difficulty. Its teeth are rudimentary, but it has extraordinary power of expansion of the jaws and neck. The neck vertebræ have developed spines — *hypapophyses* — which slant forward and pierce the esophagus. After the egg has been swallowed, the snake lifts its head and neck, and works the egg backward and forward against the spines, which act like a saw and cut the shell. The egg collapses, the contents run into the stomach, and the shell with its membrane is ejected.

Another interesting class of snakes is the *Opistoglypha*. In their case the grooved poison-fangs, which are very small, are fixed, not at the anterior end of the maxillary bone, but behind the orbit of the eye. Consequently, they are but seldom brought into action. The largest South African example of this class is the 'boomslang' or 'tree snake,' — *Dispholidus typus*, — which is to be found wherever trees abound. The boomslang grows to the length of about six feet and varies in color between vivid grass-green and dull brown. Like the mamba, it has the habit of puffing itself out when interfered with, until its girth is more than doubled for two thirds of its length. The boomslang was, until recently, looked upon as non-venomous. I have handled them freely and often prevented their being killed. However, in 1907, Mr. James Williams, who was employed as snake-catcher by the Port Elizabeth Museum, was bitten by one in the arm, and narrowly escaped with his life. Thereupon Mr. Fitzsimons demonstrated, in the course of some interesting investigations, that the boomslang, as well as other species of the *Opistoglypha*, is not only venomous, but deadly.

The only sea-snake found in South Africa is *Hydrus platurus*, which ranges from Southern Asia down the eastern coast of the African Continent as far as the Cape of Good Hope. From there the cold current prevents it going north. This snake — one of a large genus — measures about two feet. It is black above and yellow beneath, and has a vertically flattened tail. *Hydrus platurus* is highly venomous, its poison-apparatus being as intricately developed as that of the cobra, to which it is related. This is remarkable, in view of the flattened tail and the position of the nostrils, which indicate that it has been a sea-dweller for an immensely long period. The venom can be of little

or no avail against the cold-blooded creatures upon which this snake preys.

The largest of all South African serpents is the python, — *Python sebae*, — which occasionally attains a length of over twenty feet, with a circumference of eighteen inches. One is recorded as having measured twenty-five feet. The color-scheme of the python is yellowish brown, various tints of which are harmoniously arranged in darker blotches upon a lighter background. Near the vent are two claws — evidently rudimentary survivals of limbs; corresponding with them is a rudimentary pelvis. The python principally frequents rocky chasms in moist, warm forests. It is not dangerous to man, being quite non-venomous. It will, however, fight fiercely if attacked, and the long, sharp, recurved teeth may inflict a severe bite. The python usually preys upon small animals, such as minor antelopes, monkeys, coneys, and birds. Sometimes this snake coils itself at the bottom of a stream and lies with its nose just emerging. When a small buck comes to drink, the snake seizes it by the nose, the recurved teeth taking an inextricable grip. After the buck has been drowned the python coils itself around the body and crushes it into an elongated mass, for convenience in the process of swallowing. The saliva of the snake flows freely, but only over that portion of the prey which is engulfed. The python does not regard the horns, which are occasionally to be seen sticking out through its abdomen. When the carcass, including the bones, has been dissolved in the powerful gastric juices, the horns drop off and the holes fill up, the snake apparently being none the worse for the perforations.

So far as I know, the python is the only snake which incubates its eggs. Such, numbering from thirty to fifty at a brood, and weighing about five

and one-half ounces each, are usually laid in a deep rock-crevice or in the deserted burrow of an ant-bear or a hyena. The mother coils herself over and around them. During the incubation period the snake's temperature rises somewhat.

Many snakes not only are harmless, but are distinctly beneficial to man, in that they tend to keep the barns and dwellings they frequent clear of rats and mice. The mole-snake — *Pseudaspis cana* — grows to a length of more than seven feet. It, unfortunately for itself, bears a certain superficial resemblance to the cobra. It is viviparous and extremely prolific; one case is recorded of a brood which numbered eighty-four. The mole-snake, which lives upon animals nearly all of which are mischievous to man, constricts its prey after the manner of the python. It may here be noted that no venomous snake practises constriction.

It is very unfortunate that these useful and innocuous snakes have to suffer on account of the vices of their relatives, but it is quite useless to expect the average person to discriminate between the venomous and the non-venomous varieties. Even wild animals, whose perceptions are far keener than those of man, cannot do this. A captive baboon, for instance, will exhibit as much terror in the presence of a non-venomous snake as in that of a cobra or a puff adder. This raises an interesting possibility. May it not be that at one time all snakes were venomous, but that in certain instances the poison-fangs have disappeared and the venom has become merged in the gastric juices, which form the most powerful known solvent of animal origin? How far the venom of the cobra and the gastric juices of the mole-snake are homologous is a question I have often speculated upon, but have had neither the opportunity nor the technical skill to investigate.

III

Practically all South African snakes take to the water in hot weather. They swim freely across both rivers and salt tidal lagoons. Sometimes they lie coiled on the surface of the water, fast asleep — the long, single lung being inflated to provide the requisite buoyancy. In some localities, boating at night in hot weather is distinctly dangerous; for snakes are apt to coil about the oar without being observed, and thus get into the boat. But there are several species of snakes which are practically amphibious. These inhabit the margins of streams and pools, and prey on frogs and small fishes. It is their habit to climb trees suitably situated; from these, they dive and pursue their quarry to considerable depths. None are venomous.

The green water-snake — *Chlorophis hoplogaster* — is, when gliding sinuously through clear, still water, probably unequaled for beauty in the animal kingdom. The liquid medium enhances its gloss, until it resembles a living emerald. Its rhythmic curves weave patterns graceful almost beyond the possibilities of imagination. Another, — *Ablphis rufulus*, — olive and pink in color, is almost incomparably beautiful. One recalls Coleridge's lines:

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare.

Were it not for the fact that snakes are wholesale and consistent cannibals, these creatures would increase to a very embarrassing extent. Even the mother snake has usually no compunction in the matter of eating her offspring. The snake has many enemies: the mongoose,

the meercat, and the badger destroy large numbers. So does the secretary bird, which provokes the snake to attack and, when the latter lunges, dashes forward with wings expanded to form a shield, and thus flings back the attacker. After these tactics have been repeated several times, the snake becomes exhausted, and then the bird rushes in and with a nip of its powerful beak dislocates the spine just behind the head. The great turkey buzzard seizes the snake just behind the head, flies spirally into the air to a height of several hundred feet, and then drops its victim to the ground.

But in regions closely settled by human beings, the most deadly and relentless enemy of the serpent tribe is the domestic cat. The snake is, unless the weather be cold, largely a nocturnal hunter. It lies in wait on the pathways used by small rodents — on the margins of pools and water-courses frequented by frogs. The cat stalks the stalker, pouncing after the latter has seized and partly swallowed its prey and is thus relatively helpless. The cat is fully alive to the danger of his sport, and invariably endeavors to inflict a disabling bite in the vicinity where the spine of the reptile joins the head. The rapid disappearance of snakes from the vicinity of human habitations is undoubtedly due to the 'harmless, necessary cat.' The latter appears to be proud of its achievements in this line, and will often bring home a freshly killed snake with every appearance of satisfaction. I have known several cats with whom this was a habit.

The real nature of snake-venom is still mysterious. It is evidently an albuminous substance containing complex and highly specialized proteids, which induce numerous and varied pathological conditions, and consequently symptoms quite dissimilar. The poison-gland of the average venomous snake

and the parotid salivary gland of the mammal are homologous. There is probably considerable affinity between human saliva and snake-venom. The latter has been kept for upwards of thirty years without its toxic powers becoming weakened. The pathological effects of some venoms on the nerves strongly resemble those induced by curare.

The effects of snake-venom can be counteracted only by means of serum taken from the blood of immunized animals. One by one the so-called remedies — often widely advertised — have been tested and found useless. Unfortunately it is but seldom that the serum is at hand when required. The venom of each individual species of snake has a special toxic effect: immunization from the effects of the bite of a puff adder, for instance, does not involve immunization in respect of the bite of the cobra or the mamba. Venom has three well-marked separate toxic consequences: it is a nerve-poison, a blood-poison causing the corpuscles to break down, and a ferment which induces coagulation in the fibrin of the blood. Colubrine venom has primarily a nerve-effect; viperine acts mainly on the blood. The nerve-centres controlling the pulmonary system are those primarily affected; in every fatal case which has been professionally observed, the heart has continued beating after breathing has ceased.

The so-called 'wisdom of the serpent'

is completely mythical. The mind of the serpent is inferior to that of all mammals and birds and to that of many fishes and insects. A dull, senseless malignity is its most outstanding characteristic, but of wisdom it has hardly more than the oyster or the clam.

Physically the serpent is a creature of most marvelous adaptations. Moreover, it exhibits great beauty in its coloration and consummate grace in its movements. It possesses a considerable share of that low form of vitality which is characteristic of inferior, slow-blooded organisms. For instance, a snake's heart may beat for a whole day after its head has been cut off, or for a quarter of an hour after removal from the body.

Mystery and terror are instinctively associated with the serpent; myth and legend show that this tendency has existed since the dawn of the human intellect. The instinctive dread which the serpent induces is not confined to the human race. The hiss of a snake will fill most animals, although they may never have heard such a sound before, with dread; even as the howl of a wolf, in a country where wolves were exterminated centuries ago, will drive horses and cattle mad with panic. It is one of those trumpet-calls of elementary dismay which wake echoes in that wondrous labyrinth, the germ-plasm, within whose caverns lurk all the terrors and tragedies of the immeasurable past.

THE GIFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

THE two men went slowly down the garden-path together: the one rather short and thickset, but light enough in his movements; the other in clerical dress, tall and spare, stooping a little in his walk, his head dropped forward on his chest. At the gate they paused.

'Well, good-bye,' the shorter man said heartily, holding out his hand. 'Good-bye, old man. It was a real inspiration of mine to stop over between trains, and talk my perplexities out with you. You've cleared the whole atmosphere for me. It's wonderful to come into your old friend's garden out of all this welter of a world at war, and find him just the same — still believing in God, and standing for righteousness. You always did put heart and the fear of the Lord into your friends.'

A deeper shade passed over the Reverend Thomas McCord's face, and he turned his eyes hastily away; but his friend, full of his own thoughts, went on unheeding.

'You know,' he said, with an embarrassed laugh, 'I would n't say this if I did n't know I was just running for my train, but for more of the old crowd than you ever suspect, you stand for a sort of rock of Gibraltar that we anchor on. When we're up against some particular bit of life's devilishness, we say, "Well, anyhow, there's old Tom — he's still standing firm; he still believes in the eternal verities." Now I'm off,' he ended, with a final hand-clasp, and turned quickly to go; then, struck for the

first time by a gray, stunned look on the other's face, he turned back again, startled.

'But, I say, you don't look very fit yourself,' he said. 'Here I've been so full of my own difficulties, I never asked how things are going with you. How's young Tom? Doing great things over there, I bet. Good God, what have I said!'

He broke off, aghast; aware the moment the careless words were out of his mouth, that he had uncovered a bottomless pit of grief.

'Tom was killed on the twelfth,' the other said in a dead voice. 'I heard two weeks ago. I — I knew you had n't heard, Jim,' — he touched his friend's shoulder for an instant with a shaken but forgiving hand, — 'but I — I could n't speak of it.'

Then he turned, and fled with hurrying strides away up the garden-path.

The other man looked after him appalled. 'Good Lord! Young Tom killed!' he whispered. 'Why, that will be the end of the world for his father!'

But he did not try to follow. He knew that what he had seen on his friend's face was past all consolation he had to offer, and the world was at war, and he was due in Washington; and so, shocked and distressed, he turned and made his way sadly to the station.

As Thomas McCord left his friend and went up the garden-path with those long, hurrying strides, a terrible door in his brain opened, and a cry rushed out in a young, horrified voice: 'My God! I'm blind — I can't see a thing!'

The garden and the path swam before him, as giddily he made his way to the little summerhouse, and there sat heavily down. It was an early spring after a hard winter, and the climbing roses on the summerhouse were out in full leaf; spring bulbs also were in bloom, and many of the flowering shrubs as well; while from his perch on the top of the rectory chimney the mocking-bird poured forth a stream of golden joy.

Three weeks ago these would all have been things to write to young Tom about. 'You know,' the boy had written in one of his letters, 'when I have a little breathing space, I run away in my mind from all this filth and awfulness, to you and the rectory garden, and we walk about it together, and tell the towers thereof; so be sure and write me all about it.' But now the boy who had loved it would never see the garden again.

This little secluded summerhouse, the vines of which hid one from the rest of the garden, while its open sides looked out over a steep declivity down on the broad, sunlit valley below, had always been a favorite retreat with Thomas McCord. Here he had dreamed of young Tom's future; here thought out many a sermon; and here time and again the Great Companion had seemed to come to him. He would not come now. 'I'm blind — I can't see a thing!' His son — all that he had in the world — had died in France, blind and among strangers, and his father had not been there to take the boy's hands, to hold them fast, to speak to him of the Light beyond. Was there a good God after all? Had he given his whole life to his service, to be taunted so terribly in his old age? And to-morrow was Easter, and he must preach to his people about God's love and promises, about the Everlasting Arms, and 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

On the little rustic table of the sum-

merhouse, he stretched out his arms and bowed his head upon them. He did not groan. There was no groan deep enough to plumb the depth of his agony. His only child had been snatched from him, and his faith in God was cut from under his feet.

The brief official notice of the boy's death had come two weeks ago. This morning there had followed a letter, with further particulars, from the nurse who had been with him at the end. She had opened her letter very kindly, evidently intent upon giving him all the details. Tom had been unconscious at first, it seemed, but after a little he had come to.

'I must tell you all for the sake of the end,' the letter ran. 'He stirred and reached out his hand, and when I took it, he asked, "Where am I?" I told him. "Why is n't there any light?" he said; and then in a moment he guessed. "My God!" he cried, "I'm blind — I can't see a thing!"'

Thomas McCord folded the letter hastily here, and put it away. That had been the crashing climax of his grief.

For two weeks the blow of his son's death had gone with him hour by hour, all through the cruel days and the more cruel nights. He had not slept save for brief periods of sheer exhaustion, and then it was always to wake again into the dark nightmare. He had somehow managed to get through the daily Lenten services; he had managed the Good Friday ones of yesterday; but all the time he had had no sense of God to sustain him, and he had felt his old faith slipping and slipping from under him. This morning the climax of his suffering and despair had come with the letter. His boy was gone, and he was in a waste place from which his God had gone also; and with the blankness that was in his heart, how could he go into the pulpit to-morrow and preach of love, and faith, and Easter promises?

Though Thomas McCord had always tried to be patient and understanding with those whose faith had deserted them, when grief struck at their own hearts, nevertheless, he had always in the back of his mind a secret contempt for such weakness. Yet here he was, now, in the same plight. In vain he tried to reassure himself with the thought that most of this awful blankness was due to physical exhaustion. It was not real unbelief, he told himself, it was only that his grief-stricken, confused mind was too stunned to find its way into that assurance of God which had been his for so long. Thus he had managed to keep himself together through the terrible days, holding on desperately, and waiting for the light to return. But to-day the letter had come, and he found himself in the depths of a black despair, from which all the old sense of an enfolding presence had been swept into nothingness.

In these later years of his life there had come a superstructure to the foundation of his old faith, that had been infinitely wonderful. God had seemed to become his very friend. Before his study fire, in his church, working in his garden, and, most often of all, at night just as he dropped off to sleep, he had experienced, again and again, that enfolding sense of the Great Friendship. But now that was all gone, and in the blackness of his thought, he wondered if it could ever have been more than his own imagination, built up out of good health and the happiness of his life with his boy.

And to-morrow, with the big German drive on, and soldiers giving up their lives by the thousands, there was an Easter sermon to be preached to a congregation from which many of its young men had gone over the seas to France, or were very soon to go.

That was the immediate and most terrible part of it all for Thomas Mc-

Cord. He was very truly a pastor — for years he had suffered with his flock, rejoiced with them, and been their leader; and he knew without any vanity that what his friend had said about people resting on his faith was true. For years his congregation had rested on him; and now at this grim war Easter, when they needed him more than ever, he was to fail them. He knew also that much more than Thomas McCord would be weighed in the balance to-morrow and found wanting. If he, who had always proclaimed God so triumphantly to them, could not now, in the face of his own grief, stand up in the pulpit before them and steadfastly reaffirm his faith, then there would be plenty who would not think religion worth bothering with. To-morrow the church would be filled with flowers and triumphal music; but to complete the picture, to bring home the hope of all these things, their rector, in spite of his son dead in France, must be there in his pulpit with a message of hope and faith for his people.

With his head still buried deep in his arms, he prayed into that blank space within, which heretofore had been filled and overflowing with the presence of God. 'Lord and Life-giver,' he whispered, 'help me, help me!'

He straightened up wearily then, and looked out over the wide stretches of the valley, seeking to rest his aching eyes with its spring effulgence. Below him was the sprawling village, and the prosperous farm-lands of his people, with white roads wriggling in every direction. For a time he watched the scattered traffic of these roads, unseeingly; and then, far away on the Winston Pike, he was attracted by a motor moving very fast. Drearily he fell to watching it. There was something swift and inexorable in the way it came on, passing team after team, and slower motors, on the way. To his distorted mind

it seemed to visualize the coming of the letter. Nothing had stopped it either; nothing had turned it aside until it found the destination of his heart, and stabbed its message home.

Very smoothly and affluently the motor came, winking now and again in the sunlight. If it turned off to the right, it was going to Beckly and not his village. It did not turn, it kept straight on into the village main street. If it kept down the street to the end, then it was bound either for the rectory or for Williams's farm on the left.

He began to dread the thing moving so swiftly and so surely. It must not come to him. This terrible Easter Even must not distil any more people out of the world's tragedy seeking strength and refuge in his garden. But the car came straight down to the end of the street; at Williams's farm it did not turn, and in a moment more it was rushing up his drive, it was stopping at his gate.

II

It was a handsome car, all its appointments speaking of wealth and luxury. Two women got out of it. One was all in gray — long gray cloak, gray veil, and gray sad face. The other, much younger, helped the gray-clad figure to descend, with a certain air of professional solicitude. She would have taken her arm and entered with her, but the gray woman waved her aside, and came through the little gate alone.

Thomas McCord forced himself to rise and go forth to meet this fresh demand.

'Mr. McCord?' she questioned as he came down the path; and at his bow of assent, she went on in a small breathless voice, 'May I see you? May I talk to you for a few minutes? I am Mrs. Seldon. I've come from Winston to see you.'

'Let us come into the summerhouse;

it is pleasant there and we shall not be disturbed,' he said.

When they were seated, she went on again, still hesitating a little, still a little breathless.

'I heard you preach once at Winston — in St. John's Church there. It was soon after Richard — after my son — was killed.'

'Your son?' he breathed.

Her face quivered.

'Yes, my only boy,' she answered. 'He was killed early in the war — more than two years ago. And — and I've come to you,' she went on presently, 'because, after I heard you preach that day, I knew if anybody could ever help me it would be you. Your faith is so strong — you seemed inspired.'

A shudder of revulsion went through him. He remembered that day at St. John's well. He had seemed to himself inspired then — but now? Yet the habit of service was so strong upon him, that she was conscious of no faltering in his manner. She only felt the presence of one who would completely understand — one to whom she might tell her uttermost trouble.

He waited quietly, not looking at her, looking down instead at his own clasped hands. But the few glances he had bestowed upon her had enabled his trained perceptions to build up some idea of her character. She gave him the impression of a small personality, a childishly undeveloped woman, stunted by ease and money; yet under it all there was something else that was poignantly appealing. There was a certain surprising air of courage and steadfastness, the impression of a child facing something terrible, and yet trying desperately hard to be good. He guessed, moreover, that she was very ill.

She had drawn her gray gloves feverishly from her hands, and folded and unfolded them as she talked.

'You see, I'm dying,' she began

abruptly, 'and so I've come to you to hear you say again, as you did that day, that there is a God who cares.'

He raised his eyes quickly, and would have spoken; but once started, she rushed on unheeding.

'One does come to clergymen in trouble, does n't one?' she asked with that pathetic air of an uncertain child.

'Certainly,' he forced himself to answer, as he would have answered in the past, 'that is what we are here for.'

'I thought so, but I was n't sure. You see, I know so very little about clergymen, or religious things — it's all an uncharted sea to me. I don't seem to have any natural faith, either; I just grope about in the dark.'

'Your husband?' he questioned, fencing for time, to put off as long as possible the moment when she would call upon him to declare his faith.

'My husband is always so kind,' she answered. 'He has given me — he has always given me everything that money could buy.'

He did not say the words that trembled on his lips; but she answered his unspoken thought.

'Yes, I know now that that is very little,' she assented. 'But I used not to think so. It was all I wanted at first — all I really cared about. But since the war —' Again he did not speak; but again she seemed to glimpse his thought. 'Yes, the war has put money in its proper place for a lot of us,' she said. 'It did n't keep my boy from being killed, and it can't keep me from dying a dreadful death. Life is bigger than money.' She stated the fact as if it had come to her as a real discovery. 'I know that now, but there were a lot in my set who did n't know it before the war.'

'Your son — tell me about him,' he said gently. He was still fencing for time.

'He wanted to go at once, in 1914.

He seemed somehow to see things straight from the very first. But we did n't. We said it was n't any of our business. My husband said —' But she caught herself up, hastily and loyally, and changed it to, '*We* said — God forgive us! — "Let them kill one another; what do we care? There're too many of them over there anyway." So he ran away to Canada, and enlisted, and — and was gassed. And I don't know whether he ever got any of our letters. He may have died thinking we were still angry with him. And now,' she went on after a moment, 'I shall never see him again. I don't believe in survival of the personality — I don't think I do, I never have. But — but,' she said stumblingly, 'I think, if you would help me, I *could* believe in a God who cared.'

Suddenly she began to beg piteously, as if to coax him into giving her the faith she needed. 'Please! oh, please!' she implored. 'I want so little. I don't need any of the extra frills of belief. I don't need to believe in heaven or hell, or that I survive — I should like to, but I don't think I can, and that is not necessary. All I need,' she reiterated passionately, 'is just a God who cares. And you need n't bother about arguments out of books, and dogmas — I should n't understand them, they would n't convince me. But I thought, if I could just hear you proclaim God once more, and *look* the way you did that day at St. John's, that would be all I should need. — Please, please —'

Her fingers were twisted together and her tragic eyes implored him. He put his steady hand over hers and made himself speak quietly.

'Try to tell me exactly what you mean,' he said.

They were just two tragic souls groping together through the dark.

'Forgive me,' she apologized, making an effort to control herself, again

with that pathetic suggestion of a child trying to be good. 'It's — it's this way,' she went on in her hurrying nervous voice. 'I know I can't live, — I made them tell me, — and soon now, — very soon, — I shall have weeks and weeks, and perhaps even months and months, of supreme suffering, and all that goes with it — despair, and disintegration of character. Oh! I know what it will be like! I've had twinges already. The drugs give out after a time — they don't tell me, of course, but I know they do. I knew a man who had — who had this disease, and every day for three weeks he begged the doctor to kill him. And the doctor would n't, of course he would n't. But I would n't leave it to the doctor, I'd do it myself. Why should I suffer so if there is no big plan of things — if there is no God who cares what we do? They could n't keep me from it. They would leave me alone once too often, or someone would drop asleep when they should have watched, and — and why should n't I do it?' she reiterated violently; 'why should n't I find release and nothingness if it makes no difference whether we are good or not — if there is no big plan being worked out through humanity? Some people,' she went on at a different angle, 'would think I was justified in doing it anyway, would think I had a right to put an end to hopeless suffering.'

'Would you think so?' he asked, to test her.

'No,' she said simply, 'I would n't. I've always considered suicide wrong, and I always shall. I have n't been much, perhaps, but I've never been a coward. And to wriggle out at the end like that would be cowardly, to my mind, and going against all my moral code.'

'Tell me exactly what you need to believe to keep you from this terrible thing, and to help you through your agony,' he urged.

She rose like one making a confession of faith, and stood, a gray little figure, looking out across the wide valley beginning now to dim in the late afternoon light.

'I do not need heaven, and I do not fear hell,' she said. 'But there must be a great plan moving through it all. Life must not be a fantastic chaos, and it must make a difference what we do. Something must be served. There must be some great scheme running through it all, something which we cannot grasp, perhaps, but which we may serve. And there must be a God who cares, who wants our help in this great game. Righteousness, and self-sacrifice, and courage, and oh, all the little bits of plain everyday goodness, must not be wasted: they must be gathered up into a great whole, must become part of something permanent. Oh! oh!' she broke down suddenly, 'why do I put it in this cold way? What I *really* need to believe is that what my son did served some great magnificent purpose — not just the immediate one of beating back the Germans — but something beyond even that. That it did make a difference to God, and to his plan, that Dickie — that my boy — should so willingly have offered up his joyous young life for what he thought was right — should have been willing to die so frightfully on the battle-field, instead of living out all the beautiful days that might have been his. I must believe that there is a God who cares for the unspeakably precious gift that my son offered, or else I shall turn my back upon what I consider to be right — I will not serve out my term.'

He had risen and was standing beside her; and now the dark barrier within him was beginning to break up, and a luminous emotion was beating in upon him. Yet he still persisted; he had to have it stated in so many words.

'Then,' he said, 'with, as you say, no fear of hell, and no hope of heaven, if you believed that you were taking part in a great plan, directed by God who appreciated the help humanity tried to offer Him, you would be willing to endure these days of agony, — some of the torture of which you have already experienced, — even though you have no belief in the slightest personal reward for it, and no hope of ever seeing your son again?'

'Yes,' she answered simply, and he knew she spoke the absolute truth; 'I should be willing to do it then — I should be almost *glad* to do it. I should be walking where my son walked, and serving as he had served.'

Her simple declaration swept away the last walls of his despair and doubt, and great waves of illumination surged in upon him. All unconsciously she had rediscovered God for him. She had revealed Him at work in the heart of the race. Her stumbling words had seemed to uncover the very soul of humanity, to reveal all its aching, passionate, heroic desire for service in the great cause of righteousness, no matter at what cost of personal agony. And if this amazing, this transcendent and unselfish thing was there in the depths of humanity, then God was the only thing that could account for it. If a little woman, ordinary enough according to her own confession, could be strengthened to face weeks of extreme suffering by the thought that her loyalty served some great cause, then there must surely be the God he had always trusted and labored for — only He could inspire flesh to such amazing heroism. And only God was big enough to receive the gifts offered to Him; only He was tender and understanding enough to appreciate all that stumbling, pathetic, heroic humanity held out to Him again and again. And it was God alone who knew how to gather up every

least little drop of this poured-out offering into something big, and everlasting, and beautiful beyond any dreams to conceive.

'Sometimes,' she went on again falteringly, 'I seem to get a glimpse of what I want. I seem to feel something bigger, and more tender, and infinitely more understanding than anything I could ever have thought of. Something — *Someone* — who appreciated and loved Dickie, and his gift, more, far more than even I did. Someone to whom you would want to give your whole self, even though it did mean weeks and weeks of agony. That is what I *seem* to glimpse,' — she was crying now, — 'and that is what I want you to say is true.'

'It is true! It is true!' He almost shouted the words. It was the triumphant cry of a great revelation. 'And infinitely more than that is true.'

He poured out a torrent of words, of assurance, of faith, of hope and joy. His face shone with conviction, and he spoke as he had not spoken even in St. John's that day; and all the time, he felt that it was not himself speaking, it was the infinite tenderness of the God who cared, striving to break through for her consolation and help.

'Yes, and far, far more than I can possibly tell you is true,' he reiterated passionately. 'And when your brave service is over, your son will take you into the presence of the God who cares.'

'My son!' she caught eagerly at his words. 'Oh, do you *really* believe that? Really believe I shall ever see him again?'

'I do not believe it, I *know* you will see your boy, as I shall see mine,' he answered. And, as he spoke, he knew that Tom was there beside him in the garden, his very self, alive with tenderness, with joy, with mirth even, and affection.

They rose at last and went down the path together.

'You have given me so much more than I ever hoped for,' she said, tremulous with gratitude and happiness.

'But you have made a greater gift to me,' he answered solemnly.

She looked up astonished, but she was too exhausted now to try to understand further.

'It does not seem possible that I could ever have given *you* anything,' she said simply; 'but if I did, it was only what my son gave to me.'

'You gave to me, and your son gave to you, as mine gives to me,' he returned. 'We are all making extraordinary gifts to one another in these great and terrible days. It is the flaming gift of humanity, that God inspires mankind to make to mankind.'

She did not understand; but he had given her what she needed, and much more, and she went away content, and deeply fortified. Presently, back in the little summerhouse, Thomas McCord saw her car dart away down the white road, and speed off and off again into the distance. But now, for him, the whole world was changed. It was filled once more, replete and overflowing with the great Presence, and there was, as well, the infinitely dear and close companionship of his boy.

For a time he sat still, swept away on great tides of love and joy and healing. Then at length he drew forth the letter once more. In this moment of exaltation he could bear to face the full details of his son's death. His eye ran hastily down the lines, until they came at last to the cry, 'My God! I'm blind! I can't see a thing!' 'I would not tell you this,' the letter continued, 'if it were not for what came afterwards. Your son was very brave, and presently he got himself together, and began to talk about you, and how you had been everything to him, father and mother

both. He wanted to dictate a letter to you; but before I could get back with the writing materials, he had gone to you himself. They said his mind wandered, but I knew it was n't wandering — it was just where it wanted to be. He was going with you all about the old places, the village, the church, and the garden — most of all, the garden. Have you a mocking-bird that sits up on the chimney and sings? He heard him all the time, and kept laughing and calling to you to listen. And is there an especial clump of daffodils that he called his?' (There was! there was! They were blooming now, not ten feet from the summerhouse.) 'He said, "Look, dad, my daffies always bloom first." But he kept wondering why it was so dark. And then all at once he saw something, — I don't know what, — but he flung out his arms wide and cried, "The *light!* the *light*, father! Look at the light!" I never in my life heard such joy and triumph in any voice — it rang through the whole ward. And that is really all. He was quiet soon after that, and just slept away.'

Thomas McCord laid down the letter, and the great relieving tears — the first he had shed — rushed down his cheeks and shook him all over.

The light! The light! Yes, he would look at it where it had been freshly revealed to him in this flaming hour, there in the heart of great, suffering, heroic humanity. The heroism of all the world — glorious young humanity standing firm on the battlefields, and little gray unnoticed humanity being steadfast at home. Only God could have awakened it, only God, to whom all hearts are open, and all desires known, could ever comprehend it all. Alone in his garden, yet not alone, he seemed to feel the outpouring of mankind going up in waves of devotion and self-surrender, to be received by an infinite understanding, an infinite

compassion and love; the offering and the response — the great antiphonal of the world.

He rose up and stood in the fading light, his face raised in adoration. 'There is nothing, nothing of any of us that is ever lost to Thee, my Lord,' he whispered. 'Every drop of our being — every smallest offering that we ever make — is known of Thee and gathered up into thy everlasting treasures; and Thou — the Gift of all our hearts — art worthy beyond all power to ex-

press, of the uttermost that a man may offer. And to-morrow, my Lord, if it is acceptable unto Thee, and if Thou wilt give me the strength, I will speak to my people, not from any of the old texts, but from the new Book of Revelation, which, freshly inspired by Thee in these transcendent days, is being written page by page, by mankind, for mankind. And with thy help, the words of my text shall be the words of my son: "The light! The light, Father! Look at the light!"'

LIES

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

SHE fed her trembling life with lies.

'O sinful sin!' she said;

'I dare no longer feed it lies

In place of bread.'

Her trembling life sank near to death —

She knew no bread to give.

Girl, doom it not straightway to death!

Lies let it live!

And so she wept and fed it lies —

There seemed nought else to do.

It lived! It throve! O lies, lies

That may be true!

WHAT WON THE WAR?

BY WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

I

It is the fate of most great teachers that their doctrines are met at first by indifference or hostility, but later, when generally accepted, they are carried to lengths of interpretation and sanctification that the masters themselves never intended. Something of this latter state has now fallen upon Admiral Mahan. Having demonstrated the importance of sea-power in history by principles and evidence beyond dispute, he has been succeeded by a school of journalistic war critics who write of sea-power as if it were in itself a talisman against defeat, as if there were some inherent magic in sea-power that could always be depended on to bring victory. And in every such utterance the name of Mahan is brought in, to bolster up a generalization which he himself might be the last to accept.

Thus, during the blackest days of the war, English and American 'war experts' assured us placidly that everything would come out all right because England held the sea. The Allies, therefore, could not lose. Now that the war is over, these same experts and others swell the chorus that 'sea-power won the war.' One enthusiastic Englishman, for instance, exclaims, 'Armies are, after all, only the projectiles of the navy.' There is just enough truth in these statements to sweep the reader into conclusions that are utterly false, and to make of Mahan's famous phrase, not a scientific principle, but a shibboleth.

At the outset, it is important to call

attention to the difference between saying that sea-power proved decisive and that 'sea-power won the war.' The latter statement carries an unjust implication concerning the other forces that may, in fact, have borne the greater burden of the conflict. Thus, it is fair to say that the entry of the United States was decisive, but to say that America won the war would be a silly boast. Mahan says, of the Union navy, 'Never in history did sea-power play so decisive a part'; yet no one would say that it 'won' the Civil War, because the effectiveness of the fleet was wholly dependent on the parallel effectiveness of the army. The South fell a victim to the blockade, because of its need of manufactured articles from the outside world. If, however, Lee had broken through at Gettysburg and captured Philadelphia and Washington, Northern sea-power would have availed little or nothing; because the South would have gained its necessities by conquest and ended the war.

If it would be going too far to assert that the Union navy won the Civil War, what shall be said of the British navy in this war? Conditions, in the two wars, were, of course, vastly different: for one thing, the South had no navy whatever at the opening of the war. Nevertheless, in judging the comparative weight of sea-power in the two conflicts, we have every right to consider simply the results.

What did the Union navy accomplish? It opened the entire length of the Mississippi, thus splitting the Con-

federacy in two, carrying the war by water, up the tributaries, into the very heart of the South, and creating a western line of blockade. It captured the important seaports, one after another. It maintained a blockade that made increasingly difficult the exchange of cotton for manufactured goods on which the South depended for its life, and finally shut it off completely. At the same time, except for the depredations of the *Alabama*, the seas were kept open for the commerce and other communications of the North. These services make an impressive total, even in the briefest summary.

What, by comparison, have been the results attained by British sea-power? On the side of strictly strategic or tactical achievement, the story is disappointing. There has been no New Orleans or Mobile Bay, to say nothing of a Nile or Trafalgar. In fact, things seem to have missed fire since the day the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* slipped through the Mediterranean fleet at the very outbreak of the war. There was the failure to send adequate support to Cradock in the Pacific. There was the futile ten-minute bombardment of the Dardanelles forts a little later, resulting only in warning the Turks to improve their defenses; and in the following March, the abandonment of the naval attack on the straits at a time when one more day's push would have won the great prize. This failure has been characterized by Mr. Pollen, the English naval critic, as 'the greatest blunder in naval history.'

It is still more difficult to understand why Jellicoe did not close with the beaten German fleet at Jutland; why he lost contact with it during the night after the action; and why, on the following morning, he abandoned his position between that fleet and its bases. And why, after the ruthless submarine campaign was inaugurated, did it require

three terrible months of destruction to make the Admiralty realize the necessity of the convoy system? The one bright spot is made by the dashing and successful attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend; but even these raise the query why they were not carried out about four years earlier. In fact, the governing policy suggests that of the French navy in the eighteenth century, which figured on what might happen in case of defeat, rather than on running certain risks for the sake of a decisive victory. To the layman, at any rate, the suspicion is hard to overcome, that sea-power with a more aggressive strategy might have accomplished considerably more.

As to the services of the British blockade, we have the statement of an American admiral that it was the 'greatest contributing cause of Germany's ultimate collapse'; but the fact may be debated. This blockade, on account of German mines and submarines, was carried on under the most difficult conditions, and to make it effective at all, international law was put to considerable strain. The small neutrals were practically put on rations; the old distinction between contraband and non-contraband was thrown overboard; and the real pressure of the blockade was felt only when the largest neutral came in on the side of sea-power. In spite of every effort to make the blockade effective, it appears since the armistice that neither the German people nor the German army were in the dire straits that we had fondly imagined. The statement has been issued from Washington that, at the time of the surrender, Germany had eight months' supply of food on hand, and that the October harvest was fifteen per cent more abundant than ever before. Indeed, it is doubtful if there was as much actual scarcity of food and fuel in Germany at that time as there was in Italy, which has been on the side of sea-power.

Undoubtedly the blockade of the Central Powers was felt and felt keenly, but it never reached the crushing effect of the Union blockade of the South. The reason for this difference will be apparent later, when we analyze the significance of sea-power.

On the defensive side, however, that of maintaining communications, the service of British sea-power has been enormous. In this respect it has been the keystone of the Allied cause. It has swept German commerce from the sea, isolated German colonies, maintained contact with all parts of the British Empire, its allies, and neutral sources of supply. With the naval resources of its allies, it has also conquered the pirate submarine. Finally, British sea-power was the chief means by which the United States army was enabled at the critical point of the war to deliver the decisive blow. These services have been of the utmost importance, and they have been performed under unprecedented difficulties and with the greatest heroism and devotion to duty; but they have consisted mainly in holding for the Allies the highways of the sea as lines of supply. The army man, therefore, who remarks that in this war the navy has been 'only a commissary wagon for the army,' has fully as much truth on his side as the naval enthusiast who says that 'armies are only the projectiles of the navy.'

Naval power, as Mahan says, is like FitzJames's blade, 'both sword and shield.' The Union navy was emphatically both, and its greatest service was as the sword. British naval power in this war has been almost entirely shield. Sea-power has been on the defensive. Hence to claim for sea-power in this war what one would not claim for sea-power in the Civil War is singularly inappropriate. Moreover, it does not follow that any single element was responsible for victory, simply because the war

would have been lost without it. The war would as certainly have been lost without the French army. And, essential as sea-power has been to the Allied cause, it has been no magic Excalibur, as so many British writers seem to believe. On the contrary, Germany came within an ace of winning this war without sea-power, even as she won the Franco-Prussian War without it.

Let us suppose the saner heads in Berlin had carried the day against ruthless submarine warfare, and thus kept the United States out of the war until a more convenient season. The new fleet of U-boats completed by January, 1917, by virtue of their size, cruising radius, shell-guns, and mines, could have done great damage to Allied shipping without deviating from the requirements of the Sussex agreement. Aside from the submarine menace, events ran in a black flood against the Allied cause for a year and a half. Roumania was conquered at the close of 1916. The subsequent March brought the revolution in Russia, which proved to be only the beginning of her collapse. In April, Nivelle launched his bloody offensive and failed, with the result that a grave mutiny threatened the very existence of the French army, and women paraded the streets of Paris, waving the red flag and crying, 'Rendez-nous nos soldats!' (All of which, by the way, the censorship kept everybody but the Germans from knowing.) Throughout the summer and fall affairs in Russia went from bad to worse, until it became clear that there would be no longer an Eastern front, that the German armies of the east would be available to strike in France and Italy, and that the British blockade would not affect Germany's access to the supplies of the Ukraine and the Black Sea. In October came the disaster of Caporetto, revealing the critical loss of morale in the Italian army. Both France and England were

compelled to send troops they could ill spare, to bolster up the Piave line. At this time England was at the limit of her man-power, and yet was under the necessity of combing out of her armies the men who were needed for the vital industry of shipbuilding. And apparently the government had so little faith in its control of the sea, if ever the Germans captured Dunkirk and Calais and Boulogne, that it kept a large army in England to repel a possible invasion, an army that was not released for service in France until the arrival of American troops for training in British camps.

With the coming of 1918 Ludendorff's machine was ready, and the story of its assaults is too fresh to need the telling. It was not so many months ago that we trembled for the fate of Paris and the Channel ports. It is reasonably certain that, without the reinforcements of the United States in troops, credit, supplies, and the morale created by the knowledge of our resources thrown into the struggle, France and Italy would have followed Russia, and that England, with her armies crushed on the Continent and the Channel ports in German hands, would not have lasted long as a solitary antagonist, in spite of her control of the sea. Napoleon needed sea-power to control the Channel crossing, but with the power of modern artillery the Germans could have controlled the passage from fortifications ashore. Under these conditions, even if an actual invasion were not accomplished and the war were settled by a negotiated peace, at the conclusion of a drive to the Channel, can there be any doubt that Germany would have emerged triumphant? The sea-power enthusiasts stress the fact that a million square miles of German colonies lay in Allied hands as a result of control of the sea; but in a negotiated peace one square mile of northern France or Venetia would have been worth more for

trading across the green table than ten thousand square miles of African jungle.

Briefly, then, while the control of the sea made the entry of the United States decisive, it is important to realize that, if the Germans had not committed the stupendous blunder of bringing the United States into the conflict, they would have won in the face of sea-power, and won overwhelmingly. And not even Tirpitz would have claimed that the German army was 'the projectile of the navy.' The situation makes an interesting parallel with the Napoleonic era. In 1811; England, in her struggle with Napoleon, as Mahan says, 'touched the verge of ruin,' and it was Napoleon's ill-founded contempt for Spain, and particularly for Russia, which broke him just when he had almost reduced England, despite her control of the sea.

II

In order to appreciate why land-power came very near beating sea-power in the Great War, it is necessary to go back to first principles. What is the importance of sea-power? As Mahan has pointed out, this means control of the 'illimitable highways' of the world — in brief, of *communications*.

In Napoleon's day, and of course during the centuries before, ocean highways were cheaper, easier, and safer than land highways. Roads were notoriously few and bad, even in the heart of civilization. In our day, however, communications by land are enormously improved. In addition to the military roads that were built in Europe as a consequence of Napoleon's campaigns, there has arisen the vast system of railroads. In turn, the military road originally laid for marching troops became an invaluable supplement to the railroads, by means of the still later invention of the gasoline engine and motor-transport. It is true that sea-travel

has also improved, but the old superiority of sea communications as against land communications has sharply declined. For instance, a route by rail from Hamburg to Bagdad has obvious advantages, for either commercial or military purposes, over the route from London to Bagdad by water.

Again, it is essential to understand that the importance of sea communications depends on the positions of the belligerents in relation to their resources. Repeatedly Mahan emphasizes the enormous value of *interior lines*. Sea communications usually represent exterior lines; but those exterior lines, when controlled by a sea-power, may come between the enemy and its necessities. In that case, control of the exterior lines more than offsets the advantage of the blockaded power in interior lines. If, however, a land-power be so well organized in its resources as to be self-sufficient, and has developed a system of interior communications, it will lose its commerce and its colonies, but it may wage war successfully in the teeth of sea-power. Thus the Central Powers, in spite of their dependence on the rest of the world for certain raw materials, were on the whole so well prepared to stand alone that they were able to keep the initiative for four years. Moreover, they were able by conquest to make up for certain deficiencies in natural resources: as, for example, the iron and coal deposits of Belgium and Northern France, and money and food from every conquered province. Indeed, as to the vital question of food, vastly more might have been gained by conquest, had it not been for the wanton destruction that laid waste the fields of Poland, Galicia, and Roumania.

As to interior lines of communication, it is hardly necessary to point out the system of transport by rail and road which made it possible for the

German High Command to strike a sledge-hammer blow, first on one front and then on another, with a celerity and a concentration of energy impossible to the Allies, whose communications were the exterior lines of the sea.

But these are merely the old factors which Mahan has discussed in his analysis of sea-power in history. In this war there have appeared two new factors which have already weakened sea-power in its very element, and threaten to weaken it very seriously in the future. In June, 1914, Admiral Sir Percy Scott wrote a letter to the *Times* in which he ventured the opinion that the submarine and the airplane had made surface navies obsolete. The test of the war proved that that prophecy had not yet come true; but Scott's professional attainments are too well known to warrant treating that prophecy with ridicule. In a recent statement he declared that, if Germany had had two hundred submarines at the beginning of the war, she would have put an end to Britain's sea-power and won the war at the very outset.

The submarine has, indeed, proved too slow to dispatch surface craft as readily as Scott expected; but it has proved to be the most powerful weapon yet devised for a naval power on the defensive. It is an ideal blockade-runner. Aided by mines, it has also held the blockading fleet hundreds of miles off the German coast and seriously threatened the very existence of the blockade. It is the deadliest commerce-destroyer ever invented. From the revelations of Captain Perseus we have learned that Germany never had more than one hundred and forty-nine completed submarines, and that no more than twenty or thirty were ever on the warpath at any one time. Indeed, the capacity for trouble that lies in a single one of these under-water craft raises the question whether it is even possible for

any one nation in the future to claim control of the sea, especially as the submarine is now only in its infancy.

Surface sea-power is threatened, not only by a line of operation beneath the surface, but also by the line above the surface — the air. The air knows no islands, or 'splendid isolation.' The insular position of England has not rendered her immune from attack in this war, as it did in the days of Nelson and the centuries before. London and other English cities have been bombed on moonlight nights as regularly as Nancy and Dunkirk. Suppose Germany had begun the war with 100,000 fighting planes? And the airplane, even more than the submarine, is in its infancy, with an even greater range of development before it. In 1914 planes carried one or two passengers; at the end of four years Caproni is turning out a machine that will carry a hundred. The first transatlantic flight is not far in the future. Already the air is the highway of the messenger and the raider; in the future it may become the road of commerce and invasion. If the sea has held its importance in the past because it was the 'illimitable highway' of the world, how much more aptly does that phrase apply to the air?

In brief, the important point to be borne in mind is that the significance of sea-power in the past, present, or future is *communications*; and the *need of communications by sea* is the sole measure of the value of sea-power to any belligerent nation. For the Allies in this war sea-power was a matter of life or death, but for the Central Powers it was not essential. And for the Allies, sea-power and land-power were mutually dependent. One cannot be separated from the other with the title of 'winner of the war.'

Moreover, even the sum of land-power and sea-power in this war does

not complete the equation. A third force deserves to stand beside army and navy as a factor of success — namely, propaganda. One of the great lessons of the French Revolution is that there is no explosive so terrible as an idea; and no historian of the present war can afford to overlook the tremendous driving force of the written and spoken word upon the peoples involved.

The fundamental aim of warfare is to destroy the enemy's will to fight, or morale. The usual method is to destroy his powers of resistance by crushing his armed forces and by starving him into surrender. But a nation actually without an army and navy may, as Spain did in 1808, fight a desperate guerilla warfare against the invader, preferring extermination to surrender, and winning in the end — winning by sheer morale. On the other hand, we have the spectacle of Germany, while still uninvaded, while still in possession of huge tracts of enemy territory and of a still powerful army and navy, suddenly collapsing and accepting terms appropriate to a nation beaten prostrate and helpless. Clearly the morale was gone, and it was gone most conspicuously in the nation behind the lines. Undoubtedly a large share of this decay of morale was due to the growing victories of Foch and the failure of the submarine campaign; but a nation with the fighting spirit of Spain in 1808, or even with that of Germany in 1914, would have held out in spite of these things for many months. Clearly the German people had ceased to believe in their war and were only too glad to quit; and it was precisely to this end that the utterances of Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson were aimed.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than suggest the great part played by propaganda in this war. Two fanatics, — or scoundrels, — introduced by Germany into

Russia, have done more to make Russia impotent than the armies and genius of Hindenburg and Mackensen combined. Propaganda in Italy led directly to one of the greatest military disasters of the war, — Caporetto, — and very nearly put her out of the war also. On our side, who shall estimate the value of the unified spirit of the United States in supporting the war, a spirit which surprised even ourselves, and was due largely to the campaign of the speech, the poster, the popular weekly, and the moving picture? Who has reckoned the effect of Woodrow Wilson's leadership in keeping the radical elements of France and England behind the war at a time when they distrusted their own national leaders? What of the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary, who came to know that England and America stood openly for 'self-determination' and a 'world made safe for democracy,' and that the story of their own fighting in 'defense of their fatherland' was a lie made in Germany?

Bulgaria was the first to leave the sinking ship and scuttle it as she went. Bulgaria was not organized for war as Germany was, and she was invariably left out in the cold in the matter of dividing the plunder. Consequently she felt the blockade much more keenly than Germany. This was undoubtedly one reason of her collapse; but if she had been fighting the Turks for independence, as in the early days, such hardships as were suffered would have counted little. A recent analysis by an observer in Bulgaria¹ gives two important elements besides the blockade in breaking down the fighting spirit of the Bulgarian troops. One was the humanity of the British against whom they fought at Salonika, which led them to

feel that those who had once been their friends could still be counted on to do them justice. The second is expressed as follows: —

'President Wilson's attitude had still greater influence. Although his speeches were reported to the country very inadequately, enough got out to convince the people that he favors a settlement on the lines of self-determination and of equal rights for the small and weak with the big and strong. They said, "If he will ask the Macedonians themselves what they want, our object is gained. We need shed no more blood." For their impression is strong that the Peace Congress will be very much influenced by President Wilson's views.'

The amazing rout of the Bulgarians from impregnable positions in Macedonia is singularly like that of the Italians at Caporetto, and according to the foregoing testimony, is to be explained in much the same way. In the case of Bulgaria, the rout involved the withdrawal of the nation from the war — a defection which was fatal to both Turkey and Austria, and, ultimately, to Germany.

Thus, the elements of victory develop a greater and greater complexity. Sea-power and land-power have combined mightily to achieve the prize; to these two we must add this other great force, — an 'imponderable,' — which deserves to rank among the weapons of war, as it has never done before in history, and which may acquire for the future historian an even greater significance than we can see to-day. At all events, this is not the time to announce that any single one of these forces, won the war,' especially that force which, essential as it was to the Allied cause, was compelled to play throughout the war a part almost wholly defensive.

¹ E. B. Haskell, 'Bulgaria Points the Way,' in *Asia*, November, 1918.

DEVELOPING THE ESTATE

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

THE old home is mortgaged for about eleven dollars an acre, including the swamp and the hardscrabble. Never mind how it happened — it was in a good cause and worth while. The selectmen have raised the taxes so that now it hardly pays to run the cider-mill; some of the cows are going dry, and the hired man wants more money. Eggs are a dollar a dozen, but the hens won't lay. A new kind of tramp is hanging round, and last night Joe Politski's barn was burned. The boy is on duty as a special constable, and Sis is doing his chores. Something has got to be done.

Agricultural experts may properly object to this presentation as not faithfully depicting life on the farm to-day; dramatic critics may reject it as an inadequate scenario for the first act of a new Old Homestead. Let them do it. It was intended for neither, but it does define with close approximation the situation of the American people on their estate to-day.

For wholly commendable reasons we have placed a mortgage of twenty-one billion dollars on the nineteen hundred million acres of our continental farm. Taxes of a ubiquity and magnitude unheard of previously take heavy tribute of all accomplishment. Many profitable industries are slowing down and government contracts aggregating billions are being liquidated. Wages have risen rocket-wise, both as to height and as to potentiality of explosion. There

is an unprecedented demand upon our food-supply, and the price of the things we buy has made living a problem of the higher mathematics. Bolshevism, contagious as the influenza, is abroad in the world and not unknown at Ellis Island. Millions of our young men are in the army, and have yet to reckon with the elevator-girl and the women who are building refrigerator cars.

If the situation on the farm is one which calls for action, we have still other problems. Housing facilities are everywhere inadequate; the expense of building is almost prohibitive. Public utilities are disorganized, industry is in the throes of readjustment, operating costs of every kind are at flood-level, while permeating everything is a strong governmental pressure toward Socialism. The whole configuration of our environment has been remoulded as by glacial action.

Fortunately, there has come to most of us an awakened vision, broader sympathies, a finer patriotism, a quickened sense of responsibility. We desire, as never before, to serve, and we recognize within ourselves a new capacity for large affairs. The spirit of coöperation is abroad, if not yet immanent.

Strongest, perhaps, among us, of all the new influences born of the war, is the determination to derive from it some compensating good, a determination which scorns indemnities, seeks no territory, asks no favors; which turns within rather than without; but which will not be satisfied until many burdensome follies and injustices of the

past have been corrected, or until new achievement permits comfort and decent living to all who deserve them, provides true equality of opportunity, and furnishes an environment in which growth is stimulated rather than inhibited. With new burdens on our shoulders, this mortgage on our acres, these taxes pressing down on all endeavor, how are these aspirations possible of realization? We must create new wealth in vast amounts and render actual the potential values now neglected. There is a way to do this, and one way only. It is through the development of our estate, the Estate of the American People.

The United States is an aggregation of undeveloped empires, sparsely occupied by the most wasteful people in the world. The Yellowstone Park is three times the size of Luxemburg. There are both space and climate in California for a new Italy and a greater Greece. Our Gulf States exceed in area, and are incomparably richer in resources, than the German Empire, Holland, Japan, Formosa, and Great Britain together. The Scandinavian peninsula, with its limited natural resources, supports ten million sturdy and prosperous people, under climatic conditions similar to those of Alaska; while our great territory, nearly twice as large, and rich in agricultural soil, in fisheries and furs and untouched coal, with mines which have already yielded metal values exceeding \$350,000,000, with spruce and water-power to supply the world with paper, maintains a white population of scarcely more than fifty thousand.

These comparisons, thought-compelling as they are, leave the great heart of our estate untouched, and indicate no more than faintly and remotely the stupendous possibilities of development that lie dormant and convolute within it. Though already we produce

twenty-five per cent of the world's wheat, forty per cent of its iron and steel, sixty per cent of its cotton, sixty-six per cent of its oil, seventy per cent of its copper, and seventy-five per cent of its corn, our estate includes countless storehouses of untouched wealth, and its present agencies of production have a capacity for growth which may well tax credulity.

What are the broad and underlying facts which justify such unrestraint of statement, and to what measures do they clearly point for the development of our estate?

We have land enough to allot to each individual of our population about seventeen hundred and fifty acres, with Alaska and some islands to spare, although such uniformity of distribution is hardly desirable in the absence of a long-distance dinner-bell. Little more than two fifths of this great domain is in farms, and of the farm area only about one half is improved and bearing crops. We are ineffective farmers, growing fourteen bushels of wheat per acre while Germany grows twenty-eight and England thirty-two; content with less than half a bale of cotton to the acre on land which requires only better cultivation to yield at least a bale. In a year of foreign famine and unprecedented prices at home, only forty per cent, according to Mr. Hoover, of our white potato crop of 390,000,000 bushels reached the market. For our present purpose, therefore, the chief significance of the \$24,700,000,000, which represents the value of our 1918 crop and of livestock on the farms on January 1, lies in the fact that it is within our power to double the area of our cultivated land and at least quadruple our agricultural production.

Speaking of him as a class in which there are many notable exceptions, the American farmer has been in the past a two-dollar-a-day man. His ordinary

field crops have not returned him much more than day-laborer's wages, while such profit as the farm could be made to yield was derived from the incidental activities which utilized the family labor: the butter, eggs, honey, and meat, the orchard and the cider-mill. It is therefore of peculiar and great significance that farming to-day is rapidly taking place, and gaining recognition, as a business — a business which demands technical knowledge of a high order, management, skill in coöperative, large-scale marketing, and which offers in return all the possibilities of development and increased reward that business as we have known it affords. The change comes at an opportune time, for agriculture in all the nations of the world was breaking down under the pressure of the industrial system. Moreover, to no other business in the world is there now available so vast an organization for the scientific study of its problems as that maintained by our Department of Agriculture and by the well-coördinated agricultural colleges and experiment stations. It is fortunate that this is so, for never has the world been more in need of an increased food-supply. It needs as well a different and better and more satisfying type of rural life, and this we now have on our estate a unique opportunity of developing.

II

The comprehensive plans of such experienced colonizers as MacRae of North Carolina offer, in place of isolated and lonely farms, compact farm communities, each with a social centre large enough to ensure contact and companionship, good schools, some reasonable opportunity for amusement, and a chance to look into a shop-window. From these centres concrete roads radiate to the farms themselves, whereon are dwellings in which good

taste and skilled design have had a part. Provision is also made for experimental farms to test new practice, and for demonstration farms to afford convincing proof of its advantages when they exist. The compactness of the social organization permits the use of community tractors, threshers, driers, and ensures the benefits of coöperative buying and selling.

All such plans, if well considered, provide for teaching truck-farming as a trade. They encourage community specialization on crops for which the locality affords some peculiar advantage. They aim to keep the settler for the first three years closely in contact with agricultural advisers of experience. Finally, they must offer long and easy terms of payment.

Already, in many of the Allied countries and especially throughout the British colonies, ample provision has been made to assist returning soldiers in establishing themselves as successful farmers. Australia contemplates the expenditure of £20,000,000 for this purpose. A proportionate amount for us would be \$2,000,000,000. Advances for improvement may run as high as \$6000, and terms of payment range from twenty years in Ontario to forty years in Queensland. The interest rate is seldom more than one half of one per cent above that paid on the public securities of the colony. The prospective soldier-farmer is trained on demonstration farms at current wages.

To what extent our own soldiers may be inclined or persuaded to take up farms is, of course, wholly problematical. The experience of Australia suggests that the proportion may reach fifteen per cent; that of Canada indicates that it may even exceed forty per cent. Our Secretary of Agriculture is conducting — through the Reclamation Service and with a special appropriation of \$200,000 — a preliminary investigation

of lands suitable for reclamation by government agency as sites of model rural communities for soldiers. The project contemplates the ultimate utilization for farm purposes of approximately 300,000,000 acres now classed as arid or cut-over land or swamp. Its size implies that it is not intended for soldiers alone. For them only it would be generous to a fault. The preliminary survey is proceeding rapidly and has already disclosed an abundance of good land in the Southern, Central, and Northern States. In New York and Massachusetts state officials are similarly mapping large tracts.

The experience of our Reclamation Service has shown that to ensure success the settler must possess some money and be prepared for hard work, economy, and self-denial. With these, and a general oversight and direction from expert agriculturists, — since even a Congressional medal cannot make a man a farmer, — satisfying returns and ultimate independence are reasonably secure.

From the recent official records of the various projects which make up the million acres now under irrigation in the United States one may cull reports of real performance which have all the fascination of oil-stock advertising. The Yuma project in Arizona opened a new valley of the Nile, where four crops of alfalfa are now raised on what once were arid lands. The streets of Yuma and Somerton are crowded with the automobiles of farmers, enriched by thousands of acres of splendid long-staple cotton, alfalfa, corn, and feterita. Another irrigated valley in Arizona, that of the Salt River, has few superiors in the world, and has come in three years into great prosperity. Arizona planted to cotton last year 92,000 acres. Its crop was ninety-six per cent perfect, the best record in the United States.

On the Minedoka project in Idaho

the first crop on twelve acres of new land was white clover grown for seed. The yield was 8000 pounds, of which 7000 were sold at 42 cents a pound. Settlers in the Boise River project, also in Idaho, claim to have already made it the greatest potato section in the country. They received from each acre of land in the 1918 crop from \$350 to \$400. From the Yakima project in Washington were shipped 5000 cars of apples over one railroad, with as many more to follow. Sixty tons of cherries from three acres brought \$7000, or \$24 per tree. From two and three-quarters acres were packed 2044 boxes of pears, which sold for \$5544.

These examples are, of course, exceptional rather than typical. They could, indeed, be duplicated many times in older sections of our country. They are, nevertheless, flashes which light up the possibilities of American agriculture when more of the spreading acres of our estate are cultivated by trained farmers who treat farming as a business.

Standing timber still constitutes one of the great resources of our estate. Despite a long riot of waste and destruction nothing less than appalling, — with the end of our reserves not only in sight, but almost within reach, — it would seem as if the time had come for us as proprietors to begin to apply ordinary intelligence and prudence in the care and use of what remains, and to attempt in some comprehensive way such restoration as may yet be possible. The wastes in lumbering are proverbial, and, as Mark Twain said about the weather, we all talk about it, but nothing is done. With a total annual cut of 40,000,000,000 feet, board-measure, of merchantable lumber, another 70,000,000,000 feet are wasted in the field and at the mill. In the yellow-pine belt the values in rosin, turpentine, ethyl alcohol, pine oil, tar, charcoal, and paper-stock lost in the

waste are three or four times the value of the lumber produced. Enough yellow-pine pulp-wood is consumed in burners, or left to rot, to make double the total tonnage of paper produced in the United States. Meanwhile, our paper-makers memorialize the community on the scarcity of paper-stock, and pay \$18 a cord for pulp-wood which they might buy for \$3. It takes many years to produce a crop of wood, and wood-waste, which now constitutes from one half to two thirds of the entire tree, is too valuable a raw material to be regarded longer merely as an incumbrance, except by an improvident management.

But the wastes in lumbering, colossal though they are in absolute amount, are trivial compared to the losses which our estate has suffered, and still endures, from forest fires. The French properly regard as a national calamity the destruction of perhaps a thousand square miles of their fine forests by German shells. And yet the photographs that they show of this wreck and utter demolition may be reproduced indefinitely on 10,000,000 acres of our forest lands swept each year by equally devastating fire for which our own people are responsible. You have doubtless already forgotten that forest fire which last autumn, in Minnesota, burned over an area half as large again as Massachusetts, destroying more than twenty-five towns, killing 400 people, and leaving 13,000 homeless.

The exhaustion of local supplies is economically disastrous, although we may still possess large bodies of standing timber elsewhere. It is costly, and should be humiliating, to import pulp-wood from Norway and Anticosti Island, and send it a thousand miles by rail to mills in the interior. Many towns, even so attractive a little city as Bogalusa, Louisiana, are wholly dependent on one or more lumber opera-

tions. When this is gone, the people must move away for lack of employment. Farms dependent on a local market are abandoned. Nothing is more tragic than to follow the trail of exhausted lumber industries in such states as Pennsylvania and the Lake States. Lumbermen estimate that the virgin supplies of pine in several of our Southern States will be exhausted in from ten to fifteen years. We are rapidly destroying our turpentine reserves, and thus entailing great prospective loss upon the states, the nation, and the world.

In the United States thousands of public and private building enterprises, delayed by war, now seek realization. The European demand for lumber is second only to that for food. Thousands of villages and tens of thousands of farm buildings must be rebuilt entirely. Europe is also planning vast wharf, railroad, and industrial extensions. All these things are largely dependent upon American lumber; Latin-American stocks also are exhausted. How shall we justify ourselves if, in the face of demands like these, we continue to burn our own limited reserves?

We need, so obviously as to make argument ridiculous, a vastly increased and adequate organization for fire-patrol and protection. This may well employ some of our returning aviators. And we need to develop and carry into effect a comprehensive programme of state and federal reforestation, which shall ultimately restore wealth and beauty to millions of the scarred acres of our estate.

III

Winding through our estate, and linking together farm and hamlet, town and country, are about 2,500,000 miles of public roads, but only twelve per cent of this great mileage has ever been improved by any form of surfacing. Over this network of highways, many of them

so bad that loads can move only when weather permits, we send 5,000,000 motor vehicles, of which ten per cent are trucks, and maintain a freight movement estimated at 2,000,000,000 ton-miles. Since improvement of the average road reduces the cost of haulage ten cents a mile, we permit our highway system to be burdened with the equivalent of two million tollgates, each exacting a tax of ten cents for every ton of freight which passes through it. The delays and expense to business, the depreciation of farm-properties and losses to the farmer on his produce, the checks upon intercommunication and contact, and the deprivation of pleasure, for which the condition of our roads is responsible, are beyond computation.

The Federal Aid Road Act of 1916 ensured substantial and continuous improvement over a period of five years; but this is a mere beginning. The interests of every business and of every citizen require a great coördinated system of federal and state highways, over which may move easily and on schedule, over regular routes, the traffic of rural motor-expresses, collecting farm-produce, taking it to market, and returning with merchandise and supplies from town. Such trucks are now, under especially favorable conditions, operating as cheaply as freight cars, and are even being used for the wholesale transportation of live-stock. Numerous motor-express lines are already in successful operation, and are proving generally cheaper and more prompt than the old utilities. Meanwhile, it takes five acres of land to feed a horse.

The other day an aeroplane flew across the English Channel, carrying a grand piano. The already commonplace London to Paris passenger trip requires about three and a half hours between hotels, and the tariff is said to be \$78.50. During a recent month

the aero mail between Washington and New York came through every day, with no default for weather, and 105 of the 108 flights were made without interruption. The total cost per mile was 63 cents, including repairs and department overhead. These planes easily carry five or six hundred pounds of mail, while others, already built, can carry fifty people. All this clearly means that in plans for reconstruction we have to reckon with a new factor in transportation, and that, as we once built wharves, we must now build landing fields.

If free verse possessed the epic quality, one might write an Iliad on the woes of our railroads. They are, from every point of view, of far more significance than the deficiencies of our highways. Not only is it necessary for the development of our estate that our railroads function efficiently — they must also function profitably; otherwise, we have to choose between widespread financial disaster and covering deficits by increased taxation. No past experience in government ownership of anything suggests it as a means of profit; nor, on the other hand, does the old condition of enforced competition under private ownership seem more likely, if restored, to meet the requirements of the present or the future than it did those of the past. The trend of expert opinion is apparently toward private ownership, coupled with legal sanctions which shall encourage a regulated co-operation among the roads.

However this may be, it is clear that nothing short of a comprehensive readjustment and coördination of all our transportation facilities will meet the real requirements of the situation. Waterways, highways, railways must be brought into close articulation, and each must be so developed as to perform adequately its appropriately specialized functions.

Meanwhile, with more commerce requiring movement than the facilities of our estate as now administered can move, traffic on the Erie Canal has shrunk to half its former volume; our 295 navigable streams, which offer a free right of way for 26,410 miles, flow practically unburdened; we expend five times more power to move a ton of freight by rail than its transport by water would require.

As long ago as 1905, 8500 river-craft were plying on the Rhine alone, and a large proportion of the total traffic of Germany was water-borne. One reason for our own failure to utilize our vastly greater opportunities for river-transportation is found in the absence of convenient and adequate terminal facilities. In each of a considerable number of cities on rivers and canals in Germany, the provision made for handling and storing freight and boats represents a larger investment than all the facilities for similar service on the whole of the Mississippi River above New Orleans. It was the better railroad terminals which won the old fight against the boats. We ought now to have adequate terminals serving both, and should permit traffic to follow the line of least resistance. Still more essential is the establishment of harmonious relations between railroad and water lines.

In any adequate system of utilization and control a river must be considered as a whole with reference to all its parts and uses: its power for destruction as well as its capacity for service. It is unprofitable to build terminals, only to have them swept away by floods. The flood-damage on the Mississippi has exceeded \$100,000,000 in single years. In 1912, 5797 square miles were flooded in Louisiana alone, and crevasse after crevasse between Memphis and New Orleans created a continuous inland sea from Arkansas to the

Gulf. There was reason and justification behind the slogan 'After Panama the Mississippi,' and no plan for the development of our estate will be complete that does not provide for the control of this great arterial system.

Much work must be done, and in the doing of it many wheels must turn to satisfy the requirements of modern civilization. To do this work and to turn these wheels requires power. All the human muscles in the world could not supply one half the power now consumed on our estate. A well-placed water-wheel, however, will furnish the power equivalent of a hard-working slave, at a cost of one dollar a year. Cheap and abundant power is, therefore, a prime essential of the development, on modern lines, of a great industrial commonwealth.

The energy of falling water is one of the great undeveloped assets of our estate. The utilization of a small fraction—less than fifteen per cent—of the water pouring over Niagara Falls supplies the industries of Buffalo and Toronto with cheap power, operates their street-cars, lights their houses, and has made of the region around the Falls the greatest centre of electro-chemical development in the world. It supplies in quantity such basic products as chlorine and alkali, aluminum, magnesium, sodium, abrasives, carbide, cyanamide; and there was first attempted the commercial fixation of atmospheric nitrogen as nitric acid for fertilizers and explosives. Could our people once visualize Niagara Falls as flowing coal instead of water, and wasting its energy in a vast conflagration through the Gorge, how long would they permit our miners to toil in tens of thousands underground to maintain even so magnificent a spectacle?

The utmost energy of Niagara represents, however, but an insignificant proportion of the water-power potentially

available on our estate, where the possibilities of development attain an estimated total of 200,000,000 horsepower. Five million tons of coal a day would hardly generate as much. The water now flowing idly from our highlands to the sea could turn every factory-wheel and every electric generator in the country, operate our railroads, and still leave much energy to spare for new demands. We have developed scarcely three per cent of its ultimate possibilities, and only about ten per cent of those which are readily available without elaborate provision for storage. We have common carriers for freight in our railroads, for oil in pipelines, for intelligence in our telephone, telegraph, and cable systems. We need now to develop a great common-carrier system for energy, which shall nationalize industrial opportunity now limited to favored and restricted areas, and by eliminating the transportation of unnecessary coal, relieve our railroads of the major portion of their heaviest burden.

The integrated development of our river-systems is thus intimately bound up with flood-prevention through storage, agriculture through irrigation, transportation, and the generation and wider distribution of power, which is the prime mover of industry. Half-way measures will not serve. The problem demands a broad constructive policy which shall take due account of all its several phases.

But power is derived also from the chemical energy of coal, which, under our present economic system, supplies at least ninety-five per cent of our industrial requirements for power. Coal is, however, much more than a source of heat and power: it is a storehouse of chemical values, — ammonia, benzol, tar, and 1200 coal-tar dyes and products, — and it lends itself readily to transformation into coke and gas. In

what relation does this basic resource stand to the development of our estate?

Of coal we possess in West Virginia alone more than Great Britain and Germany combined. The country as a whole has a coal reserve of more than 1,500,000,000,000 tons, but of anthracite there is left not more than 190 tons for each of us. Lignite is even more abundant than coal, and there is a last, untouched reserve in peat. Our coal-miners bring to the surface annually about 650,000,000 tons, of which 90,000,000 tons is anthracite. We have mined less than one per cent of our soft coal, the kind commonly used for power. This is normally worth at the mines about \$1.15 a ton.

These figures, by themselves, would seem to point, as indeed they do, to almost limitless industrial possibilities; but in the humiliating record of our past use of coal there is ample proof that these potentialities will fail of realization unless our methods of utilizing this major resource of our estate are radically and fundamentally changed.

Our bituminous coal is mined under disastrously competitive conditions by a thousand uncorrelated producers. Its selling-price at the mine is too low to permit of conservative mining methods, and its cost to the consumer is generally too high to furnish him with the cheap power which he needs. Our railroads crack, as they did last winter, under the burden of transporting coal, most of which might to better advantage be burned either at the mines or at centres permitting power-distribution, as electricity or gas. Beehive coke ovens and scores of thousands of isolated power-plants now waste chemical values to an annual total of at least a billion dollars. The widespread use of gas for power would double the effective energy of the coal, and would permit, besides by-product recovery, the saving of another billion now needlessly spent in mining

and transportation. We are indeed a prodigal people, prospering for a time by methods which would end European civilization within a generation.

In England, which is already far ahead of us in the economical utilization of coal-values, plans are now under consideration for the establishment of super-power-plants at the mines and at centres favorably placed for the receipt of coal, the distribution of gas, and the transmission of electrical energy. It is to similar immense plants, coupled with the common-carrier system of transmission lines for power, that we must look for any adequate utilization of our own coal-values and a broader basis for our industry.

Surpassingly rich as our estate is known to be in iron, copper, sulphur, clays, and other major raw materials for a vast and varied industry, we may for present purposes conclude our appraisal of its assets with a brief reference to our stores of petroleum and natural gas. In 1918 we produced 345,000,000 barrels of petroleum; our consumption of natural gas was something like 750,000,000,000 cubic feet. We have, since its discovery, wasted more gas than we have used, and with it some billions of gallons of gasoline. We recovered at the casing-head in 1917, 217,000,000 gallons, of gravity so light as to permit its expansion to 500,000,000 gallons by blending with heavier distillates of petroleum not otherwise available for motor-fuel. Thousands of wells remain to be connected with recovery plants.

The wastes in our petroleum industry, under which term refining is not here included, have been shocking and stupendous. Fields are abandoned with from thirty to ninety per cent of the oil still underground; vast areas have been ruined by admitting water into the oil sands; fires take heavy toll. In all not more than twenty-five per cent

of the oil underground reaches the pipeline, and less than half of that is utilized to the best advantage.

IV

We have surveyed our estate hurriedly, and from a height, as in an aeroplane, and the prospect has been one that should fire the dulllest imagination with the vision of the coming greatness of America, provided only that we rise to the measure of our opportunity. The record of our development of our resources is, indeed, in mere achievement, in figures of production, a shining one; but its lustre is dimmed to shadow by the portentous brilliance of the handwriting on the wall. We have been prodigal wasters, reckless destroyers, mere skimmers of cream. Unrestricted individualism must now give way to controlled coöperation, guided by a constructive economic policy which is nation-wide in scope. We must bring to the solution of our peace-problems the unity and cohesive power developed by the war. The plans of Europe for reconstruction are already far advanced, while out of Washington has come no adequate directive impulse.

Not only is the ultimate purpose of all production the satisfaction of human wants, but the human element in production is the most important, and often the limiting, factor. All plans for reconstruction must therefore fail, as indeed they should, unless they bring reasonable satisfaction to the workers upon whom their material realization depends. With Bolshevism, destructive alike to intelligence and property, spreading in Europe, and many signs of unrest and discontent patent to observers here, it is evident that the first concern and effort of those to whom our reconstruction problems may be intrusted should be to reach, if possible,

an understanding and agreement with labor, upon a basis so fair and so obviously advantageous to the interests of all, that a long period of reasonably harmonious coöperative effort may be assured. The industrial creed which has already been indorsed by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States may well serve as the scaffolding for the erection of this essential structure of mutual understanding and good-will.

Discontent, properly directed, is a great constructive force. Only when no way seems open to its relief, does it become destructive. It should therefore be made convincingly clear to labor that the maintenance of its present returns and the satisfaction of its prospective demands are possible only by raising the productive power of the individual. Wealth which is non-existent cannot be divided. Our estate contains resources abundantly ample for all legitimate satisfactions of a population many times as numerous as that which it now supports. But undeveloped resources are not wealth. They were here with the Indians. Their potentialities can be realized, not by labor alone, not by capital alone, not by labor and capital together, unless through the coöperation of the executive brain and science. The war has at last placed science above the salt, even at bankers' dinners. It has penetrated the Privy Council. Chemistry is saluted by the man in the street, and chemists are putting the dollar sign in their equations.

But the problem of reaching an abiding satisfaction involves far more than wages and hours of work. A way must be found to restore something of the old pride and joy of craftsmanship. That this is not impossible, even under the factory system, has been demonstrated by the quality competitions instituted by Wolf, who, in commenting

on them, points out that in the past the average employer has been so engrossed in creating an organization to express his own individuality that he has forgotten to afford the opportunity for self-expression to his employee. So it happens that, in many of our large corporations, the preposterous situation prevails that, to maintain a working-staff of one thousand men, from three thousand to seven thousand enter and leave the organization yearly.

Progress has been linked in many minds with poverty. The new Progress must be the bountiful mother and almoner of plenty. Increased production does not mean, for the individual, more work or harder work. It does mean more efficient work and a new attitude toward work: the desire to make every stroke tell to the utmost. It means gang-ploughing with a tractor, intensive truck-farming, growing beets which yield twelve per cent of sugar instead of eight, grinding with carborundum, cutting deep into the metal with tools of high-speed steel. It means microscopes and pyrometers, slide-rules and graphic charts, recording instruments, wise planning, and the laboratory control of materials and processes. In a word, it means willing, painstaking, and well-paid effort, backed by capital, guided by science.

VI

To bring our acres to full fertility, to build up and utilize adequately our forest reserves, to reorganize, develop, and coördinate our transportation systems, to generate our power advantageously and distribute it widely, to check the reckless and encourage the effective use of our resources, — all to the end that we may evolve and establish better and more satisfying types of rural and urban life — are the basic and interlocking problems involved in the develop-

ment of our estate. Obviously, all these things require coöperative effort on the grand scale which calls for executive abilities of the highest order. Most of them, also, involve the active participation of the government: some of the more important can hardly be done at all except as governmental activities. With the fiasco of the aeroplane programme fresh in our minds; with government control of the railroads adding \$126,000,000 to the expense of operation in a single month; with delays in mail, delays in paying soldiers, delays in ordnance; with municipal administration the ineffective and often shameful thing it is, how can we hope to place this new and greater burden on our public administrations with any expectation that performance will square with opportunity?

If Democracy, and especially our own democracy, is to prove itself ultimately worthy of the stupendous sacrifices which have been gladly rendered in its name, if it is to actualize the potentialities of a situation unique in the world's history, it must first develop a deeper sense of individual responsibility, and then call to the direction of its affairs a far higher type of administrative capacity than it has been content with in the past. There is no alchemy in the ballot-box which will transmute a good mixer into a great executive, and no accolade can confer brains with office. To do the things we have to do demands vision and wise planning, nation-wide coördination of attack, effective and economical administration, technical knowledge, and much research to bring more knowledge. The conjunction of these essentials is happily not unknown in the larger aspects of American business life, and it is to the American business man in his higher stages of development that we must turn in this Day of Opportunity. He is fresh from great

achievement, as a volunteer, in extemporized relations to the government in the emergency of war. We must now, in our own interest, as proprietors of the estate, provide for him an authoritative and permanent place in our governmental system.

No Congressional committee, no academic council, no ephemeral organization can cope with the stupendous problem. The mutually entangled intricacies of its component elements can be gradually reduced to order and woven into the majestic tapestry of an adequate general plan, only, it would seem, by a permanent commission, as detached from partisan politics as the Supreme Court, comprising in its membership the best executive, economic, and technical brains in the country, and planning and operating over long years. This commission should stand in close relationship to the Chief Executive and to the Congress, its members being appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. It should be compact, with no more than fifteen members, including the Secretaries of Agriculture, Labor, Commerce, and the Interior, through whom the chiefs of the scientific bureaus of the government would be brought into its deliberations. Above all, its members must be drawn chiefly from the great constructive and productive agencies of the country, and must be truly representative of the aspirations and interests of our citizenship. Whether its individual components are members of House or Senate, Republicans or Democrats, should in this relationship be of interest only to their biographers.

Such an Economic Commission would evolve from many economic studies and proposals for specific betterments coördinated plans which would bind together in a close articulation the attainable benefits of each. In the exercise of an intrinsic function, it would submit

to Congress recommendations for the required legislation, and apprise the country of the need and reason for its demands. To it should be assigned ultimate responsibility to Congress, through the President, for the execution of its duly authorized proposals.

The war has developed amongst us a new Bushido, another Samurai class pledged to service. Its membership includes those who have toiled with brain or hand for the common good in a supreme emergency; devoted women; our

youth who on land and sea and in the air have dared the impossible and achieved it. Shall we permit this unity of purpose, this capacity for coöperative effort, to become quickly dissipated in the perpetuation of past mistakes, or shall we, by judicious planning, direct these new and potent forces to the development of our estate, to the end that it may furnish the material basis for a higher civilization?

'It is well to be wise in a great moment.'

THE RETURN OF THE BURGOMASTER

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

You feel the pulse of Brussels at her Place de Ville. Since Sunday, November 10, I have wanted to be there day and night. Again and again in the four terrible years, we tried to picture the Place de Ville on the Day of Liberation. The reality of Sunday, November 17, makes all our imaginings pale.

Just one week before, Sunday afternoon the tenth, the two thousand German Reds had gathered at the Gare du Nord, then separated into squads of about fifty, and with red flags flying had set about their work. They opened the doors of Saint-Gilles and other prisons, and tattered, vermin-covered English and Italian and Russian prisoners staggered into the streets, where Belgians hastened to offer them baths and clothes and food.

Other squads went to the house of the arch-brute Rupprecht of Bavaria, fired on it, and compelled him to renounce his command.

The word oftenest used by the Belgians this week is *pitoyable* — contemptible. They almost forget their hate in their unutterable contempt. They would have been glad, for the sake of human dignity, to recognize in their slave-drivers at least some single fearless gesture. You should hear them describe the flight of the cowardly Rupprecht to the Spanish Legation, where he begged for a bed.

The Marquis de Villalobar, ever fearless, went promptly to the Reds (council of soldiers and sailors) to announce that since, as protecting minister, it was his duty to shelter those in danger, he proposed to keep Prince Rupprecht at the Legation until he could send him in the Spanish car to Holland — which he accomplished on Tuesday. Governor-General von Falkenhausen fled to Germany.

The Reds then took over the Kommandantur, or German police head-

quarters and place of infamy. In Paris, on the Tuesday before, we had read that German Reds in Brussels had thrown Imperial officers from windows. They had not, because it was not necessary. Officers tamely lowered their shoulders and bowed their heads to facilitate the stripping off of their military emblems.

Some soldiers near the Gare du Nord were too drunk to resign, so the Reds turned machine-guns on their headquarters, with the result that one hundred persons, including Belgian civilians, were killed that Sunday night.

The following day one white and trembling Imperial ran into the office of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, to beg for civilian clothes. It was a supreme moment for Mr. Baetens, the Belgian Director of that office.

Von der Lanken and Rieth, despised members of the Political Department, slipped quickly into civilian clothes, and got out to Holland Thursday.

So the Revolution progressed, very quietly on the whole. On Monday, the 11th, the Reds were in control; the submissive Imperials wore white bands on their arms. To avoid difficulty, however, the German officer who later conducted Mr. Jacquain to the frontier, to search for Burgomaster Max, wore a Red band on one arm and white on the other.

Tuesday the work of freeing prisoners continued; they were coming into Brussels from all directions. At the same time the Germans were gathering what they could, and getting ready to evacuate. And daily King Albert and the Belgian army were pressing toward Brussels.

I had left Paris the Wednesday before, by night train to Calais, and from there fought my way by special military train, American Army motor, broken-down hack, Belgian military car, General Headquarters car, and finally

by a blessed C.R.B. car already working in Ghent (under Robinson Smith, who was arranging for the distribution of flour-sacks to cover thousands of windows recently smashed in East Flanders), through the Belgian lines and into Brussels by eleven Saturday morning.

In Alost, just free, ablaze with flags, and tearful and smiling, we passed Burgomaster Max, who had reached Brussels at nine the night before after four years in German prisons, and was on his way to his King, who was at G.H.Q. at Ghent.

Nearer Brussels, in Assche, there were no flags; people were trying to carry off the heaps of tile and brick and glass in front of their wrecked houses. In the street were many large guns and wagons which the Germans had had to leave, though they had taken time to remove the breech from each gun. Little Belgian boys and girls, despite the cold, were climbing over the war-monsters, and with especial delight were whirling the wheels of a great anti-aircraft gun.

A little farther on we began to run into Germans, and despite their sodden appearance, I breathed more freely when my little open car slipped finally inside the city and I saw a few Belgian police. There were crowds, quiet crowds, near the Bourse, where English prisoners had arrived.

I read, later, the posters on all the city walls, exhorting the people to preserve their calm and dignity till the last instant. But despite the calm, things were happening fast. Saturday afternoon we were told that we might expect Brussels to be clean of the enemy by half-past two o'clock Sunday. I say 'clean' because that is the word that passes. 'A dirty, contemptible lot; only let them get out, so we may disinfect — pray for rain to help cleanse the city.' That is the word on the street.

Early Sunday morning they began

to move — Hindenburg directing from Headquarters. I was awakened about seven by the rumble of their wagons under my window, Boulevard du Regent. They were *going* — trains of wagons pulled by fine Belgian horses, — I had passed human horses all the way from Bruges to Brussels, pulling their pitiful refugee carts, — and piled high with sacks and bundles, gray army coats thrown over the top. There were two or three men riding on each wagon, and four or five walking beside, their coats bulging over their heavy packs. There were little carts with stoves and pails, closed hacks and open carriages, smart little Roumanian horses, groups of five and six cows — the cows of Belgian's children. I hear they have not left one in Theilt, where tuberculosis is rampant. Between the wagons, companies of about fifty, marching four abreast, cyclists or cavalry running the line — some of these groups were trying to sing, but it was a sickly kind of singing.

Rumble and tramp, they were going, going! I kept behind a curtain, so that I might not spoil by even so little as letting them know I was looking, the superb attitude of the city. There were many Belgians on the boulevards, on their way to church; but, for them, this retreating army was invisible. They did not turn their heads to look.

When I reached Brussels in July, 1916, the thing that impressed me first and most was the Belgian's capacity to obliterate his enemy. His hatred and contempt set up a wall and put the Boche on the other side of it. He never saw him.

And again, in November, 1918, this is the thing that first strikes me. All tense with unutterable emotion inside, on the outside no sign. The German may stay or go: on the street, to the Belgian, he is invisible. This is the supreme expression of his hatred and contempt.

About ten Sunday morning some workmen told me that the last Boche had left the Gare du Nord, and that they were already washing the station. All along the streets windows were opening, flags were flung out — Belgian, the Stars and Stripes, French, English, and a few Italian ones; while down at the Place, from a balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, the Liberation of the city was being proclaimed by Burgomaster Lemonnier, who so bravely carried on Max's work, and who has himself a year's prison record behind him.

In the marvelous way that things happen in Brussels, almost immediately a great procession formed: the city trustees, schools, the people, made their way to the Place des Martyrs, which commemorates Belgium's independence. I had seen this square on their Independence Day, July, 1916, flanked by bayoneted Boches — no Belgian permitted to approach it, or drop a flower near it. And now, after four years, they marched again to the Place des Martyrs, solemnly singing the 'Brabançonne' as they laid their wreaths at the foot of the statue.

Things were moving so rapidly that it was impossible to keep in touch with them. Belgian soldiers were slipping in by twos and threes ahead of the army; there were a few French officers, and always more released prisoners. People wanted to be at the Place, or on the boulevards; yet those who for four years had been cut off from loved ones sat anxiously, tremblingly at home. Many have not left the house for a few minutes in over a week — at any minute he may return!

Max was again in the city, and would be received at the Hôtel de Ville at half-past two. The acting mayor, Lemonnier, and the *échevins* would welcome him, and he would take once more his place at the head of the Bruxellois. By rare good luck, I received an invitation

to his historic reception — and Échevin Anspach called for me at half-past one. Inside the Hôtel de Ville we were met by other échevins, who helped guide me into the already densely crowded Gothic Hall — the most beautiful in that whole beautiful building. There were a few chairs on the platform for the échevins: a row just in front of it for the burgomasters of the suburbs; two rows of red-upholstered benches for women principals of the schools; but everywhere else people were standing — I should say, men were standing, for there were no women except the few on the red benches. On the platform, at the left, was a group of British and American and French officers, and at the right other guests fortunate enough to squeeze in.

There was a little table toward the rear of the platform — there Max would stand; and behind it, against the exquisitely carved oak wall, hung two handsome flags — the flag of Belgium, and the brilliant red-and-green one of the city. Above them the gilded Saint-Michel triumphed over the dragon, and all along the carved oak walls were ancient flags of the provinces, and historic statues.

Soon the échevins began to take their places on the platform. Lemonnier, the acting mayor, stood behind the table, with the Dutch minister, Von Vollenhoven, at his left. I know many were wishing, as I was, that Brand Whitlock might have been there. The Marquis de Villalobar was absent, too, having been summoned by the King, to G.H.Q. Next to the Dutch minister stood M. Jacqmain, the Director of Education and Beaux-Arts, one of the most conspicuous defenders of Belgium's liberty, as his prison record testifies. All were cheered, but the great cheer was being reserved for the slight little man, with brown hair and French beard, — nervous, intense, and keen-

eyed, — who now slipped to the side of Lemonnier. As Max, in brown business suit, stepped toward the table, the few who had been seated leaped to their feet, and all joined in one delirious cry of welcome, which ended only when he raised his hand. Despite his control, the drawn lines about his eyes and forehead, his pallor, above all, the look in his eyes, suggested something of the torture of the four years. He stood against the red and green of the Brussels flag, his thin hands gripping the table as if to steady himself.

In dramatic and solemn language M. Lemonnier reviewed Belgium's four years and two months of slavery, and the four years of personal humiliation and suffering for Max. As he followed him from prison to prison, and to dark cell for nine months, there were hissings and execrations. And when he said, 'N'oublierons jamais' (We will *never* forget), his listeners answered with a shout. And just then, from the seething square below, we heard an echoing cry, as if the whole city were joining in that pledge — 'We will never forget!'

As the cry died away, Lemonnier continued, 'And now, we feel there is no more fitting gift that we can offer to you on your return than —' And two gold-braided officials, who had been almost hidden behind the tapestried chairs, held high the framed originals of the two famous proclamations that had helped to send Max to prison. The first was to the people of Liége, declaring that the Germans lied when they said France had announced that she would not fight; the second called on the people of Brussels to take down their Belgian flags, as the Germans had commanded, — although Von der Goltz had promised that no such order would be given, — to martyrize themselves individually for the good of all — secure in their faith in their day of Liberation.

The applause finally ended, and a

letter from the Spanish minister was read, welcoming Max, in the name of Brand Whitlock and for himself, and offering as a gift a book of gold in which are inscribed the names of those who from time to time demanded of the Germans the freedom of their Burgomaster. Then followed other addresses and a poem, all marked by a common sincerity and solemn dignity. As we listened, we heard strains of the 'Brabançonne' from the square below, and then terrific explosions from somewhere nearby. They sounded like the booming of big guns on the line — what could this mean? Then again the 'Brabançonne,' and shouts from below.

And then Max. Slowly, distinctly, he spoke of his emotion, on returning to his family, to his city, after four years, and finding his house banked with flowers; of the welcome that almost frightened him. He spoke of the enduring courage of the people of Brussels, and then, as detonation followed detonation, 'As we talk,' he said, 'pillagers are engaged in their ignoble work, and we know who encourages them.' (Le-monnier nodded assent.) 'With infinite regret we recognize that a few lawless ruffians are sullyng the nobility and purity of our hour of victory. Our first duty' — his voice rang out — 'is to restore order to our city. This we shall proceed at once to do.'

Again, terrific explosions of the munition wagons left by the Germans, between the snatches of song from the Place.

Max paused a moment before he added, 'I can almost say that I do not regret Belgium's martyrdom, since it has saved her from a pacifist's rôle in this war of civilization. She may be proud for all time that with her blood she has helped assure the future of humanity. The hour before us is immense.'

He spoke briefly of the problems of

reconstruction, of commerce, and of industry; and as we were clapping and waving, two little girls and a boy were helped forward, with their great basket of flowers, tied with the national and capital colors. A happy moment for the children — and Max turned to hurry out to the balcony, to let the thousands who had been waiting there for hours have their glimpse of him.

And from that balcony I realized how pale my imaginings had been — that incomparable square, framed by the gold-topped buildings of the seventeenth-century guilds, all floating their corporation flags: the Gothic Hall of Roi Albert, — once the baker's guild, — the Hôtel de Ville, on whose balcony we stood, with its fairy spire lifting the gleaming Saint-Michel high above the city — all still there. And from every window people were leaning out, — free people, — while all the rest of the free city seemed to be packed into the square below. They appeared almost to be clinging to the walls.

Nothing could describe the cry of the Bruxellois, as the man who typified their fearless endurance, their four years of torture, appeared once more above them. How they cried out their hearts to him! Then all together we sang the 'Brabançonne' and the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' and 'Yankee Doodle!' A gay patriotic air followed, and since they could not move laterally, these happy thousands began to dance vertically. Never before have I seen people dance straight up and down.

We turned to say just a word to Max; then I hurried away, stopping only to talk with a mother, who had been crying as others were singing. After four years she had prepared the house for her boy, and an advance cyclist had just brought her word that he had been killed in the last fighting near Ghent.

Explosions and red sky — either accidentally or purposely, the pillagers, who were looking for any kind of loot, had set off German munition wagons, shattering houses near the stations and wounding and killing more innocent people — on the very day of their deliverance! However, by the next morning (Monday, the 18th) the explosions had ceased. Max has been putting the city in order. Not only ruffians are being imprisoned, but also those who have been suspected of selling willingly to the enemy: a sausage-shop keeper has just been taken off.

This morning (Tuesday, the 19th) I passed the King's Palace, where workmen are scraping the moss of four years from the paving-stones, and cleaning and decorating with great zest. I learned that the Queen had sent word that the wounded, to whom the palace had been hospital, should not be moved. So like this splendid Queen! On both sides of the street in front, the cobblestones have been lifted and sixteen big holes dug for flag standards. We hear that the King, the Queen, and the two princes, and the beautiful little Princess Marie-José, will all ride in on horseback.

The Park, between the Palace and

the Chamber of Deputies, which has been shut away from the people and used chiefly by German cavalry officers, will be opened, but not until every square foot of its soil has been cleansed — perhaps not until Friday, the day of the return of the King. Many a time in the black days I have watched hungry people reach defiant hands through the iron gates of this Park to scatter crumbs to the sparrows.

Every hour brings more people — some lucky ones have been brought in a military or government car; many come on foot. The hotel-keepers are distracted, — there is yet no day of rejoicing for them, — no mattresses, no sheets; and even if they could get these essentials, they could not clean and disinfect under weeks. Every Belgian regards a place where the Germans have been as a place of pollution, and you have but to look inside to understand why. So all those who will crowd into the city must be taken into private houses; most will bring their own sheets and blankets. The first detachment of artillery is just rattling by.

The Whitlocks will come in to-morrow — perhaps Mr. Hoover and my husband. And on Friday the King will come back to Brussels!

TERRITORIAL CLAIMS OF FRANCE

BY RENÉ PINON

I

IF the vulture empires which attacked France had succeeded in conquering her, they would, as in 1871, have torn from her pieces of her territory; they would, as they announced their intention of doing at the time when they believed themselves sure of success, have stolen certain groups of men, against their will, from their fatherland. France is actuated by other principles: being victorious, she will not abuse her victory by violating the rights in whose name she has been fighting. We may speak of the territorial claims of France, but not of her territorial ambitions, for what she is determined to obtain by the treaty of peace, is only what is due to her, what has been taken from her by force, and what she has never ceased rightfully to demand, in the name of the people concerned and in accord with them. However cruel and incurable the wound which Germany inflicted upon her by the Treaty of Frankfurt, France certainly would never have made war to assert her claims, however legitimate: she would not have committed a crime against mankind, in order to punish a crime against the Law of Nations! But she was challenged; France will not definitively sheathe her sword until the great injustice of 1871 shall have been repaired in full; until the people of Lorraine and Alsace are restored to the country of their heart. There is no question of conquest, but of the return of brothers long separated to the home of the French family; it is

not a matter of annexation, but of *dis*-annexation. The violence done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870-1871, the poisoned spring from which so many misfortunes have issued, will be fully atoned for.

France, then, demands Alsace and Lorraine in their integrity. Let us not say 'Alsace-Lorraine'; that is a German administrative expression which combines two countries that differ widely in history, language, and customs, but whose attachment to the great French *patrie* is the same.

The Germans themselves have never denied that Lorraine is French territory, which thinks and speaks in French, and whose customs are French. Metz was united to France in the time of Henri II (1552), with Verdun and Toul; the remainder of the duchy maintained an independent life until 1766; but it had for a long time been following the orbit of France, and had lived her intellectual and moral life. Bismarck declared that he did not desire the annexation of Metz, but that it was demanded by Moltke and the staff; this probably was a lie; the sly fox had arranged to have his hand forced by the generals; but it is, at all events, a proof that he felt the need of finding an excuse for such a detestable proceeding. The Germans have never tried, as in Alsace, to win over the intensely French inhabitants of the Lorraine marches, either by oppression or by assimilation; but they have tried to submerge them beneath a sea of miners and workingmen, coming from all cor-

ners of Germany, particularly to the Thionville district; at times they succeeded by this expedient in changing the result of an election; but this floating population has never blended with the old French stock in Lorraine, and has not succeeded in changing its character in the slightest degree. Lorraine will go back to France as French as it was before 1870.

The Alsatian is as devoted as the Lorrainer to the French fatherland, but he differs more from the average French type. He speaks a German language which is not the German of Germany, but a special dialect, to which he is much attached, and which he handles with all the lightness of touch, all the caustic vigor of a Frenchman. As for the blood of the race, the ancient substratum is Celtic; it received the very deep impression which the civilizing genius of Rome imprinted wherever its domination was established. During the Middle Ages, it formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire; but we find it jealous above all of retaining its local privileges and its individual character. It was divided into a large number of small sovereignties, some secular, some ecclesiastical; its cities engaged in commerce, by way of the Rhine, with the 'Germanies,' and by way of the passes of the Vosges, with France, who was then solidifying her power and establishing her national unity.

Alsace is drawn toward France by community of origin and culture, and by the reputation for strength and justice which casts a halo about the monarchy of Saint-Louis. Amid the chaos throughout Central Europe which followed the period of the religious wars, Alsace, ravaged by the opposing forces, sought the protection of the King of France. M. Batiffol has shown very clearly in a remarkable recent book,¹ how the little Alsatian republics in-

voked the support and protection of Richelieu before the French armies had marched into the country to drive out the Imperial troops. It is much truer to say that Alsace gave herself over to France, than that France conquered her. The treaties of Westphalia, by sanctioning the claims of the King of France to Alsace, did not tear men by force from their native land.

France quickly became the chosen country of the Alsatians, who, moreover, retained their customs, their language, their local liberties. The splendor of the reign of Louis XIV, the excellent administration of the intendants in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, completed the fusion. When the French Revolution broke out, Alsace hailed the birth of Liberty: the people of Strasburg placed on the Kehl bridge, which separates them from the Duchy of Baden, a placard with these words: 'Here begins the Country of Liberty.' It was at Strasburg, in the salons of Mayor Dietrich, that Rouget de l'Isle sang for the first time the 'Chant de l'Armée du Rhin,' which was soon to be called the 'Marseillaise' and to fly round the world on the wings of Liberty. The intense patriotic enthusiasm of the Revolution; the glory of the campaigns of the National Defense; the great epic wars of Napoleon I; the anguish of the twofold invasion in 1814 and 1815 — all these Alsace lived and *felt* with the whole of France.

Many Alsatians stand in the front rank of our most illustrious generals: Kléber, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Rapp, and many others. The fusion, after that great epoch, was absolutely perfect: there was thenceforth but one France, of which Alsace formed a part. When, in 1871, the victorious Germans demanded the cession of Alsace, they cut deep into the living flesh of the country.

To these facts about French Alsace is opposed the historical and ethnograph-

¹ *Les Anciens Républiques Alsaciennes.*

ical fiction which German scholars have devised to justify the conquests of the German sword. While the French were the first to define and invoke the right of nations to decide their own destiny, the Germans base their claims on ethnographic and linguistic considerations. 'Wherever the German language is heard is the German Fatherland.' That is the exact formula of triumphant Pan-germanism. Whoever speaks any German language or any language of Germanic origin — Alsations, Flemings, Scandinavians, German-Swiss — must return *nolens volens* to the fold of German unity. The German-Americans also belong there, and some day the Germans will try to remind them of it. If a person has once become a German, he never ceases to be one, even if he becomes a citizen of another state; for the Delbrück Law assumes that the German, even when a naturalized citizen of another country, does not lose his German citizenship and can always claim it. This theory of race and language does not prevent the Germans from incorporating in their Empire French Lorrainers, Danes of Schleswig, and Poles; they invoke then military and economic necessity, the right of the German people to defend itself, to be powerful, and so forth.

Thus, for the French and for all free peoples, what determines the nationality of a group of men, is the heart, the spontaneous act of their free will; for the Germans, it is language and race; it is the hereditary accident of birth. In the first case it is a democratic, national principle; in the second, it is an autocratic principle, based on the oppression of men's consciences in the name of a pseudo-scientific theory.

II

This irreconcilable divergence of principle explains the political and

moral importance which the Alsace question has assumed since 1870. Right was made flesh, and the battle of principles was translated into living hearts by suffering and anguish. The more the German scholars and politicians declared, 'Alsace is German,' the more firmly the Alsations answered, 'No: Alsace belongs to the Alsations and the Alsations prefer to be French.' Whenever they have had a chance, the Alsations have thus unwearingly answered, 'No!' They said it in the National Assembly at Bordeaux, in 1871, when, by the voice of Keller, they protested against the treaty of Frankfurt; they said it in the Reichstag at Berlin in February 18, 1874, when, in the name of all the Deputies of Alsace and Lorraine, summoned for the first time to sit in the Parliament of the Empire, M. Teutsch read the famous and superb protest whose words must always be remembered, because they belong, as a declaration of Right confronted with Might, to mankind's noblest patrimony. The most important portion of it was the following: —

'All of us who are here present have been sent by our electors to assert *our affection for France*, as well as our right to decide our own fate without foreign interference. You say to us, "You are members of the German family, you are our brothers." Is this simply bitter sarcasm, or do you speak seriously when you say this? *It is impossible for us to regard ourselves as belonging to your family.*'

The Alsations and Lorrainers continued to say 'No' at every election, notably in 1887, when, despite tremendous pressure, they gave 247,000 votes to the protesting candidates. They said it again in 1913, when the children of Saverne followed through the streets the famous Lieutenant von Förstner, the incarnation of oppressive and brutal Prussian militarism, and

made fun of his arrogance, his monocle, and the four armed grenadiers who formed his escort. They said it again by every manifestation of the Alsatian spirit, by the caricatures of Hansi and of Zislin, by Dr. Bucher's *Revue alsacienne illustrée*, by the eloquence of Abbé Wetterlé, by the labor of the Alsatian factories and brains, by the annual exodus of the young people to France.

This obstinate 'No' fully conscious of its grandeur, this 'No' which resisted the most brutal oppression as well as the most skillful enticements, irritated to the utmost the masters of Germany. Cost what it might, this must be stopped, this protest which held the whole power of the Kaiser and his armies at bay, even if it were necessary, for that purpose, to start another war. 'They will lick our feet after the victory,' gracefully observed the wife of a German professor of the University of Strasburg, in August, 1914.

After the outbreak of the war, the Alsatian and Lorraine soldiers availed themselves of every opportunity to go over to the flag of their choice and to avoid fighting for Germany, while in the 'Reichsland' — as the conquered provinces were officially designated — the people were overwhelmed with convictions for the most trivial reasons: a gesture, a smile, a song in which the Boche believed that he could detect a manifestation of sympathy for the French. The Alsatians have reckoned that the German judges in the annexed provinces, imposed, during the war, four thousand years of imprisonment, to say nothing of the fines. No, indeed! German domination will not be regretted in Alsace and Lorraine!

To show how the French idea survived, even in the least cultivated, simplest Alsatian souls, we subjoin a few artlessly touching passages of the examination of a young Alsatian soldier,

who went over to the French in 1917, and was questioned as to the motives which had led him to desert. He was a peasant from Sundgau, with little education, to whom the great problems of politics and philosophy were unknown. Such proofs are the most valuable, because they give expression to all that is deeply rooted and unchangeable in the character of a people. At the beginning of the war, Germany, by her immense military preparations, by the display of so many troops and so much *matériel*, succeeded in impressing the people with such an idea of her power that all the soldiers believed her to be invincible.

During the first weeks [said the young Alsatian], the men of my regiment (from Baden) were like madmen; they pushed forward, they believed that nothing could stop them. When they were forced to retreat, at the battle of the Marne, they had no idea that anything serious had happened. It was not until the first winter, when the war of positions had become definitely established, that they began to say, 'There's a hitch, somewhere, or else we should have taken Paris.' They did not worry over such a trifling matter; but there was something which they did not understand. Then came the great success on the Russian front; the enthusiasm started up anew, and everybody believed that they were going to smash everything again. It never occurred to them that the Germans could be beaten; they believed rather that, to put an end to the business, some sort of a lame peace would be concluded, whereby Germany, in spite of everything, would derive some profit. One day an officer made the remark that Verdun was a defeat. They considered the Somme rather as a victory because the French had not broken through. But the men were indifferent and depressed. It needed the Roumanian campaign and the taking of Bucharest to spur them on. If anyone asked the soldiers why they had confidence, they would all make the same answer: 'Hindenburg.' They are all honestly convinced that there never was a greater general. If he should have a real set-back, a terrible demoralization would

follow; for no man has ever even thought that such a thing is possible.

The young Alsatian was a witness of the devastation in the North of France, in the region of St. Quentin.

By the middle of February [he said], I had already seen between seven and eight hundred people sent away. They were divided into small groups, just enough to fill a railroad car, the men on one side, the women on the other — young girls without their mothers. I don't know what became of the children. They never left a family together. Perhaps it was a sorting out with a view to the work they were to do; but, on the other hand, perhaps it was to overcome all resistance. Some of the poor creatures were crying, but no sobs were to be heard. You could see that they tried their utmost not to give the Germans the satisfaction of seeing them suffer. Their features were contracted, they clinched their fists in their pockets. I went away from the station, for I could not bear the sight. I imagined my parents in a similar situation. That day I felt it was too much, and I said to myself, 'If there is still such a thing as justice, the men who have done that can never win.' My comrades could not feel as I did, but I must say that not one of them joked about it. They preferred to say nothing.

Then the young man described the state of people's minds in his Alsatian village.

On my first furlough, in 1915, I found the sentiments in the village more violent than I would ever have suspected. It was not only dissatisfaction, it was genuine hatred. The Germans acted as if they were in conquered territory; for a mere nothing, it was fines or prison; they forced the people to give up their crops; they threatened on every occasion. All the people were equally indignant. Not till then did I understand what the soldiers of Baden said so often: 'The Alsatians are French to the marrow of their bones.' Certain persons of the village had been able to obtain, by way of Switzerland, some French newspapers, and had compared the news. Now, the Germans could go on proclaiming their victories; the

people did not answer, but they said to themselves that at least half of it was false. Like everybody else, when they saw the tremendous display of force, my parents believed that nothing could resist that power. They plucked up courage only when they heard that the German armies had been checked. It took a long time to reassure them.

I had my second furlough in 1916. Ideas had made headway in Alsace. People seemed to express themselves with less vehemence; it was not because they hated the Germans less, but because they were no longer surprised by any annoyance; they anticipated the worst kind of violence; they had made up their minds to bear anything. But they were convinced now that the Germans would end by being beaten. My parents in the village grasped it quicker than I at the front. My father said to me, 'The French won't even need a victory; the Germans will be forced to cross the Rhine of their own accord.' The day before I left he talked alone with me and said, 'Some day the French will come back here, that is certain; it grieves me to think that you are fighting against them.' I replied, 'You know well what fate is in store for you if I desert. Your house will be seized, you run the risk of being carried off to Germany. My brothers will get no more furloughs; they will be in bad odor in their regiment.' I thought it over during the whole of that day. I also said to myself that I did not speak French. I could not make up my mind and I rejoined my regiment.

On March 20, 1917, when I went home for the third time, I had not yet made a decision: I had still the same objections to make. But I had been present at the devastation in northern France; I felt that I *could* not stay any longer in the German ranks. My father persisted and said to me, 'I myself was forced to serve in the German army in my youth; but if they should think best to call the men of my class, I should not hesitate. Our fields and our house won't be long in their hands.' My mother said, 'Think it all over to-night; I don't want to influence you.' The next day I said to her, 'I have made up my mind, but what will happen to you?' She replied, 'Don't take that into consideration.'

And the following night the young Alsatian went into Switzerland, and thence to France.

More convincingly than the actual course of events, this testimony, which shows vividly the deep roots of French sentiment in the simple souls of Alsace, and the ardent and passionate character which love of France has assumed during the war, makes clear the impassable gulf which separates the Alsatians from the Germans. The mother's reply to her son is as sublime as it is un-German.

One of the few Germans who have made an effort to understand the Alsatian soul, Professor Werner Wittich, of the University of Strasburg, whose book caused a scandal on the other side of the Rhine, wrote, 'This people is attached to France by every fibre of its being.' And, in 1917, in the Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine, the two bishops of Metz and of Strasburg, although chosen from among the most ardent Germanophiles, made this solemn declaration: 'Our consciences forbid us to ask in the name of the people the reunion of Alsace-Lorraine and Germany.'

The entrance of the French into Lorraine and Alsace will be a *fait accompli* when the American reader sees these lines; it will take place amid the indescribable enthusiasm of the whole native population. The unity of France will be reconstituted by the return of the two provinces torn from the hearthstone of the nation.

It was a German, Professor Fassbender, who wrote only a short time ago, 'The reproach that we are unable to assimilate the conquered territories, is only too true; they are always like a foreign body in the German organism.' In fact, the Poles of Posnania, of Silesia, and of East Prussia, are more Polish than in 1815, the Danes of Schleswig more Danish than in 1864, the Lorrainers and Alsatians more

French than in 1871. For this reason the essentially just decision which gives these peoples back to their real fatherland, will have not only the greatest political effect, but an unexampled moral and philosophical significance. It will be the announcement and the symbol of a new era, which will begin with the victory of the Allies and will hand down in history the name of President Wilson; it has received for all future time the stamp of American and French idealism.

Should Alsace and Lorraine return to France with the precise boundaries of 1871, or shall we claim the boundaries as they existed before 1815? In 1815, by the treaty of Vienna, the Confederated power took from France, to weaken her defensive system, a slice of Alsace, between the Lauter and the Queich, with the town of Landau, and a slice of Lorraine, in the valley of the Sarre, below Sarreguemines. Sarrebrück and Sarrelouis are the principal towns in this small but rich district: Lorraine would have once more its true historical and geographical form, if these two towns were given back to her. Formerly they were profoundly French: Sarrelouis was the birthplace of Marshal Ney. There still are many families there devoted to France, although they have been separated from her for more than a century; but the coal-mines and the great manufacturing interests have attracted, particularly to Sarrebrück and its neighborhood, a large foreign population. The same may be said of Landau and the district of Alsace north of the Lauter, which seem to have been largely Germanized. France is historically and geographically justified in claiming these towns, but it is not certain that the people would be willing to accept French domination. It is a question which it is hard to answer at present, and which might be submitted to the arbitration of the League of

Nations, to be decided after an investigation, and, if necessary, a plebiscitum. France is particularly desirous not to violate the principles which in this war have constituted her strength and her greatness.

In the same spirit we mention the question of the sources of the Oise. This river, a tributary of the Seine, does not run within French territory throughout its course: to form a barrier against France, or rather, in fact, to leave the door open for invasion toward Paris, the Coalition of 1815, the conquerors of Napoleon, took from France the district of the sources of the Oise, which is called the Trouée de Chimay, with the cities of Mariembourg and Philippeville, and gave them to Belgium, which did not ask for them. The Oise Valley, extended to the northeast by the valley of the Sambre, has at all times been the road followed by foreign invaders of France: the Oise leads directly to Paris through the intervalle where there was such stubborn fighting in 1914 (battle of Guise-St. Quentin), and again very recently — in October, 1918. France might ask Belgium, in all friendliness, to allow her to close the door of her house by rectifying her frontier and occupying the small portion of the valley of the Oise now comprised in Belgium. It is a wooded country, where the population is not very dense. As for the cities of Mariembourg and Philippeville, it is for the French and Belgian governments to come to an understanding with respect to them, in all loyalty, and taking into account the wishes of the people. We may well believe that King Albert's government — especially if Luxembourg, being consulted by plebiscitum, pronounces in favor of union with Belgium — will deem it fair to give to France this modest gratification, which she wishes to owe only to the full consent of her heroic and noble neighbor.

III

In the eastern Mediterranean, in Syria, and in Armenia, France claims no territory; if she did found states in those parts in the time of the Crusades, she never possessed any colonies there, and it is not colonies that she seeks there to-day. But she has it much at heart to retain the high moral and civilizing influence which she has always exercised over the non-Turkish populations of the Ottoman Empire, set free to-day by the armies of France and her allies. With regard to these young nations, liberated by her efforts, she desires to continue her secular work of protection and assistance; she is, and she wishes to remain, best qualified to guide them in their upward flight toward a civilized and well-ordered life, and to bring them the benefits of her civilization and of her high culture; for if these peoples are to-day prepared to set up as autonomous states, they are indebted therefor, above all, to France, to her influence, to her schools, to the diffusion of her civilization.

It is the whole history of France, in its splendid unity and fruitful variety, which we would fain bring before our readers, to establish the ancientness and the great value of our rights in these countries, which a great French writer, M. Étienne Lamy, has so justly called, 'The France of the Levant.' Charlemagne exchanges ambassadors and gifts with the great Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and receives from him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. In the Crusades, religious and warlike France displays her strength and her genius. The crusading idea is symbolized, for the Far East as well for the West, in the gentle and noble figure of Saint-Louis. From this time on 'Frank,' in the Far East, signifies Christian, Latin, Western, and it has kept this meaning; a Frankish kingdom maintained itself in Pales-

tine until 1241, with French kings and barons, with French language, civilization, and laws. The Frank, to the oppressed Christian peoples, means the protector, the defender of Christianity; it is upon him that their confidence is bestowed. Through the ages, the governments which succeeded each other in France have retained this confidence, and they were able to win the confidence of the Mussulmans, and, after 1453, of the Turks themselves.

Against Charles the Fifth, who aimed at a universal monarchy and menaced the independence of the kingdom, Francis I entered into an alliance with the Sultan of the Turks, Soliman the Magnificent. The Ambassador of the very Christian King, Jean, Sire de la Forêt, signed with the Great Turk in 1535, the first *Capitulations* (the name given to the treaties of special purport, entered into between the Christian powers and Turkey). Since then, the relations between France and the Sublime Porte have been kept up; but the King of France, by negotiation with the Sultans, induced them to guarantee security to all Latin Christians who should travel in the Ottoman Empire, either on pious pilgrimages or on business.

Henri IV, in 1604, obtained the concession that visits to the Holy Places should be permitted 'to the subjects of the Emperor of France and of the Princes his friends, allies, or confederates, under the certificate and protection of the said Emperor.' Little by little the protection of France was extended to all Latin Christians, and even to such Christian subjects of the Sultan as should lay claim to that exalted patronage. After the brilliant reigns of Louis XIV and of Louis XV, after the Revolution, and the legendary expedition of General Bonaparte to Egypt and Syria, the prestige of France in the Far East was firmly established upon her incomparable reputation for strength,

civilization, and generosity. The Christians of the Far East profited by the influence which France exerted at Constantinople. Bonaparte wrote in 1802 to General Brune, 'The Ambassador at Constantinople is to take under his protection all the hospitals and all the Christians of Syria and Armenia, and especially the caravans which visit the Holy Places.' The whole body of rights and duties, which has been called the French Protectorate in the East, was founded, in the first place, on a very effective protection of all Christians, before it was recognized officially by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), and sanctioned by the decrees of the Holy See. Napoleon III, in 1860, proved, by sending an expedition to the Lebanon, to help the Maronites who were being harried and massacred by the Druses, that the protection of France is not an empty word; from that time until the Great War, the Lebanon has had a governor of its own, who must be a Christian and accepted by the ambassadors of the Powers. On all occasions the protection of France has been exerted efficaciously in favor of the Christian nationalities of Turkey.

The non-Turkish peoples who were subjects of the Sultan of Constantinople represented a large number of races, religions, and social conditions, from the nomad Bedouins of the Arabian desert, whose customs still correspond exactly with the Biblical descriptions, to the Syrians, — Catholics or Mussulmans, — to the Armenians, to the Greeks, whose culture reflects that of the European nations. Some of them are organized, like the Armenians, who will be able to form a nation and a state; the others are merely small ethnical nuclei, all that remains of a far-distant past, grouped around a chief whose power is at once national and religious: like the Samaritans, — of whom but a few hundred are left at Naplouse, —

and the Chaldeans, the Yezidis, and others.

Among all these diverse groups, the historical clientele of France consists, in the first place, of the Christians of Syria and Palestine — Maronites, Melchites, and the rest. In 1250, Saint-Louis wrote to the Maronite Patriarch of Lebanon, 'We are convinced that this nation which we find established under the name of Saint-Maroun is a part of the French nation, for its friendship for the French is like the friendship which the French have for each other. We promise to give protection to you and to your people, as to the French themselves, and to do constantly whatever may be necessary for your happiness.' Rarely has any historical compact been more exactly kept on both sides! Protection on the part of the French, loyalty and attachment on the part of the Maronites. Anne of Austria in 1649, Louis XV in 1737, renewed in precise terms the old contract, and Napoleon III revived it by the expedition of 1860.

The loyal attachment of the Maronites to France manifested itself during the last few years in a very touching manner. When, in 1898, William II went to Jerusalem with all the equipment of a comic opera, he wished to visit Mount Lebanon; he was to arrive at nightfall in the roadstead of Beirut, and had sent word by his couriers that he would be flattered to see the mountain illuminated. That night a watchword was passed along: the Lebanonians refrained even from having lights in their houses and cooking their supper; the whole mountain remained wrapped in darkness, and the next morning, when the imperial mountebank opened his eyes, he saw it covered with French flags; the boat put about and steered for the high sea.

And, during this war, at the time when Lebanon, by virtue of the atro-

cious designs of the Turks and Germans, was dying of hunger, the tempter came thither and offered the people food if they would accept the protection of Austria instead of that of France. The answer was an indignant refusal. More than one third of the population died of hunger; but she remained loyal to France.

It is clear that France can under no circumstances disavow such strong and ancient bonds. Even if she should wish to do so, she could not do it. She has no shadow of a wish to annex the country of the Maronites, or of any of the Syrian peoples; but she cannot leave to any other nation the civilizing and humane task of protecting and assisting them in their autonomous development. All these Eastern races have a small country of their own, which is their nationality; but they feel the need of being allied with a great country which can protect them. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, wrote, 'French civilization has a peculiar attraction, not only for the Asiatic, but also for the European races of the East.' The prayers of these peoples summon the French to their succor, and they will not fail to fulfill this momentous duty.

This attachment of the Levantine races to France, these ancient relations which bind them together, France owes, as we have pointed out, to her history; but she owes them also, and perhaps chiefly, to her admirable schools, which diffuse primary, secondary, and higher education throughout the East, and which mustered before the war more than 120,000 pupils of all nationalities and all religions. Because she has for so many years brought Western culture into this Ottoman Empire which had only Mussulman schools, it is natural that France should be honored by the loyalty of the people.

The Armenians have not been direct *protégés* of France, but they too have

received the stamp of French genius through their schools, and through the great historical traditions. To the greater part of the Armenians, the French language is the embodiment of high culture, of political liberty, of humanity. If Armenia, as it is certain to-day that she will, shall set up as an independent nation, under the guaranty of the League of Nations, France seems best qualified to supply her with the material and moral aid which she cannot do without, especially after the frightful persecution which she has suffered from her masters the Turks.

For a long time the Levantine Mussulmans have been accustomed to respect in France the great Christian nation which has been most closely connected with their history: the Crusades, Saint-Louis, Louis XIV, the *Capitulations*, the Revolution, Bonaparte and his expedition to Egypt and to Syria, — the whole past and present of France, — contribute to give her, in the eyes of the Syrian Mussulmans, incomparable prestige. Her schools are open to Mussulmans as well as to Christians, and they have largely profited by her instruction. French and British civilization are in their eyes the very incarnation of Western civilization.

During the course of the war, at a time when Russia insisted that her aspirations to Constantinople and the Straits should be recognized by treaty, an agreement was signed between England, France, and Russia. The French government, at a moment when the British armies were to make campaigns in Asia against the Turks, in which the troops of the Republic could not participate except in comparatively small numbers, felt the necessity of having its rights acknowledged and sanctioned by a written pact. The Convention of May 9, 1916, which delimits, as be-

tween France and England, the zones of influence and action, is by no means hostile to the rights of the populations; for France, it is a guaranty, a stepping-stone; its purpose is to prevent disputes between allies. For the time being, it serves as a tool to work with, England looking after the reorganization of Palestine, of the Arabian peninsula, and of Mesopotamia as far as a line which intersects the Lake of Tiberias, and runs thence to the Persian frontier, passing to the southward of Mosul; France exerting her liberating and constructive influence north of this line.¹

We cannot, in this short article, go into the details of this convention, or discuss it. It is subject to revision and amendment, as its faults and defects may appear in its application. Only on the question of principle would France be immovable: she would not be willing, after her victory, to lose in the East a secular influence which has always been beneficent for the people concerned, and which nothing, not even the disaster of 1870, has been able to impair.

To sum up, even if France hopes to emerge greater, stronger, and more glorious from this terrible war, during which her blood has flowed in torrents, she does not propose to tear men away from their own country. The liberation of Alsace and Lorraine, after forty-eight years of oppression and torture; the emancipation of the non-Turkish populations, subjected against their will to the suffocating domination of the Ottoman Empire, mark the arrival of a new era in the history of the world, in which the will of the nations will be more powerful than all the forces of oppression, and in which the power of the bayonet will be at the service of the majesty of Right.

¹ A special international régime is provided for the Holy Places. — THE AUTHOR.



THE BALKANS, WITH THE BOUNDARIES ESTABLISHED BY THE TREATY OF BUCHAREST (1913)

THE PEACE CONGRESS AND THE BALKANS

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

I

IN view of the gigantic series of world-problems awaiting solution at the hands of the Peace Congress, the settlement of the Balkan question may seem to many a minor and secondary task. It must not be forgotten, however, that the stupendous conflict which has involved the whole civilized world arose in the Balkans, where prolonged misery and unrest, due to the subjection of the native populations to alien and unsympathetic rule, had long threatened to light the spark which eventually produced the great conflagration. The Near East had long been a centre and

focus of the bitterest racial animosities, a hot-bed of diplomatic intrigue, the home of rebellions, the cockpit of Europe. The danger of further trouble is still there. The triumph of the Allies has not provided a remedy for the situation; should it be followed by new arrangements ignoring the rights of nationalities, another period of conspiracies and struggles, of savage revolts and merciless repression, will be the inevitable sequel. The trouble may, or may not, spread to neighboring countries; in any case the verdict of posterity will be the same.

The responsibility of the Congress for its treatment of the Balkan ques-

tion is therefore grave indeed. We must hope that its activity will prove beneficial to humanity, and escape the reprobation which has overtaken the ill-famed treaties of Berlin and Bucharest. It would indeed be a scandal if the League of Nations, which, as many of us hope, will be inaugurated at the close of the war, were to find its authority invoked for the maintenance of decisions calculated to prolong the state of discord in the Balkans; that it should exercise its power for such a purpose would be a greater scandal still. The possibility that such decisions may be arrived at, even with the best intentions, should not be ignored. The long-standing traditions of European diplomacy cannot be abolished in a day; the leopard does not change his spots; the practice of secret and illicit bargaining is not extinct, and compacts may be made, as they have been made since the beginning of the war, in violation of the principle of nationalities. Those who have made such compacts may feel bound in honor to maintain them, but it remains to be seen whether America will consent to ratify them.

In regard, especially, to questions pending between the Balkan States, America possesses the inestimable advantage of neutrality. Her voice at the Congress should be that of an arbitrator, and the last word will probably be hers. She will doubtless decline to append her signature to any arrangements infringing the rights of nations, however small or helpless or antipathetic to her friends those nations may be. Her representatives will find themselves in conference with colleagues, who will be influenced by a natural and, indeed, laudable sentiment of loyalty to those who have fought and suffered on their side, or who, whatever their personal convictions may be, will regard themselves as bound to act in harmony with the trend of public feeling in their re-

spective countries. This feeling has been inspired, if not created, in Britain and France by the censored press, but more by the arguments of a voluminous *ex parte* literature, to which practically not a word has been heard in reply.

Of the making of books and pamphlets to serve the purposes of this unilateral Balkan controversy there has been no end. The claims of Serbia, Greece, and Roumania have alone been heard. Bulgaria remains dumb, while the voices raised on behalf of Montenegro and Albania are scarcely audible. The American representatives at the Congress will, no doubt, be thoroughly familiar with the Balkan question in all its bearings, and will, of course, have expert advice at their disposal; in affording this, some of the American missionaries, who have spent their lives in contact with the Balkan peoples, can render inestimable services. But personal knowledge is not enough; the delegates, in pleading the cause of justice, must feel that they have American opinion behind them. The days when diplomatists could despise and rebuff the profane crowd are over; to-day they must have a mandate from public opinion. How far the American democracy has been informed in regard to Balkan questions is unknown to the writer, but he has reason to believe that it is more enlightened and more receptive of instruction than the British public, whose opinions have crystallized for four years under the narrowing influence of a one-sided literature and the control of a rigorous and not very intelligent censorship. It is only at the moment of writing that the restrictions which would prevent the dispatch of this article to the United States have been removed, — at the express request of President Wilson, — and to-day, more than two months since the cessation of hostilities in the Balkans and on the eve of the meeting of the

Peace Congress, British editors have received a special injunction 'to refrain from speculations as to, and discussions of, the probable terms of peace.'

It is precisely during this fateful interval between the cessation of hostilities and the adoption of decisions on which the future happiness of the world depends, that speculation and discussion, hitherto impossible, are especially desirable. Above all, the expression of expert opinion is peculiarly needed in regard to the intricate and dangerous Balkan question. Happily, it is not stifled in the United States. Knowledge is power, and American opinion, once it grasps the essential features of the problem with its characteristic acuteness and insight, may well prove a determining factor in the decisions of the Congress and prevent the perpetration of injustice and wrong. Some of these features have been distorted, others completely obliterated in the war-time literature of Western Europe, which has been disfigured by recklessness of statement partly due to bellicose enthusiasm and partly to partisanship, but still more to assured and prolonged immunity from criticism and exposure.

American opinion has scarcely, perhaps, been victimized to the same extent. What is needed for the formation of a sound judgment with regard to the Balkan question is (1) some knowledge of the main facts of its historic evolution, and (2) a fairly clear idea of the racial distribution in the Balkan Peninsula, which must form the basis of a just and permanent settlement. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Congress may be expected to constitute the ultimate Court of Appeal in regard to the charges and counter-charges of 'atrocities' and contraventions of international and common law freely brought against each other by the rival Balkan States, it is necessary in the interests of justice, not indeed to strike the 'bal-

ance of criminality,' for that would be impossible, but (3) to realize the stage of civilization which has been attained in the Balkans, and to judge the excesses which have been committed in the light of provocation received.

II

In regard to the three subjects of inquiry above suggested, a few indications may be furnished which, though necessarily brief, may prove useful at the present juncture. The modern history of the Balkan question may be said to begin with the Berlin Treaty which followed the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878. The war had resulted in the virtual extinction of Turkish domination in Europe, and had it been succeeded by a just repartition of territories in accordance with the principle of nationalities, the terrible racial struggles of the past half-century would have been avoided. After the cessation of hostilities Russia had exacted from Turkey, by the Treaty of San Stefano, the creation of a Bulgarian principality, including Macedonia, with frontiers practically coinciding with the limits of the race. That treaty has always been regarded by the Bulgarians as their national charter; all their subsequent efforts have aimed at its revival, and the date of its signature is kept as a national holiday. But the Powers, headed by Britain, Germany, and Austria, intervened; the Berlin Treaty followed; and the new Bulgarian state was subjected to a tripartite division: some two million Bulgars obtained national independence under Turkish suzerainty; nearly a million in Eastern Roumelia were given autonomy under a Turkish governor; while more than a million in Macedonia were handed back to the tender mercies of the Turks, receiving nothing but a promise of reforms, which was never fulfilled. The

mutilated Bulgarian principality was all but strangled at its birth; it began its career under the rule of a nephew of the Tsar, and to all appearance was destined to become a humble appanage of the Russian Empire. But the Bulgarians are a virile, courageous, laborious, and persevering race, and the story of how the slaves of yesterday shook off Russian tutelage, achieved union with their brethren in Eastern Roumelia, repulsed the treacherous attack of the Serbian King Milan, established a powerful organization in kindred Macedonia, denounced the suzerainty of Turkey, and, becoming the most powerful military state in the Peninsula, led the great crusade of the Balkan nations against Ottoman tyranny, is, perhaps, the most entrancing in the annals of modern Europe.

The maiming of Bulgaria was not the only crime committed by the Powers which dictated the Berlin Treaty. Bosnia and Herzegovina, the lawful inheritance of Serbia and Montenegro, were handed over to Austria, Greece was denied Crete, and Russia was allowed to annex Roumanian Bessarabia. The Armenians, like the Macedonian Bulgars, were put off with promises of reform. The concurrence of France in these deplorable arrangements was rewarded by an assurance of the reversion of Tunis; while Britain, by a separate compact with Turkey, obtained authorization to occupy Cyprus. Germany alone, satisfied by the humiliation of Russia, obtained no territorial advantage, Prince Bismarck, who openly declared that all the Christians of the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier, playing the part of 'honest broker' in the complicated series of transactions.

The result of this bargaining away of the rights of weak and defenceless peoples was only such as might be expected. The mills of the gods grind

slowly, and not till 1903 did the Bulgarian population of Western Macedonia, after twenty-five years of intolerable suffering, raise the standard of revolt. The usual Turkish barbarities followed, and the scandal became such that the Powers were compelled to do something. The programme of reforms devised by Austria and Russia having proved a complete failure, Great Britain associated herself with the latter power in the preparation of a more drastic scheme. But this was rejected by Turkish chauvinism; the Young Turk revolution broke out, and, as in 1876, a 'Constitution' was promulgated, with the express object of thwarting foreign interference. Incredible as it may seem, the Powers expressed belief in the sincerity of Turkish intentions, and withdrawing their officials from Macedonia, left the hapless population to its fate. Allowed to work their own sweet will, the Young Turks, at that time the darlings of society and journalism in London and Paris, proceeded to carry out a revolting campaign of repression in Macedonia and Albania, with the object of finally extinguishing all national movements in the interests of 'Ottomanism.' The European press, largely under Jewish influence, maintained an indulgent silence, and the governments looked on without protest while the Young Turks chastised the subject races in both countries with scorpions. The cup was at last full, and the Christian populations, hitherto employed as scourges for each other by the consummate skill of the deposed Sultan, but now subjected to indiscriminate persecution by fanatical theorists and *sabreurs*, drew together under the influence of common sufferings. The dream of their friends, who had hoped against hope to unite them against the oppressor, became a reality.

The reconciliation, which began in Macedonia, spread to the courts and

cabinets of Sofia, Athens, and Belgrade, and in April, 1911, the first overtures were made from Athens to Sofia through the agency of the writer, suggesting a defensive alliance. Soon after, an arrangement was concluded between Bulgaria and Serbia. Great secrecy was maintained throughout; the Young Turks, in their blind confidence, failed to descry the danger, and in the autumn they found themselves at war with a Balkan League. A few weeks later the battle of Lulé Burgas sealed the doom of Turkish rule in Europe.

Unhappily the splendid achievement of the allies was dimmed by sordid disputes for the possession of the spoils. While the Bulgarian troops were still confronting the main Turkish army in Eastern Thrace, the Serbians and Greeks proceeded to 'peg out' claims in Macedonia and Western Thrace, and even to oust the small Bulgarian garrisons which remained in those regions, notwithstanding the principle of condominium established in the Serbo-Bulgarian compact. The Bulgarian priests and schoolmasters were persecuted, the schools closed, and the revolutionary leaders of the people arrested and punished as vagabonds and brigands.¹ The war of liberation rapidly degenerated into a war of conquest.

There was still a hope that a peaceful settlement between the allies might be attained when the Balkan Conference met in London in December, 1912. But the stars in their courses seemed to fight against the cause of concord. Everything depended upon whether a territorial arrangement could be arrived at by Greece and Bulgaria, whose respective claims had not yet been adjusted. The possession of Salonica was the real bone of contention; the seaport, which is mainly Turkish and Jewish, was claimed by Greece on the ground of

prior occupation, while Bulgaria based her case on the commercial necessities of Macedonia, which province had been left within her sphere of influence by her treaty with Serbia.

Had MM. Venizelos and Gueshoff, both men of reasonable and moderate views, been enabled to meet in London, the question would doubtless have been settled and the Second Balkan War averted. For without the armed support of Greece Serbia would never have taken the step which directly led to the rupture — the repudiation of her treaty with Bulgaria. By that treaty, which derived additional solemnity from the signatures of Kings Peter and Ferdinand, the minutest details of the territorial question between the two countries had been settled. But the departure of M. Gueshoff for London had been countermanded at the last moment by King Ferdinand, and M. Daneff, who took his place, rejected the moderate proposals of M. Venizelos. That statesman, recognizing the necessity of a commercial outlet for Macedonia, offered Kavala instead of Salonica to Bulgaria, and proposed a frontier extending from the Ægean Sea near Orfano to the southern extremity of Lake Okhrida. There can now scarcely be a doubt that the rejection of the offer was ordered from Sofia.

Had the Conference been allowed to continue its deliberations in peace, the question might have been arranged; for King George of Greece was in harmony with the moderate programme of his prime minister, and King Ferdinand, who was never averse to a deal, might have been induced to sacrifice Salonica, which, in conversation with the Queen of Greece, he had incautiously described as the 'Mecca of Bulgaria.' But the Young Turks once more threw everything into the melting-pot, and Enver Bey's *coup d'état* at Constantinople, ostensibly carried out with the object

¹ See the Report of the Carnegie Commission, pp. 50-56.

of saving Adrianople for Turkey, put an end to the discussions in London and entailed a renewal of the war. The delay in the negotiations gave time to Serbia and Greece to continue the process of forcible assimilation in the conquered regions, which exasperated Bulgaria, and destroyed all hope of a reconciliation.

A further complication was added by the demand now put forward by Roumania for a share in the spoils. In 1910 Roumania, then completely under the influence of Germany, made an offer of armed assistance to Turkey in case of a Balkan outbreak. When the outbreak came, she preferred to play the part of a disinterested spectator; at Bucharest, as at Berlin, a Turkish victory was anticipated. Having abstained from taking part in the war of liberation, she could not be admitted to the Conference, but a special delegate, M. Take Jonescu, was despatched to London, to demand a considerable slice of Bulgarian territory as the reward of Roumanian neutrality. M. Daneff treated this demand with a contempt which the sequel shows to have been unwise. At the time Bulgaria, surrounded by enemies avowed or concealed, would have done wisely to buy off one or more of her adversaries.

III

Shortly after the premature break-up of the Conference, Serbia, assured of the effective support of Roumania as well as of Greece, proceeded to take the step which led directly to the war between the allies — the denunciation of her treaty of alliance with Bulgaria. The treaty, which had been concluded under the auspices of Russia, was signed in February, 1912, some six months before the war. It was accompanied by a 'secret annex,' and a map which defined with the utmost clearness the ter-

ritorial settlement between the two nations in Macedonia. The region north of the Shar mountains, known as Old Serbia, was definitely assigned to Serbia; to the south, a region commonly known as the 'Contested Zone' was left for the arbitration of the Russian Emperor in case the contracting parties should fail to come to an agreement; beyond the southern boundary of this region, which included Uskub and Kumanovo, Serbia pledged herself to make no territorial claim. The arrangement, which implied a large abandonment of Bulgarian claims, was made alternative to the establishment of Macedonian autonomy, which the Bulgarians, conscious of a kindred majority in the country, had always insisted upon, while the Greeks and Serbians demanded partition. A distorted interpretation of the treaty, and even a false text, were now issued at Belgrade, while Bulgaria, in conformity with the obligation of secrecy, refrained from divulging its terms.

As the world remained unconvinced, Serbian diplomacy adopted a new standpoint, and the doctrine *rebus sic stantibus* was advanced, according to which treaties are valid only so long as circumstances remain unchanged — an elastic principle, which would vitiate any international compact almost as soon as it was concluded. (It is doubtful, in fact, whether M. Pashitch ever intended to be bound by the agreement with Bulgaria, as in September, 1912, before the outbreak of the war with Turkey, he addressed a secret circular to the Serbian representatives abroad, instructing them to advocate an extension of territory in Macedonia beyond the limits fixed by the treaty.)

Nothing could be more unedifying than these manoeuvres, which were carried out under the auspices of M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister at Belgrade, the principal author of the war between the Balkan allies. Serbia,

balked of her desire to extend her territory to the Adriatic, owing to the decision of the Powers to create an Albanian state, was now encouraged to apply to Russia for compensation in Macedonia by means of a complete revision, or rather abolition, of the treaty, which limited Russian arbitration to the 'Contested Zone.' All that can be said for Serbia in this matter is that it was natural that she should seek consolation in some direction for the extinction of her hopes in Albania; but it was equally natural that Bulgaria, which had conceded to her a considerable kindred population under the treaty, should decline to make further sacrifices in consequence of an event for which she was in no way responsible. Her rulers failed to see the dangers which gathered round them.

In the spring of 1913 the relations between the allies went from bad to worse. The Greeks, after the mysterious assassination of King George at Salonika, redoubled their aggressions in Macedonia under the chauvinistic rule of his successor, and brought about a situation scarcely differing from open war with Bulgaria. The Bulgarian troops were still confronting the Turks, and the Greeks made the most of their opportunity to strengthen their position in Macedonia. When, in April, representatives of the allies were brought to London to sign a treaty of peace with Turkey drawn up by Sir Edward Grey, the Greek and Serbian delegates protracted the discussions to such an extent that Sir Edward, whose patience was at last worn out, courteously suggested their departure from London.

The signature of the treaty enabled the Bulgarians to transfer their wearied and exhausted forces to the Macedonian front, where they found themselves opposed to Greek and Serbian troops who had enjoyed some eight months of comparative rest.

Meanwhile the Serbo-Bulgarian conflict over Russian arbitration grew daily more acute, and the vacillating attitude of the cabinet of Petrograd began to excite suspicion at Sofia. In reply to a somewhat minatory letter from the Tsar, — who endeavored to avert the scandal of a conflict between the two Slavonic nations by a personal appeal to their rulers, — King Ferdinand adopted an independent tone which gave great offense to the Russian court and practically sealed the doom of Bulgaria. Shortly afterwards Roumania was given to understand that her participation with Greece and Serbia in the chastisement of the refractory state would not be regarded as a heinous crime at Petrograd.

In acting thus, Russia unconsciously played into the hands of Austria and Germany, which aimed at the destruction of the Balkan League. But these were the days of autocracy, when the personal feelings of the Tsar counted for more than the will or the interests of the entire nation. The Germanophil clique at the Court, moreover, aimed at the estrangement of Bulgaria from Russia. The efforts of Austria to sow discord among the allies were unceasing, and were well known to the writer, who spent this momentous time in the Balkan capitals.

At last, on the 29th of June, General Savoff, the Austrophil commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian troops, acting without the knowledge of the Bulgarian government, issued an order to attack the Serbian and Greek armies. Two days later the order was revoked, the troops recalled, and the general dismissed — but in vain; the Greek and Serbian militarists, who had already decided on war, saw their chance, and the only result of the withdrawal of the troops was to give the enemy an initial advantage in the campaign that followed. A few days later, Roumania,

setting aside the award of the ambassadors at Petrograd, by which her claims to 'compensation' had been settled, and Turkey, tearing up the Treaty of London, the ink of which was scarcely dry, fell upon Bulgaria from the north and east. The culprit state was crushed, and in the first week of August the delegates and military officers of the victorious allies assembled at Bucharest for the division of the spoil.

The so-called treaty, which was now drawn up in hot haste for fear of the intervention of the Powers, was in reality nothing more than a drum-head truce, and was so described by King Carol, one of the principal beneficiaries under its provisions. According to the Carnegie Commission it recorded 'the illegitimate pretensions of victorious nationalities'; according to Mr. Asquith, it has been the especial source of continued discord in the Balkans. 'The Treaty of Bucharest is founded on the ruins of violated contracts; it stands on the flimsy substructure of torn-up "scraps of paper." It has not been recognized by any of the Powers, and, therefore, cannot be regarded as a legitimate substitute for previous arrangements which they have drawn up or sanctioned. It presents a series of grotesque frontiers, traced on vindictive lines, in violation of the principle of nationalities and in defiance of economic laws. It has condemned more than a million unhappy beings to conditions of existence which cause them to regret the rule of the Turks.'¹ The acquiescence of the Bulgarian delegates was extorted by a threat of immediate occupation of Sofia by Roumanian troops.

It is quite unnecessary to criticize the terms of this scandalous compact, which will doubtless be set aside *in toto* by the coming Congress. The treaty, by creating a permanent breach between the Slavonic races of the Bal-

kans, favored the aggressive designs of the Teutonic powers in the Near East. Its signature was hailed with enthusiasm by the Emperor William, who alone of European sovereigns accorded it his recognition,² and was followed almost immediately by a proposal made by Austria to Italy, to derive profit from the real situation by a joint attack on Serbia. In fact, Serbia had been weakened rather than strengthened by the incorporation of a large alien population, and, as events soon showed, by the vengeful hostility of her humiliated neighbor.

Although the Western Powers, and especially Great Britain, were responsible for the Treaty of London, not a finger was lifted on any side to prevent its violation. The danger to peace was alleged as an excuse for inaction: we have seen how peace was preserved. A little later, after the outbreak of the Great War and the adherence of Turkey to the Central Powers, the importance of Bulgaria's geographical position came to be recognized in London and Paris, and half-hearted offers were made to remedy her wrongs in Macedonia. But the Western Powers were deterred from their endeavor by the absolute refusal of the Serbian military chiefs to yield an inch of the occupied territory. The chauvinists thus prepared the catastrophe which very soon overtook their country. Meanwhile Germany has-

² See the congratulatory telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and King Carol immediately after the signature. During the negotiations the Kaiser 'fought like a tiger' to secure Kavala for his brother-in-law, King Constantine, on whose aid he could count. The belief of M. André Chéradame (*The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*, pp. 29-31), that he was lashed into boundless fury by what took place at Bucharest, is erroneous. M. Chéradame is also mistaken in supposing that Sofia was at this time under German influence. As late as April, 1915, Bulgaria offered to place all her military and naval forces at the disposal of the Entente, in return for certain concessions in Macedonia. — THE AUTHOR.

¹ *Quarterly Review*, April, 1915.

IV

tened to offer all Macedonia to Bulgaria, and to threaten her with the fate of Belgium in case of refusal. 'Woe to him who resists my destructive sword,' wrote the Kaiser to his sister, the Queen of Greece; and the same threat was conveyed to King Ferdinand through the Grand Duke Johann of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a cousin of Queen Eléonore, who quartered himself in the palace at Sofia for several weeks in the summer of 1915, and never left until he had extracted a pledge of alliance from King Ferdinand. This took place, according to the certain information of the writer, at the end of August, 1915.

King Ferdinand's decision, which was not in accordance with the general sentiment in Bulgaria, was due more to the fear of German vengeance, against which he saw no protection, than to belief in German promises. Had the Western Powers sent their troops to Macedonia — as they were advised to do — some six months sooner, they would have obtained the coöperation of Bulgaria; of which they had a definite offer in the spring. Bulgaria, which had borne the brunt of the war against Turkey and had suffered greater losses than all her allies put together, could not be blamed if she expected to receive her stipulated reward in kindred Macedonia, which had been guaranteed to her by a solemn treaty. But the Western Powers failed to procure her adequate reparation from Serbia or to offer her adequate protection against Germany. Had they secured the adhesion of Bulgaria, Roumania would at once, as M. Bratiano stated to the writer at the time, have taken up arms on their side; the forces of the three Balkan states, over a million men, could have been ranged on the Danube front, Serbia would have been saved, Turkey isolated, and all the disasters which followed, both in the Balkans and in Asia Minor, would have been averted.

The Western Powers may or may not realize how largely they have been responsible for the fiasco in the Balkans and the consequent protraction of the war, but America will possess a clearer vision. She need not adjudge the blame, but she will see to it that no Balkan state shall be allowed to suffer permanent injury in consequence of the errors of others, or of the unjust denunciations of predatory rivals. An equitable, and therefore permanent, settlement can be arrived at only on the basis of a just repartition of territories in accordance with the principle of nationalities; if anything is to be learned from the sad history of the past it is this — that no Balkan nation or considerable fragment of a Balkan nation must be left under the rule of another. The legitimate aspirations of all the Balkan States, as Sir Edward Grey has pointed out in the House of Commons, must find satisfaction; there can be no ignoring of the rights of any of them, even of the smallest and weakest. 'The settlement must be just and free from any taint of vindictiveness; it must be imposed from above, and maintained under penalties, perhaps even *manu militari*, for a certain time, until the military and chauvinistic elements have been brought to reason, which have so often stifled the voice of good sense and overborne the wishes of the majority in those states.'¹

If we are bent mainly on rewarding our friends and punishing our enemies, we may at once abandon all hope of effecting a settlement in the Balkans. Militarism and chauvinism, the root of all evil in these regions, must at the outset be dealt with firmly; but, together with the bitterness engendered by the war, they will subside under

¹ See 'The Final Settlement in the Balkans,' in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1917.

the working of an equitable arrangement. The old racial animosities, due partly to diversity of temperament and character, partly to antagonism of interests, will not disappear so quickly; but it is encouraging to remember that, at the time of the formation of the Balkan League, they showed a marvelous and, indeed, miraculous capacity for mitigation. The worst characteristics of each nation — the malicious mendacity and intrigue of the Greeks, the obstinate stupidity of the Bulgarians, the maudlin self-laudation of the Serbians — reappeared during the fratricidal war, and will continue to display themselves unless the powers undertake the education of these wayward children for a season, and provide them with an atmosphere in which their better qualities can grow and thrive.

When each of these nations receives its legitimate national expansion, they will cease to prey on each other, and devote themselves to the development of the great national inheritance to which they are severally entitled. Irredentism and, we may hope, militarism, will disappear forever. The repartition of the peninsula cannot be carried out successfully without a careful study of its ethnography, on which, in the main, it must be based, though natural features and economic and commercial considerations must also be taken into account in certain cases, the latter especially in the allocation of seaports; no state should be left without adequate and unrestricted communication with the sea. Strategical considerations, which figured so largely in the Treaty of Bucharest, may practically be ruled out of court.

For the racial distribution, the best information will be found in the works of impartial and authoritative travelers, many of whom wrote before the period of controversy, and of investigators who have made a study of the cus-

toms, languages, and dialects of the populations for scientific purposes.¹

It is impossible to discuss ethnological claims within the limits of this article. Broadly speaking, Roumania is entitled to Bessarabia, Transylvania, the Banat (except perhaps the county of Torontal), and part of Bukovina; Bulgaria, to Macedonia south of the Shar range, to a considerable part of Eastern Thrace, and (for commercial reasons) to Kavala, and to the greater part of the Dobrudja; Serbia should be included in a large state or confederacy comprising the Croat and Slovene elements which were formerly subject to the Hapsburg monarchy, and should be accorded an extensive seaboard on the Adriatic. Montenegro — should she prefer independence to inclusion in this state — should obtain a reasonable share of Herzegovina, and the ports of Cattaro and Ragusa. Albania should enjoy the limits already assigned to her by Europe, including her natural seaports, and should receive a slight extension to the northwest. The Greeks, always a maritime race, should receive their legitimate expansion in the islands of the Levant (including the Dodecanese and Cyprus), together with a liberal slice of Asia Minor.

The intrusion of Italy into the Peninsula is to be deplored, not only on ethnical grounds, but because Serbia, if balked of her legitimate claims on the Adriatic, will, as in 1913, put forward

¹ Among these, as regards Macedonia, may be mentioned Leake, Ami Boué, Cyprien Robert, Lejean, Tozer, Cousinéry Mackenzie and Irby, Hahn, Niederle, Jireček, Louis Leger, Oblak, and Weigand; Victor Bérard, Evans, Chirol, Léon Lamouche (a very competent expert), and Brailsford should also be consulted. Europeans and Americans, official and unofficial, who have spent years in the interior can give valuable information on the racial question. The ethnological map of Kiepert (a travesty of this map, issued under Greek auspices in London, is to be avoided), recognized as authoritative at the Berlin Congress, is still of great value. — THE AUTHOR.

illegitimate pretensions to Macedonia. Italy's claims to dominate the Adriatic lose cogency with the downfall of Austrian naval power. If she must keep Valona, its limits should not exceed those of Gibraltar.

The right of Bulgaria to Macedonia is undeniable: it is confirmed by clear historical evidence, by the authoritative writers mentioned above and a host of others, by the Americans and other foreigners who have spent their lives in contact with the people, and by a number of Turkish and international documents, such as the Firman creating the Exarchate, the Reform Scheme of the European Conference of 1876, the Treaty of San Stefano, and the Murzsteg Programme, which excluded the outlying Serbian and Greek districts from its area. No Greek can deny that the Greek Emperor Basil II, who put out the eyes of 15,000 Macedonians, assumed the title of *Bulgaroktónos* ('Bulgarian-slayer');¹ no Serbian, by officially altering the name, can conceal the fact that the right branch of the Morava has been called 'Bulgarska' from time immemorial.

Finally, if the Congress is to assume or confer judicial powers in regard to offenses committed during the war, the greatest care must be taken to avoid the perpetration of a dire injustice in the case of any of the Balkan peoples. The standard of civilization in the Balkans is not that of Central Europe, and Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks who murder and torture one another should not be placed in the same category as those representatives of *Kultur* who shot Miss Cavell and Captain Fryatt. Apart from the question of international law, it is doubtful whether any real improvement in the level of the world's

morality would be effected by instituting judicial proceedings against the Emperor William and his subordinates, who have resorted to frightfulness 'with the humane object of shortening the war'; but it is certain that nothing but harm could result from an attempt to satisfy justice by means of judicial proceedings in the Balkans. The sad history of the Balkan races must not be forgotten. Since the days of 'Bulgaroktónos,' and long before them, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Serbians have slaughtered one another without mercy. Only recently, — in the case of the Bulgarians, within living memory, — have these races emerged from the night of Turkish tyranny, the Greeks alone with a vestige of ancient civilization which unhappily has not prevented them from pursuing 'their methods of assimilation and extermination with more system and less humanitarian sentiment' than their Serbian allies.

The important, careful, and impartial report of the Carnegie Commission should be in the hands of the members of the Congress, and, indeed, of every one who desires to form a just opinion with regard to Balkan criminality. The Commission helped to expose in some degree the mendacity of the press campaign of 1913, conducted at a moment when the Bulgarians were cut off by their enemies from communication with Western Europe; and a renewal of its labors is desirable at the present juncture, when the circumstances are somewhat similar. A thoroughly impartial inquiry into the crimes committed on all sides should first take place, and, if trials there must be, all Balkan offenders alike should be impartially judged by neutral tribunals. A one-sided execution of justice will savor of vindictiveness and will fail to meet the approbation of the outer world or of the future historian.

¹ The title has been rather illogically revived for King Constantine by his troops and the populace of Athens. — THE AUTHOR.

BOLSHEVISM: A LIBERAL VIEW

BY HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

I

'WE have defeated Autocracy,' said one of our New York dailies recently; 'now we must turn and destroy Bolshevism.' Other organs of Liberalism took up the echo. It was a challenge to a new war.

But we are startled only by its suddenness. For the proposal is not fanciful. It is an inevitable conflict, stirring even now in the depths of every nation's social life. We hear its rumbles in Great Britain's labor congresses. It rose insistently in the recent conference of the French Unified Socialists. In Germany it has already become a precipice which blasts asunder the hope of an orderly democratization. It broods over Austria and Italy like a whispered menace of the inevitable — sullen, silent, armed camps, waiting for the Day. And in Russia it has already created a cataclysm which is irreparable. Even in the United States we have our Bolsheviks, and they may be heard scoffing Liberalism on the streets of New York, in the mining-camps of Montana and Arizona, in the timber-belt of the Northwest, and down along the Pacific Coast. The conflict is not theoretical: it is already world-wide.

It comes to us unwelcomely, this new war. With superhuman endeavor we had crushed the German beast. Victory brought with it a mood of sweetness and complacency, and a yearning for lasting peace. And then the horizon suddenly flared with this new menace, and peace now seems far away. It is

only now that we are beginning to realize our blindness to Bolshevism: that through the long months of the war it has been brewing insidiously; that its weeds have been springing up like a rank growth out of the gangrene of militarism; that it fed upon our mistakes and fattened, raven-like, in the devastation of the world-conflict. And so it has swooped upon us and caught us numb and unaware.

Now comes the new duty — to appraise this social foe, to study its unfamiliar language, to seek to understand it. For it is writing the issues of the future.

Upon the very threshold the task becomes formidable. We are halted by a sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity. Liberalism we know and Autocracy we know. They express the dual cleavage of social philosophy which has been bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Our minds are schooled to reason and classify in the terms of this cleavage. History has taught us to believe that Liberalism and Autocracy are the two polarities of social thought, roughly blocking off between them the whole domain of man's political concepts. That the silver thread of meaning which has enlightened all history was the ascending march of Liberalism toward world-power. Universal Liberalism became for us a sort of Utopia, the goal of social evolution, admitting no beyond. Fatuously, perhaps, we trusted through the long months of the Great War that the downfall of German Autocracy would bring us to the goal; that the rule

of Liberalism would then become world-wide and unchallenged.

Bolshevism shatters that dream. With the fall of Autocracy came this new opponent, raucous-voiced and crude, — a Caliban of politics, — challenging Liberalism to a new war; rallying to its cause all the sinister hosts of opposition.

To visualize the contrast between Liberalism and its new foe, we must disabuse our minds of many misconceptions. Bolshevism has suffered the fate of all new creeds — the fate of wilful journalistic distortion. Instead of a social philosophy, it has been presented as a reincarnated pirate. It has been made a term to terrify the hysterical.

Let us make it plain. Bolshevism is neither anarchy nor autocracy. It is not a spawn of Kaiserism. It is not a Camorra of pillagers and criminals. It is not a junta of political adventurers. These it has been called in the heat of hatred, but it would be puerile self-deception to delude ourselves with such concepts.

Nor, on the other hand, is it Socialism, or Anarchism, or Syndicalism. It falls into none of the glib moulds of previous revolutionary groupings. True, many Socialists are Bolsheviks, also Anarchists and Syndicalists. But in Bolshevism they find resemblance, not identity. Bolshevism is broader than any of these.

In meeting Bolshevism, we find that Liberalism, also, passes through a sort of amplification. The Liberalism which contrasted itself with Autocracy is enhanced by new allies when it turns to combat Bolshevism. Old enemies vault to the Liberal side when the issue shifts to the class war. Thus, for the purposes of the present, we find the titled aristocracy and the economic aristocracy marching with the Liberals; and on the other extreme, we find the John Spargos of Socialism and the Benjamin R. Tuckers of Anarchism swinging stiffly

into the Liberal squadrons. It is in the terms of this broader Liberalism that we must paint our contrast, throughout.

Completeness we cannot hope to attain. Through the very heart of social thought the chasm gapes, and one must repeat all the categories of theory, even to approach finality. Each category will reveal the fathomless gulf of contrast. The roads of Liberalism and Bolshevism never meet, and each survey must mark them further apart. For brevity, then, we will compare them in the light of three major problems of the day: the problem of Democracy; the problem of Social Evolution; and the problem of Internationalism. Upon each of these we may read the contrast. Bolshevism will then become explicable.

II

The central principle of Bolshevism is proletarianism. It would reorganize life upon the basis of the class-control of the proletariat. It would level all social classes into one. It would give to this class supreme power.

In this, Bolshevism differs sharply from Liberalism. For proletarianism is nothing else but equalitarianism. Liberals believe in Democracy, but not in equality. Bolsheviks seek equality, but not Democracy. In this paradox lies the key to the distinction.

Proletarianism is the foe of Democracy. Upon the principle of Democracy, Liberalism and Bolshevism draw their sharpest contrast. It is the root-distinction. The old gap between Autocracy and Liberalism was but a step in comparison. To resolve Autocracy into Liberalism, we needed but to shift the mechanism of government; but to pass from Liberalism to Bolshevism, we must reintegrate all the strata of social life.

Minds trained in democracy cannot at first catch the Bolshevik standpoint: it is remote and elusive, for it eliminates

the duality of our social life. Hitherto, social effort has run in two parallel moulds — the political and the economic. It was thus that life divided itself. Politics we regarded as a thing apart from the industrial world; principles which obtained in politics were reversed in industry. Only in minor problems did government intrench upon economic life. We felt an intuitive distinction, and all of our institutions have sought to deepen it. There was a world of politics and a world of business. We abandoned one when we entered the other.

Such has been the traditional Liberal point of view, although modifications have begun to soften the contrast. Bolshevism reverses this point of view. From the standpoint of the present State, Bolsheviks are anti-Statists, for they would build a state which would be economic as well as political; economic life under Bolshevism would cease to be an institution inseparable from politics; on the contrary, politics would be merged into the economic system. The pivot of political action would shift: it would pass from Parliament to the factory, and the State would transmute itself into a great executive committee in a world of super-industrial unions; or, in other words, the State, as it exists to-day, would perish; in its place would be substituted an economic hierarchy of industrial committees.

The nearest American counterpart to Bolshevism would be the I.W.W. To conceive a Bolshevik world, we must visualize a world draped around the wheels of coördinate industrial unions. To rule in such a world, one must be a worker — a proletarian; to vote in such a world, one must be a proletarian; even to live in such a world, one must be a proletarian. In such a world there would be no political state; in its place would rise an industrial democracy.

Thus, claim the Bolsheviks, their goal

also is democracy. But note the distinction. To the Bolshevik there can be no Democracy except among equals; there can be no equality politically while there is inequality industrially. They would solve the dilemma by leveling all economic distinctions, by rolling all economic classes into one — the proletarian. When all are thus equalized economically, Democracy automatically restores itself.

But, for the present, the fight of the Bolsheviks is essentially a fight against Democracy. Seekers of industrial Democracy, they scorn political Democracy. Society, they assert, is composed of three economic classes — the plutocrats, the bourgeoisie, and the proletariat. The programme of Bolshevism is a dictatorship of the proletariat; that is, that the proletariat should arbitrarily seize the political power, disfranchise the bourgeoisie and the plutocrats, and then proceed to create a new industrial system in which their unfortunate rivals will be utterly obliterated. They would ruthlessly extirpate all minorities. The end would justify the means, and for their victory, worlds must be in travail. The enormity of the Bolshevik threat looms up on us; it rocks the foundations of the world.

From Aristocracy to Liberalism was but a step in contrast to this plunge into the abysmal. For Aristocracy, like Liberalism, arrogated no more than political powers; its domain was bounded by the State; economic life, at least, remained unravaged; and even the maddest tyrants never sought to quell the opposition of minorities by blotting out an entire class: only the fanaticism of Utopia could project such a programme.

In contrast to the Bolsheviks, Liberalism offers a sane and rationalized ideal. Liberalism has its Utopias too, and it has dreamed of equality as well as they. But Liberalism represents a maturer social mood.

Change, agrees the Liberal, is the condition of our social health, but change need not be Bolshevism. For, in the latter case, the change would be more fatal than the condition. A wild riot of passion, — a chaos of social incendiarianism, — such would be the brief day of Bolshevism, followed by the cold, gray morning of reaction. In contrast to such, Liberalism offers a programme of rationalized change. It rejects the blind blundering of revolution; it substitutes the reasoned mechanisms of evolution.

And here again we find the Bolshevik and the Liberal irreconcilably apart; for this is the most fundamental of cleavages. In all social thinking these two grooves appear, the revolutionary and the evolutionary. It is a contrast of temperaments. Even science knows the cleavage, and biological, geological, and psychological theories are battled out in the spirit of this two-fold division. The cataclysmic school of geologists, the cult of De Vries in biology, are but the counterparts in the world of science to the Bolsheviks in the world of politics.

The revolutionist is obsessed with the spirit of immediacy. He blinds himself to the realization that progress is a process of slow accretions; that society moves upward only by building on the endowments of the past; that change is synonymous with progress only to the extent that it conserves the gains which have been achieved in the illimitable corridors of life's yesterdays. Scorning these truths, he becomes an iconoclast. He hurls down the barriers of ordered life in order that he may snatch beyond them at some glittering Utopia. And when the Utopia eludes him, he finds, too late, that his shelters of retreat are also lost. The revolutionist is a social child, wandering forever in quest of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Though beside him lie treasure-houses

of silver, he knows only the lure of the gold.

Such is the Bolshevik. Not so the Liberal. Liberalism represents the scientific spirit in politics. Its goal is also a millennium, but it journeys there by an evolutionary route. Progress, in the lexicon of Liberalism, is a process of accumulation; it proceeds slowly but unendingly. We may not find the gold to-day, but we shall not pettishly scorn the silver. And so, by compromise and bargainings, by peaceful penetrations and step-at-a-time reforms, Liberalism moves its tortuous but onward course. Battling ever for something higher, it never risks the loss of what it has already won. Its progress, therefore, is real; its victories are for all time.

In the terms of evolution and revolution, then, Bolshevism and Liberalism cut themselves in cameo-clearness. We perceive that Bolshevism is not so new, not so different, after all: that it is merely the reincarnation of a social force as old as history — a force which, through the ages, has doomed the ordered progress of the race. For Bolshevism is the mood of childhood expressed in politics. It has all of childhood's fugitive ideologies and love of pageantry and lurid, surging life; all the impetuosity of childhood's will to power. Always Liberalism has rocked before the onslaughts of this spirit of revolution. Bolshevism is but its latest voice.

And so, as historic forces, Liberalism and Bolshevism challenge each other to-day. A world is to be reconstructed. A new social mansion is to be reared. Which shall be the architect, evolution and its certainties, or revolution with its vague, ineffable dreams? The future of history waits upon the answer.

III

And then we reach the third contrast — the most vivid of the moment;

at the coming Congress of Paris it will flare up in lurid spectacularity. It is the contrast between Nationalism and Internationalism. And here again the Liberal and the Bolshevik are pitted on opposing sides.

All idealists dream of Internationalism. Unfortunately, we approach it by different avenues. To the Bolshevik, naturally, Internationalism demands a doing of further impossibilities. Dreaming of a day when the race will be a universal family, it refuses to recognize the impedimenta which lie between us and that goal. To the Bolshevik, Nationalism and its age-long yearning for self-expression — Nationalism and race-culture, Nationalism and race-religion, all that vast domain of virile loyalties — are but bagatelles and myths. Bolshevism would hurl them all into the cauldron. The fine tints of racial variation would melt into the murky drabness of a mongrel Internationalism.

Were this dream possible, it would be, indeed, calamitous. But the menace becomes an absurdity upon a moment of thought. Like all other projects of Bolshevism, it reveals the naïveté of the Utopist.

For Internationalism has no meaning apart from a coördinate Nationalism. We seek Internationalism in order that we may be secure in the preservation of Nationalism. All the momentum which has gathered behind the Internationalist movement proceeds from Nationalistic impulses. To win through to a Nationalistic-Internationalism, we have allowed ourselves to be maimed, starved, and slaughtered for four years of awful war. Nationalism was the light which sustained us. Nationalism emerges from the conflict upon the very historic crest of its prestige; and, with fatuous fanaticism, the Bolshevik defies it in this moment of its power.

The Bolshevik programme is bald. The proletariat of all nations are broth-

ers, say they; therefore, let us abolish nations by decreeing an international civil war. Let us abolish the perpendicular groupings of the world; let us replace them by lateral, horizontal strata. National *Kultur* is but the fad of the leisure classes. Let us obliterate these classes and their *Kultur* will vanish with them. Let us establish an Internationalism in which there shall be no nations.

To this, Liberalism must reply that, in destroying the culture of the races, we would destroy the very vehicle of progress. Life is to be measured by more than quantity, our economic determinists to the contrary notwithstanding. The only meaning of life's riddle is found in the struggle of culture to widen the circumference of thought and mood. They who would destroy culture and the cultured classes, would vandalize the sole hope of the ages.

And culture has ever expressed itself in Nationalistic garb. It is peculiarly localistic, and it finds intensity only to the extent that it finds isolation. The *flair* of unseen, hidden worlds comes in the cottage — not in the cosmopolis. Nationalism, culturally considered, seeks to allow expression to every localistic school; it gives encouragement to each minority of thought; it encourages the growth of social genius by sowing the seeds of variation; it realizes that uniformity leads to stagnant waste: only through variation can new worlds be brought forth.

And Nationalism has always been the spur to culture. The dreams of the politically enslaved have always been Nationalist dreams. It is a primitive emotion — this of Nationalism; an immitigable urge; a social home-lure. Ireland, Italy, Serbia, mountain-bound Switzerland, and Uranian Finland — these are but flashes of that tenacity of racial culture under the goad of foreign thralldom. Like Liberty, Nationalism is a universal thirst.

Bolshevism, with its weltering Internationalism, would obliterate such culture. And, in so doing, it would trample down the seedlings of social growth. It would warp the universe into a pattern. For the idolatry of culture it would substitute the idolatry of the stomach.

Liberalism seeks a Nationalism which shall be without wars; Bolshevism is an Internationalism which would carry a class-war into every nation and village. Liberalism seeks to build a Federation of Nations, reared upon reason and understanding, subserving the interests of all by conserving the interests of each. Bolshevism would build an international *imperium* of proletarianism, blotting out the social energies of Nationalism, quenching every culture but its own. Liberalism would broaden life by narrowing its units; Bolshevism would narrow life by making it too broad.

And thus again, upon the problem of Nationalism, Bolshevism and Liberalism are truceless foes. The Great War etched the contrast. Liberals gladly died that Nationalism might be conserved. Bolsheviks joined the enemy because Internationalism adumbrated their reason. And the struggle still goes on.

Thus the contrast might be continued. The chasm which we have uncovered stretches illimitably. Just as we find Bolshevism seeking (1) Proletarianism in place of Democracy, (2) Revolution in place of Evolution, (3) Internationalism in place of Nationalism, so, upon every social problem, Liberals and Bolsheviks are juxtaposed. Thus we find the struggle reasserted in the battle of Idealism against Materialism, Determinism against Free-will, Individualism against the Commune. Points in common may sometimes interlock, but the variance persists.

So we at last begin to apprehend the extent of our problem. The trial of contrast which we found in politics leads us through all the polarities of life. We discover that the chasm is psychic; that it is universal; that it is of all times and peoples; that Liberalism and Bolshevism are new names for old opposites; and that the battle which they have now begun is but a new clash in an old series. And so we relegate the problem from politics to history.

The outcome of the present battle may be uncertain; but the ultimate victor is assured. Life has always had its centrifugal as well as its centripetal forces. At times the revolutionist has won ascendancy and has struck tangents away from the ordered path of progress. But eventually he blunders back, and evolution again grinds forward, altered only in the time which the revolutionist has forced it to squander. And though the trails of theory may be many, the trails of action all return to evolution. Liberalism, then, is the inevitable final victor.

For the present, it is futile to prophesy. The disconcerting danger in Bolshevism is the danger of uncertainty. For Bolshevism is an emotional explosive and it performs miracles. It is irrational, therefore super-rational; it is adolescent and filled with the dreams of destiny. So we watch it with wondering eyes; and though, with all the better integrated minds of the age, we may rally to the Liberalist ranks, we may be pardoned if we see in Bolshevism something greater than our Liberal journalists have told us we should see: a foe as old as human progress, yet as young as human dreams; a foe whom Liberalism may take pride to conquer — the eternal anarchy of Revolution.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TEN CENTURIES OF THE UPLIFT

PERHAPS the most important factor in the making of our thirtieth-century civilization was the exclusion, in the year 2473, of all men from the privileges of the ballot and other forms of participation in politics. They had long since given up the 'Men's Rights' superstition which had been the underlying cause of so much horror and carnage in the Male Ages. And it was believed that, while participation in affairs tended certainly to coarsen their moral fibre and to distract their attention from their natural spheres of action, — the home, the church, and the fine arts, — their presence in politics could not but act as a clog upon the wheels of progress. This was seen in its true light as the necessary result of man's unavoidable, and indeed desirable, ignorance — or shall we say innocence? — of the sordid realities of public life.

This is not the time, after more than five centuries of exclusively feminine rule, to indulge in ungenerous comparisons of our civilization with the man-made barbarism of old. The recent destruction by governmental order of all historic documents, relics, monuments, and books of that ancient world was an act dictated by true delicacy of feeling. In another generation there will remain scarcely a tradition of the Age of Force for our modern sex-jealousy to feed upon. But it should be remembered to the eternal credit of our noble brothers and husbands that their disfranchisement was due to their own clear-sighted acknowledgment of their unfitness for public affairs, as expressed in their own free and independent vote.

Long before this there had occurred an event of almost equal importance, which cannot be considered independently of the removal of men from politics. The proclamation of world-wide prohibition in the closing decade of the twenty-second century amounted to a declaration once and for all of every woman's right to legislate for her neighbor and to determine by the ballot precisely what she shall and shall not drink, eat, smoke, wear, and do. From that enactment, therefore, we date our modern era of Domestic Interference. For the first time in human history, it clearly enunciated the supreme moral and political doctrine of the modern world, namely, the duty of every individual to interfere in the private affairs of others.

To these two factors, chiefly, we must attribute the immense increase of legislation which is so characteristic of our age. To the final elimination of the male mind from politics we owe the gradual atrophy of the judicial and executive functions of government, which were necessary enough, no doubt, in the ruder epochs of the past, but which are now regarded as curious relics of an outgrown barbarism. The ugly and distressingly brutal phases of the ancient system of police have also been softened away, although squads of policemen are still maintained by our great cities for the same reason which actuates the state in its support of a standing army, that is, for the sake of the spectacular effect of large masses of beautifully developed men in uniform.

Out of the wreckage of the Male Ages we have saved one principle, crude, unformed, and misunderstood

though it was when it came to us. Incredible as it may seem, the principle of freedom of speech was once interpreted to mean the freedom of the press! In the words of an ancient man-writer, 'We have changed all that.' But there must always be for us something wistfully pathetic in the thought that ages ago, in a blind and fumbling way, man laid for the modern woman the very corner-stone of her independence, namely, the God-given right to speak as she pleases about her neighbor.

The immense saving to the state in this elimination of costly governmental machinery has made possible a corresponding extension, in accordance with the spirit of our Age of Sympathy, in the field of philanthropic legislation. Only a few instances need be cited. The large state bonus for maternity has raised motherhood from the level of a despised and unpopular trade to that of an honored and overcrowded profession. The Fund for Indigent Poets publishes many thousands of volumes per year, although this fund is not supported by the State but by the Novelists' Union. The Schoolteachers' Retirement Fund has been made available for all men who have served in our public schools or kindergartens for three years. Respectable poverty has become one of the most lucrative forms of business activity. The prodigal waste and display in our clubs for Retired Mendicants and Voluntary Cripples has led, in some instances, to public protest. Prison-Reform, financed and supervised by the state, has progressed to a point where many of the larger penitentiaries can boast of long waiting-lists, composed of our wealthiest and most celebrated criminals.

It will be seen that the keynote of our thirtieth-century civilization is altruistic interference. Each of us has come to realize as never before that

she is indeed her sister's keeper. Our solicitude for the welfare of others extends to the minutest details of daily life and expresses itself in the making of what were called, in the ages of license and individualism, 'sumptuary laws.' This term, once used in a derogatory sense, is now seen to cover nearly all the laws that are really worth making. For it is a safe generalization that the modern stateswoman is not interested in the purely abstract and materialistic questions of commerce, jurisprudence, and international relations. Her interest is in things much closer to the real life of womankind — in what she eats and wears, and in all that touches the daily life of the 'woman in the street.' There was a time, doubtless, when these things would have been considered in the same light in which we now regard the so-called 'Ten Commandments,'¹ that is, as a matter of taste and individual caprice. But to-day they are seen to be of paramount importance. They are highly representative of our modern spirit, and show, as the husband of Anne Hathaway would say, 'the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.'

It may be noted in passing that these reforms operated powerfully among the male voters of the time to induce a growing apathy toward politics. It was as if no small part of their political enthusiasm had been alcoholic in origin, and as if their presence at the polls had been made possible only by the cylindrical rolls of tobacco-leaf which were distributed, like the modern bon-bon, at election time. Thus one reform led to another, and the Uplift grew like a snowball.

There had existed for many centuries

¹A curious but obscure ethical code delivered in very ancient times *to men*. Elaborate research has not discovered a single epoch in which the validity of this strange ethical scheme was generally accepted among women.

a few dietetic idealists who denied themselves the use of animal foods. Their reasons for this were more considerable than their numbers, ranging from neurasthenia and dyspepsia to poverty and lack of teeth. These now seized their opportunity, with all the fervor of religious enthusiasm. They adopted as their rallying cry and battle-chant the noble words which have served so well in many a more recent campaign:—

How can others dare to do
The things we do not care to do!

They had behind them the entire impetus of the reform movement. They climbed up the rising wave of tenderness and sympathy, and this finally swept them on to victory in our legislative halls. The entire civilized world had soon pronounced illegal the use of animal foods in any form.

A large body of vaporizing theorists—the tradition that there was a woman among them is certainly ill-founded—advanced at this time the absurd argument that we ought, in the interests of consistency, to prohibit the use of animal products in dress as well as in food, and especially the employment by our male milliners of birds' plumage in the decoration of hats. It goes without saying that this pedantic and ill-willed objection was self-condemned by its invocation of so antiquated and outworn a principle as consistency. By the most lenient interpretation, the contention was merely frivolous; and even in those remote periods, a flippant treatment of the theme of Dress was looked upon as a little short of sacrilege.

After the enactment of the Vegetarian Laws, we lived for centuries unaware of the agony and suffering upon which we sustained our lives. For many years it had been felt that we had thwarted the natural destiny of the grains and edible plants by subjecting them to cul-

tivation, and that as soon as it became possible to sustain human life by other means, we should allow them to return to the condition of nature. It was barely three centuries ago that science finally demonstrated the sentient, conscious life of vegetables. It need not be said that, immediately after the announcement of this heart-rending discovery, laws prohibiting vegetable diet were promulgated almost simultaneously throughout the world.

The final success of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Minerals is within the memory of living woman, as is also the discovery of the process of extracting nourishment from the atmosphere. Throughout the lives of most of us we have been restricted to a purely atmospheric diet. The exceptions to this statement are perhaps worthy of mention. It has been found impossible to release from servitude the plants which provide us with sugar, tea, and chocolate, for the bon-bon and the 'cup that cheers' have become the very corner-stones, so to speak, of the body politic, although they were scornfully rejected by the builders. Certain plants are still subjected to cruel tortures in the preparation of cosmetics. No substitute has been found for cotton, linen, or wool, and the silk-worm is still in bondage. If consistency conflicts with our religion, so much the worse for consistency!

It has been a long climb from the cave-man of old, rending and swallowing huge collops of raw flesh, to the ethereal, air-fed public woman of the Age of Sympathy. Centuries ago, in the darkness of time, in the age of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, there lived a certain poet who dreamed of the dawn and sang,—

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of women widen with the
process of the suns.

CONCERNING KITCHENS

Many a man, I am sure, who never in his mature life thinks emotionally of his own kitchen, still keeps a tender memory of some kitchen of his early youth. It may have been his mother's, his grandmother's, or his Aunt Susan's; and not often, but once in a great while, something reminds him of it. His thoughts hark back, and he touches, in his own degree, the emotion of Uncle Felix (whom you will remember if you have ever read *The Extra Day*) alone at night in Mrs. Horton's kitchen.

'And Uncle Felix traveled backwards against the machinery of Time that cheats the majority so easily with its convention of moving hands and ticking voice and bullying, staring visage. He slid swiftly down the long banister-descent of years, and reached in a flash that old sombre Yorkshire kitchen, and stood, four-foot nothing, face smudged and fingers sticky, beside the big deal table with the dying embers of the grate upon his right. His heart was beating. He could just reach the juicy cake without standing on a chair. He ate the very slice that he had eaten forty years ago. *It was possible to have your cake and eat it too!*'

For my own part, — and no doubt each reminiscent gentleman has his special kitchen memory, — I ate the crisp brown beans off the top of the bean-pot. It was a sort of ceremonial; a Saturday-night function, irrespective of whatever menial might at the time be in official charge of kitchendom. The baking of the beans was never altogether trusted to a menial. My mother, last thing before bed, would go out to the kitchen, lighting her way with a kerosene lamp, and I with her. We put the lamp on the table; we opened the oven door — and all over the kitchen spread the delectable, mouth-watering aroma of the baking

bean. We took out the bean-pot. Then we scraped off the crisp top layer of beans into a saucer. And these we ate!

My mother wore a bustle, and at that historic period there were no kitchenettes; nor had the Spirit of Efficiency inspired the thought of planning your kitchen with a 'route for food-preparation' which makes a flying start at the ice-chest, takes in the meat, fish, and vegetable shelves, touches at the cabinet for dough-mixing, skirts the pan cabinet, and so (as Master Pepys would say) to the stove. There was no scientifically determined 'route for food-serving and dish-washing.' Each menial, and my mother herself between menials, followed a kind of cowpath. My mother had never had it figured out for her that the lowest estimate of time spent at the sink alone is two hours daily, and that these two hours a day count up to five days of twelve hours each in the course of a month, or sixty twelve-hour days at the sink every year. And when, as the expert modern kitchen-planner points out, 'it is realized that these sixty hours are spent in useless stooping, and that, to this strain, is added the fatigue of miles of unnecessary steps,' one gets an idea of the kitchen which I am glad to think never occurred to her.

Nor, on the other hand, do I think my mother would have quite followed the mental state of the rhapsodist who writes of housework in general, —

'When I am about the house, taking part in the work, I am of course conscious, among other things, of the rhythmical qualities of housework. But when I stay apart from it, and listen to it, it comes to seem all rhythm, both in the larger sense of regular recurrence of tasks, and in the repetition of sounds with insistent ictus and pause. Ironing, for example, is nearly as pleasant to listen to as to watch. Not by one stroke of the iron, but by

many, is the linen polished and the cambric smoothed to a satin daintiness; the blows follow one another, now slowly, now fast, like the drum-beat of some strange march. There is rhythm in the kitchen: rhythm in the dining-room. . . . Most soothing of all household rhythms is the swish of the broom. It is gentle and low-keyed. It takes my attention from other things, and makes me think of abstractions. I wonder whether there is not some mathematical calculation by which a ratio can be established between power of stroke, length of arm, and good-will. And so speculating, I sink into comfortable depths of nothingness.'

O shade of Mary Ann, the Perfect Servant Girl!

But this digression into the 'ictus and pause' of housework — I seem to hear my mother, 'Who *is* the lunatic?' — takes me away from the kitchen. I hurry back to it; for, although it is not a place where I wish to live, it is very much a place where I like to visit. But *not* with the cook. When I was younger, I enjoyed visiting with the cook, but the years have separated us: I have, as it were, grown apart from her. Granting her absence, there is a homely, cheery informality about a kitchen; and if the lady of the house will take you there herself, some rainy afternoon in the country, and serve tea on the clean, plain table, and let you butter the toasted crackers yourself *with all the butter you please*, why, for my part, I ask no more this side of Paradise. To use a quaint old obsolete word, I like to be 'kitchened' — provided, of course, that I may select my kitchener.

And yet this kitchen, as we know it to-day, is comparatively recent, and already insidiously passing away from the larger cities to, I hope, a long survival in the country and suburbs. If I were of an older generation (also insidiously passing away), I would be able to

recall another kind of kitchen, where Colonial customs of cookery held sway well into the twentieth century. To me the stove seems ancient only because, thank God! I am not ancient myself: I find it hard to believe that when my grandmother bought her stove, her up-to-date spirit marched bravely from one period of kitchendom into another. But men still living remember how their very mothers baked bread in a brick oven, and have seen in operation many of the queer old cooking things we wonder at in museum collections. Only a bit further back, the fireplace, at its most generous, had room for a seat in the corner — and grandmother sat there (it was really what the kitchen-planners would call her 'rest corner'), sometimes, comfortable old creature, smoking her honest pipe and observing the stars by daytime as she watched the smoke on its journey up the big chimney. But the new-fangled kitchen range was much more convenient: the easier management of a coal-fire made a new day in household economics, and a delighted generation busily bricked up the fireplaces. And so the sturdy useful kitchen stove is not so very ancient; and the homely, hospitable kitchen, even of our childhood, is still so new that only to-day is the Spirit of Efficiency providing it with 'routes' and a 'rest corner' cunningly placed to solace the soul of a tired cook with prophylactic contemplation of the most restful available scenery.

All day long on the kitchen routes
Her helpful feet have gone,
With never a senseless, wasted step
Between the dusk and dawn;

And now, dear soul, at the kitchen sink
She has washed the final spoon,
And sat her down in her rest corner
To look at the rising moon.

The life of our larger cities is inimical to kitchens. In the more distinguished sections, unfortunately, one must be

more than ordinarily well-to-do to live in a house and have a kitchen: otherwise one lives in an apartment and has a kitchenette. In my bright lexicon, published by the Century Company in 1889, there is no such word. The thing did not exist. This Peter Pan of domestic institutions, the baby kitchen that never grows up, had yet to be born. And a great army of other equally unborn babies, who would be shrewdly created male and female, waited in the mystery of non-existence until such time as they, too, should enter upon life, grow up, discover each other in happily surprised couples, love, marry, and set up housekeeping with two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette. It was then impossible — though I have since done it myself — for a gentleman to take his morning bath, shave, and cook the breakfast all at the same time, stepping with accurate judgment out of his porcelain bathtub and into the contiguous kitchenette, and so back and forth, bathing, lathering, shaving, percolating the coffee, and turning the toast. Perhaps, also, humming a little tune. Here, too, as the rhapsodist I have already quoted would say, is rhythm; nor is it impossible that the same imagination would find a wild yet orderly beauty in the design extemporized by his wet footprints between his kitchenette and his bathtub.

But the thing is n't a kitchen, though it serves many of the kitchen's practical purposes. It lacks the space, dignity, comfort, and opportunity for helpful conversation. I cannot imagine any gentleman of the future recalling with poignant pleasure his childhood kitchenette. In fact I cannot even imagine a child in a kitchenette.

DAR'ST THOU, CASSIUS?

There are men who cannot whistle; men who cannot distinguish red from

green; men who cannot carry a tune. These limitations we accept as facts, recognizing reasonable demonstration. There is a finality about the proofs. But about certain other limitations, men are incurably sanguine. I, for instance, cannot learn to swim. For years I have been called upon periodically to demonstrate this incapacity to a curious and skeptical sea-side public. Now I am going to stop demonstrating, for it is no use. People will not grasp the fact that I constitutionally cannot swim. They always assume that I am learning. The incompetent person trying to swim is never regarded as a defective: he is regarded as a beginner. The optimistic salt-water mind is incapable of absorbing tragedy; it cannot accept the fact that a being may appear once or twice in history who is unable to begin. I cannot begin to swim, and the person whom I have tried the hardest to convince of this final fact is, my brother, a youth of heavy hand and towering ambitions, whose will to power is weakened by no base alloy of pity.

He suddenly decided one summer that it was a family oversight not to have brought me to the swimming-point. I must learn at once.

To the emancipated woman I shall not attempt to explain the power of a tyrannical younger brother. Adoration tempered by awe is, I suppose, my driving force; long discipline has made me his creature. From my pleasant perch upon the beach, my swimming teacher, accordingly, plucks me forth, leads me to a bath-house, and bids me make ready.

I should explain at this point that I am not myself in a bathing-suit. By preference I spend the bathing-hour sitting high upon the beach, fully clad in muslin, acting as curator of wrist-watches, bath-house keys, and children's water-wings. This occupation suits well my genius, but I leave it at

the despot's call. Autocracy is by no means at its dying gasp.

A typical morning of water-sports goes somewhat as follows with me. Tricked out at last in black serge suit and gay cap, I shrink behind the bath-house door, dreading my début. Through the crescent-shaped window that looks out upon the sand, I can see my sister swinging off alone carelessly through the beach-grass, with that thoughtless confidence that is my envy. I, with one tragic eye glued to the crescent moon, watch her as she dives lightly from the pier, and listen as my brother roars for her to race him to the raft. I wait until all the family and all the friends of the family are well under water, and finally, when further delay would mean a search-party, I emerge from my sandy cell. I start off down the board-walk bravely, trying to swagger along with assurance, watching a distant sail. But in spite of all, I shamble. This is not from embarrassment: my suit is neatly skirted, of conventional cut; I present no more shocking aspect than hundreds of my kind; but I quail at that which is to come.

I think that I could endure it all better if I could manage once to go into the water unattended. But no. The crowd hails me with cordial cries. A helpful brother comes tramping out toward me through the surf with mighty stride, dripping arms outstretched. The touch of a water-soaked sea-monster is a horror to the flesh. I evade the clammy arms hysterically, and fling myself desperately into the sea. Then, standing rigidly up to my chin in freezing brine, I turn one fearful eye upon my approaching tutor. With such a glance a mink in a trap watches the approaching canoe of the hunter; you may see the same bright look of questioning terror in the eyes of a wild kitten cornered in a loft.

My brother is not sensitive to dra-

matic atmosphere. He approaches, threshing the surface as he comes. I shall not describe what happens next. I cannot answer for the subtleties of the process of teaching a non-teachable, non-aquatic animal to swim. But to any incredulous critic who suggests that I have not been trained by the proper method, I reply: I have been trained by all the methods. There is no device given under heaven among men that has not been tried upon me. Consultations have been held over me. Experts have been called in from distant parts to look me over. Possibly not all the devices were tried quite long enough, but that was not the fault of my tutor. My case is still to him an academic problem, complex in technicalities, tantalizing, exasperating, and, because insoluble, fascinating. I can see him now in my uneasy dreams as he pauses for a moment, balancing me on one careful hand, while he reflects upon the details of his next experiment.

I try to help him all I can. At his word I obediently forsake father and mother and dry land each morning for weeks and weeks on end. I swallow great swathes of Long Island Sound. I follow orders with touching intelligence, writhing along upon the water in all the prescribed angles. But one thing I cannot control. I cannot help sinking. Out of my great love for my trainer I have learned to sink without struggling. I can go down with perfect repose of manner, like a sinking star.

He will never understand this. 'Have a little confidence,' he implores, 'and you can't sink!'

Obediently, I have confidence. My soul rises to confidence, as an oriental worshiper lifts his heart in spiritual sublimity before his hopeless gods. Yet with all my confidence thick upon me, I sink; sink with the moderation and firmness of a submarine submerging with all on board. I sink not convul-

sively, not head-first, not feet-first, but horizontally and as a whole. It seems that I am not to be permitted to drown. Just as I grow resigned to the calmness of the lower deeps, I am fished up again into the sharpness of the upper air, and arranged carefully once more along the waves, like a needle on the surface of a glass of water, and bidden yet another time to 'Strike out.'

Strike out! Oh, attitudes most orthodox and frog-like! I have learned to strike them all. Not, however, on the surface. The great combers close over me, and I go down; then rhythmically I am drawn back to the surface by loving hands, my dizzy brain faintly repeating a lovely line of poetry with new meaning: —

'From the great deep to the great deep she goes.'

The very cadence is soothing.

This is the way it always happens — not one time or twenty times, or ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but always. It always will happen this way, because I cannot swim. Yet my brother is blind to proof. He still believes that it is some omission of his that keeps me helpless. No doubt, when he comes back from across the water he will want to try new methods, learned perhaps from Turks. At all events, no swimming hour goes by without a new varia-

tion of technique, guaranteed by friends. At these times I question the advantages of a wide circle of acquaintance, technical and ingenious. Too drugged with sea-water by this time to suffer much, however, I struggle on, only mind enough left to wonder what great faith supports this good brother of mine, that he should spend the whole bathing-hour alternately launching me and dredging for me, with the morose persistence of a secretary of the navy.

Usually, just as the last glimmer of human intelligence is about to be drowned out, my respite comes. My sister, surging along from her revels by the raft, comes paddling by. 'Make her go in,' she advises my master. 'She ought not to overdo when she is learning. Hi! Hurry! Fish her up! Now make her go in.'

Make her go in! With a miserable cackle I laugh terribly between chattering teeth, and wade out, stiffly flapping.

In the *Egoist*, George Meredith in an admiring mood describes Clara Middleton's graceful way of walking from the garden to the house as 'swimming' across the grassy lawn. Meredith has been criticized for that figure of speech. Many readers condemn it as far-fetched and artificial. But I support Meredith. If one must swim, the best place for it, in my opinion, is the lawn.



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13 Jascha Heifetz

On account of the absence of illustration, the Atlantic is made up rather later in the month than most magazines, and, consequently, any advance notice is very imperfect. We can list only a few of the features of the new issue.

The Atlantic Announces

FOR APRIL

THE SAGE-BRUSH FARMER'S WIFE

By Annie Pike Greenwood

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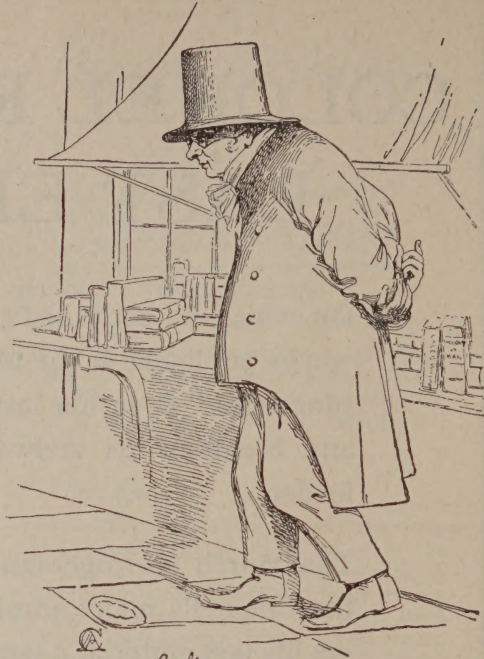
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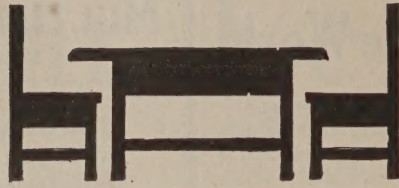
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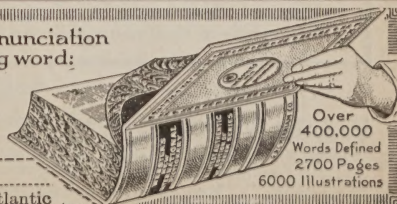
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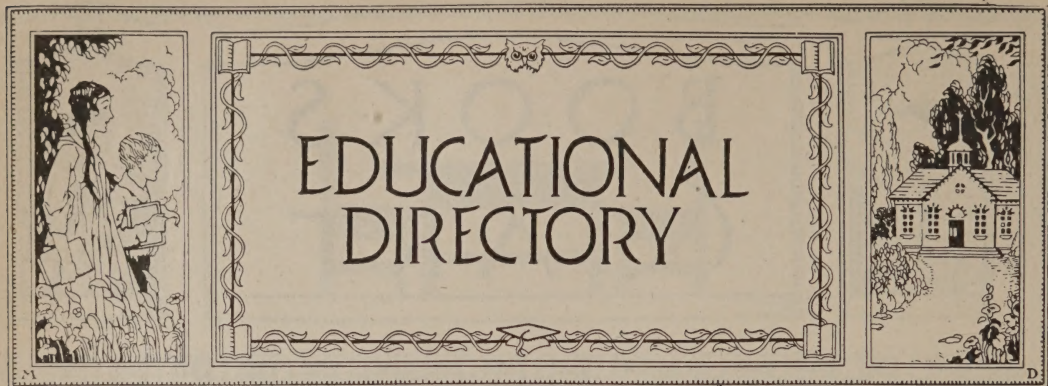
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The House Beautiful for March

The Garden Number

IT has been beautiful to watch the increasing interest in gardens since the War broke out—in flower gardens as well as vegetable gardens; and it is greatly to be hoped that this interest will continue now that we are once again at peace. The planting of the little seeds, the tender care given the small plants, the joy of watching for the first buds and finally the discovery of the flowers or tiny vegetables—these are all experiences which everyone should have. It is not necessary to have great gardens; a small garden, a window-box or even a flowerpot can bring much cheer and joy.

The Garden Number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* will be of great value not only to those who have always had gardens, but to those who for the first time are planning to have them. The opening article, on Home Gardens, is by Florence Taft Eaton. Recently The National War Garden Commission, having seen Mrs. Eaton's work in *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, offered to coöperate with her in any way possible by giving her any information and photographs which they had on hand. So we will have the advantage not only of Mrs. Eaton's personal experiences in gardening, which have been extensive, but of the very best work accomplished by the War Garden Commission.

The problem of laying out grounds after one's house is completed is not always a simple one. Realizing this and desiring to help our readers in every way possible in solving their difficulties, we asked a landscape architect to take certain problems and work out the best schemes for the grounds. For example, one lot has been laid out in an informal manner and then the same lot planned with a more formal treatment. There are other problems solved.

Fountains and bird baths add much to the attractiveness of gardens, and many good examples of these will be shown. "My Landlady's Garden," "New Crops for Home Gardens," "Growing Violets," "The Practical Use of Hedges," "The Garden Speaks,"—these are a few of the other articles—all written by men and women who know, and illustrated with unusually good photographs.

One more good announcement—*House Beautiful* Home No. 2—a charming bungalow—will be shown in this number.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

In this department of the ATLANTIC, it is the aim of the editors to review, promptly and justly, those new books which seem of more than temporary value. Of casual, unimportant, and unworthy books, no mention will be made. For the selection of titles, the ATLANTIC is not responsible. They are the choice of trained judges of books in various parts of the country, who have kindly consented to collaborate with this magazine in the common task of listing monthly those volumes which are more than usually worthy of preservation on the shelves of libraries of moderate compass, both public and private. The authorities consulted are the staffs of the American Library Association Book List, the Wisconsin Library Commission, the City Library Association Library of Springfield, Massachusetts, the Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey, and the City Library of Cleveland. In time, the opinion of other libraries, in other parts of the country, will be sought, as we are attempting to make this service a national one. For the reviews, themselves, the ATLANTIC is wholly responsible. We aim to make the department of service to readers. There will be no attempt at clever reviews, but every effort will be made for just appraisal.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY.

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, formerly American Ambassador to Turkey. New York: DOUBLEDAY PAGE & Co., 1918. 8vo, xvi+407 pp. \$2.00.

MR. MORGENTHAU's book is a historical document of the first importance. Arriving in Constantinople late in 1913, he had time to study the intricacies of Turkish politics, and to make the acquaintance of the leading personages, before the outbreak of the war. Speaking German as his native tongue, he was admirably equipped for the long contest with the agents sent from Berlin to dominate Turkey.

He offers living portraits of the men with whom he came in contact: Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, burly, exuberant, indefatigable, amiable, indiscreet, unscrupulous; Talaat, the young Turk 'boss,' ex-postman and telegraph operator, a coarse, violent, hulking creature, with enormous wrists, who, on one notable occasion, received the author in his shabby house in a poor quarter of Constantinople, clad in a fez and gray pyjamas; Enver Pasha, the dashing adventurer, young, confident, fearless, dapper, Germanized to the tips of his upturned moustache, living in unexplained luxury, with his bride of royal lineage; Djemal, gambler and specialist in massacre and murder; Pallavicini, the correct and conventional Austrian diplomat; Bedri Bey, the Prefect of Police, with a thirst for newspaper notoriety. No reader will forget these descriptions; even if Mr. Morgenthau had given us nothing else, his book would be worth reading.

The events with which he deals, however, are even more interesting than the people. There are little episodes admirably narrated, such as the rescue of the Sisters of Sion by Mr. and Mrs. Morgenthau. But it is the big events, vital to re-

cent history, that give the book its exceptional value. Here we have the story of the Goeben and the Breslau, the closing of the Dardanelles, and other incidents in the careful German plot to gain control of Turkey and make full use of her geographical and military possibilities. Here we have Wangenheim's own version of the meeting of magnates at Potsdam on July 5, 1914, which set the date for the outbreak of the war, and his equally shameless admissions of Germany's aims and intended methods. We have already had an account of the Gallipoli campaign, as seen from inside, by Mr. Einstein, agent of the State Department in Constantinople; but the blunt Ambassador saw more, heard more, and understood more, than the gifted attaché.

The chapters on the Armenian atrocities are terrible — all the more so because they are bare of exaggeration and attempt at dramatic effect, setting forth with restraint and precision incontrovertible evidence of what the author properly describes as the most horrible episode in the whole history of the human race.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the author's record of his conversations in Berlin with Von Jägow and Zimmermann, on the subject of German-Americans. A German-American himself, he knew what he was talking about; and there are people in the United States who ought to take his words to heart — quite as profitably as Zimmermann and Von Jägow.

Mr. Morgenthau shows an extraordinarily swift and accurate grasp of character, and an ability to get so close to men that he can readily touch their strength and their weakness. He shows broad sympathies, few prejudices, a keen sense of justice, and a keen sense of humor. These qualities have made him a successful diplomat, and also a successful writer. F. S.

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*Katherine Fullerton Gerould in
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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

THE EYES OF ASIA.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co. 1918. 12mo, iv+101 pp. \$1.00.

LOVERS of Kipling will welcome this new volume, full of the quaint phrasing, the naïve thought and feeling of Indian folk whose interpreter he has long been. The horror and the glory of the struggle on the Western front, where Indian regiments fought in the Great War, come home to us in the poetic expression of this childlike race which speaks, nay, thinks, in figure. Major Bishen Singh Saktawut, 215th Rajputs, author of the first letter, writes from Hampshire of his wounded leg. It has already healed, but is frightened of the ground. He mourns his officer Sahib now dead. 'During a railway journey, when two people sit side by side for two hours, one feels the absence of the other when he alights.' Everyone is good to him: 'The King himself gave me the medal for fetching in the captain out of the wires, on my back.' Englishwomen are unwearied in nursing the wounded Indian soldier: 'I am like a dying tree in a garden of flowers.'

It was a happy thought on the part of the Interpreter of the East to flash out, from different points of view, aspects of the Asiatic mind confronted by the gigantic struggle. The old imaginative power of interpreting, of entering into and translating, other personalities is here. Here, as in his earlier work, are the odd psychological reactions, the warm affections of a primitive people.

'Do I remember? Am I a block of wood or an old churn?' indignantly inquires the Afghan mother, when asked if she remembers how her son used to make mud-pies. Wrapped in a red cotton quilt, in a stone-built tower-house reached by a ladder, she is listening to a letter from her son at the front, while her husband, an elderly Afghan with purple-dyed beard, lies on a native cot. Flashes of tenderness shine out against a background of savagery. A little French child, who claimed the regiment as her own, writes the Afghan soldier son, had been slain while grazing cattle. 'There were no hired mourners.'

The enlarging mind of the Oriental, coming into contact with Western thought, Western habits, and modern inventions, is deftly suggested. To his foolish old farmer brother, who knows nothing except the road to market, the wounded Sikh writes much of the wise and thrifty ways of the French. It is a world, it seems, in which women as well as men hold positions of honorable toil; would it not be well for India to think of these things? A trooper of horse, Duffadar Abdul Rahman, writes to his old mother, 'This world abounds in marvels beyond belief.' Will she see that his little son drinks only water that has been boiled? Ah, if that mother could only see the girls of eight years that can cast accounts! The chil-

dren in this country are learned from their very birth.

This is no random interpreting, done for the mere picturesqueness of thought and of speech. Kipling the patriot is at work, holding steadily to an ulterior purpose which differentiates these letters from the objective dramatic sketches of old days. The most significant passages are those which suggest the wakening of the Eastern mind to an insight into British virtues: courage, silence, the tendency to underrate all achievement, the obligation on the part of those of highest caste to do the hardest work. The women, like the men, are brave, self-controlled, unceasing in kindness. Truly, India had never dreamed the greatness of England and the English.

Kipling, in *The Eyes of Asia*, confounds his own prophecy, —

For East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet;

Here, they meet in the hour of England's danger, facing the same foe; meet in a common service to England, and to certain old ideals of courage, loyalty, and disinterestedness which represent the high-water mark of aspiration and of endeavor of the English race. M. S.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM COLONIES TO A WORLD-POWER.

By MAX FARRAND. Boston and New York: HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY. 1918. 12mo, xii+356 pp. \$1.50.

MR. FARRAND'S volume is in every way a notable achievement. It was no easy task to trace within his limits the history of the American people from the earliest times to the great climax of its fortunes, and at the same time to weave into his narrative the accepted results of the most recent scholarship. Yet his book bears, on almost every page, the evidence, not merely of wide reading among books so numerous that even the stoutest heart has often the right to despair, but also of an original and critical mind eager to accept nothing that is not in harmony with the scientific analysis of the full evidence we now have. Nor is it in any sense traditional history that he has given us. His interpretation of American history is something more than a scant biography of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Lincoln. He gives us no conventional portraits. Behind the men are in every case to be seen the vaster social forces of which they were in fact the symbol. His is the first book of its kind which makes American history a vivid and quick interpretation of American life. For the first time the America that baffled the travelers of Europe, Kalm and Dickens and Acton, springs into life from the printed page.

Inevitably the consequence is novelty of out-



A Remarkable Human Document



—nothing else describes **Yashka: My Life as Peasant, Officer and Exile**, by *Maria Botchkareva*, the wonderful life-story of a Russian peasant woman, comparable only to a Joan of Arc in a Reign of Terror, who, after four years' service as a Russian soldier, saw Bolshevism in action; actually participated in the events leading to and following Russia's downfall, and was in close touch with the present ruling powers. It is a moving, human narrative and, we believe, a great historic document.

¶ **Clemenceau: The Man and His Time**, by *H. M. Hyndman*, is a sincere, able life of the Tiger of France. It is significant that Clemenceau's biographer should be a recognized leader of British socialists, as well as a staunch friend and devoted admirer of the "Young Man Who Will Never Grow Old."

¶ *B. Van Vorst's* readable **A Popular History of France** is finding wide interest, especially among returned Service men who are glad to get so compactly the salient facts about the country in which they fought.

¶ A veteran of thirty-two years' service in our Navy and Army, Chief Yeoman *Will Stokes*, collects his poems for the first time in **Songs of the Services**. His poems of Army and Navy life, full of real Irish humor and of keen understanding of men and affairs, have won for him the title of the Kipling of the Service.

¶ In her remarkable novel of California society, **The Avalanche**, *Gertrude Atherton* has done a convincing piece of work in her clever portrayal of a husband's reaction to a sinister, inexplicable mystery involving his wife. It is the best recent bit of character drawing Mrs. Atherton has done.

¶ *Alfred Noyes's* volume of sea tales, **Walking Shadows**, is winning for him a secure place as a master story-teller in prose. "There are few men now living whose prose tales can measure up to these," says the *Springfield Union*.

¶ At last Mable answers the inimitable Bill! In **Dere Bill: Mable's Love Letters to Her Rookie**, by *Florence Elizabeth Summers*, all the doings of the home town are retailed with gusto for Bill's edification, with the same sort of rollicking humor that made "Dere Mable" famous. Speaking of **Dere Mable**, this astonishing little book is now in its Sixteenth Printing, totalling 600,000 copies. And the new Mable book, **Thats Me All Over. Mable**, has required Five Printings totalling 250,000 copies. "Mable" is certainly well liked!

¶ At all bookshops.

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

look. Here, for the first time, is an interpretation of the War of Independence which Americans can read with pride and Englishmen without resentment. Here is an explanation of those qualities Europe is accustomed to term American, synthesized, not from some stray anecdote of Jackson or Cleveland, but from the daily life of a pioneer people occupied, above all, in wresting from the frontier its immeasurable secrets. The hesitations and divisions which made the Federalism of 1787 seem so doubtful an experiment pass naturally into the exuberant optimism which de Tocqueville noted and Jackson symbolized.

The labyrinthine Liberalism of Jefferson finds a significant and vital setting in the background, not of abstract French ideas, but of the disturbing necessities of imperial adventure. The significance of Jackson is for the first time seen, for the general reader, in the essential background of that speculation so typical of a country in process of self-discovery. The Lincoln here given is not, perhaps, the portrait to which legend has accustomed us; but it reads the more truly, and makes Lincoln only the more superb, when its doubts and complexities are honestly set down.

Not less valuable is the insistent emphasis upon the West. Here, indeed, as Mr. Farrand has abundantly shown, lies the real heart of American endeavor. For it was the opening of the West which made America the child of the railroad, and the railroad the parent of the corporation. The West was the step-parent of the immigrant, and the problems of the immigrant gave birth, in the perspective of Hanna and Aldrich, to the revolt of the Progressives against an individualism which has been outgrown. For Progressivism, as Mr. Farrand insists, was the first plain evidence that the pioneer stage had at length been passed. It marked the real discovery of Europe by America, the sense that she must link her fortunes with the Old World if she was to be true to her origins and her destiny.

The story is told simply. But it is told at every stage with a sure mastery of the facts that gives it point as well as substance, humor not less than scholarship. There must have been many Americans who felt that the fairy tales of Bancroft were no longer adequate, and were yet unable to appreciate the bearing of the new facts before us. It is the singular merit of Mr. Farrand's book that it makes the product of a generation's research arrestingly intelligible for the purposes of creative citizenship.

H. J. L.

JAVA HEAD.

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: ALFRED A. KNOPP. 1918. 12mo, vi+255 pp. \$1.50.

MOST novels of a given season are worth discussing, not for what is in them, but for what is

beyond or behind them in the same direction. You ask what drift or mode they belong to, what 'school' they represent, what philosophy shaped and determined them. But *Java Head* is not a symptom: it is a consummation. Manifestly the product of an austere ideal faithfully adhered to it does not merely contain beauty, as a purse contains money: it *is* beauty, as a flame is heat. Even more completely than *The Three Black Pennys*, it satisfies as a rare jewel does, or a design in old lace, or a glorious line in poetry — by being so perfectly itself that it suggests nothing ulterior. It is an essence crystallized into a shape, fusion of the ultimate with the immediate. For this kind of achievement, what other name is there than perfection?

Mr. Hergesheimer tells part of his secret in a motto on the title-page: 'It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the spirit.' The decorative symbol of pure simplicity in the tale is Taou-Yuen, an incomparable Manchurian lady whom Gerrit Ammidon, impulsive and quixotic individualist, brings home to New England as his wife. Into the Salem of President Polk's administration he brings her — the thriving Salem of days before steam, when even the clipper was a daring experiment. There, moving against the background of the Ammidons' family greatness, and, later, through the complications and stresses of a fantastic intrigue, Taou-Yuen triumphs in the strength of that which is stronger than her subtle mind — her pure simplicity of heart. It is this finest of aristocratic qualities in her that reveals without pity the tawdriness of whatever is pretentious and ungenuine in the society round her; for we are conducted straight to the centre of her calm spirit, and kept there until the law by which she exists is alone real, while all the most familiar business of ordinary lives becomes strangeness, illogicality, waste, illusion. In the end Taou-Yuen stares out of countenance the tragic and ignoble circumstances surrounding her death; familiar death itself seems, in her presence, the interloper, the alien. She is truth and beauty united in immortal loveliness: all one's instincts cry out that death has nothing to do with her.

Mr. Hergesheimer guides us to this end without a misstep, as only a writer could do who has found the path of purest simplicity for his art to follow.

W. F.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

By J. M. BARRIE. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. 1919. 12mo, vi+188 pp. \$1.50.

THIS volume contains four plays: 'The Old Lady Shows her Medals,' 'The New Word,' 'Barbara's Wedding,' and 'A Well-Remembered Voice.' The first three were produced in this country last year; the fourth is now playing in London. All are one-act plays, showing the reac-

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tion of the Great War on English families whose boys are at the front.

At the start, one receives the impression that the famous 'Old Lady' has been rewritten in the form of a short story. It is not until page ten that one comes across any dialogue — then one suddenly realizes that all that has gone before is a glorified stage-direction. Ten pages — that counts out Bernard Shaw! There is more still, scattered through the dialogue without differentiation of type — more than two pages, for instance, to get the Reverend Willings on the stage. Then the names of the characters, inset in capitals in the usual manner, disappear whenever the dialogue is carried on by only two or three characters.

Despite the interpolated aids to imagination, neither 'The Old Lady' nor 'The New Word' reads as well as it acts. 'Barbara's Wedding' is more comprehensible in point, but is still unsatisfactory. It is too hard to distinguish just what is hallucination, what is memory, and what is fact. It might almost have been better to omit 'Barbara,' were it not for its usefulness as a transition from the simple reality of the first two plays to the daring device of 'A Well-Remembered Voice.'

This play begins with a spiritualistic séance, which fails, apparently because of the unsympathetic attitude of the father of the dead boy, with whom his mother and the girl to, whom he was not quite engaged have been trying to communicate. Then, when the others have gone, the dead boy appears. Not in response to the spiritualistic summons, but simply because he wants to talk to his father. He is invisible to the audience, and to his mother and the girl, when they later reënter. His father sees him, and lays his hands on his shoulders; he helps his father on with his jacket. His voice is audible: he chats on all sorts of subjects, from trout-fishing to 'the veil' which separates life from death. In life, we gather, the relations of the pair were very like those of father and son in 'The New Word'; but death has brought insight, and now the boy realizes that his father really loved him and misses him more than either his mother or his sweetheart.

The dialogue is easy, plausible, intimate; there is the same delicate blend of tenderness and fun that makes 'The Old Lady' so pleasing. But one wonders whether Barrie is trying to contribute to the venerable problem of life after death and communication between dead and living, or is merely displaying a skillful stage trick. What does he really think of spiritualism — if he is thinking at all? He makes death seem more natural and comfortable than one usually imagines it, and many people will find his idea consoling. Others will surely think it absurd, and some may find it irritating, even shocking. Certainly the play must be wonderfully acted — as wonderfully as 'The Old Lady,' if it is to succeed

on the stage. It is dreadful to think of what might happen to it on Broadway. F. S.

BIRTH.

By ZONA GALE. New York: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. 1918. 12mo, x+402 pp. \$1.60.

'SPIRIT must brand the flesh, that it may live,' says the most wise Diana. Miss Zona Gale perfectly comprehends the place of this truism in moral economy; but she falls steadily away from its application to artistic economy. In *Birth* she traces a contrast between two persons, the parents of a third person whom we leave at the threshold of life. The mother of Jeffrey Pitt, an ardent and hungry young woman, never achieves spiritual birth: her spirit remains prisoned and smothered in flesh. Jeffrey's father, the husband from whom she runs away, a futile, tedious little man, resented by wife and son, ridiculed by others, of simple mind and less articulate than the beasts of the field, makes the meaning of his life articulate to one person, the son who has recoiled from him in embarrassment and hot shame; and out of this post-mortem triumph of the father comes the son's spiritual birth. The son's flesh, stamped somehow with the father's spirit, lives.

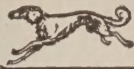
Now, a book has spirit and body, as truly as a man has; and it is the worst sin of current 'realism' to leave the one unbranded by the other. Miss Gale's realism is as minute, authentic, and sustained as Mr. Bennett's in *Clayhanger*; and mostly, like his, it answers to no higher test of relevance than whether it catches the color and vibration of provincial life in the period signalized. A certain spring rocker 'went off ping!' whenever anybody sat in it'; "Anybody want a damp towel for their fingers?" Miss 'Hellie inquired.' Thousands of words are expended on this sort of thing, which, instead of liberating the book's spirit, swathes it in cotton wool, incrusts it with fungi. The details, separately living, are dead in their significance to the whole.

What is to become of the — let us coin a word — *factualists*, who spend half their words creating an atmosphere which does not essentialize the ultimate meaning? Meredith and Henry James, masters of realism and not slaves of factualism, could save them. And the war has its profitable analogy for art — an inner world-spirit emerging from the institutions of nationalism, stamping the flesh of civilization with a spiritualized will, rendering senseless the self-insistent parts that forget the whole. Whatever is, is artistic, — the doctrine of factualism, — must go the way of the particularist doctrine. Whatever is, is right. The next decade will call insistently upon every talent so vigorous and honest as Miss Gale's to play its part in the evolution of a higher realism.

W. F.



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THE MARNE.

By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1918. Tall 16mo, vi+128 pp. \$1.25.

Mrs. Wharton, in her latest story, is a stern guide to the very storm-centre of the World War. Troy Belknap, the hero, an American boy who, at fifteen, sees the initial ravaging of the land he loves, and who carries her sufferings in his heart until his years permit him to take a share in the struggle, in 1918, possibly seems less an individualized character than a personification of Mrs. Wharton's love of France; yet this hardly matters. It is a fine and disinterested devotion which is pictured in those tragic days of 1914 which end his boyhood, in the school years which follow, when he chafes because of his inability to help, in his share in the second battle of the Marne, which brings him the boon of suffering.

The author's old aloofness, her air of being wholly apart from the human spectacle which she is presenting, appears here only in the background. There is welcome relief in the satire of certain impetuous American helpers, who, failing to understand, patronize a France immeasurably nobler than they, and offer their guidance to lift her to a higher level of domestic and of spiritual life. Mrs. Wharton's keen rapier touches deftly here and there, at points where a little literary bloodshed is not amiss. It is well for us to know that we who approach the France of to-day have much more to learn than to teach.

To the voluble benevolence of the many, Troy's ironic sense of failure, running through his great desire and his endeavor to help, presents a fine contrast. His heroism is the greater because of his own sense of its littleness. Here is none of the glamour of war, but a silent and enduring idealism that out-distances the days of nodding plumes.

In depicting the crisis of her hero's life, at this crucial moment of the world's history, the author betrays an intensity of feeling which constantly stimulates and defies expression. There is a deadly quiet about the book, as if the situation were beyond the power of words. Whether the repression marks disdain of more facile writers, who have voiced more loudly emotion more quickly stirred, or whether it reflects the dilemma of an analyst, a skilled satirist in the grasp of passion for which her old forms of expression are inadequate, is hard to say. The note of mysticism at the end is surprising; many a reader would have preferred to miracle some hint of inner spiritual growth as the crown of Troy's fine heroic struggle. But, whatever question one may ask about this or that phase of the story, no American can fail to take delight in Mrs. Wharton's singlemindedness of devotion as evinced here — that deep attachment to France which has inspired her unre-

mitting practical work for the sufferers in France during the years of war. M. S.

MY ÁNTONIA.

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER. Boston: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY. 1918. 12mo, xiv+417 pp. \$1.50.

MISS CATHER'S Americanism is her belief in the 'foreigner' and in the absorption by America of the stanch moral qualities of the pioneer immigrant. These qualities the immigrant brought, it is true, along with his red-handkerchief bundle; but his new life strengthened them an hundredfold, to the immense profit of his sons and daughters and of American industry and agriculture generally.

To show what stuff Americanism is made of, Miss Cather chooses a background which she knows well — the Nebraska prairie country. It is a glorious land, in which one feels 'motion in the landscape; in the fresh, easy-blowing morning wind, and in the earth itself, as if the shaggy grass were a sort of loose hide, and underneath it herds of wild buffalo were galloping, galloping.' But it is also obdurate and grudging. In it the author places a group of immigrants who, giving all that is in them, force even prosperity out of the unwilling soil. One of Miss Cather's points is that some of them had more to give than the native settlers had; and the result helps prove her point, for 'to-day the best that a harassed Black Hawk merchant can hope for is to sell provisions and farm-machinery and automobiles to the rich farms where that first crop of stalwart Bohemian and Scandinavian girls are now the mistresses.' The reader follows Miss Cather's enthusiasms, and says with Frances Harling, 'You always put a kind of glamour over them [the country girls]. The trouble with you . . . is that you're romantic.'

My Ántonia is, then, a book of enthusiasms, a collection of tales, anecdotes, and odds and ends of human tragedy, all bearing directly or indirectly on the immigrant and his thoroughgoing tussle with life. The shortcomings of native settlers lend cogency to the plain implication that the immigrants' moral and physical contributions are among the essential, the enduring gifts to the nation and the race. But the heroine is so distinctly 'My Ántonia' to the author alone, that we rather resent her allowing a New York lawyer, the putative but non-existent author of these reminiscences, to call her *his* Ántonia. What saturates the reality of the material with the glamour of romance is not the gratuitous invention of James Quayle Burden, whose romance the tale purports to be: it is the author's own responsive imagination, and, almost above all, her gift of style. H. T. F.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — MARCH ATLANTIC

John Rickman is an English physician, who has lived for more than two years in the villages of the Buzuluk Department of the Samara Government in East Russia. Through his intimate contact with the peasants, as a country doctor, he has had opportunities of observing the people from a point of view seldom reached by foreigners. The following paragraph borrowed from Dr. Rickman's notebook gives some idea of the life he has been leading: —

A refugee [writes the doctor], whom we had known intimately for over a year, told us that that morning a soldier of the Red Guard had been wounded in the chest, and had crawled into the refugee barracks to die. He was coughing blood and his shirt was drenched with it. The refugees, after careful consideration, told him that he could not stay in their barracks, as he would jeopardize their lives; so with their help he staggered out of doors and remained propped against the steps. When the Czecho-Slovaks came into that street, they asked him who he was. He replied, 'I am a Bolshevik.' They shot him. This story I believe to be true because it was verified by about half-a-dozen witnesses.

* * *

Cornelia Stratton Parker is the widow of Carleton H. Parker, whose interpretation of the I.W.W. movement, in the *Atlantic* for November, 1917, aroused widespread comment. A career of brilliant promise was cut short by Professor Parker's untimely death last year. To us Mrs. Parker's papers represent far more than the story of an interesting and useful life. They give an impression of an unspoiled freshness of outlook almost unknown to the older civilization of the Eastern states, and of an animated and intense delight in living and working which would do any man good — or woman either, for that matter. **Willard L. Sperry**, a former Rhodes scholar, is minister of the Central Congregational Church of Boston. His paper, 'The Gulf,' to which his present contribution is in natural sequence, appeared in the June, 1918, *Atlantic*. **Miss B. K. Van Slyke** sends this first contribution to us from Philadelphia.

* * *

Simeon Strunsky, a cheerful friend of the *Atlantic*, is representing the New York *Evening Post* at the Peace Conference. **Captain Charles Johnston**, also a frequent contributor, is now connected with

the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department. **Frederick W. Parsons**, a major in the Medical Corps, is doing a most useful and interesting work at Base Hospital 117, devoted to the treatment of 'shell-shock' cases. In this number we bring to a close, with the reluctant return of Chignole to civil life, **Marcel Nadaud's** humorous and moving serial. The story will be published shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co.

* * *

Edgar J. Goodspeed is Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago. His last contribution to the *Atlantic* (in October, 1918) discussed, as our readers will remember, the question whether one and one really make two. **J. L. Hammond**, an English professor, drafted for the common good into the service of the Reconstruction Board, is peculiarly qualified to write this article, sent at the editor's request. **William Charles Scully** at last accounts was at Lobatsi in the British Bechuanaland Protectorate, South Africa. Our readers will recall his paper on the African Ostrich, and the friendly discussion thereanent initiated by the late Colonel Roosevelt. The name of **Margaret Prescott Montague** needs no comment. **Grace Fallow Norton** is an American poetess, whose *Little Gray Songs of St. Joseph's* and other occasional verse have frequently given distinction to our pages.

* * *

William Oliver Stevens, long connected with the United States Naval Academy, where he is now Professor of English, was the author of the much discussed article, 'Democracy in the Navy,' printed in the November issue of this magazine. **Arthur D. Little**, by profession a chemical engineer, is president of Arthur D. Little, Inc., and other corporations; chemist to many large corporations and to the U.S. Internal Revenue. His professional work has been extraordinarily wide and varied. **Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Vernon Kellogg, has the distinction of having been the only woman member of the C.R.B. working in Belgium. How fitting that she should have the reward of seeing with her own eyes the return of the King and Queen and of Burgo-



March Book News



ABOUT PEACE —AND FICTION

A Paragraph for Women

While the press of war work was on, with bandage-rolling, and knitting in between, these books may have slipped by your notice. Now there is time for reading again. *Fire-cracker Jane*, by Alice Calhoun Haines (\$1.50 net), suggests the leisure hour and the relaxation of a story deftly light and entertaining. "A dashing, madcap romance," says one critic. *Almanzar*, by J. Frank Davis (\$1.00 net), lays bare the heart of a "cul-lud" house-boy down in "San Antone." Every woman will enjoy his amusing adventures—and wish, too, that she had him in her kitchen! With the charming touch that endeared *The Rose Garden Husband* to so many readers, Margaret Widdemer has written a multiple romance, *You're Only Young Once*, which no one who has read her earlier books will want to miss. Thomas Burke's *Nights in London* (\$1.50 net) is "A series of tales that Scheherezade herself might have envied. A book of universal delight for the quality of its workmanship and for the equal quality of its spirit."—*Washington Star*. (By the author of *Limehouse Nights*.)

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Proposed Roads to Freedom, by Bertrand Russell, author of *Why Men Fight*, is an attempt to extract the essence of Socialism, Anarchism, and Syndicalism, first historically, then for whatever guidance they may give in the coming reconstruction. It will especially appeal to those who are interested in a sympathetic explanation of the ideas which are moving so many millions of men and women. (\$1.50 net. Ready early in March.) "A remarkable book by a remarkable man."—*London Times*.

BISMARCK

The permanent value of *The Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series* (edited by Basil Williams, \$2.25 net per volume)—the series in which Lord Charnwood's *Abraham Lincoln* appears—becomes more apparent with each additional biography. We are announcing for immediate publication C. Grant Robertson's *Bismarck*, a study of the "Iron Chancellor's" statecraft and of the man himself as one of the makers of Modern Europe and of the German empire and nation. Based on exhaustive study and on ideas already formed before the storm burst upon the nations, it is not a mere product of the war. It is further notable for the incorporation of much new material, including the authentic text of the famous Ems dispatch.

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POEMS ABOUT GOD

Christopher Morley writes us of Lieut. John Crowe Ransom's *Poems About God* (\$1.25 net): "This is a book that with much humor has also much humility; some of the blunter passages may startle; but its honesty, originality and superb simplicity, touched with many a whimsical turn of thought and phrase, lit with a pervasive glow of indirect mental illumination, will afford extreme delight."

THE PEACE PRESIDENT

By
WILLIAM ARCHER

Just as in his *Lincoln*, Lord Charnwood has given the finest appreciation of our great Civil War President, it seems to have fallen to another Englishman to give the finest estimate of President Wilson. Mr. Archer considers him as a man, a writer, a historian, and finally as the great figure of the last phase of the world war. (\$1.00 net.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — MARCH ATLANTIC

master Max! René Pinon is a French scholar and publicist who has been for years a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of authoritative articles on topics analogous to the one here discussed. J. D. Bourchier, of the staff of the London *Times*, is a veteran authority on all questions relating to the Balkans and the Near East generally. Herbert Wilson Stanley is the pen name of a popular lecturer who lives in St. Louis.

* * *

How the creator of Mr. Squem would have enjoyed the satisfaction of reading the following response to his intelligent sympathy! —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am very sorry to be so tardy in remitting, especially this year when the ways of publishers are hard, at best, and they need the businesslike co-operation of their subscribers. But nearly two months ago all the ordinary currents of my life were suddenly stopped by very tragic circumstances, which have continued until now, and I am just beginning to get back to normal conditions, looking over mail, doing business, etc.

Now, what I have plucked up courage to tell you is that the casual reading of the last Squem sketch, 'It is up to the Good Man,' came as literally near saving my soul alive and being a message from heaven as anything that has ever come to me. I was in a strange city, under the deepest anxiety for one dearer to me than life, bewildered, tired, facing a complexity of sadness and problems which were too much for me. Then, one evening I happened to read that! And I lived on it thereafter! I am so glad that it was my beloved *Atlantic* which brought me such help, and some way I could not help wanting you to know, too, for it must seem like your child, and when it is beloved by others, your heart must be warmed with thankful pride.

Sincerely yours,

JULIA M. WHITTLESEY.

* * *

From the U.S. Flying Field at Benbrook, Texas, comes another comment, breezy and pleasant: —

CARRUTHERS FIELD, BENBROOK, TEXAS,
January 4, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When, in 'The Satisfied Reflections of a Semi-Bostonian,' I read the contempt of Alice-from-Chicago for the boy who considered an irregular *Atlantic* a hardship, my first reaction was antagonism toward Alice, accompanied by the inward remark that Chicago is a good place to be from — Chicago with its Carl Sanburgian noises, Armour-Swiftian smells, less fragrant Thompsonian politics, and criminally commercialized Western ini-

tiative and energy. I never have liked Chicago — vast, sprawling, dirty-faced, heavy-handed, vice-smeared Chicago. Its very name is raucous. Especially do I object to its being called 'a typically Western town,' I who live in the fresh, free, beautiful West. Nor do I like the women of Chicago. I can image them now, clad in the latest one-hundred- or five-hundred-dollar Paris models, with monstrous pork-packing-purchased diamonds on their French-maid-manicured fingers, sneering at everyone who is not sympathetic with the Chicagoan theory of life and living. Of course, there are many admirable people in Chicago, but I'm sure a goodly percentage of them are Semi-Something and do not scoff at the *Atlantic*.

The 'Satisfied Semi-Bostonian' also piqued me by her calm appropriation of the *Atlantic* as an exclusive adjunct to Boston. I am a non-satisfied entire-Oregonian, but I claim the *Atlantic* is as much mine as anyone's else on earth, whether he hail from Boston or Bangkok. In fact, I have long since ceased to think of Boston as the Hub of the Universe. I know I am.

Unlike the lady's son in France, I am not a hero of the war. All my campaigning has been done in the dust-filled air of Texas instead of in the blood-mixed mud of France. For the past six months I have been waging what we call the 'Bloody Battle of Benbrook' — learning to fly, and having learned, teaching others. Though we say it in jesting satire on our part in the war, our 'Bloody Battle' is not so far from the literal truth. Since this field was opened about a year ago, there have been over forty men killed in crashes, and probably five times that many wounded. Of the sixteen men who came here with me to learn to fly, four are dead; six have crashed and been hurt more or less seriously. There are not many outfits which have contended for democracy on the shell-whipped fields of France that can show as high a percentage of killed and wounded as my class in the 'Terrible Battle of Benbrook.' In justice to the Air-Service, however, be it said that few classes have such a tragic record. There is a remarkably small number of men killed and injured in training.

But what I started to say when I so rudely interrupted myself, was that while we fellows who 'never got across' know we will not get, and perhaps do not deserve, much consideration where real soldiers are concerned, still we have done some work and have endured some inconveniences, if not hardships.

One of my greatest inconveniences has been an irregular and absent *Atlantic* and the things for which it stands; lack of time and opportunity to read it and enjoy the associations and activities that make a cultured man. (Laugh, if you will, my Chicago Lady Alice.) Result: the harmonies of my soul have become discord; the value of my citizenship in the world is greatly lessened; my joy in life, within me and without, is tarnished and deadened; my intelligence and my emotions are cobwebbed and musty.

It is my hope to get out of the army soon. I like to fly, but I know if a man stays at it long

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — MARCH ATLANTIC

enough, some day he is likely to stop most suddenly — and messily. There are other sports that thrill me more than 'teaching the young idea how to fly.' In this game, it is seldom that we are allowed the privilege of making more than one serious mistake. If I should make one myself, well and good; but I do not like the thought of being an innocent sitter-in-the-front-seat when some raw rookie of the air makes his first, and perhaps his last, blunder. If he makes it, I have to rectify it before we hit. Some day I may be too slow, or he may freeze the stick, or something else may happen. Then his mistake becomes mine, so far as funerals are concerned. I gave up my chance to fly in France for him. That is all I want to give up, now that the 'military necessity' for turning out flyers rapidly is over. For his sake, I always will have to endure the ignominy of not having been in the 'real scrap'; have to content myself with the dubious glories of the 'Bloody Battle of Benbrook.' That is a great enough sacrifice for the 'genus cadet,' I think. So I want to get out.

And when I do, I shall seek some place where the ocean comes up in curling lines of foam; where steady ships crawl along the meeting-point of sea and sky; where the pungent salty wind stirs the green, God-pointing firs; seek some proud promontory on the sun-and-rain-soaked coast of Oregon; prop my lazy back against a stone and read *my Atlantic*, indulging the while in the 'Satisfied Reflections of an All-Oregonian.'

READ BAIN.

* * *

This joyous communication refers to a recent outbreak in the Contributors' Club.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON, *January 10, 1919.*
DEAR ATLANTIC, —

For a long time I have had trouble with Prepositions. (Does n't that sound like a patent-medicine testimonial?) That there is such an emotion as 'Pleasure of Prepositions' I am now well aware; but it is a joy which does not come easily — at least, not to the amateur. It is like the joy of gardening or the joy of training children — it comes only after a knowledge of their difficulties has been acquired; a reward for your labors, as it were.

I have only to go back a few months to live over a trying evening when I struggled with a balky 'from' and an obstreperous 'into,' and my mind resorted unpatriotically to the old rule for *an, auf, hinter, in, neben, über, unter, vor, and zwischen!*

I had Proper Nouns coupled with well-behaved Verbs, traveling in an harmonious company of tuneful Adjectives; but the Prepositions struck a discordant note, to offend the sensitive ear. They jarred and jangled and would n't keep step with their partners on the right. They upset my nerves and ruffled my temper and even got me — a one hundred per-center — threatening them with the German rule for marking time! Who would have thought that little things like Prepositions could be so upsetting?

But we can claim no experience exclusively

for our own, and it was only a few weeks later that I ran across the following in a letter from J. R. Lowell (dated February 2, 1886, and emanating from 68 Beacon St.) to W. D. Howells: —

'But I won't let you say (when you reprint) as you do on P. 5, 1st col. "bring us in closer relations"; for that is n't what you mean. You don't mean "bring in to us" but "bring us into" — that's what you mean. I am going to get up a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Prepositions. Animals have a certain natural means of defence. They can bite and Prepositions can't. The society will be immitigable. It will spare neither age nor sex, and will be happiest when dancing a war-dance on the broken ties of friendship.'

If he is not already familiar with it, the above extract may be of interest to your recent Contributor, and to any others who have experienced pleasure (or pain) from acquaintanceship with that highly gregarious (and consequently impossible-to-ignore) part of speech.

Yours very truly,

MARY M. JAYNES.

* * *

In justice to a much-respected branch of our army, we are glad to print the following letter: —

FRANCE, *December 17, 1918.*

DEAR SIR, —

With reference to the article in your magazine of September, 1918, under the heading 'Contributors' Column' [Club], entitled 'Us Angry Saxyums,' allow me, as a member of the organization referred to, to say, that not only myself but all others to whom I showed the article declare that it is a gross injustice to the regiment. . . .

The statistical records of every unit in the entire organization have been carefully checked up and no 'Babe,' or anyone with a similar nickname, has been found. As for the language this so-called 'Babe' and his tormentor used, it would be very hard indeed to find men as illiterate as the two mentioned in the article in the entire regiment.

I have had the opportunity to soldier with many young colored men from all sections of the United States (including Boston and New York), and from an intellectual point of view, the troops of the 8th Illinois compare favorably with any I have ever met, and I have met some troops of every combat organization in France and America.

Publicity that is based on facts is a credit to any organization, but articles of the type of 'Us Angry Saxyums' are actually slanderous; it is entirely without foundation, contradicts itself, and can be justly termed a fizzle, and articles of the kind referred to above are not the kind we need or seek. The writer could have used his time more advantageously if, while on that imaginary troop-train bearing the 8th Illinois to the war, he had gleaned some true facts about the organization. The regiment has n't been near Chicago, Illinois, since the early part of October, 1917

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — MARCH ATLANTIC

If the writer had used a little forethought and communicated with any of the reliable Chicago newspapers, instead of trying to write one from imagination, he would have received some first-hand information about the 8th Illinois. Merely as a point of information, allow me to state that it was the only organization in the entire U.S. Army that entered the lines with an all colored personnel from Private to Colonel; from this fact alone a blind man could see that it is not a regiment of comedians, as some poorly informed writers would have the public believe, but a truly representative regiment, both of Illinois and of intelligent colored people of the United States.

Should the writer or the editor at any time desire a brief authentic history of the organization, I should be glad to furnish it, as I have been closely associated with it for nearly fifteen years.

Respectfully,

ARMOUR R. HENDERSON, 2D LIEUT.

* * *

In this column, not infrequently, Boston is rubbed the wrong way. We take pleasure in smoothing down the ruffles with this flattering unction: —

BOSTON, January 15, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I smiled in December when reading of the Boston mother who feared for her suffering son deprived by the war of his accustomed literary diet; and may we not have a word from him on his return as to how he stood the deprivation?

I smiled, because, in my cozy bunk in a big transport, I could well afford to. What sailor would not? The big ship was dipping, contentedly and deeply, into its old Atlantic outside, and I into my new one inside. Now by a coincidence we were ordered to dry-dock in Boston, a decided novelty after continually running in and out of New York. Surely, thought I, here is a providential opportunity to test the effect of this far-famed rarefied atmosphere with my mental and moral barometer. Will it register heavy, dry, stormy, or just fair?

Now, one Monday afternoon I made the test. The Public Library was but partially inhabited and very pleasant to cruise about in. After reading my fill, and about to leave, a large sign informed me that a meeting of The Boston Ruskin Club was about to be held in the adjacent lecture-hall.

Now, after nearly a year and a half of troops, and trouble, and rush, a bit of Ruskin looked inviting enough. In my town there is no Ruskin Club; we have a thriving grange, which very properly is of the earth and earthy, and a village improvement society which is most improving physically; but Ruskin — no. So with much anticipation I entered the hall.

A charming lady for nearly an hour delighted some thirty-five of us, by reading and reviewing our idealist; and while under the spell, I wondered if just now we do not need this sort of thing more than ever before. I thought of Cobden and Mill, contemporaries of Ruskin, who perhaps had done

more than he at that time to alleviate suffering and better conditions. Yet we want for, nor have we any, Cobden or any Mill clubs. I'll wager, however, that a hundred years from to-day, when we only work six hours, and when the Bolsheviks and N.Y. *Times* lie down together — there will be as many Ruskin Clubs, or their equivalent, as there are now granges.

There must be! and until then, I don't know but that I'll settle down in Boston; and I say so without a smile.

HERBERT NOBLE.

* * *

Something there is in Wisconsin which certainly responds to criticism. Our January paper, *Prussianizing Wisconsin*, brought forth a multitude of letters, protesting, commending, never denying the facts, but refusing the inferences as often as accepting them. Many of these letters are highly interesting documents, and it was the editor's intention to include in this issue of the magazine a paper woven from the material they bring. The issue, involving as it does the whole vast question of 'Americanization,' is large and complex, and we have therefore decided to postpone its final discussion in the *Atlantic* until the April number.

* * *

In response to the requests of a large number of readers who regard this department as an integral part of the magazine, and who wish to have it so placed that it can be bound with the permanent volumes, we propose hereafter to print the pages of the Contributors' Column consecutively, and immediately after the Contributors' Club

* * *

The much-discussed correspondence between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, appearing in the February issue of the *Atlantic*, is, of course, textually accurate. It seems proper to state that the letters were handed to the Editor, while recently in London, by an old friend and conspicuous supporter of Mr. Asquith, with the suggestion that they be published in America. The matter was thoroughly canvassed at the time, and it was the clear understanding of the Editor of the *Atlantic* that while, for obvious reasons, Mr. Asquith did not wish to be in any way privy to the disclosure, he was entirely willing that it should be made. In the letters themselves, Mr. Lloyd George specifically states that he desires their publication.



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1919

THE SAGE-BRUSH FARMER'S WIFE

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

H—, IDAHO, 4, 28, 18.

MY DEAR MARY, —

When your belated telegram reached me, I was engaged in taking off hens from eighty new-hatched chicks, looking after one hundred and ten more, making over a dress to save the money for Liberty Bonds, baking war-bread with oatmeal, potatoes, bran, and a mere suspicion of wheat flour (surprisingly good, too), cleaning the house after the men's batching in it all winter, getting ready to receive a new hired hand and hunting anxiously for a hired girl, attending a lecture on food-conservation (where your telegram reached me and nearly scared me to death at first sight), making soap, and planting my war-garden with the aid of a Symphony Orchestra violinist, descendant of the Russian nobility on his mother's side.

You see, my violinist has come to invest in farm-land, and he has taken a notion to get some first-hand experience at farming. He is M— G—, of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and you may remember his visit to Provo, when he played in the tabernacle. He is much amused to think they had to build a platform especially for the eighty-five men in the orchestra, and called the tabernacle the Mormon church. I was simply flabbergasted this morning when he showed us his adver-

tising matter, with the press-notices from all over the world. He had just been praising my corn-waffles, and I was plumb skeered to look him in the face. All I could do was to murmur mournfully, 'Now I can never cook for you again!' But he ate my plain oatmeal mush, cooked under pressure in my steam-canner, with lots of cream, for supper, and we all forgot that we were entertaining a celebrity in disguise.

What a pleasure it was when he resurrected his fine violin from his trunk and played for us! I shall not eat a thing out of that sacred garden — but I suppose we shall have to, in spite of the sacrilege. Shades of his noble ancestors! I wonder what his mother, or those past enthusiastic audiences would think, if they could see his long, artistic fingers poking my onion-bulbs into the ground! He is a close friend of Mischa Elman, played for Galli-Curci only a short time ago, etc., etc., until my head whirls, and I wonder whether I am dreaming, having labored too hard at my various tasks.

How did we come by him? His uncle has a shack just below us, and he came unexpectedly there one day, and we took him in the next, ignorant of his musical worth.

Yours as ever,

A.

P.S. I am much amused at my Symphony artist being my gardener; but it is n't much stranger than me being a farmer's wife, now is it?

H—, IDAHO, 5, 13, 18.

DEAR FOLKS, —

In the midst of my rush I am trying to write to you. I have been cook and general houseworker for family and four hired hands, two of them sleeping in the wagon on some hay. Two are now gone, but with the two left I hardly know the difference. Thank goodness, it is against my patriotic principles to bake cake and pie. That word 'patriotic' shows the state of my mind. It is a wonder I did not write 'idiotic' in its place.

For some time Jim was on the verge of insanity trying to farm a hundred and twenty acres alone — get the crop in and irrigate at the same time. Then it rained hired hands. We have been farming with the aid of a Russian Bolshevik, an English conscientious objector, an I.W.W., and a man from Arkansas who never saw an irrigation-ditch before. The Russian Bolshevik is also a quite wonderful violinist, playing in the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. He wants to buy land, and thought it would be agreeable to help out some farmer who would board him for his labor. And then he wanted to choose what that labor should be, and just how much time he should put on it. Also, he was not giving the farmer any symphony music free of charge.

I revered his genius, but I reached the point where even Paderewski would have been able to irrigate the garden right or go to a hotel. He thought we were quite hard on him when we did n't want to keep him on just for his board, for, like the average city man, he has the opinion that it requires neither skill nor brains to farm, and that he could do it at a moment's notice if so

inclined. I tell you, it takes more brains, courage, and endurance to farm than to do any other work in existence. I consider myself a brave soldier in this world's war, with my uncured hair, my tired face, and my broken fingernails — down below the quick, so they hurt. That does n't mean that I am the most efficient person for the job. It simply means that I am doing all in my power.

So our Symphony violinist left today. Our conscientious objector left some days ago. Jim sent him to another farmer, who found papers in his coat which pointed to his being an I.W.W., and of course the I.W.W. is not allowed in Idaho. So the farmer turned him over to the sheriff. He was a red-headed English boy, and we were all certain he would be deported, but it turned out differently. We had been suspecting his companion who worked for us of being an I.W.W., and I dropped a few remarks to lead him on. His answers convinced me that he was one, and one day my Bolshevik violinist and my Polish hand got into quite a noisy argument as to which was the better Bolshevik, and Trotsky's name was thrown from one to the other, when I banged on the table. 'Now, look here, boys,' I said, no matter about your old-world affiliations. What I want to know is, what organization you belong to right here in America.'

I asked the violinist first, purposely.

He answered, 'None; I am an American citizen.' (He has taken out his first papers, but he is anti-English and anti-American.)

Then I turned to Gus, the Pole, born in Russia, but raised in America. 'And to what do you belong?'

He looked me frankly in the face and answered with a little smile, 'I am an I.W.W.'

'That is what I thought,' I answered quietly. 'You had better tell Mr. G—— as soon as you can.'

So Gus — that is his name — ‘fessed up,’ and Jim told him about the arrest of his partner, English George. We should have turned Gus in, I suppose; but we both like him and considered that, in spite of his violent principles, he was really less harmful to this country than the anti-English, anti-American violinist, who talks against the Liberty Bonds and other methods the government has of maintaining the war. Gus was unusually intelligent and well-read, a splendid worker, and, I have no doubt, an agent sent out by the I.W.W. to spread their propaganda. Gus and I had a great many talks, during which he failed to convince me of the right of sabotage.

When Gus heard of George’s plight, he went to the rescue, though we assured him that it meant a prison sentence; but both George and Gus were lucky, for George had been released, and Gus ‘talked’ his way out, as he expressed it in a letter.

Now we have left the man from Arkansas — a quiet, efficient farmhand, and American, thank heaven! We don’t want the ‘melting-pot,’ as America has been called, to boil over and spill any more aliens on our farm.

I have n’t a girl, for the man from Arkansas costs a hundred dollars per month, and we cannot afford the added forty dollars which Mary asks. So, with house, garden, and chickens, you can well imagine that I have my hands full. We go absolutely nowhere. We work from dawn till long after dark, and are never rested. There are times when it strikes me as a terrible life to live, and, like Gus, I ‘long for the Open Road.’ I wonder, when the city person is guying the farm hayseed, if he realizes what a life the farmer and his family live, and all for a mere pittance.

I had the fright of my life a day or so ago. It was my first experience with fire, and when I tell you that five min-

utes more would have meant that Joe and Rhoda — it is too horrible to dwell upon. When my Symphony Orchestra man failed me as an irrigator in the garden, I seized the time right after dinner, when both babies had been put to bed, to go out into the garden and set the water myself. I had just got it set when the violinist came out of the kitchen-door and called, ‘Your baby is crying, Mrs. G——.’ And in spite of the fact that he can’t farm and is anti-B. and A., I shall bless him all my life for calling me. I went into the house and could hear both Rhoda and Joe shrieking at the tops of their voices. I could smell something burning, and stopped to investigate my stove. Finding nothing wrong, I opened the bedroom door. I was choked by a gush of smoke, and could see beyond that one of the beds was on fire, and that in the other Joe and Rhoda were sitting up, screaming in terror. The flames were rushing up, but I beat them out with my hands, and dragged burning bedding and mattress out into the yard, where I poured on water. Remarkably, my hands were not burned.

I went back three times to bring out things, and each time nearly suffocated. The fourth time I brought the babies. The corner in which they were sitting was almost free from smoke on account of a partly opened window beside their bed. White and trembling, the three of us sat on the cellar-door, and my heart was full of thanks as I gazed at the ruined bedding and mattress. Rhoda was almost too frightened to tell me how it happened; but I was so glad to have both of them alive that I was very gentle with her. She had found a match in the pocket of her papa’s bathrobe, which happened to be lying across the foot of her bed. She has always been praised for bringing every match she finds to either her papa or me, so she called and called me to come and get

the match. As I did not come, she decided to light it, and because it burned her finger, she dropped it. Thank God, it did not fall on her cotton dress, but falling on the cotton comfort, it immediately burst into flames, and she was so alarmed that she ran over and crawled in bed with Joe, who woke and began to cry. The violinist was in the next room, but Rhoda was so frightened at what she had done that she did n't dare call him. Then, when the room began to fill with smoke and the flames to climb higher, both children cried aloud in terror.

If I had left them alone — or if I had stayed to set water five minutes longer —

I have been sick about it ever since. Other people have had to bear such things, and why not I? Nothing shall take me from the house again unless Walter or Jim is with them, even if the garden produces nothing. A.

H —, IDAHO, *June 9, 1918.*

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

We are having real summer days now. The boys have gone up swimming in the weir, flies are droning about, myriads of birds, such as we never had before, are here, and the mountains and the valley are a vision in blues, browns, and greens. The boys are really going barefoot for the first time in their lives. They have tried it several times, but failed; but now Jim tells them that they should be ashamed to wear shoes in war-time, and that the Civil War started the fashion of shoeless urchins. And since the war is a real issue with the boys, they are bravely treading, if somewhat gingerly, the cinder-path, the alfalfa, and the rough ground.

There must be thousands of families in the United States living as we are — almost planning our very breathing according to the war. Both boys have milk customers whose pay goes into

war-stamps. Each child now has a Liberty Bond, though some of them were contracted for with only faith to show where the money was coming from. We are eating strange breads that make us sit down with apprehension at the table. Most of it looks inedible, resembling masonry, roofing, etc., but tasting astonishingly good if you shut your eyes.

But if the bread looks more like the results of an adobe yard, there is no objection to be made on any score to my barley pancakes and barley waffles, corncakes and corn waffles. I use two thirds wheat in my bread, but no wheat whatever in biscuits, waffles, pancakes, and muffins. Besides, we eat lots of oatmeal mush.

A few days ago Jim came home from town and said, 'I turned in the flour-hoarders to the government.'

I turned to him, shocked. 'Why, Jim, that means your friends around here.'

'I have no friends during this war,' he answered. 'The government man asked me if I knew anyone out here hoarding flour, and I said I did. He asked for their names, and I gave them. They have no right to hoard flour during this war, and I have no friends who must be sheltered from the government.'

I agreed with him. I, for one, would be ashamed to have a piece of white bread on the table — unless it were made of white cornmeal. My conscience kicked up a dreadful row when I wanted to buy a dress this summer for best. I have n't had a best summer dress since we came to Idaho, and that's five years ago, and I have had one summer hat — \$1.40, from Sears & Roebuck, or Roars & Seaback, as Jim calls them. Conscience got the worst of it, for I sent away for a simple white dress and hat to go with it. If I had been able to get into my five-year-old white dress, I would n't have done so;

but I cannot go about with a dress in front and none in the back, even to save for the war. I might if I were beautiful, — might even dispense with the gown entirely, — for modesty in my opinion should be used principally to hide imperfections. The beauty of the human body is not wicked when exposed, but only when suggested.

How some of the people here do try to escape helping the government! It is n't because they are farmers, it is because they are ignorant, and know nothing of the labor-pains that are now throwing the world into agonized prostration. I would rather die, cut off in youth, having pulsed with the heart of a world-ideal, than live forever, — hibernate, — shut off in thought and sympathy from highest resolve of the human family.

We have our troubles with our work. A deep community well has been driven at the schoolhouse, and we are looking forward to having some of the water. Jim, being a trustee, was at the bottom of that well — oh, no, I don't mean that literally. I am afraid that, if the well had been driven and only Jim found at the bottom, the community would have been ungrateful enough to be disappointed. As it is, they are kicking, many of them, because he was at the bottom of the plan that gave us the deep well — and yet we are to be without water of any kind for three months next winter, and they know it! I believe they would go around with their tongues hanging out with thirst rather than owe their drink to someone who had the brains to think of driving the well with public funds for the benefit of us all. But farmers are no more jealous of each other than business-men, doctors, lawyers, teachers, or actors.

I forgot to say that our troubles consist of that which frequents the kidneys. Jim had just made some exclamation to that effect when Rhoda made the

startling announcement, 'Joe dropped one of his kidneys.' 'Is that so?' I heard Jim say; 'and then what did he do?' 'Oh,' answered Rhoda, 'he picked it up and swallowed it again.'

We greeted this answer with laughter, Charles joining loudly, whereupon Walter, the sophisticated, challenged, 'Charles, you don't know what a kidney is.'

Charles was equal to the occasion, however. 'Yes, I do,' he said, 'it's trouble. Don't you know papa always says, "kidney trouble"?''

My trouble, of course, is the incurable caused by Joe's birth, and I work and pray at the same time. But what's the use of complaining? I can bear things as long as I can, and when I can't, I can't. And my bearing period usually lasts from sun-up till long after dark. The pain is not so bad that I cannot sleep through most of it. But it is a very foolish and useless trouble to be carried about by a farmer's wife.

Jim is irrigating one hundred and twenty acres as fast as he can, I am irrigating a half-acre garden, and the kids are irrigating everything on the place except their hands and faces. Rhoda fell in the canal this morning all over, and yesterday Joe sat down in a muddy ditch up to his waist. Oh, the joys of wash-day on an irrigated farm!

I get up an hour before anyone else in the house and work in the garden. It is the only time I can squeeze out. And yet the weeds are trying to smother things. But I have my reward, for the world is very beautiful in the tender early morning, with a mist over her waking eyes. And the little birds twitter, while the insects begin to awaken. The smell of it, too — the good, fresh, green earth just waking to another day. And nobody but me and God fully awake there in my garden! The feel and the thrill of it is worth forcing my tired body out of bed to experience.

Don't know when I shall have a chance to write again, so am making a book of this. My love to you all. Think of a green farmhouse on the top of a hill, with the green valley all round, circled by beautiful blue mountains, the blue sky above, with floating white puffs of clouds, and me standing in the garden taking breaths and just soaking it all in. Good-bye.

Yours, A.

H—, IDAHO, *July 4, 1918.*

DEAR COUSINS, —

I am heart and soul for the Non-Partisan League which has just come to Idaho. The farmers are the most patient class in the world — partly because of ignorance. It took educated farmers to start the Non-Partisan League, and it is the educated farmers that are making it 'go.' I have been a victim, as a farmer's wife, of so many abuses by those more powerful than the farmer, that I am ready right now to vote for the League candidates. Senator Borah is to be one of them, and I think the League is apt to favor the Republican ticket more than the Democratic, because Senator Borah was the means of getting a plank into the platform in favor of state-owned water and other utilities. Of course, you know that the League does not put its own ticket in the field, but just supports the men it wants on either ticket, unless there is no good man to be had; then it runs a man of its own.

Returning to our haying, I told Jim that I knew at last that he really loved me, when he came home and told me that he had told the men he asked to help him that 'there was nothing doing on the supper.' I expected them to refuse to help him, but most of them have hay themselves this year, so they did n't balk. That supper, after a big dinner, and mountains of dishes at noon, has always been the straw to break the

camel's back. I consider this one of the bravest, most thoughtful, and loving acts that a farmer ever did for his wife, and entirely without precedent. I hope, for the sake of the other women here, it will start a new fashion. The poor woman next to us had ten men to cook for — they have an old-fashioned hayderrick — noon and night for about a week, and was so sick she was hardly able to be about at the time. Her husband was afraid to squeak, and those helpers did n't care. There is nobody on earth, I verily believe, so utterly heartless with women as some farmers. They regard them as work-animals, and have become so used to seeing them drudge with a burden almost too hard to bear, that they think nothing of it — think nothing of anything except their own convenience and a dollar saved.

Jim had the unique experience of hatching out a batch of chicks with a mowing-machine. True, he cut off the mother's head at the same time, and the operation was not quite delicate enough, as it killed a number of chicks; but the children carefully gathered up the others, and I finished getting them out of the shells, and placed them under a pullet that had been broody for three days. She would n't accept them at first, but I put her in the chick-pen with them, and she had a chance to size them up. She seemed very much distracted. She felt certain that she had not sat on the marked nest-egg long enough to hatch out six chicks. At last she seemed to turn it over in her mind and become resigned. 'Perhaps,' she seemed to think, 'this is just some more war-time efficiency — instead of taking three weeks to bring out my chicks, I have been allowed only three days. I expected to get a good long rest, but I suppose it's a case of work or fight, and I don't fancy the trenches, so here goes.' Whereupon she adopted them.

The casualties are very great on the farm — mostly wild things. Every day the children bring in dead birds and rabbits, and we mourn over them. The farm is overflowing with birds this year although there are hardly any trees. They nest in the earth, with alfalfa waving above them. They are around our doors every day — meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, mourning doves, purple martins, pheasants, orioles, hawks, canaries, mocking-birds, killdeer, and up above, passing over our heads, the sandhill cranes, wild geese, and ducks. The rabbits are very bad this year, and are taking the crops on farms at the outside of the segregation. There have been several rabbit drives. Did you ever see one? To me it is terrible. The men and women chase the rabbits with clubs, and as they club the pitiful creatures to death, the rabbits scream like babies.

The men pile them in ghastly mounds — long-eared, velvet-furred, glassy-eyed. I suppose there is no help for it, as the warm winter has caused them to propagate so freely, and the grass is gone from the range. Also, the farmer got it into his head that the coyote was his enemy, and killed them nearly all in these parts. The coyotes seldom troubled any of us except with their weird cries, and they kept down the rabbit population within bounds.

With much love,

A.

H—, IDAHO, *July 12, 1918.*

MY DEAR SISTER, —

When I read of the fruit you have been 'putting up,' I feel like saying with a former neighbor of mine that it seems 'hardly impossible' that you should be able to get fruit so easily. Here it is the twelfth of July, and I have n't been able to get my hands on a quart of fruit, that is, excepting a few red currants that grew in our gar-

den. That will be the extent of the fruit-crop on our farm this year. We usually have a few strawberries — not enough to can — but some to eat with shortcake to make them go further; but the frost got them this year, and next year the alfalfa will have them in its all-embracing grasp, having invaded the garden in the solid ranks of an enemy army.

I have just written for seventy-five pounds of cherries, but have not yet heard whether I shall be successful in obtaining them. Have just heard of some dewberries at \$3 per crate. Way out of sight, but feel that we must have them, as I hear on all hands that the fruit crop here is short, and that the merchants in Twin Falls are buying up everything and shipping it out of the country. A fine patriotic thing to do, considering that the local women are frantic for fruit, that the government is urging using home-products, that the railroads are congested with necessary freight, and that by sending these products out, the merchants will be enabled to sell to the women here, who cannot obtain fruits for canning, their own high-priced canned goods next winter. Talk about profiteers!

We simply camp in the summer-time — not an unnecessary thing to catch dust, not an unnecessary thing that must be cleaned. I used to look at your house last winter, with all its china, bric-à-brac, fine furniture, and silver, and try to picture it after one week on an irrigated farm with you taking care of a garden and chickens — but my imagination broke down. I had white spreads on the beds until last week, but I could n't stand the washing — they had to go in the tub every week. You see we have no room for a couch downstairs where the beds are, and some of us want to lie down every day. The beds are the only place to rest. I will not deny a tired father or sleepy boy

the use of the bed just because he has on overalls, and overalls are never clean. So the beds have sage-colored covers on that answer the purpose of comfort if not of beauty.

What housekeeping I do is done under four decided disadvantages, namely, Walter, Charles, Rhoda, and Joe. I had just papered the pantry shelves when I was horrified to notice a dribbling of molasses all over their otherwise clean surfaces. Could I have dripped it in an absent-minded mood? But no, as I gazed upon its varying trail, I decided that I might be absent-minded, but I was not crazy. At least, not in my own opinion. Investigation showed that Walter thought it would be a worthy object to get rid of the flies, which have begun to come. He decided that molasses was the way, and since the flies were coming to the pantry shelves, what could be more natural than to catch them there with molasses?

My gardening is done under the same conditions. All the family camps joyfully on mother's trail when she goes forth to garden. Rhoda carefully nurtures a milk-weed under the guise of 'thome nithe lettuth,' while uprooting all the young beets around it to give it room; Charles thoughtfully pulls the heads off the young beans to help them through the ground; Walter makes dams in the irrigation corrugates, which his mother later vehemently 'damns,' internally if not externally; Joe walks without distinction, treading down young corn, tomatoes, lettuce, etc., and leaving ruin in his wake; and to cap it all, the dog, who adores me, comes in affectionately, with his head cocked on one side, tail waving jubilantly, to watch me thin turnips, and sits down on my biggest, most promising tomato-plant. Of course, the tomato-plant is no more. Then mother rises in wrath. It was the dog that

broke, not only the tomato-plant, but the camel's back. Mother grabs a baby in each hand, and forces the two young hoodlums on ahead of her, with the dog slinking, tail in, at the rear. Oh, well, babies and dogs are more important than gardens, but we do have to provide for the eating on the farm. In fact, the eating problem is about the most important one. I hope to can several hundred quarts of fruit and vegetables before the summer is over, salt down some vegetables, and dry others. Dried fruit I cannot endure, but if we had the fruit to dry, I would gladly do it, so that there would be plenty on hand.

I have a chicken hospital on the back porch that is always 'full up' — every bed taken. After they are well enough to turn loose, my heart is wrung by the fact that they usually die of one thing or another within a day or two, hospital life having unfitted them for meeting the cold, cold world. A few days ago Rhoda was with her father, who was milking, when a beautiful white hen came staggering out of the tool-room, turned up her toes, and proceeded to die. 'Boys, one of you has uncovered the poisoned oats. Go see to it. Rhoda, don't you tell your mamma about that hen,' said Jim.

As soon as Rhoda reached the house, of course she imparted the horrifying news. I went immediately to the scene of trouble and found the hen dying, her head purple. I took her to the house, poured tannic acid solution down her, cut her crop open, having boiled all necessary instruments, dug out the poisoned grain, sewed her up inside and outside, nursed her on the back porch for three days, and she is now hopping about and singing her laying song, which appeals to me as much as that of any grand opera star, this time of year, when eggs are scarce.

We nearly lost our little Joe in the

big ditch — a canal — that runs in front of our house. We had had two scares, and then the awful thing happened. Walter just happened to notice that the little fellow had slipped down the muddy bank and could n't get out. Of course, each of us thought the other one was watching him. I never let him out of my sight now. I can hardly believe that we really have our baby still, after seeing him led to me dripping and shaking from the ditch. That ditch has been my nightmare with three babies. I keep Joe in now unless I take him with me.

Love from your SISTER.

H—, IDAHO, 10, 15, 18.

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

Just at the time that the checks came for Rhoda's and Joe's birthday, the rush season had begun, and it has never slackened a moment since. Now, while I write, the tomatoes and string beans are waiting to be canned, and a rooster is walking placidly about the yard, who will within the hour be occupying an aluminum kettle. It is cook, cook, cook and can, can, can.

We had twenty-six men for our threshing. I did all the cooking, with a woman to come and help serve and wash dishes. Not having any help has kept me too busy to breathe this summer. Mary wanted forty dollars a month, and of course I was to do all the cooking. As our hired man costs us one hundred per month, we could n't see much profit in that.

The view from our house would be worth any amount of money. We are on a rise of land overlooking the valley, with the sweeping mountains all around the horizon. They change in color from hour to hour, pale blue, steel gray, deep purple, and our heads are in the clouds, giving a magnificent sense of space that almost amounts to wings. Many times, as I have been hanging out the clothes,

I have stopped stock still with a sense of elation, as I gazed at the wonderful breadth of sky full of puffy clouds gliding gently along, and I have lost all earth-sense, and have felt that I, too, was gliding along with them, freed from all that hampers one on this globe. I may change my mind, but at present I feel that I could not bear to spend my life anywhere in the world but on this rise of land, facing this clean, mountain-embraced valley, with the clouds and the blue stretching in one vast eternity above me.

I have been laughing to myself about my innocent discussion of politics in one of my letters to you. I understand better about the Non-Partisan League now, and while I am just as good a Leaguer as ever, I can't help feeling sorry for the poor Democrats. I won't ever dare tell my father that I belong to a political organization that would play the Democrats such a mean trick. You see, all we did was to go into the primaries and steal their ticket. Our candidates were all 'Democrats,' — some of them temporarily so, — and since we are a strong organization, our candidates swept everything before them. The state will undoubtedly go Non-Partisan. Thank God for that! We have been robbed of everything but our false teeth, and the business men are just waiting for us to get them, so that they can pry them loose from us. All farmers have to wear them because they never have any money to get their teeth fixed. Oh, the hopes that the farmer lives upon! Oh, the dreams that his daughter nurses! Oh, the despair that his wife dies of! It's a dog's life, Cousin J—, and there are only two reasons that keep human beings living it — ignorance and love of nature.

For there is a thrill about 'raising' things that is not found in anything else in the world. But why should the farmer and his wife be underpaid for

enjoying that thrill? I am raising some of the most delicious fall lettuce that ever angelized a cheese sandwich. If I tried to sell that result of my patience, perseverance, and care, I might realize five cents a head, though it is more probable I would have to sell five big heads for a dime. When this lettuce finally reached your and Cousin L——'s table, it would cost you three or four times that much. That is the sort of thing the Non-Partisans are going to change. Oh, fie! that was n't a good illustration either. But you understand what I mean.

Charles came in this morning with the announcement, 'Mamma, I know what makes the sea salty.'

'Is that so, Charles?'

'Yes, mamma; the reason is that our ships keep taking salt over to the English and the French, and the Germans keep sinking them.' While I was recovering from this disclosure, he added, 'Don't they pay people for making discoveries, mamma?'

'Sometimes,' I answered.

'Well, then, mamma, don't you think I could get paid for making that discovery?'

When I considered how many thrift-stamps he had probably bought in imagination since making his 'discovery,' I hated to disillusion him. However, he went on his way happily, and to-night he will come home from school with other wonderful discoveries, for which there is no money-value, but which are invaluable to keep his mother amused and well balanced.

Love to you both.

A.

H——, IDAHO, Nov. 2, 1918.

DEAR COUSINS, —

The mountains are so beautiful now! They stretch in a long, graceful, undulating line, generally cold blue, with the snow shining in pearly veins. We are

on such high land that we look down toward the mountains on all sides; for on clear days we can see the Sawtooth Mountains to the north. The valley is so big and we are so high, that we have no sense of being shut in; rather, we have the soaring freedom of the mountain-tops and the clouds whose intimates we are. I feel selfish when I see daily our gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, for I realize that we are so few out here compared with the thousands that never see such awesome illuminations.

A.

H——, IDAHO, 12, 1, 18.

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

The war is over. We are like runners who were speeded up to take several laps more, and who have suddenly and unexpectedly reached the end. It is no wonder that I cannot believe that it is over, for I have not participated even in the fake celebration. Echoes of the real thing came to us only through the newspapers and letters. We went quietly on, baking our bread and milking our cows. But it is like that poem which says, 'But, oh, the difference to me!' Life has lost its savor. The paper is a dull squabble about indifferent topics that concern us but little. Glad I am that the war is over. Gladder than I can say. But I suffer slump from long-sustained excitement.

Jim was elected to the legislature on the Non-Partisan ticket — that is, on the Democratic ticket. But we lost the state. It was the farmers' own fault. The men are trying to say that it was 'flu,' fright, etc., but it was just plain farmer ignorance and indifference. The farmer deserves all he is getting. And I am caught in the web with the rest of them. I am not nearly as useful as most of them, though I work as many hours, for my mind will lift itself up in dumb rebellion, to ask what all this long labor is about that brings so little return in

the things that make life more easy to live. While the world is in the grip of famine, three fourths of Idaho's potatoes were left to rot in the fields because the farmers were required to grade their potatoes for market to a certain size. For these graded potatoes they received less than a dollar a hundredweight, and paid twenty-five cents for the sacks. Would n't you think that they would make three grades, small, medium and large, and sell the medium at a higher price? The reason for this waste is that the farmers held contracts for all potatoes at ninety cents a hundred. If big and little were taken, the farmer could have made a fair profit. When the contractors saw this, they worked a little political scheme and had the rule compelling the farmers to supply only the high-price potatoes at that price, leaving the others to rot. Chicago buys these same potatoes for four dollars a hundred. Someone may say that this is all legitimate dealing with the farmers, but they'll have to prove to me that it is not only a square deal to the producer, but to the starving millions who would be glad to eat those great big baked potatoes that have become famous on the 'diners.'

Last year the farmers received about fifteen dollars for their hay. This year the sheep-men have refused to pay more than twelve, measured their own way, which, according to the government measure, means only ten dollars per ton. Yet wages were twenty per cent higher this year, and labor one hundred per cent harder to get, with machinery and every necessary supply fifty per cent higher in cost. Jim refuses to sell at this price, so our hay stands in four monumental mounds — monuments to the farmer's long-suffering patience. The sheep-men have the money, and have combined against us, so there is no help.

In spite of what has been said in the paper, we have received but \$1.90 for wheat. This gives but small profit to the farmer. That reminds me, one of our neighbor farmers was anxiously telling Jim that he had read in the paper that next year wheat would be 'a drudge on the market.' I thought the only drudge on the market was the farmer's wife. The idea of wheat occupying that place amused me greatly. Another man was in just as the paper arrived. He seized upon it and began reading about 'Choss in Berlin.' This awful thing captured my imagination, and I heard him no further. I was consumed with a desire to know what this 'Choss' was, and decided finally that it must be some famous general who had hitherto evaded me, particularly as he seemed to throw the people into great consternation. As soon as possible I laid hands upon the paper and read, 'Chaos in Berlin.'

Things are so beautiful as I look out upon them from my hill-top! Last night I gazed upon the world wrapped in her moon-veil mysterious, and said, 'How perfect! 'Tis like heaven.' But — is heaven like this? Or do the dead gaze out upon heaven as I upon the world, and say, 'How perfect — 'tis like a higher heaven'? Always and always reaching on and on, beyond perfection that is no longer perfection, to that perfection which, too, ends in a doubt? Fools! for the moon-veil hides the earth — the good brown earth; the good green growing things; the trees, the birds, the clouds; enough of joy to fill a heaven full, and that, having not learned to love and use to the uttermost, will make all heaven seem empty when it comes, — lacking, — through lack of power to joy it forth.

We send our very best love to you all. May M — soon join you is our hope. A.

DREAMS AND COMPOUND INTEREST

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

THE Square was all but deserted. Even the time-worn court-house, centred among weeds and scrawny catalpas, seemed dozing, and the little county seat's one stone-fronted building, the First State Bank, with blinds drawn, appeared to have shut its eyes wearily after one more fussy day in heavy harness.

Inside, Bob, the youthful teller, was clacking away at the Burroughs, jerking his skinny, stringy neck each time he yanked the handle. The cashier mumbled solemnly as he stacked the twenties in five-hundred-dollar piles. James Osborne, the president, — bag-eyed, with a stern, inexorable face, a rock-ribbed jaw, and heavy figure, — sat writing letters. And at her desk near his, Janet Graham, the girlish vice-president, was going over belligerent-looking mortgages.

Her mind was far from southeastern Kansas. Mechanically, she would note the dates on the interest coupons, and then, after jotting down a memorandum, she would stop and think a moment of her husband, Robert. His letter, which had come from New York on the noon train, was on her mind and in her heart. She slipped it out of its envelope and read it again. It told her that the managers could not even consider his play. It was too high-brow. That sort of thing would not go. 'And probably they are right,' he added.

'You know, dear,' he wrote candidly, 'it takes only a few days' peddling to transform a philosophical comedy into

a tragedy. They were nice to me. I did n't expect so much attention. I should not have been surprised at complete indifference, if not rebuffs. Instead, I was taken out to dine by three potentates, and on each occasion told how utterly absurd I was to put my energy into this style of work. And I guess it's the truth, sweetheart.'

Intuition as well as judgment whispered to Janet that in Robert's very absurdities lay his power. Any number of clever men could manufacture the popular current play and straightforward, interesting story. But to write sparkling moonshine that left the bemused reader uncomfortably conscious that, while apparently talking in the absurdest fashion, the author had somehow given a penetrating criticism of life — this was left for the few who, when their genius had ripened, wrote for all time.

That *The Miracle Men* had a touch of this quality, Janet was as positive as Robert was doubtful. He had brought it to her, saying in his gentle naïve way, 'Of course, Janet, no civilized human being should write a play with such persons as these in it. I'm afraid the very characters are enough to queer its chances.'

In a modern setting, this droll comedy presented a group of rare spirits in commonplace, sordid environments. Voltaire had become a fishmonger; Chesterton, a plumber; Shaw, a 'gimme-the-rent' Irish landlord; Shakespeare, a successful movie-owner; Poe, an undertaker; Dante, an Italian ice-cream vender; Beethoven, a pianist in

a Fourteenth Street theatre orchestra; Juliet, a worker in a box-factory, and Hamlet, — alas, not Romeo, — her dopy husband.

There were others, all similarly situated. Their immediate lives were materialistic, but the artist in them strove for their pasts. In Hamlet's one-room domicile, this extraordinary company gathered to plot an escape from the actual, and regain their former glories; but, each innately hostile to the others, their plans collapsed in utter disappointment. Their effort to organize genius was as futile as an attempt to persuade an eagle, an angel, a demon, and a fish to pull together for one purpose. The play presupposed a degree of culture. Otherwise the delicate nuances of irony were lost. If it was talky in places, it was scintillating talk. It was actable in the right atmosphere. But Janet, always just, had to admit that she could not wholly blame the commercial managers.

'I gave them up,' wrote Robert, 'and went down to Washington Square, where I met several young men and women who are interested in a little theatre. I found them receptive, even cordial. They probably thought the play just freakish enough to command attention. There won't be a chance this spring, but they will try it out early next fall *if* — notice the *if* — if I put up twenty-five hundred dollars to guarantee them against loss. If it is less, they agree to rebate the difference, though between ourselves I rather question the value of their promises. It seems to be quite taken for granted there will be some loss. They summer at Provincetown, and I can go up with them to work on the scenery and costumes. The play will be presented at least six times, which is fair. I have also been to see the publisher of whom I spoke in my last letter. He will publish the play *if* it is produced on the

stage, *if* — another *if* — if we guarantee five hundred in case the first edition of a thousand falls flat. I know how you feel, darling, but I am strongly convinced that I should go home and forget about it. I have had lots of fun writing this thing. Why go further? Think it over carefully, Janet.'

Practical judgment told her to call it off; but Robert's dreams were hers. She wanted him to have a fair chance. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money; but who would have known Thomas Hardy if he had n't financed his first novel? Suppose many of the initial thousand of the published play should be left? Were n't the remainders of others' early editions cherished now by the discriminating world? It was n't as if it were a question whether or not Robert could write. The utilitarian side to his gift was as clear and as lucrative as her own banking methods. Years spent with newspapers and magazines had taught him how to turn out articles that were always in demand at a good figure. But this spark that was 'different,' that experimented — Janet did not want it smothered; she wanted, passionately, to help kindle it into flame.

II

When they were married, three years before, many papers carried items about them. She was, they said, precisely the sort of young woman that alarmists of not so very long ago were lifting their voice against in warning. She had not been long out of college when the death of the head of her family called her to take that place and make its third generation of country bankers. She had accepted cheerfully what seemed to her a clear duty to 'carry on,' and had settled down in her little native town. It had never occurred to her, once Robert had found he could continue his work from there, that she should not combine a

business and domestic life; and systematizing her day, she took as much pride in her cozy home as in the dividends the bank declared.

Blessed with a happy, enthusiastic temperament, she gave an impression of buoyant youth that made her seem much less than her thirty years; her compact little figure radiated charm and vitality, and sunny chestnut hair curled about a merry, piquant face, lighted by warm, friendly, brown eyes that registered infinite shades of feeling. Often care-free as a child's, sometimes they were luminous with wisdom.

As she returned to the Harvey mortgage, which she had deserted for Robert's letter, she frowned her dissatisfaction. Here was a man who should not be in arrears, a farmer who could make money. Where others less able than he were meeting their obligations promptly, Harvey was lagging behind, letting interest grow into the dread monster of compound interest. The conviction grew in Janet's mind, that if Robert were to have the means to bring his play before the public, Harvey would be one of the men who would have to pay up.

'Jim,' she called suddenly to Osborne, 'this second coupon of the Harveys fell due several weeks ago. That makes them two years back in their interest. It totals around seven hundred dollars. Don't you think we should have Joe and his wife secure it by a chattel mortgage on their growing crop?'

James Osborne was of the old school. He had been cashier under Janet's father, and had taught her practically all she knew of the business. He seemed uncompromisingly stern, but she had found that under a gruff exterior beat one of the kindest of hearts. Both Osborne and Janet, like many country bankers, applied themselves to farmers' problems. They knew when to be easy and when to tighten the reins.

And as the Grahams and Osborne owned two thirds of the stock, what they decided was law. Where Osborne was sometimes too conservative, a trifle old foggy, perhaps, Janet might have been too venturesome. Together they struck a balance, one that encouraged healthy dividends twice a year.

'Yes,' agreed Osborne, grimly, 'we'll have to do something all right. Joe is on one of his buying tears right now. Just look at this.' And he handed Janet a check.

'On us for four hundred dollars!' she exclaimed; and seeing some penciling in the lower left-hand corner, read: 'Part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis.'

'Can you beat it? He is overdrawn now.'

Janet's lips set closely. Robert's dreams would never become tangible realities if a few more Harveys were to nest under the shelter of the First State Bank.

'It came through Kansas City this morning,' observed Osborne.

'I see it is a sight draft dated from Illinois. He is probably at some stock show. Jim, what do you think of that man?'

'Well, it's hard telling,' replied Osborne. 'He's a sort of genius, he is. But his dreams are too big for his pocketbook, so he lets them lop over into other people's. He used to do first-rate until he got this high-grade-stock craze and took the notion that he was appointed by the gods to develop the dual-purpose breed of cattle. We've lent him money off and on for the last fifteen years. There was a time when all he had to do was to ask for it; but somehow he seems to be going down hill lately. You know how things stand as well as I do. We've got to put our foot down and put it down hard.'

'He always seems so superior to his wife,' mused Janet. 'But I suppose,'

she added shrewdly, 'that is because he gets out so much and mingles with stimulating people, while she is so tied at home. She and the two older boys about run the dairy. I notice one of the daughters helps deliver the milk.'

A vigorous rattling at the door interrupted them. As the teller opened it, Janet saw a large, stolid woman, in a straight, rusty coat that concealed any possible grace. Held tightly was a huge armful of baby, and clinging to her skirts was a bewitching-faced little butterfly of a girl.

'How-do-you-do, Mrs. Harvey?' said the young man, easily.

'Just fine, Bob,' returned the woman in a deep, pleasant voice. 'Is Mrs. Graham in?'

'Come back here, Fanny,' invited Janet, rising and going to open the door to a semi-private office. 'Do sit down and unwrap the baby. How old is he now?' she asked, watching Mrs. Harvey divest the infant of the heavy outer blanket.

'Four months. But it ain't a boy. It's a girl.'

'Oh, so she is,' returned Janet placidly. Long ago she had learned when in doubt to take it for granted that every child was a future president. 'What a darling! And you call her — ?'

'Pearl.'

'Of course,' thought Janet. 'Pearl or Pansy. The more prosaic the mother, the more poetic the name.'

'This here one's Marie,' continued Mrs. Harvey. 'She'll be two in May.'

'My baby will be one in May!' exclaimed Janet. 'So this is what she will be like a year from now. It does n't seem possible they can grow so rapidly.' With tender curiosity she looked at the little girl, whose appealing violet eyes, chiseled features, and exquisite body made Janet wonder how Fanny Harvey could have produced such a lovely creature. 'She is adorable,' she said sin-

cerely, and went briskly to get some paper and a pencil for Marie to play with while she and Mrs. Harvey talked.

'Give me Pearl,' she said, 'while you take off your coat and Marie's. It's so warm in here I'm afraid you may catch cold when you go out. These spring days are very deceptive. I'm going to take off the rest of this wee lamb's wraps.' And she was soon cooing down mother-fashion into the little face. 'Marie two years, and this one four months! Seven children already, and Fanny not more than three years older than I!' she thought. 'Well, for women like her, motherhood is as incidental as for their stock.'

'I've never seen your baby,' ventured Mrs. Harvey.

'Here is a picture of her taken at eleven weeks,' said Janet proudly. And with Pearl still in her arms she went to get it.

'My, ain't she sweet!'

'She is quite different now,' answered her mother softly. 'I know someone who is most awfully hungry,' she laughed; for little Pearl had begun to rummage in the folds of Janet's smart frock. 'It's impossible even to try to think until one's baby is contented. I know from experience. Come into the directors' room; it's more secluded.' And as they sat down at the long table, she added, 'When Alice was younger she used to have her dinner here every afternoon.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Harvey with eager interest. 'I told Joe they must take the baby over here to you.'

It struck Janet as odd that Joe and Fanny Harvey had speculated upon where she nursed her baby. 'Yes,' she smiled, 'but now I feed her when I put her to sleep before I come in the afternoon, and then the first thing when I get home. She does splendidly. I think I shan't wean her until the hot summer is over.'

Mrs. Harvey nodded her approval. 'It's best not to,' she said with authority. Then, with a gesture dramatic in its simplicity, she opened her waist a trifle farther. A jagged, ugly scar crossed the breast against which little Pearl lay.

Janet's eyes misted with quick tears. 'Oh, my dear, did you have to go through *that*?'

'The sixth,' said Mrs. Harvey, with a significant glance at Marie. 'And she had to go on one. But this,' with a touch of her roughened fingers on Pearl's hair, 'this has two. You have no trouble?'

'None at all,' Janet answered gratefully.

Mrs. Harvey sighed. It was a sigh that told as much as her words. 'I have a hard time with all my children,' she confided. 'Before they come, too. Seems like I can't hardly get through my work. Joe used to tell me how you was always here in the bank every day. I've heard folks wonder how you get any time to give to Alice.' Janet noticed the easy use of her baby's name, as if it had been often on Mrs. Harvey's tongue. 'But I tell 'em, "Land! I wish I could give as much time to mine." It worries me how I have to let them go; but when there's only one pair of hands—'

'They are beautiful children,' said Janet warmly, drawing Marie close. 'I wonder if Alice will be quite as enchanting. Wonderful little souls! There is nothing like them.'

The faces of the two women filled with expression. A genuine sweetness, a certain sound experience shone from both. They talked of their children. Alice was eleven months and walking everywhere. Marie had walked at the end of ten. And her little legs were straight? But one could see! Pearl had the colic badly. Had Fanny used one of the bands that go over the shoulders

under the shirt? They did n't slip, and kept the little stomachs so warm. Johnny was just starting to school and found the two-mile walk pretty far. Joe hoped soon to be able to buy a pony for the children to drive. They had been promised one for a year, but Gladys had been put off from her music for more than that. She seemed so pale this spring. Did she have enough vegetables with iron in them, spinach and carrots and such? A warm intimacy, as real as the fundamental facts upon which it rested, drew the two together. Gentleness and motherhood possessed the room. On the soft, ample bosom little Pearl slept.

The clock sounded the half hour, and a ripple of uneasiness flowed between them. Janet became acutely conscious that time was passing. Now, with little Pearl asleep, was the time to talk. She was aware, too, from the tension in Mrs. Harvey's silence that she, also, was gathering her forces for some difficult utterance. They must get down to business. Yet, somehow, it was harder than usual. Heretofore, she had always dealt with Joe, and thus had not been made poignantly cognisant of the Harveys' struggle. Women had the capacity to give the most ordinary transaction emotional coloring, while men usually impersonalized most deals. They knew how to keep their feelings in one compartment and cold facts in another. Janet's generous heart longed to give instead of to demand, but the latter had to be done, if not by her, then by Jim. There was no point in shifting responsibility. And besides, there was Robert's letter from New York. She was quiet a moment longer, then a little abruptly, —

'I'm awfully glad you came in this afternoon, because I was just going to write you. We must do something about this back interest. It can't be allowed to pile up as it is doing now. In the first place, it is n't good business on

our part, nor fair to our stockholders; and then, it just makes it that much harder for you, Fanny, if you let your interest compound. You must clear some of it up. Mr. Osborne and I think we shall have to ask for a chattel on your growing wheat and corn as security.'

Mrs. Harvey's face clouded. 'You know, we would've paid if we could. If we get any kind of a crop, we'll turn over as much as we can spare and live. I don't think you ought to ask for a mortgage on the only thing we've got we can call our own.'

'Fanny,' said Janet gently but with unmistakable firmness, 'I am sure Joe is perfectly straight, but when he owes as much as he does here and then goes to Illinois and writes a check on us for four hundred dollars that reads "part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis," we are certainly going to see to it that we are protected, and that when you harvest your wheat this summer, some of it is coming to us and not going into more stock. If it is what you were planning to do anyway, — and I take your word for it when you say it is, — you surely can't consistently object.'

'Joe knows what he is doing when he buys the best,' said Mrs. Harvey, with spirit. 'It is n't for you to criticize his methods.'

'Not his methods,' agreed Janet evenly, 'but the results of those methods. Why did n't you have a better wheat-crop last year?'

'The Hessian flies got into it, and besides, it jointed before winter set in.'

'The chances are neither would have happened if you had turned your stock on to it.'

'How do you know we did n't?'

'My dear,' replied Janet, 'it's our business to know. It was because your fences were n't stock proof. Is n't that true? And was n't that because Joe was here and there and everywhere?'

'He makes more buying and selling

stock than raising it. He knows the best way to advertise his stuff is at the shows. And he sure hopes to breed the dual-purpose cow, a Holstein and Short-horn in one. He's got more brains than any other farmer around here.'

'I know he has brains, Fanny,' admitted Janet willingly. 'And he understands stock. I realize, too, that your farm is worth more than enough to clear the mortgage, the interest and all expenses, and then leave a wide margin. We are not worried about the loan. But you don't think we want ever to foreclose, do you? That's not our way. You tell Joe to stay at home and stick either to milk or to beef. He dreams too much about this dual-purpose cow,' Janet continued sharply. 'He wants beef and milk from the same breed — we have n't got it yet. We may get it, at some distant time. Many stockmen believe it. Personally, I have my doubts. A cow eats forty pounds of feed a day, let us say — if she's a Holstein it goes to milk, if she's a Shorthorn it goes to beef. That food can't do both. You can't get something for nothing. Joe means well, but why does n't he work along established lines and leave this problem to moneyed faddists and experiment stations? He ought to think of you and these children.'

'You're not thinking of them much, Janet Graham,' retorted Mrs. Harvey bitterly, 'or you'd knock off that compound interest. I don't see what cause you have to kick about our being slow, when every day we put off paying you, you're getting ten per cent on the back interest, besides the regular six and a half on the mortgage.'

Both women were hardening. But Janet, accustomed to dealing with all sorts of people, explained patiently: 'You rented money from us which, invested, has brought you milk and calves. Rented to someone else, it would have brought us in rent promptly. And

you can't tell how much or how little not having that income may have cost us. Money produces just as surely as a cow produces. Frankly, I, for one, need our share of this particular rent very much.'

'If our wheat had done better, we could've paid it all. Even then, if our alfalfa had n't been winter froze and —'

'Fanny,' broke in Janet quickly, 'I'm going to talk plain English to you. It's just people like your husband who justify compound interest. He is honest in intention, but if we were too easy, he would let his debts run and run and accumulate. There must be some penalty that makes it too expensive not to meet his obligations. You have splendid land and good stock, and you can pay every dollar you owe, if you'll stick to the dairy business with good grade, and some registered, animals. You know, I'm not against fine blood. On the contrary. But I think Joe has no business to go into it to the point where this present situation is the result.'

'He'll never be contented until he breeds the animal he's working for. To him all the money in the world will never be worth that.'

Slow tears gathered in Mrs. Harvey's tired eyes and trickled down her flushed cheeks. 'Maybe you think I have n't talked to him, Janet. A man who knows farming like him, and me working like I do, and the three older children helping so willing. I wish to God he could get this breed. It is n't only the money it would bring us, though you know how such stuff sells. But it would be the peace. He's found the right kind of a bull up in Illinois. Here's his telegram.'

As she fumbled for it, there arose before Janet the picture of Joe Harvey — a man of middle age, above medium height, dressed always with a certain careless style, shoes polished, great, capable hands, heavy dark hair, with

touches of gray growing thick on a massive head, positive jaw, and eyes that gleamed like new steel when he was making one of his 'trades'; genial, square in all his dealings, but quick to see and take every legitimate advantage. A practical stockman who could be successful, forever pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp; dreaming among cows — a dream that was an ominous crescendo of disappointment.

Simultaneously there flashed into her mind Robert with his whimsical smile, his dear eyes shadowed with visions, and his play of Machiavelli and Voltaire and Chesterton. Another idealist, but her own, whom she would stand by with every bit of intelligence and every ounce of determination, yes, just as Fanny Harvey was standing by hers.

'Here's his night-letter,' said Mrs. Harvey. 'It come this morning.'

Janet read: 'Have found exactly animal looking for Holstein will cross with Nell Beachwood arrange loan for one thousand put it through for me girl I depend on you.'

The stillness deepened until little Pearl's breathing and the friction of Marie's pencil on the paper vied with the tick of the clock in distinctness. In the eyes of each of the women glowed the reflected light of her husband's radiant dream. Harvey's called for a thousand, Robert's for three.

To Janet, imaginative, sensitive soul that she was, the moment seemed woven of the very tissue of tragedy. She must play her part in frustrating one man's creative triumph, that another's might be quickened; in condemning Joe Harvey to the common level, that Robert might advance toward brilliant achievement. It was cruel! Then the good sense that usually guided Janet through the mists of her sympathies reasserted itself. Clearly it was not for her to finance the Harveys' castles. [She and Robert had their own castles.

'Can't be done,' she said decidedly, and there was finality in her voice. 'We hold a chattel on stock now that we took because Joe almost convinced Mr. Osborne and myself that it was his one chance to win out. That was when he bought the Shorthorn, Nell Beachwood. She was all that was necessary to attain the perfect result. Now he has her and it is still the same story — it is another animal he needs.'

'Nell Beachwood did drop some fine calves. He is getting them better and better.'

'I'm awfully sorry, but it can't be done,' repeated Janet. 'Even if he did produce what he's after, I question if he could exploit the new breed successfully. It's the turning-point for you, Fanny.'

'We can give a chattel on our growing crop as security for this loan,' pleaded Mrs. Harvey desperately.

'We expect that, as I showed you before, to protect the back seven hundred,' Janet reminded her. 'We can't loan another dollar until you begin to clean up what you owe and get things in shape. I wish we did n't have to, honestly, but we must protest Joe's sight draft. I warned him myself the next time he drew on us in that way we could not honor his check.'

'That'd be a raw trick!' blazed Mrs. Harvey.

'I've explained,' said Janet patiently, torn by the bitter disappointment she was causing.

She rose quietly. Marie, caught by the note of pain and anger in her mother's tones, crowded against her. Waking, Pearl began to fret. The two women might have been trying to converse from different stars.

Janet knew that in Mrs. Harvey's present mood discussion was useless. She held out her arms to take the baby while the mother put on her wraps. Then, quite unconscious of their faultless teamwork, the two pairs of practised hands rolled little Pearl in the heavy blanket. As the rose-petal cheek, so like her own little Alice's, rested on Janet's shoulder, she touched it tenderly with her lips. The movement, the look in the eyes, no mother could misunderstand. Mrs. Harvey melted a trifle.

'It is n't everyone she takes to like you. Here, Marie, give Mrs. Graham her pencil.'

Marie clung to it.

'Oh, do let her keep it.'

'No,' insisted Mrs. Harvey, 'she's got to learn to give up the things she wants. She may as well begin now.' And as Janet opened the door for her, she added stiffly, 'Good-bye.'

When it had closed behind them, Osborne asked, 'Have a good talk?'

'Yes,' replied Janet wearily. 'She came in about that check. Wanted to borrow a thousand.'

'A thousand!' Osborne fairly snorted.

'Oh, I made her understand she could n't have it,' Janet assured him. 'They'll come to time. The compound interest will act as a spur. Jim, my heart aches for that woman.' And to herself she added, 'Fanny Harvey, whom I thought like her stock, for whom there were so few problems —'

Janet went back to her desk, where, pushing aside the mortgages, she wrote hastily to Robert, pouring forth her faith in his dreams and urging that between them they could afford the three thousand.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE

BY GEORGE W. PURYEAR

I

ON the evening of July 25, our squadron was ordered to send up the next day an intermediate patrol between Châtea-Thierry and Aulchy-le-Château at six-thirty the following morning. The orderly awakened us that morning (July 26) a little before time for the flight. I dressed as quickly as I could, in the clothes which I found on the foot of my bed. These happened to be some old clothes in which I had been helping my mechanics on my plane the evening before. We did not stop for breakfast, but had it postponed until eight o'clock. A flight before breakfast is a dandy appetizer.

The weather was very unfavorable, and it was raining slightly when we met for formation. Two of the five turned back to camp on account of the weather. The remaining three of us, while patrolling, encountered a German two-seater which had ventured over alone under the protection of the weather. There was no definite battle-line in that territory, because of the constant shifting and the open nature of the fighting. The combat began over territory occupied by the Allies, but carried us over territory occupied by the Germans, without my knowledge. After a short combat, the gunner in the German machine was shot, and the pilot, being thus unprotected, was forced to dive straight to the ground to save his own life. I followed, shooting at him all the while. When he reached the ground, I flew around him once and saw the pilot pull his gunner

out and start away, with him on his shoulder. I never thought for a moment but what we were in Allied territory, and in my enthusiasm landed, as is usually done when a plane is brought down, — in your own territory, of course, — and that is how I became a prisoner of Germany.

The particular field in which I landed, according to Captain Roosevelt, had been in Allied hands only the day before and was again in Allied hands within a few hours after my capture. At the time it was one of their most advanced machine-gun positions.

The field looked smooth, and my landing was all right; but when I tried to turn round, the ground not being familiar to me, and I, in my enthusiasm, not being quite cautious enough, my machine struck a rut and upset. As soon as it was thus out of commission, I became uneasy, and thought, for the first time, that I did not know exactly where I was, and probably might be in enemy territory.

There were no unfriendly signs on the ground, but I noticed a German anti-aircraft barrage above. I heard machine-guns firing all around me, but none were firing at me. Seeing a captive balloon not far in the distance, I took the compass from my machine, and with it saw that I was southwest from this balloon, which gave me hope that I was still in Allied territory; but it developed that this was a German balloon, and I was between it and their advance positions. At this moment I saw a lone unarmed soldier coming toward

me from the direction of a thicket to the south. He approached me in friendly fashion, but soon after his arrival a whole bunch of Germans came running up in the opposite direction and nabbed me.

Until this time, which, however, was only a moment or two, I was right by my machine. It was reported by a pilot with me that I was last seen running in great haste toward a house; but I suppose he saw the German pilot, who, with his wounded gunner on his shoulder, ran into a nearby house, which was used as an advance dressing-station, and from the air mistook him for me. After asking me if I had any firearms, and feeling to verify my statement that I had not, they took me into the dressing-station where the pilot had taken his gunner. Then, with all the Germans about me jabbering 'Dutch,' I began to realize my position; and never in my life have I felt so low as I did at that moment, and I hope that I shall never feel so again. The gunner of the German machine had, among others, two bullets through his stomach, from which he died. Here they took my flying-suit, goggles, and Sam Brown belt. They searched me for papers, but found nothing but my name and squadron number, which were written on the inside of my Sam Brown.

The pilot of the German plane was very indignant because he said my comrade had fired on a wounded man (meaning the gunner) after he was on the ground. They seemed also to contemplate having me shot because my machine-gun was loaded with incendiary bullets, which have flat noses and look like dum-dums.

First of all I was taken by auto to an old French château a few miles back, to an intelligence officer, who questioned me through an interpreter. From there I was marched under guard to a little French town, where we arrived about

three in the afternoon. They took me before another set of intelligence officers, who spoke English perfectly. After I had got by them, I was put in with some two hundred French prisoners, with two officers. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon and I had had nothing to eat that day. They gave me a chunk of their imitation bread — or rather, their substitute for bread, for it certainly did not imitate it in any way that I could see. It looked and tasted like an old clod of dirt. Also they gave me some of their substitute for coffee. It is brown-colored and reminds you of coffee only because it is given hot. Although I was, by then, very hungry, I could not force myself to eat this. A little later one of the German soldiers gave me a bowl of porridge made of barley and horse-meat. That would not seem very palatable to the American soldier in his own lines; but it was the regular diet of the Germans, and at that particular time it was a treat to me.

That night, feeling like the most despondent human being on earth, I began to plan and work to escape from the hands of the Huns, and I never quit until I landed on the Swiss side of the Rhine the 11th of October.

We arrived at Laon at about four in the afternoon. This was the 28th of July. A good many French civilians, who had been in the hands of the Germans since 1914, were still there. They greeted us sadly as we marched along, and exchanged a few words with the French prisoners.

The men were here placed in a large French garrison, where prisoners of all the nationalities of the Allies were penned together, including a few hundred Americans. I was taken down to a house in the town, which had been converted into a jail. Here I found four American infantry officers, — Lieutenants Ferguson, Shea, Bushy, and Oats, — ten or twelve French officers, mostly

fliers, and two Royal Flying Corps officers. On the wall of one of the rooms of this house, I saw where 'Dusty' Rhodes, a man of my squadron, who we all thought was dead, had written his name. He was only one of the many men reported dead whom I saw in Germany. We stayed here three nights, on almost starvation rations, during which time I made my first acquaintance with the doughboy's friends, the cooties, which the infantry officers had brought from the trenches.

Early on the morning of July 31, we were all put on the train and started for Germany. After riding all day, all night, and all the next day, we arrived, about 11 p.m., at Rastatt in Baden. At different places along the way we were given liberal portions of German soup. Food in Germany means soup, and almost always turnip-soup. During the first day we picked up another American flier named Miller, also of the First Pursuit Group, although of a different squadron from mine.

Our first night at Rastatt was spent in an old fort, very musty and damp. The next morning, August 2, we were taken to the officers' prison-camp at Rastatt. There were many French and British officers here, and three American medical officers. Here I first met the aid of the Red Cross. It was the British. The American Red Cross had not established itself there at that time, and the British supplied the six of us with food in the emergency; and you can wager that some real old 'bully' was a treat. It was a life-saver. The German food there was so awful that I hardly believe any body could have lived on it.

II

The day after my arrival at Rastatt, I discovered a way to get out of the camp, and began to prepare for an attempt as best I could. It being 140 kil-

ometres to the Swiss border, and my shoes being already worn out, — which, of course, was my first consideration, — Captain Genese, a British officer, who had two pairs, kindly lent me a pair.

André Conneau, — 'Beaumont,' — a French pilot whom I had first met at Laon, wanted to make a try for it. He had been a flier of note even before the war, having done lots of flying about Rome and in the Orient. I thought him a good companion for the undertaking, and we planned to go together. I was quite unprepared, and one of the American doctors, Captain Maxson, who, I wish to say, was a regular fellow and as fine as they are made, advised me not to undertake it until I was better prepared. I did not want to lose an opportunity, however, and Conneau, who looked stout and hard and fearless enough to do anything, was anxious to be off.

People often ask me how one occupies the time shut up in a prison-camp, and I answer that, as for myself, I spent most of my time planning and working to get away. I have studied the map of Germany, especially of Southern Baden, so much, that I could draw a map of it as well without a copy as with one. Conneau had a good compass, a poor map, and a mind to go. We calculated that it would take anywhere from seven to fourteen days to get to the border. We collected all the food we could accumulate, doing without, ourselves, in order to save it; and on the night of August 5 made our attempt. Three other officers, two British and one American, also escaped by the same route that night. The American was Alexander Roberts, who, having also been recaptured after seven days, was on the scene when I made my successful break from Villingen.

The buildings in which we stayed were old brick buildings with thick walls, — quite suitably built for a jail, — which formed part of the outer walls of

the camp, the windows being heavily barred. There was a certain window on the second story of one of these buildings, one bar of which had been carefully cut at the bottom, so that, though it remained in its normal place, it could easily be forced aside, thus making way for the passage of a man's body. The guard on the outside patrolled back and forth past this window, but when he was near the other end of his beat, he could not see it, because of an intervening corner. Our plan was that, when the guard was at that end of his beat, while he did not have a view of the window, we should pass out and descend to the ground by means of a rope made of sheets from the bed, and dash across to the darkness beyond, before he returned to where he could see. This allowed, of course, a very short time for so much action. The lights in the quarters were turned out at ten o'clock, and we intended to make our getaway as soon as possible thereafter. The guard changed on the even hour, and we hoped to get off, if possible, before the twelve o'clock change.

Shortly after ten o'clock we were at the place and ready for action; but at that time of the year, it was hardly dark at ten o'clock by German time. We waited until eleven before we could think of starting. At that hour we took off our shoes, so as to cross from the wall to darkness without noise. We had a helper, an Englishman, who, from a different room, could watch the guard when at the other end of his beat. We were to go or stop by his signal. According to our plan, I was to go out first and meet Conneau at a prearranged place. In a few moments the signal of 'Right-O' was passed down to us. The rope, with one end firmly fastened to a good bar, was cast out, and I started through the opening. It was a tight squeeze, hampered as I was with my pockets full of food-stuff.

Just as I was about half-way out, the signal to stop was whispered back to us. The rope was drawn up and I had to scramble back in. The guard came on, passed the window, and in a little while returned on his beat. The signal to go was passed down to us, and I started out again. This time I got outside and half-way down before the danger signal came again. I could not return this time, so I slipped to the ground, and lay flat in the semi-darkness against the wall of the building, listening to the noise of my heart and scared to breathe while the guard passed within a few feet of me. Also at the same moment several guards off duty came by together; but none of them saw me. In a second after they had passed, my musette bag with provisions was passed down by the rope to me. This indicated, of course, that the guard was out of sight. I grasped the bag and sprang noiselessly across the lighted space to darkness beyond, forgetting to wait for my blanket, which I intended carrying in the absence of a coat.

I had to wait about a couple of hours for Conneau. The guard was changed at twelve, and it was long after the disturbance created by this that he came out.

We then started on our long journey. I had only my light uniform, no overcoat of any kind. Conneau had a good fur-lined leather flying-coat, which up to that time the Boches had not taken from him. Both of us were plainly uniformed, which, of course, was a dead giveaway if we should be seen in the daytime. At night, however, my helmet looked enough like a Boche cap, and our uniforms would not show clearly.

As soon as we were clear of the town our route took us into the Black Forest. All through the night we were in and out of the forest, and the following day were hiding in it.

About two o'clock that morning it

began to rain on us, and I don't think that it ever stopped raining for a period of over a few hours at once during the three nights we were at liberty. We went on that morning until we were completely exhausted, stopping at day-break. We dropped on Conneau's coat, which he spread on the wet ground as a bed for both. We were soon awakened, however, by the downpour of rain. The coat would keep us clear of the water from below, but we had nothing to keep off the rain from above. We got up and used the coat as a roof. The Frenchman was a true comrade and would always deprive himself in order to share the protection of his coat with me. We could not pass the day, however, standing like this. Our feet were already very tired and painful.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and it certainly applied here. We had to do something to better our predicament. We sought out a small spreading tree, and with our knives cut branches from the neighboring trees, carefully fitting them into the branches of this one, until we succeeded in making a sort of thatch-roof which would turn the rain reasonably well. Under this we spent the day, eating very scantily of our provisions.

The next night we were in the more open country. Conneau was mistaken as to our location on the map, and kept going too much to the west. I suggested that I thought we were bearing too far west, but I intended him to be the leader and did not press the matter. We made a good distance, however, and spent the following day in a little wood. There are no barns or straw-stacks in Germany, or in France, such as there are in the rural districts in our country, in which a tramp may find a dry hiding-place.

The rain and cold were beginning to tell on me. The Frenchman became very uneasy about my health. I had

developed a cough, which worried him much more than it did me, except that when I was about to burst from wanting to cough, I could not do it for fear the noise would cause our detection. Also, sores were beginning to come on my tired and continually wet feet. Conneau had some Red Cross bandage, which he had brought for use in an emergency, and he tried to bandage me up. That evening, while we crouched together vainly trying to avoid the rain, he suggested to me that he did not think it possible for us to continue, unprotected as I was. He remarked that we still had ten or twelve days before us, and that I would only die if we tried to make it. I told him, in my best French, that we would walk straight into hell before we voluntarily gave ourselves up on account of my health.

That night we made a long stage of it. Though my sore feet were becoming much worse, I said nothing of them to Conneau. I even pressed forward, keeping ahead most of the time. In fact, after I had pressed on unheeding my feet a while, though I could feel that the sores were becoming more and more galled, they became less sensitive, and I walked on them much as I have seen a horse pull unflinchingly against a sore shoulder.

Conneau, however, still lost on his map, kept leading toward the west, until about 3 A.M. we came upon the banks of the Rhine. Then there was no doubt as to our location, and that we were miles to the west of our course.

Now, when we found our location by seeing the Rhine, Conneau said that he knew of a big aerodrome about a night's walk from there, on the road toward the Swiss border. It being on our route, we decided that we would go by this aerodrome, and see if there was any possibility of stealing a plane.

We had not gone very far when a German sentry stepped in the road a

few feet directly in front of us and challenged us. If we had been in condition at all, we could have run; and he certainly could not have got both of us, and probably neither; but being leg-weary, sorefooted, and exhausted, we did not attempt to run.

Thus ended my first attempt to get out of Germany.

III

When we got back to Rastatt, about ten o'clock that night, we were put in solitary confinement cells and locked up without any formality or questioning. Though I was alone in my cell, I had fellow sufferers. In this wing of the basement were six cells, and by coming to the grated hole in our doors, while the guard was outside of the hall connecting our cells, we could speak to one another. The next morning after my arrival, I became acquainted with my neighbors. I could see only two of them but I could speak with any of them. In there with me were Lieutenant Chalmers and Lieutenant Crowns, two Americans, who, after eleven days, had been recaptured near the border; Captain Newman, a British officer, who, with Captain Turner, also British, had escaped about three weeks before, and after nine days out, had succumbed to the physical strain. He had given all his remaining supplies to his comrade, who he was in hopes had made it. Conneau had one cell and I had one, and the sixth was vacant. That evening Conneau was taken out, and Lieutenant Tucker, the British officer, who escaped alone the same night I did, was brought in. He, having on a civilian disguise, had made fine progress for four days, but, in order to dry his feet, had built a fire in the Black Forest, which was a dead giveaway. Two days later Captain Turner, Captain Newman's partner, was brought in. He had been taken

right on the border after fourteen days. All of us had escaped by the same route.

On the morning of the fifth day (August 13), I was sent with a transfer of British and American prisoners to Karlsruhe, where we were taken to the prison-camp. As we entered, we went through a little building and were searched to the skin. They took all equipment of every kind, including my flying-helmet, which left me bareheaded, in which state I remained for the balance of my imprisonment. Some of the fliers had on only flying-boots. They lost them also, which left them barefooted. In this way they collected lots of maps and compasses. All the money anyone had was taken up and he was given canteen money in its stead. (I, however, had been captured without a cent.) After that you were not supposed to have any other kind of money.

After being here two or three days, Conneau and I were called separately before the commanding officer and questioned on our escape from Rastatt. I answered all his questions truthfully, except as to how and just when I got out of the camp, which was, of course, the thing he wanted.

As to that I only told him that I had escaped without the implication of any of the guard. My answers were taken down in the form of a letter, which I was made to sign and which was sent to Rastatt. Before dismissing me, he complimented me. Flattery is their specialty. He asked me what was my civil profession before the war. When I answered him that I had just finished my training as a lawyer, he said, 'Ah, I see! You know what to answer and what not to answer.'

About the 19th or 20th of August a transfer of eighteen British fliers and seven Americans, including myself, was started from Karlsruhe, by train, we knew not where. The Americans were Lieutenants Miller, Baker, Albertson,

Floyd, Batty, and Pecham. We had for our guard a commissioned officer and eighteen men for the twenty-five of us. As we were taken out of the camp, we went through the search-house one at a time and were stripped to the skin just as we were on entering. We were allowed to have only two days' rations of Red Cross food with us, and if any man had more, it was taken from him. They had had particular trouble with fliers, and did not want to take any more chances. They paraded the guard before us and made them load their guns in our presence.

After two days and one night on the train, we arrived at Landshut, in Bavaria, about forty kilometres north of Munich. At the station the Americans and the British were separated. The British were taken to a British camp, somewhere in the town, and we to an old castle on a high hill northwest of the town. We were met at the station by the interpreter, Feldwebel (Sergeant-Major) Capp. It was a long winding climb up to the castle. Mr. Capp (as we later came to call him), with a detail of the guard, escorted us. The old castle, so Mr. Capp said, was begun in the eleventh century, and when we entered the portal it certainly appeared to be a formidable prison.

We were immediately put through a thorough search under the camouflage of a medical examination: probably that was a secondary purpose. We were taken, one at a time, into a long room, and required to take off all our clothes and walk over to another part of the room, where the Hun doctor, with a couple of assistants and Mr. Capp, looked us over to see whether we were physically O.K., and also to see if we had any maps or compasses hidden on our naked bodies. To examine your teeth properly, they had to look under your tongue. It was a thorough examination all right. They gave us an out-

fit of prison clothes, and questioned us on our health while we dressed. They retained our clothes for disinfection, so they said; but we had cause to believe that the real reason was to search them more closely. In spite of all this, however, Lieutenant Batty came through with his map of Germany. He had it stuck with adhesive tape under the bottom of his foot. When he stood stripped for the inspection, presumably medical, not even the cunning Hun had the slightest idea that he stood on the map of Germany. It was a good little map, and in less than a week the camp was so strewn with copies of it, that it would have been as impossible for the Germans to clear that camp of maps as it would be to bale the Mississippi dry with a pail.

The seven of us were then put in one room, where we were shut up from the others — quarantined, so they said. We were given food which in quality was much superior to any which the Germans had given us before this. This was in Bavaria, and Bavaria seemed to have more food than other districts. We were not given enough to satisfy our hunger, however, and shut up as we were, it was pretty bad. The following morning we were each given a loaf of sour black bread weighing about four pounds. Our eyes bulged at the sight of it, and our mouths watered; but we were informed that this was to be our bread-ration for ten days. I want to say right here that I certainly hold a high opinion of a man with sufficient will-power to make one loaf of bread hold out ten days under such circumstances. Being naturally of an indulgent nature, my bread was 'out' when the time was barely half gone. The little which remained of our Red Cross food, which we brought on the trip from Karlsruhe, was, after a most rigid examination, given to us, but it too was soon finished.

The day after our arrival they started a series of inoculations which eventually comprised three for typhoid, two for cholera, and the last, — a five-in-one, — vaccination, which was given by cutting us in five places on the right shoulder with a knife. In my case, all five took, and I still carry the five scars as a *bon souvenir*.

This camp had for orderlies three Italians and one wounded Frenchman. The Italian orderlies serving the whole camp would secretly carry notes to and fro between us and the men outside. There were, when we arrived, twenty-two fliers in the camp. Among these were several boys whom I had known. The twelve men of the 96th Squadron who had been lost all in a bunch on July 10 were here. These were Major Brown, Lieutenants Browning, Lewis, Smith, McDonald, Rutterman, Duke, Tichenor, McChestney, Mellen, Tucker, and Strong. The others were Captain James N. Hall, Captain Williamson, Lieutenants Battle, Kidder, Wardle, Layson, Rhodes, Gile, Raymond, and Phylar.

These, with the orderlies, were all the prisoners in the camp. It was only aviators who had the choice pleasure of going through this camp and having themselves inoculated and vaccinated almost to death. A week or ten days after our arrival another transfer came in. They were Lieutenants Roberts, Todd, White, Whiton, Wells, Harvey, Conley, Hollingsworth, Gorman, and McElvain. A good many of the men going through with us were in the British Royal Flying Corps, but American by birth.

Of those who were there before us, Lieutenants Wardle, Miller, Tucker, and Strong were in solitary confinement in the civilian jail of the town. Lieutenant Wardle had made an attempt to escape from the train bringing him from Karlsruhe to Landshut. He had

been caught by the guard from the train, and was very brutally handled. He served thirty-one days in jail, with a sentence of fourteen days. Lieutenants Miller, Tucker, and Strong served twenty-seven days, with only an eight-day sentence. They had attempted to escape from this prison-camp a few days before our arrival. They had got outside the inner walls, but finding themselves inclosed by yet another wall, had surrendered. Major Brown and Lieutenant Battle were put in on suspicion only, and served ten or fifteen days.

The commanding officer of this and the British camp, Major —, was the most contemptible brute that I ever met. He usually stayed at the British camp, leaving us in charge of Mr. Capp. Whenever he visited us, however, there was 'hell to pay.' He had to be saluted exactly according to his taste. If he overheard a man whispering or making a noise at any time, he took it as an insult and went into a rage. He was as disagreeable as possible. He would call us up and bawl us out in German every trip, and make Mr. Capp interpret it to us. He seemed to be in constant misery lest some of us should escape. He threatened everything imaginable in case of such an offense. He had our shoes taken up every night, and had our noses counted in bed at every change of guard all night long.

Mr. Capp, other than being a natural-born liar, as all Germans are, was a fairly reasonable man, and was himself often ashamed to carry out some of the orders of the major.

After a few days in our room, the seven of us had been let out with the others, and by degrees our clothes were given back to us. A good portion of the boys were by now receiving their parcels, and we had enough to eat. We would entertain ourselves in different ways, as well as we could in the limited space of the camp. I have a picture

taken of the group, which I value as a rare souvenir.

One night the bunch put on a local-talent show. And, even penned up as we were, we had a good show and enjoyed it. We surprised ourselves at the talent we found in the bunch. We were entertained first by music from Lieutenant Rhodes on the guitar, — strung like a banjo because we had no banjo, and he was a talented banjo-player only, — Lieutenant Raymond on a violin, Captain Williamson on a mouth-organ, and Captain Hall on the Sweet-Potato Whistle. Lieutenant McChestney recited from 'Service.' Lieutenant Wells, who I know would make a hit on Broadway, gave a couple of solos, accompanied by Lieutenant Raymond on the violin. The crowd was then given a live song by five of the list, and the show was brought to a close by a cracker-eating contest by Lieutenants Harvey and Battle. Lieutenant Harvey walked off with the victory, devouring his twelve crackers, which had been spared from our scanty supplies, and whistling, as required, between each two, in a manner which showed he enjoyed the privilege.

IV

During all this time the idea of escaping was always uppermost in my mind, and we were not idle.

Landshut was about 240 kilometres from the nearest point of the Swiss border. I knew that that was the biggest item, the walls of the old castle and the major with his precautions and threats included. This camp was very small, already cramped and crowded. I discovered that the Germans had intended to keep only a small number (less than fifty) of American fliers in this camp, until a big permanent camp was built there, or near there, for all American officers. We learned that American

officers were being sent to Villingen. Major Brown, Lieutenant Wardle, and Lieutenant McDonald had been sent there from this camp. We did not absolutely know any of these things, but we had our reasons for believing them. Many more captured American fliers were coming. We concluded that men who had finished their inoculations would be transferred from here about as they came in, keeping the number down, and would probably be sent to Villingen. Major Brown, Lieutenant Wardle, and Lieutenant McDonald had been transferred after application to Mr. Pastor, on account of difficulty with the major. Through Lieutenant Browning, who acted as spokesman for us, I asked to be sent in the first transfer. I did not give my true reasons for wishing the transfer, but they were, that I knew where Villingen was located on the map; that it was only 40 kilometres from the nearest point of the Swiss border; that I felt sure that I could in some way get out of any prison in Germany, and knew that, when I escaped, I would have a hundred times better chance of making Switzerland from Villingen than from Landshut, six times as far away.

My application was made about the 7th of September, and orders came for a transfer of ten, including my name, on the 12th. We did not *know* where we were going, but I had my hopes of Villingen.

During this time the restless spirit to escape was moving more than one of us. Each of us had drawn himself a copy of Lieutenant Batty's map. Many had, by magnetizing a common needle, made for themselves makeshift compasses. We had discovered where, by cutting through two ordinary wooden walls, we could advantageously get to the walls about the castle, where it would be easy to get over them. With saws made from ordinary case-knives we had cut

through one of these walls, and were working on the last one when we heard that the transfer was going to be made. Most of this work had been done by Lieutenant Batty and Lieutenant Rhodes. I wish to say right here that, if any man ever worked to escape from Germany, it was Lieutenant Batty. Although he never succeeded in escaping, it certainly was not his fault. If the war had lasted, I feel sure that he would eventually have made it. Others in the party to escape as soon as the way was cut were Lieutenants Floyd, Kidder, and Pecham. My vaccination had me out of condition for the time being, and I aided only by keeping watch while Batty worked. I hoped, however, to recover soon, and I was storing up supplies for the journey.

As soon as the news came of the transfer, I immediately dropped all thought of escaping from Landshut, and heralded the good news. The order also included Lieutenant Rhodes. About all who had applied, and the three yet in jail down town, were included, namely Captain Williamson, Lieutenants Rhodes, Tichenor, Rutherfordman, Albertson, Battle, Mellen, Tucker, Strong, and myself.

'Dusty' (Lieutenant Rhodes), on the other hand, did not wish to go. The way out of the camp was practically clear. He had got worked up in his plans to escape from here, and hated to abandon them. I counseled him that he should be glad to ride a train five sixths of the way to liberty.

He was disappointed, however, and in the hope of not being sent, he played sick on the morning of the 14th, when we were to go. He was undoubtedly the sickest-looking man I ever saw. He evidently was sick at having to abandon his plans, or he could n't have looked so much so. Mr. Capp, however, said he must go, sick or not. I, though anxious to go, was still on the sick list

from my vaccinations. He and I, therefore, were listed as sick, to receive special attention on the trip. I was also especially listed with the three men from jail, as men who had attempted to escape.

As soon as we were under way, 'Dusty' began thinking of escaping from the train. I advised him to wait until the train was somewhere in the neighborhood of Tuttlingen, where it would be nearest to the Swiss border. I told him that, though a little sick, I was good for a couple of days in the woods, and agreed to try it with him if he would wait. Tuttlingen is only about 25 kilometres from Switzerland at the nearest point, and our route at one place would come within less than 20 kilometres of the border.

On an ordinary cigarette-paper I had a map of this part of the country. In my housewife I had an ordinary-looking needle, which was a compass. This could be easily carried through almost any inspection. I had no idea, however, of trying to take even this map into the Villingen camp. If I did not make use of it before I got there, I would throw it away, because I knew that I could, and I can yet, draw one just as good from memory, if necessary, at any time. And I always so conducted myself that the Germans never even suspected that I wanted to escape until I had gone.

We were traveling in a fourth-class passenger car. These cars are not cut up into compartments like the better-class ones, but are something like our street cars. They have a door at each end. The seats are fixed facing one another, however, in a manner which forms a group of six sitting spaces. We with our guard occupied the whole car. There were five of these six-place compartments, and narrower seats across the aisle.

'Dusty' and I were together in the compartment nearest the end. He was

restless and nervous. I tried to advise him: told him that he would draw the attention of the guard. I told him that I would n't leave that train where we were, if it had stopped and the guards all went off chasing rabbits.

'Dusty,' however, was too restless to wait. The guard was not very strict at first, and during the night, a little out of Ulm, he snatched his opportunity and dashed from the train. Where he jumped was over a hundred miles from the Swiss border.

He made a beautiful getaway, dashing through the open door at our end of the car, between the sergeant and the officer of the guard who sat on either side, and jumping into the darkness from the moving train. So sudden and quick was his exit, that even I scarcely saw him. I was not aware of his intention to break just at that moment. In fact, I don't think his plan was formed one second before it was executed. I was lying on my seat, and he was returning to his, which was the one nearest the end. This brought him within two strides of the door, which was standing open; and seeing that the Germans on either side did not have their eyes on him, he stepped between them and was gone like a flash.

Instantly a rasping, hissing noise filled the car, like a dozen rattlesnakes

in anger. Instantly those seven men, who had looked so peaceful and quiet a moment before, were as wild beasts. Each held his post with an expression in his eye of an animal in agony. The officer first moved. He jumped to the alarm signal to stop the train, at the same time throwing his pistol in the face of Lieutenant Battle, whom for some reason or other they seemed to suspect. The train stopped immediately, and two of his men went out. In a few moments they returned. He had gone. One of the men, seeing me lying where I had been all through the excitement, grabbed me by the back of the neck and set me up with a sarcastic, 'Sick, eh!' He thought that I too was only pretending sickness, since my comrade had shown his cards.

'Dusty's' dash for liberty was one that anyone would admire, and we all hoped he would get through. I had observed his rashness, however, and had my fears of his success. I knew that to cover that hundred miles in the enemy country required something more than sheer bravery and a willingness to take a chance.

After his escape, the 'screws' were put to us. Our shoes were taken from us, and we were crowded into two little compartments and were scarcely allowed to breathe.

(To be concluded)

GERMAN COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

‘THE history of our Colonies in the world war has shown that the German Colonial Empire was no proper “empire” at all, but just a number of possessions without geographical and political connection or established communications. This shows the direction our aims must take.’

In these words Dr. Solf, then the German Secretary of State for the Colonies, summed up the aims and policy of German colonial expansion, at a period when it appeared possible that Germany might demand and obtain a greatly extended colonial empire in Africa. Commenting upon this idea of colonial expansion, the *Vossische Zeitung* stated that Germany wanted ‘a solid colonial empire in Central Africa, to include the Cameroons, the Congo, Portuguese West Africa, German Southwest and East Africa, and portions of Portuguese East Africa and Rhodesia. These territories comprise what we need. They can form a solid colonial empire, which will satisfy our wishes.’ In other words, what Germany required, as expressed in hundreds of pamphlets and newspaper articles, was a compact and solid block of African territory stretching from ocean to ocean across the continent, including the basin of the Congo with its magnificent system of internal waterways, and the complete control of the great Central African lakes, which form a system of internal navigation comparable only with the Great Lakes of North America.

This conception of a vast southern empire as a tropical appanage of the Fatherland was based upon two fundamental ideas: the control and exploitation of the tropical products necessary for the expansion of German industries, and the establishment of a strategic fortress capable of menacing the sea-routes of the South Atlantic on the one side and of the Indian Ocean on the other. Taken in conjunction with the Mittel-Europa idea, with its extension across Asia Minor to the shores of the Persian Gulf, the Mittel-Africa plan would soon have rendered impossible the continuance of British ascendancy in India, and would have led eventually to the Germanization of the East.

Since the period, not far distant, when Germany first, with faltering and hesitating footsteps, under the guidance of Bismarck, set out on her journey of adventure on the continent of Africa, giant strides have been made, both in the building of the edifice and in the growth of new ideas and new conceptions of the nature and extent of the desired tropical storehouse. Year by year, as Germany felt her way across the rich territories which she had acquired through cautious and subtle manœuvring, new features were added, until at length the earlier builders would not have recognized the original structure commenced by a few independent merchants and traders, but continued as the task of an imperial people. In common with all other colonizing nations, Germany shared in the assimilative processes of modern Imperialism. Her manner of

assimilation alone was different, and reverted, so far as Africa was concerned, to the methods of the dominations of antiquity, with the addition of modern scientific *Kultur*. What she had acquired by treaty with the natives, and had supported by arrangements and agreements in the council chambers of Europe, was held by the sword and governed by the ruthless application of force.

The story of German administration in Africa, and to a lesser extent in the Pacific, is the history of a conflict between the radically opposed conceptions of personal freedom and foreign domination. It was essentially a contest between such moral forces and ideas as existed among primitive peoples and the non-moral, and sometimes immoral, forces of modern materialism. The native races with which Germany came in contact ranged from barbarous and sometimes cannibalistic tribes, as yet untouched by the refining influences of European civilization, through a succession of tribes of a higher standard of ethics and conduct, to races which had long been in touch with the Arab culture of the East or the European civilization of the West. None were what may be termed civilized, in the European sense of the word; but, as a general rule, they were more or less bound together by one fundamental principle — the tribal community of landed property, as opposed to the European conception of personal ownership. It was this system that Germany set about to destroy by acquiring the tribal lands, by disregarding the treaties she had solemnly pledged her word to respect, and by changing the natives from free-men, responsible to their own chiefs, to serfs dependent upon their European masters. 'The entire colonial policy,' declared Major-General Baron H. von Puttkamer, 'is based upon the principle of Europeans depriving the inferior natives in foreign countries of their land

by main force and maintaining their position there by force.'

The tribes to be Germanized were, as has been said of varying degrees of civilization. They ranged from the semi-Christianized natives of Southwest Africa, — such as the Hereros, — and of the Cameroons, — such as the coastal tribes, — to the fierce and intractable warriors of Adamawa (Northern Cameroons) or Makondeland (German East Africa). Inter-tribal warfare raged in all the German colonies. The tribes, wherever they were loosely joined in confederations under a paramount chief or united under the sway of some powerful sultan or ruler, — as with the people of Ruanda in German East Africa and the Hereros and Ovambos of Southwest Africa, — were able to offer, and sometimes did offer, a strenuous resistance to their new masters; but wherever they were small village communities, or formed comparatively small confederations, as was generally the case in the Cameroons and Togoland, they were easily subdued and caught in the German economic machine.

Nothing could have been said against the process of assimilation and the gradual extension of European administration over vast areas of territory, had they been conceived and carried out in the interests of the natives themselves. It would have been impossible for Englishmen, more especially, to protest against a process that has been followed in every British colony, to the ultimate benefit, it is to be hoped, of the less advanced races of mankind. But German methods were not founded upon any existing system; and, although German administrators were learning wisdom, they were novices in the art of ruling non-Europeans, and were at first, and in most cases to the end, unwilling to learn. Germany had 'a method of colonization peculiar to herself,' and did not need 'to learn from foreign nations.'

II

The natives of Africa, whether they are regarded as economic assets or as human beings, are in reality children, with certain vices of their own, but in their raw state uncontaminated by a corrupt and material civilization. They may be moulded like clay in the hands of the potter, and it is the duty of those higher in the scale of civilization, as it is understood in Western Europe and America, to see that these children of nature are not crushed lower and lower, until they become mere helots and slaves of a soulless domination. This is the essential justification of European control. Yet from the first it was announced in the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*, that self-interest was to be the main-spring of German policy in Africa. 'We have acquired this colony,' it was written, 'not for the evangelization of the blacks, not primarily for their well-being, but for us whites. Whosoever hinders our objects we must put out of the way.' Avoiding the charge of hypocrisy, so freely leveled at those who have adopted other views, the Germans have laid themselves open to another, and perhaps more sinister, impeachment. 'Our whole colonial policy,' declared Bebel, 'is conceived only from the point of view of material profit.'

In the early days of German colonization, from 1884 up to 1900, it was fondly hoped that the German colonies would become the homes of contented and prosperous German settlers. It was believed that German Southwest Africa and considerable portions of East Africa might become 'white men's countries.' In the first of these colonies the pursuit of this policy led to the practical extermination of the only native race capable of affording a labor-supply for the white colonists. The Hereros, badly administered, robbed of their lands and cattle, and treated with great

severity, were driven into the frightful Kalahari Desert — old men, women, and children — and left to die of thirst, or else killed in one of the most terrible and bloody wars that has ever disgraced African soil. Out of a total of a little over 80,000, less than 20,000 survived, and the bloody hand may be inscribed with justice on the escutcheon of Southwest Africa. This campaign is graphically described in all its horrors by a pastor of Hamburg who, in one of the most moving books ever written, sketches in broad and vivid outline the sinister record of this inhuman war.¹

In German East Africa, with its large native population of some seven or eight millions, the same policy of ruthless extermination could not be pursued; yet it is officially admitted that in one campaign, the Majimaji rebellion, 75,000 people were killed. The majority of these also were driven into regions where they were allowed to perish of hunger. In the other African colonies, the Cameroons and Togoland, there has also been a full quota of risings, ruthlessly suppressed, and punitive expeditions against an almost defenseless people. In fact, within a few years, as was admitted by the great German naturalist Dr. Schillings, Germany slaughtered some 200,000 natives in her colonies.

Yet, in spite of this preliminary holocaust, the ideal of the German colonies for the German people was all the time an impossible one. With the exception of Southwest Africa, which is suitable for white colonization on a considerable scale, the German colonies in Africa cannot be considered as possible homes for Europeans — if by home is meant permanent settlement. Even in the favored highland districts of German East Africa, around Kilimanjaro, in the Usambara Mountains, and in Ruanda, the direct rays of the tropical sun make it impossible, under present

¹ *Peter Moor*, by Gustav Frennson.

conditions, to rear European children, without constant visits to Europe; and a colony without children is, for the settlers, a land without sunshine and a country without morals. It must be admitted, therefore, that, with the one exception mentioned above, the German African colonies can be regarded only as tropical storehouses filled with the products needed in European markets.

By slow degrees this conception was forced upon the attention of the German people. In numberless lectures and addresses intended to popularize the colonies, this purely material aspect of German colonization was insisted upon. It is difficult to visualize the condition of affairs in the German colonies, since it has differed in the various territories and in different parts of the same colony. Each colony, and each district of a colony, has had its own problems, and these problems have been handled by different men of varying capacities and of varying moral worth. It is not safe, therefore, to generalize from what has occurred in any special district; but it is safe to state, from the mass of testimony coming from many different districts, which is overwhelming and conclusive, that, generally speaking, German administration has been marked by cruelty, oppression, and a disregard for native opinions, feelings, and rights. 'In our colonies,' said Deputy Dr. Ablass, 'a ruthlessness and a brutality are used which mock at humanity.'

The ruling conception of tropical reserves has dominated the minds of German administrators and has led to a state of affairs detrimental alike to native and European interests. It has resulted in the establishment, particularly in the Cameroons, Togoland, and German East Africa, of great trading and planting corporations which have controlled large tracts of territory and have established plantations run by what has practically amounted to slave

labor. In the Cameroons the individual planter has received little encouragement and native cultivators none at all. In German East Africa, perhaps more suitable on the whole for planters of limited financial resources, the same tendency has been observable, but to a less degree. It may be said that the policy of Germany in her three tropical colonies has been to favor the establishment and development of large estates by organized capital rather than the encouragement of numerous independent holdings. Individual cultivation by native holders has been rendered difficult, if not impossible, in many districts, by the system of forcing natives to leave their small farms in order to work on the larger plantations and on government undertakings. Thus, in the Cameroons, where some 30,000 natives, recruited in a comparatively restricted area, have been employed annually on the plantations and government works, whole districts have been denuded of their adult male population, villages have been depopulated, and lands left untilled. The most striking example of this silent conflict between organized capital and native ownership is found in the Rio del Rey district, but there are others almost equally suggestive.

To take the Cameroons as our principal example, it must be stated that the present plantation areas form but a small proportion of this vast territory, about half as large again as Germany itself. They are nowhere very far from the coast, for the greater part of the territory, although administered by Germany, has not been developed from the economic point of view. From the Rio del Rey district, on the borders of (British) Nigeria, the plantation areas stretch through the Johann-Albrechtshöhe and Victoria districts to the Cameroons estuary. Through the southern part of this area, the Duala district, a railway runs northward for a comparatively

short distance, having its coastal terminus at Bonaberi, opposite the port of Duala. Farther along the coast, and inland, plantations exist in the Edea, Kribi, Ebolowa, and Jaunde districts, which are partly served by a railway running southeastward from Duala toward the Njong River.

The commercial exploitation of these areas formed one of the most active features of German administration; but it was an exploitation confined mainly to the great plantations, and the results, satisfactory enough to the interests of the owners, insensibly tended to enslave the natives, to diminish the real resources of the country, and to create a perpetual feud between the plantation owners on the one side and independent European merchants and native cultivators on the other. While the output of the plantations was gradually increasing, independent native cultivation was continuously decreasing; and in this respect no more striking object lesson can be afforded than a comparison between the cocoa industry in the (British) Gold Coast Colony and in the Cameroons respectively. In the former, within a few years, by the efforts of the natives themselves, assisted by the government, a most flourishing industry has been established, valued at some £2,000,000 annually, while in the latter, the output just previous to the war was less than £250,000 in value, and this came almost exclusively from the large plantations.

There is thus a conflict between British and German economic methods, which holds good generally with respect to the German colonies. But the difference in the actual methods of administration has been more striking still. In order to obtain the necessary labor for their large plantations, the Germans have resorted to a system of forced labor which has led to the gravest abuses, more especially in the Cameroons and Togoland, but also in German East Af-

rica. This crime against the natives is proved up to the hilt by the revelations made in the Reichstag by Deputy Erzberger, the leader of the Centre party, and by Deputies Dittmann, Wels, Wiemer, and others, and elsewhere by many independent and disinterested witnesses, both German and foreign, missionaries and laymen.

In order to understand this question aright, the German conception of tropical labor must be thoroughly appreciated. Briefly it is this — that the natives unwilling to work (that is, for European masters) must be made to do so by means that permit of no alternative between forced labor and actual starvation. There has been no gradual encouragement to independent labor, as has been the case in the Gold Coast and elsewhere, but an actual physical compulsion to do work on behalf of others. The German conception of labor has been admirably and forcibly expressed by three leading Germans. Colonel von Morgen, the owner of large plantations in the Cameroons, said in 1907 that 'the only real tax, which is also of cultural value, is compulsory labor. We can do nothing in the tropics without native workmen. As we in Germany have compulsory schooling, so there must be compulsory work in the colonies.' A similar view was expressed by Major von Wissmann, who, according to Bismarck, was one of the few men who returned from Africa with a 'white waistcoat' — a rare achievement in those days; while Dr. Karl Peters, the hero of the Kilimanjaro floggings and hangings, expressed himself as follows:

'A very good recipe is to demand a hut-tax from every nigger over the age of sixteen, and one of not less than five pounds, so that they are forced to work: otherwise we shall soon be responsible for a lot of lazy *canaille* from Algoa Bay to the Great Syrtis, who will force Europe to give up the opening up of

Africa unless the colonists . . . simply exterminate the useless rabble. To me the most advantageous system seems to be one in which the negro is forced, following the example laid down by Prussian military law, to devote some twelve years of his life to working for the government. During this time he should receive food and shelter, and a small wage, say about two shillings a month, like a Prussian soldier.'

In fact, in the pursuit of German economic policy, the natives of African soil were to be dragooned and Prussianized in order to feed the German commercial machine. How this has been done has now been shown in numerous publications, based upon authoritative information; but it may be stated here that the most brutal compulsion has been practised in many large districts, and that men have been deliberately driven to the plantations, like so many cattle, with halters round their necks. The scandal has been ventilated time and again in the Reichstag. It is necessary here only to quote the words of Deputy Dittmann, uttered a few weeks before war broke out.

'Ostensibly there is no forced labor, as the Secretary of State, Dr. Solf, assured us. Truly, however, the system of work-tickets introduced in East Africa by the government really means a brutal compelling to forced work on the plantations; for every black man must prove by this card that he has worked at least twenty days each month for white men. If he cannot, he is dragged to the district police station, and there officially flogged with the sjambok, according to the new order regarding work; this is done without even the request of the employer. Gentlemen, surely there we have without doubt the most brutal compulsion to plantation work which it is possible to conceive.'

This forcing to work prevailed to a greater or less extent in all the German

colonies, but in certain districts it was leading to a steady and continuous diminution in the native population. This fact cannot be disputed even by the apologists of German *Kultur*, for Dr. Solf himself admitted in 1913, when addressing the South Cameroons Chamber of Commerce, that 'it is a sad state of things to see how the villages are bereft of men, and how women and children carry heavy burdens; how the whole life of the people appears on the roads.¹ What I saw on the high roads at Jaunde and Ebolowa has grieved me most deeply. Family life is being destroyed; parents, husbands, wives, and children are being separated. No more children are born, as the women are separated from their husbands for the greater part of the year. These are wrong conditions and difficulties which must cease.'

III

Perhaps the feature of German colonial administration which has attracted the greatest attention has been the system of flogging and intimidation adopted in all the German colonies, without exception, but more especially in Africa. It has already been mentioned in connection with forced labor, of which it forms, indeed, the inevitable and natural complement; but floggings were part of the ordinary administrative system, and were inflicted for trivial offences and serious crimes. In this respect the Germans have proved themselves to be many years behind other European nations, and it is indeed remarkable that a people boastful of its material progress should have employed, nevertheless, methods that have long been discarded by other western nations, from motives both of expediency and of humanity. Flogging in German Africa was systematized, as was every-

¹ Alluding to the convoys of natives carrying palm-kernels and other products. — THE AUTHOR.

thing else German. It is almost incredible, and would be laughable if it were not so serious as an example of the German treatment of small matters, that natives who dared to drink out of a soda-water bottle could be flogged. Hygiene practised at the end of a whip presents a lesson indeed for the emulation of sanitary reformers.

The orgy of floggings that was indulged in marks the lowest degradation of the African native; and although the Germans systematized this punishment by numerous regulations giving it an official sanction and recognition, and kept minute records of the numerous *official* floggings, this systematization did not prevent those numberless illicit applications of the whip which have tortured the backs of the natives and shamed the humanity of the Germans. Had flogging been the punishment for really serious crimes, little need have been said except to remark that native criminals are not infrequently the product of contact with European civilization. But flogging has been resorted to for the most trivial offenses. As a respected Prussian judge, Herr Rören, stated in the Reichstag, 'It has happened, and does happen, that even about household blunders, if the cook is not punctual with the dinner, or it is not to the Station Director's taste, he is ordered a flogging for it'; whilst Deputy Leдебур, speaking in irony, said, 'Therefore, light offenses or heavy offenses, flog you must.'

Nothing in the old days of recognized slavery can have exceeded the brutality with which this punishment has been administered. While, in the words of Secretary of State Dernburg, 'the State is always asked to carry a whip in its hand,' and has thus lent its sanction to this inhuman practice, private individuals have not been slow to follow such an example. Every allowance must, of course, be made for a white minority

situated in the midst of a barbarous or semi-barbarous people; but when everything has been said in mitigation of the punishment itself, nothing remains to be urged in favor of the extreme severity of its application. Natives have been maimed for life; many have been killed outright by the almost incredible brutality of their tormentors; and in all cases they have been cowed and hardened by the repeated application of the whip.

The fault of the system lay in the rigid inflexibility of its application quite as much as in the brutality of those whose duty it was to administer punishment. The African native as a rule can be managed without violence; but when this is requisite, it is the duty of the State to see that the instruments of violence are not themselves brutalized and inhuman. In the German African colonies too much license has been permitted to non-commissioned officers, who have frequently been of a low and brutal type supposed to be specially suitable for colonial work, and to native soldiers drawn from warrior tribes whose lowest instincts have been aroused by the possession of almost unlimited powers over the unfortunate members of other tribes. The legal number of twenty-five strokes, often exceeded, has earned for the German colonies the name of the 'Colonies of the Twenty-five,' and the monotonous song of the rhinoceros or hippopotamus whip, falling in measured cadence on the bleeding backs of its victims, has been heard far beyond the confines of German territory.

The official figures of floggings probably contain but a small proportion of the total number of cases. Yet, to take one colony alone, Southwest Africa, in one year, out of certainly not more than 80,000 natives subject to German rule, of whom no more than 17,000 were men, no fewer than 1262 were flogged and 2371 sentenced to more or less severe

punishments. 'This is such an enormous percentage,' said Deputy Noske, 'that one does not really understand on what principle justice is administered.'

The administration of justice formed, indeed, one of the most serious blots on German colonizing methods. In Africa, of all countries, it is essential that justice should be well and impartially administered. The superiority of the white man consists, not in his vaunted material supremacy, but in his supposed moral advantages; and where the latter are wanting, the condition of the natives under his sway is pitiable. All nations which have controlled native races have had to learn the same lesson — that justice is the bulwark of European rule, and that by justice alone can this rule be maintained. Without it, the complete moral and social degradation of the natives is but a matter of time. It is remarkable that a nation which has been bound by convention and regulated by law has been unable to establish any legal code in its colonies; but it is undeniable that, in the case of German Africa, chaos has been the characteristic of the administration of justice. 'Our civil and criminal administration in the colonies,' said Deputy Dr. Müller in 1912, 'is simply untenable. . . . The one judge uses the German penal code without further ado . . . without turning to the right or the left for the primitive conditions of the colonies. The next does not use the penal code at all. Yet the next uses an analogy of it. . . . In short, our criminal proceedings are in a condition which must be stopped, which leaves the natives entirely without rights.'

One of the principal stumbling-blocks in the way of the strict and impartial administration of justice was the vicious system whereby the judges were also administrative officials. Too often the administration of justice was in the hands of incompetent officers subser-

vient to the governor or other higher officials, and, therefore, not in a position to deliver independent judgments.

In the beginning of her colonial administration Germany took the wrong turning, and although reforms have been initiated, especially in German East Africa, where there was some attempt to introduce the best elements of British rule from the neighboring colony, in the other African colonies matters have drifted from bad to worse. In the Pacific islands administration as a rule was fairly clean and humane, especially in Samoa, where the type of natives was of a high standard; but in Africa the black man had no reason to welcome his new masters. Instead of setting out on the road to administrative perfection, the average official shut his eyes to the lessons of anthropology, stumbled blindly into the pitfalls which had been safely passed by most other Europeans, and, instead of engaging the coöperation of the natives in the administration of their own laws, lightly heartedly destroyed whatever was good by robbing the chiefs of much of their authority. Native laws and customs, native feelings, the inherent perception of right and wrong, were deliberately flouted, with the result that the Hereros were almost exterminated and other races were driven into revolt.

Sheer ignorance and sheer audacity marked German methods. It was not to be thought that a race of trained administrators would rise out of the ground from the seed sown at Hamburg or Bremen. On the contrary, it was to be expected that only patient and prolonged training would establish a ruling caste in the administrative saddle. But men were sent to the colonies who were totally unsuited for the immense task that was before them. As in the Congo Free State, when the riff-raff of Europe were eagerly seeking administrative posts in the Congo forests, so in Ger-

man Africa the most unsuitable elements were sent across the seas. 'Men who have lived and are on the shelf, and officials and officers who stink materially and morally,' in the words of Deputy Dr. Schaedler, were only too frequently given important posts in the colonies.

It is not possible to mention here the well-authenticated atrocities that make German colonial history such a damning record of bad administration. There have been 'bad eggs' in all colonies, but the list of those who have befouled the German name in the eyes of the natives is long indeed. From Karl Peters, the inhuman scoundrel to whom the Germans have erected two statues, to Governor von Puttkamer, Bismarck's nephew, and roué, spendthrift, and forger, Chief Justice Meyer, and Herr G. A. Schmidt, the disgusting hero of numerous Sadist atrocities in Togoland; from Prince Prosper Arenberg, the autocratic degenerate, to Major Dominik, of infamous celebrity in the Cameroons; from Captain Schennemann, who caused natives to be mutilated in a particularly horrible way, to Captain Kamptz, who had men shot to pieces in front of a gun as a punishment for highway robbery, one could wander through a mass of revolting details that serve to throw the conduct of those who endeavored to administer faithfully and well into higher relief. It was not so much 'the transplanting of the Prussian Government assessor and his bureaucratic system to Africa,' as was feared by Bismarck, as the sending thither of those who were temperamentally incapable of understanding the natives, and were by education and upbringing unsuitable to undertake highly skilled administrative work in tropical countries.

Having examined the German system in broad outline, we may temper our conclusions by the assumption that wherever a strong race is brought into contact with a weaker or less organized

people, there is always a danger of oppression in one form or another. The history of Great Britain's administrative work in the past will not bear examination in every detail. But there has been, nevertheless, a moral impulse which has expanded progressively since the abolition of the slave trade, till it enables us to claim with justice that the basis of British rule over subject races is the conception of trusteeship. It has become an axiom of British government that colored people must be governed, not for the benefit of those who rule, but for the improvement of those who are compelled to obey; and the somewhat sordid manifestations of a capitalistic imperialism which are still evident in some quarters, now meet with little response from the mass of the British people.

In the case of Germany there has been this difference. The ferocious ebullitions of the ruling caste in Africa, although condemned at home by the Social Democratic leaders, met with little reprobation from the powerful governmental clique, and attracted comparatively little attention among the mass of the people. So long as palm-oil, cocoa, rubber, and other tropical products flowed uninterruptedly into the markets of Hamburg, it mattered little how they were obtained. The German moral sense had been blunted by long years of self-deception. Oppression in Africa, it was argued, is inevitable, and it is hypocritical to condemn in ourselves what has been practised by others, and hypocritical in others to condemn such practices by ourselves.

Yet there are degrees of oppression, and assuming that cruelty must exist where the State has professed itself powerless or unwilling to initiate true reform, or to establish personal liberty, we may condemn the Germans, nevertheless, for the ruthless exercise of *force majeure* when less drastic methods would

have been equally efficacious. The moral turpitude and materialistic fetichism of German colonial administration have been self-evident and self-confessed, and it is impossible to exonerate the system as a whole from the charge of utilizing the native races as pawns on the capitalistic chessboard of European commercialism.

IV

We may turn with comparative pleasure to another aspect of German policy, because, in the pursuit of material aims, the Germans have introduced methods of order into their colonies which might be copied with advantage by other nations. In the application of modern science to tropical needs the Germans have not lagged behind. They have studied with success scientific methods of sanitation and tropical therapeutics, and although they have nowhere surpassed the work carried on by such an institute as the Wellcome Tropical Laboratories at Khartum, they have, nevertheless, battled with some success against epidemic and endemic disease. It is, however, a terrible commentary on the spread of so-called civilization in Africa that, while the diseases peculiar to the country have not been conquered, others not less terrible in their effect have been introduced. The ravages of syphilis, contracted on the plantations or in the mines, have been added to the terrible scourge of sleeping sickness. The tragedy of phthisis has been superimposed upon the evils of malaria. While the latter have been combated by modern hygienic methods, the door has been opened to new forms of disease. But such work as the Germans have been able to perform in the domain of medicine has been for the ultimate good of blacks and Europeans alike.

In the domains of practical and ordered architecture and of engineering the Germans have surpassed, in some

respects, their British and French competitors. To compare the port of Dar-es-Salaam, in German East Africa, with its neatness and fine buildings, with the neighboring British port of Mombasa, is not to the advantage of the latter; and even the native towns in each case show the difference between what may be termed paternal efficiency and the detached casualness of British methods. Similarly Duala, the chief port of the Cameroons, founded, it is true, on the moral degradation of the former native owners, is a model of order when contrasted with coastal towns in the Gold Coast Colony, and compares favorably with the French show-place of Dakar in Senegal.

German railways, too, are supplied with splendid stations, uncommon in any African country; but they have been built with the sweat and blood of forced laborers and are the symbols of enslavement rather than of freedom. The Uganda Railway, built into the heart of the continent in the early days of British influence in East Africa, was the instrument of freedom, and introduced law and order where slavery and oppression had formerly been paramount. The Tanganyika Railway, also built into the heart of Africa, was to have been the instrument of Germany's commercial domination of the Tanganyika districts and the visible sign of German might in Africa. It was pushed forward at great speed, mainly for strategic and materialistic reasons.

In one other respect the Germans are worthy of praise. They have studied with minute care the products of their colonies. Although this has been mainly with a view to their utilization on the markets of Europe, no one can blame a commercial people for entering upon this investigation with thoroughness. The same process is carried on by Great Britain, France, and America, but it is doubtful whether it has been followed

with the same close attention to possible developments of new industries.

From the scientific point of view, therefore, German colonization has been a success, for every encouragement has been given to the scientific application of agriculture, the study of tropical products, agricultural experiments on broad and practical lines, the utilization of the indigenous fauna, experimental work in the eradication of tropical diseases, the study of practical hygiene, and the investigation of native languages — to the exclusion, not infrequently, of the more practical work of exploitation and colonization. If a scientific foundation be required in a modern colony, then there can be no possible doubt that such a basis was prepared in the German tropical possessions; but to adopt a homely simile, it is no good for a laborer to know how to use a theodolite if he cannot also handle a pick and axe. Too many of Germany's administrators were theorists first and practical workers second.

The history of German colonization, however, enforces the lesson that material civilization is a curse and a blighting influence if it be not accompanied by active sympathy, deep understanding, and moral worth. The African native is no mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, nor can he be regarded simply as the necessary tool in the work of scientific exploitation. It is precisely because the Germans have been unable to recognize this elementary fact, that they must be regarded as unsuitable workers in the African domain. By their systematic oppression, manifested in many different directions and in many different places, they have demonstrated their unfitness to control the destinies of native races.

It is no part of this article to suggest what shall be the future of the German

colonies. The problem is an entirely complex one, — more complex than can be shown in a few generalizations, — involving the interests of several European nations and the rights and liberties of many millions of African natives. It is a problem particularly difficult for an Englishman to discuss; for England is always open to the charge, unjust in the writer's view, that her wars have been waged for territorial gain, because at the end of them she has generally received fresh accessions of territory. The most casual acquaintance with the underlying forces that have produced national catastrophes, and with the conditions prevailing at the conclusion of peace, is sufficient to refute such an argument. But it is permissible to suggest that deep moral forces are moving the world, and that the old order is passing away even before the new order has been evolved.

It is, therefore, essential, in the interest of the natives, that they should be governed by some power capable of utilizing these new moral forces for the benefit of black humanity; for, while the more sordid and material aspects of colonial development must not be dismissed, the white man is under a sacred obligation toward the less advanced races of mankind which cannot be minimized or neglected. In this work America, too, has her part, and whatever may be the ultimate form of the redistribution of territory in Africa, it is certain that America is too deeply interested in the moral evolution of humanity to stand aside. If it be impossible for America to assume any direct territorial responsibility in Africa, nevertheless, the force of American opinion is a factor to be welcomed, and it cannot be disregarded by any European nation engaged in the administration of African territories.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

I

THE mediæval alchemist believed, following the tradition of the great Aristotle, that man's body, like all other material things, was composed of four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. Each individual had his own particular mixture of these — his *temperamentum*, as they called it. This was determined at conception and birth by the influence of the constellations and planets. The aptitudes, weaknesses, and chances of success or failure of each human being sprang from his elemental composition. Since no one had been properly mixed since Adam, the problem emerged of discovering some sovereign remedy — *secretum maximum* — which would cleanse and rectify man's composition and so produce a superman, full of physical and mental vigor and enjoying a life prolonged through many joyous centuries. Hence the persistent search for the Elixir, or philosopher's stone, which should produce these marvelous results, as well as transform the baser metals into gold.

There are plenty of reasons for concluding that the hopes of the alchemist were founded upon false assumptions; but the quest for a panacea for human woes has gone on, and has tried widely divergent paths. We are obsessed with the idea that we all have latent powers which are only awaiting the right signal to be set free and glorify life. We have a conviction of suppressed worth and potency which leads us to suspect that our inabilities are but the symptoms

of some physical or mental maladjustment, which might prove to be comparatively simple and remediable, if only we could hit on the right way of dealing with it.

A lifelong personal experience of physical and mental depression and a constant observation of its operation in others has led me to the conclusion that it constitutes one of our chief modern enemies, not only to individual happiness and effort, but to successful social regeneration. Its workings are most insidious and assume manifold forms. Like Friar Bacon, I have continued to believe that we should not give up the search for the philosopher's stone; but the claims of those which came to my attention appeared to me greatly exaggerated and, in my particular case, illusory.

But not many months ago I happened upon one of the numerous proclamations of a new elixir in a book with the exhilarating title, *Man's Supreme Inheritance*.¹ It was introduced to the public by one in whose judgment in such matters I have uncommon confidence. I therefore took advantage of an opportunity to meet the author, and he has taken infinite pains to explain to me and illustrate the theory and workings of the plan of human regeneration set forth in his book.

I realize that I must here meet the

¹ *Man's Supreme Inheritance, Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization.* By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER; with an introductory word by PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1918.

inevitable prejudgments of the reader. He will naturally infer that I am going to describe and defend a new 'cure.' He may already have discovered the Elixir — Christian Science, osteopathy, psycho-analysis, chiropractics, mineral oil, assiduous mastication, or the frugal morning exercise. If one has already found salvation, why look further? We all know that cures are ascribed to all sorts of things, from the humble bacillus *Bulgaricus* to Our Lady of Lourdes. The number of things that appear to make people ill is exceeded only by the number of those that claim to make them well.

I am not telling my plain tale because I happen to have been redeemed in body and soul through Mr. Alexander's method, or because I have known others to be so redeemed. I think his ability to straighten out adults and give them new energy and courage is very important, but by no means so important as the possible application of his theories in the field of education, by which it seems as if it might be possible to raise the whole race to a far higher plane than it now occupies.

One must also meet the objection of the disillusioned and properly skeptical reader, who will say that things are not so simple; that there can be no Elixir. He will cubby-hole Mr. Alexander's ideas as neatly and finally as the Holy Roman Catholic Church files a recrudescence of heresy under some well-known heading of the second or third century. I am not inclined to contend that all his ideas are new, or that his book, which clearly reflects the genial exuberance of its author, might not have been better arranged; or that anyone need accept all the philosophic reflections which accompany the exposition of his system. Nevertheless, no one interested in human improvement can afford to pass by his plan without carefully considering its nature and bearings.

II

Mr. Alexander, an Australian by birth and originally a dramatic reciter by profession, was born with a rather weak constitution, and at one time his voice gave out completely. He hit upon the idea that his troubles were due to some failure to control his muscles correctly, and, furthermore, that he was frustrating himself by unconscious muscular strains which served to hamper the proper action of the lungs and at the same time caused a vast waste of the energy he could ill spare. He set about to analyze the situation, and with the utmost ingenuity, not only cured himself, but devised a method by which he has cured hundreds of other people — from babies to elderly men and women. His method lies in substituting conscious muscular control and coördination for our old ill-considered habitual postures which we acquire as carelessly as we do all our manners and convictions.

After long experience in Australia, London, and New York, with children and adults, whether suffering from acute disabilities and contortions, or merely afflicted with an indefinable feebleness and lassitude, Mr. Alexander has become convinced that a great part of our misery and inefficiency is quite needless. He longs to reach all children while the task of readjustment and correlation is still an easy one. He is able to remodel in the most astonishing manner men and women who are over sixty years old. This part of his work he regards, however, as of secondary importance. He must make a livelihood. Moreover, he naturally happens upon adults whose abilities he longs to set free from the trammels of ill-health and depression. But his prime interest is in setting *children* right, so that they shall never demand, in later years, the types of exacting, special treatment which bad

habits of long standing require. Children can, he finds, be taught easily and rapidly so that they need never suffer from the habits they form if left to establish their own false bodily dogmas. He would like to teach teachers, and he is constantly endeavoring to perfect and shorten the process of instruction. 'The first principle in all training, from the earliest years of child-life, must,' he holds, 'be on a conscious plane of co-ordination, reëducation, and readjustment, which will establish a normal kinæsthesia, or muscular discrimination.'

The improved race which Mr. Alexander foresees 'will be adaptable to any occupation that may be their lot.' All they do will be done with the maximum generation of vital energy and the minimum expenditure of their resources — and this during the whole twenty-four hours of the day. To those who have been educated in the principles of conscious control, 'no severe physical exercise is a necessity, since there are no stagnant eddies in the system in which the toxins can accumulate; and to them will belong a full and complete command of their physical organisms. The wonderful improvements in health — often deemed miraculous by the uninitiated — which have been effected in adults adumbrate the potentialities for efficiency which may be developed in the children of a new race.'

Mr. Alexander does not simply exhort one to exercise conscious muscular control: he actually remodels the body, as a sculptor models the clay; gives one a fresh and discriminating muscular sense, which not only does away with distortions and expensive strains, but reacts upon one's habitual moods and intellectual operations.

Now this happens to be at once the most novel and the most difficult thing either to do or to describe. Mr. Alexander has done his best in his book to make clear what he does to regener-

ate the human system; he has not consciously refrained from giving away his methods, as one might not unnaturally suspect who did not know him. But only actual demonstration can make the process clear, and then only after considerable thought and experience. It varies with the individual who is receiving the 'lessons.' To coördinate adults would never be a task for any but a very exceptional and skilled practitioner; but Mr. Alexander believes, as we have said, that the art of treating children could be so standardized as to be carried on successfully by large numbers of men and women of good intelligence if they were properly trained. For in his experience a child responds with wonderful readiness, and a few lessons are often all that is necessary to give him the correct notions of posture and bearing. There is nothing magical in Mr. Alexander's methods, but they involve a subtle coördination of thought and physical action which it is his striking achievement to have established and made available for others.

III

Before considering his actual practice in more detail, we must stop a moment to recall certain facts and prejudices that have always to be reckoned with.

We all have to rely upon the working of a combined generator and motor which is at once producing and expending power. Few of us ask ourselves whether our posture or movements in standing, sitting, walking, working, and sleeping are at once most favorable for the generation of energy and least wasteful in its use. As Arnold Bennett says, we constantly abuse our bodies as no man could afford to maltreat the electrical system of his car. If the commutators are befouled, and if the brushes do not form a proper contact, one's ammeter will fail to register the proper

intake. This will be succeeded by an absolute deficit if the stored electricity is allowed to run off owing to improper insulation or defective contacts. The starter works feebly, the spark is no longer bright and vivid, the lights burn dim; even the voice of the creature fades to a hoarse whisper, and finally the whole intricate mechanism comes to a standstill.

If we have stumbled up on to our hind-legs from a quadrupedal ancestry, that alone might readily account for certain very common strains and expensive postures. But granting that, during the hundreds of thousands of years which mankind probably lived as a hunting animal, wandering through the forests and across the plains, he attained a proper adjustment without taking thought, this is no sign that, now that he works in factories and leans over desks and counters, he has hit upon the right attitude, and is not wearing himself out by entirely needless exertion.

Those of us who are conspicuously slovenly in our carriage are urged by parents, teachers, and friends to 'brace up.' I have given myself this order and received it from others since childhood, but have found that my best efforts failed. Now I see the reason. No one explained to me what it was to 'brace up,' and I assumed that an effort to elevate my chest, buckle in my back, and bring my shoulder-blades as nearly together as possible was the desired end. This is what most people do when they endeavor to straighten themselves. While there might be worse positions, this one involves a great deal of strain; it tends to throw out the abdomen and does not really increase the freedom of the lungs. It is usually accompanied by a throwing back of the head, so that we really shorten rather than lengthen the body; for the kink in the neck and the inward bending of the spine at the waist produce a reduction in our possible stat-

ure. Mr. Alexander deprecates the military carriage on the grounds just given. If the resting Hermes in the Neapolitan Museum should jump to his feet and continue his way, our initial astonishment would be perceptibly increased if he assumed the attitude of a West Point cadet. The horsemen of the Parthenon frieze and the entrancing mounted Amazon ride rather more like cowboys than like hussars. This proves only that the Greek sculptors would probably have had no inclination to dispute Mr. Alexander's contentions.

When things grow too bad and we are overtaken by depression, indigestion, and insomnia, we resort to 'exercise' and 'physical training.' We try to find an artificial substitute for those activities which formed the daily routine of our hunting ancestors. That exercise is beneficial, no one will deny; but that it is hard to get into our lives, and is somewhat disappointing in its results and not very persistent in its effects, is obvious enough. We try to make up for the crampings and strains of twenty-three hours in the day by a period of movement for its own sake, lasting perhaps an hour. Moreover, we carry over, even into our exercises, the same habits that exhaust us during our regular occupations.

We are all embarrassed in our efforts to gain proper bodily control by what Mr. Alexander calls our 'debauched kinaesthesia.' That is to say, our muscular sensations are blind guides. Most people prove on examination to have false ideas of what they are really doing and what they can do. We generally involve many more muscles than are necessary, and apply an excessive amount of strain. One of the first results of Mr. Alexander's instruction is the conviction that physically we are fools, in spite of gymnasium practice and books on physical culture. We cannot even obey the simple order to

put our head back or forward, or open our mouth, without unnecessary ado. We have to be taught to walk without using our neck and needless abdominal tension. It is hard to 'relax' in Mr. Alexander's sense of the term, namely, put ourselves at the disposal of the instructor who wishes, by moving a limb himself, to give one a new kinæsthetic register of the correct amount of tension necessary. Our inhibitory powers are weak and erratic, and we suffer from a sort of bodily dogmatism which shows itself in a strong reluctance to grant that our habitual posture and movements are wrong. Then apprehension sets in and complicates the teaching, for the conviction of sin produces harassing anxiety lest we do the thing wrong.

Mr. Alexander is all too familiar with all these traits of the unregenerate. But he is patient and gentle, and with the traditions of an actor, each new audience of one comes to him as a fresh opportunity to explain and illustrate his art. He does not have to undress you, or ask you what is the matter with you, or establish your anamnesis. Your obviously faulty posture and movements immediately strike his keen experienced eye. If he can induce you to coöperate with him in the process of correlation, he is sure that you and he cannot be wrong. He invites no violent exercise — indeed, would have you refrain for a time from exercise, since it but serves to reinforce old and vicious habits. He does not force the change of mind and posture, but bids you have good hope that, by projecting the orders that he suggests, and reforming your bodily ambitions, and recognizing the vicious nature of your former habits and aspirations, you will, after twenty or thirty daily 'lessons,' lasting a half an hour each, find yourself, without intermitting your usual daily routine, a new person. But more than that, he promises that you will continue to improve

when the lessons are over, and that the ideas they suggest will form an ever-developing and inspiring element in your life. For, as he properly claims, 'anyone who has acquired the power of coördinating himself correctly can readjust the parts of his body to meet the requirements of almost any position, while always commanding adequate and correct movements of the respiratory apparatus and perfect vocal control.'

IV

In his book Mr. Alexander describes as best he can the manner in which he gives lessons in conscious control, and at the same time so remodels the body that the patient is finally able to translate his new aspirations into daily conduct.¹ He realizes that the psychic and physical are always interplaying, sometimes obviously, usually unconsciously. One has to inhibit his familiar and quite unconscious muscular routine, in order to make way for the new, well-planned, conscious coördination. It seems to me to be Mr. Alexander's fundamental invention to have hit upon an effective way of doing this. You are first shown your general incompetence to disassociate and control your movements; then you are given certain fundamental orders in regard to the relaxing of the neck, the position of the head, the lengthening of the body and broadening of the back. These are, however, at first *mere aspirations*, and you are forbidden to make any attempt to carry them out muscularly, for the simple reason that your old habits will not permit you to do so. As yet you do not know what it is really to relax the neck, lengthen the body, or broaden the back; but you can cultivate the hope of accomplishing these feats in good time. Mr. Alexander has discovered from

¹ See especially his 'Notes and Instances' at the end of the volume.

experience that the *bare orders*, if often repeated, not only tend to cut out the old noxious strains and distortions, but have an essential positive influence in forwarding the substitution of the new and correct coördination.

Mr. Alexander then proceeds literally to remodel the patient, first sitting and then in a standing posture. He devotes his chief attention to the neck, lower thorax, and abdomen, but sees to it that one's legs are properly relaxed. By pressing, pushing, pulling, stretching, and readjusting, — all quite gently and persuasively, — he brings you back into shape, rising now and then to take a look at you from a distance, as a sculptor might view the progress of his work. This process has a double effect apparently: it gradually increases your muscular discrimination, and at the same time the correct coördinations he makes tend to hold over and ultimately to become habitual. Slowly you realize that the sensations in your back and your consequent control are increasing. You sit and stand with ever greater ease and satisfaction. You learn to discriminate and separate muscular acts; to give yourself a long succession of commands and carry them out one by one, without involving any but the necessary and correct coördinations — to grasp a chair without implicating the muscles of the upper arm or shoulder, to manage your legs without using the abdominal muscles or contracting the neck.

When one is properly coördinated, gratuitous strain disappears; the lung-capacity is greatly increased, the method of breathing improves, the abdominal viscera are no longer compressed, and the natural massage in which our intestines engage can be carried on freely, thus aiding in the elimination of the poisonous products of life which cause such varied distress, physical and emotional. At last one has learned to 'brace up,' and, what is more, to stay

braced up; to prefer the right posture to the wrong. And one enjoys all these advantages for twenty-four hours in the day; for one no longer suffers from the 'reabsorption' that so often makes sleep a disappointment.

V

A word may properly be said here of the whole matter of so-called 'mind' cures, — including psycho-analysis, — as contrasted with Mr. Alexander's novel approach, *primarily from without rather than from within*. For many centuries European thought has been dominated by the false antithesis between mind and body, between the spiritual and the material, assumed to be engaged in an inevitable warfare. The Neo-platonists' contempt for the body, carried over into Christian theology, still influences our theories of conduct far more than we realize. Even the psycho-analysts are in fundamental agreement with Augustine in assuming that sexual impulse is at the bottom of our troubles, and that mankind must be saved from within out. Modern psychology, on the other hand, is making clearer and clearer the inevitable and organic association and constant interworking of what we rudely classify as 'mental' and 'physical.' They really cannot possibly be separated. Every thought and emotion reverberates through the body; and, on the other hand, every bodily sensation or function plays its part in determining our perceptions, our hopes and fears and preferences and trend of speculation. Our 'feeling tones' underlie our moods, our hourly aspirations and aversions. So much that we call emotion is the perception of the momentary action of heart and lungs; as is naïvely acknowledged in our common daily speech, when we speak of a sigh of joy, or a heavy heart.

Now it appears to me to be the sensible thing to surrender the traditional dichotomy, or sharp distinction between mind and body, together with the traditional eulogistic use of the word 'spiritual' and the depreciatory attitude toward the so-called 'material.' We should recognize that mind and body are really two phases of the same thing, so intimate and constant is their interaction. On some occasions we can best deal with ourselves from within out; on others, from without in. We need no longer feel any partiality for the one over the other — the real question is, does a particular method produce beneficent results? The whole situation is still an unfathomed mystery; but to put it quite simply in its practical aspects, we all go on the hypothesis that our psychic conditions obviously produce, or are associated with, bodily changes, including posture and muscular coördination. No one questions the obvious bodily manifestations of elation and depression, for example.

Now Mr. Alexander, knowing, as indeed we all know, that our minds and bodies are constantly and inevitably working backward and forward, and that both have always to be considered in the psycho-physical manifestations which make up the whole of human life, has carried on prolonged experiments which seem to make perfectly clear the fact that the mind can be treated through the body in such fashion as to alter its tone and operations. A 'grouch,' or resentment, or any form of 'complex,' — to use the Freudian word, — is physical as well as mental. By eliminating its physical manifestation, its mental aspect tends to disappear as well. To have conscious control and a fine discrimination in dealing justly and economically with the body, is the basis of just and fair reasoning and of controlled and coördinated emotions. For example, labored attention

exhibits itself in muscular contraction and strain. This hampers and distorts thought. Mr. Alexander would have us relax. To him a resilient and lightsome mood, which goes with proper muscular adjustment, is the promising one for free and remunerative thought; not fixed eyes, a furrowed brow, and tensed muscles.

The bearings of all this on the question of social readjustment and reform are very interesting. We seem to be driven by the present general bankruptcy of old ideas and institutions to a conscious, well-considered reconstruction, regardless of the venerated habits of the past. But Mr. Alexander well says, 'One of the most startling fallacies of human thought has been the attempt to inaugurate rapid and far-reaching reforms in the religious, moral, social, political, educational, and industrial spheres of human activity, whilst the individuals by whose aid these reforms can be made practical and effective have remained dependent upon subconscious guidance, with all that it connotes. Such attempts have always been made by men or women who were almost entirely ignorant of the one fundamental principle which would have so raised the standard of evolution [I prefer to substitute the word 'reform'] that the people upon whom they sought to impose these reforms might have passed from one stage of development to another without risk of losing their mental, spiritual, and physical balance.'

This seems to me a true and profound remark. Bodily vigor should be our first demand in projecting reforms. Its increase would at once remove, or greatly lighten, the evils under which we suffer, and at the same time form the enabling clause in new projects. We are so bewildered in our attempts to determine where to take hold in the perplexities of the present, that we shall be greatly relieved if Mr. Alexander can prove that

the most obvious, the simplest, and most hopeful line of reform is at the same time the most immediately essential and practicable. If it turns out to be a somewhat familiar ambition, and to lie in the correct management of our bodies, let not any Neo-platonic or Christian ascetic reminiscences prejudice us against it.

But the question whether or no robust health would produce in our natural leaders a spirit of cheerful emulation and a reduction of envy, jealousy, and suspicion, which would, in turn, take the form of efficient and energetic coöperation for the speedy elimination of flagrant evils, is somewhat beside the point. There is general agreement, except perhaps on the part of a few wayward ascetics, not only that health is a blessing, but that to the want of it may safely be ascribed no inconsider-

able part of our present ethical and social problems. Crime, poverty, and the wretchedness of personal dependence have a close relation to bad bodily states. Most of our daily irritations and wrangles spring from physical depression. And from the same cause come boredom and hysteria. So in a thoroughly revised system of ethics might not the *obligation* of physical well-being constitute Chapter I? If health were secured, many of our worst 'temptations' would lose their hold, and the number of painful ethical determinations would consequently be greatly reduced. So the remainder of the treatise might be much briefer than it was in the old editions. The road would seem much plainer and straighter than formerly. There would be fewer partings of the way, where the rugged and repulsive path must always be chosen.

COMBAT

BY JOHN LAVALLE

WHEN your nerves are feelin' shot,
And your engine's gettin' hot,
And it's up to you to bring 'er down alive,
An Albatross V-strutter
Seems to hear your motor splutter,
And he's out to scalp another S.E. five.

And you've got no consolation
At the end of your formation,
And suddenly you see he's cut you off;
And there's nothing else to do,
So my boy! it's up to you,
And you wish to hell your engine would n't cough.

You pull 'er up and over.
It's your British crust that hove 'er,
And you're divin' down like leather bent for hell;
And your forehead starts a-painin',
But your engine starts a-gainin',
And you're underneath his tail — You've done it well!

You climb a little first,
And you let him have a burst,
And your Vickers starts a-spittin' like a snake;
But you're tremblin' like a child,
And your shots are goin' wild:
You can see 'em by the streaks your tracers make.

Well, you've pulled yourself together,
And you're goin' hell for leather,
But the Boche has rolled and got behind your back;
And his shots are fiery things,
And they're landin' in your wings;
So you roll, and almost hear 'em crack!

You'll deliver him to his Gott,
In the place where it's so hot,
And you aim and squeeze your Bowdin-lever well;
And before your shots are spent,
By God! you've gone and sent
Him blazin', spinnin', crashin' down to hell!

IMMIGRATION AND THE LABOR-SUPPLY

BY DON D. LESCOHIER

THE war is over. Reconstruction is now the world's absorbing interest. Much of the economic and political structure of modern society must be recast. The rearrangement of the map of Europe and of international relations, at the Peace Conference, will be but early steps in a process of readjustment on which the world's thought will be centred for the next twenty years. This reconstruction problem is not a reëstablishment of the socio-economic relations which obtained before the war. It is reconstruction. If the war had ended two years ago, its issues might have been confined to international politics; but in the last two years the thought of the Western world has grappled with fundamentals. The laborers and peasants of Russia, the factory-hands of England, and the common laborers of America have been fired with a vision of a new world in which their past sufferings will be replaced by a greater degree of welfare than they have yet enjoyed.

Many people believe that America's reconstruction labor-problem is a struggle between capitalists and organized labor over the question whether or not labor will retain the advances in organization and wages which it has obtained during the war. In my judgment, that struggle is but the opening skirmish of a much further-reaching contest. Millions of workers have been aroused to ask whether democracy is a reality when it is accompanied by the amount of unemployment, low wages, bad housing, and the like, which have

existed up to the present time. The peasants of Russia and of other countries are asking whether the land-systems of the past are compatible with democracy. In a word, the aroused self-consciousness of classes heretofore submerged will force a widespread struggle over fundamentals of social organization and social policies.

The world has neither comprehended nor felt the full power of the forces underlying the radical socialistic movements shaking Europe to-day. These movements are due to the cumulative discontents of generations. The Bolsheviks, the I.W.W., and similar organizations may be crushed as organizations, but this will not stifle the revolt they express. These organizations are concrete manifestations of the economic discontent of the peasant and laboring classes, and discontent is not cured by force. In ancient times the control of society was in the hands of landlords. During the later Middle Ages the capitalistic class emerged and compelled the landlords to divide social control with them. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the skilled mechanics and small farmers forced a place for themselves in the political and economic control of society. Now the laborers of Europe and America, with the peasants of Italy and Russia, have emerged into self-consciousness, and demand participation in the management of the world's life. The uprising of these groups is due to causes that have been operating over a long period of time, in Russia, Germany, France,

England, Italy, the United States, and lesser nations: causes too fundamental to be dismissed with superficial concessions or crushed by political or economic force. Though they may lose in their early efforts, they will continue the struggle until they win self-government and justice.

Those of us who believe in democracy, as contrasted with autocracy and anarchy, should waste no time. It is our task to discover the real causes of these movements, and to point out the social reconstruction which will remove them. It is idle for us to waste time denouncing Trotsky, Lenin, or other leaders. Those leaders have simply focused heartaches. It is the *causes* of the heartaches which should interest scientific men who believe in democracy and justice. We do not defend the excesses which accompany these movements — excesses due in part to a long-repressed sense of injustice, in part to ignorance, in part to criminal leadership, in part to the fact that criminal and tough elements gravitate into such movements, to use them for their own ends. But we do insist that an uprising involving so much of the world's area and so many millions of men could arise only because of widespread, common grievances. One of those grievances, though it will be formulated by them in language which describes its results rather than the causes of those results, has been the labor-supply policy of modern capitalism.

I. OUR PRE-WAR LABOR-SUPPLY POLICY

Capitalists, and too many economists, have thought of labor as a commodity, and of labor-supply as one of the instrumentalities conveniently provided to help the capitalist grind out products and profits. Labor has been a factor in production. Their thought has conceived the workman as a laborer rather

than as a father, husband, and citizen. The human has been subordinated to the economic. But the worker has seen himself in an opposite fashion. To him, his home and personal life were *the* important things, his labor but an incidental, necessary experience of his life. *They* saw him as a tool in production; *he* saw himself as a citizen. *They* saw no reason why he should not be satisfied when he got his wages; *he* saw no reason for being satisfied unless he shared in the determination of the conditions, economic and political, under which he lived.

It is this fundamental conflict in point of view which has made it so difficult for the employer and the worker to reach a common ground of agreement. One has thought in terms of business; the other in terms of human nature.

The labor-supply policy of Europe and America has been a very simple one — the maintenance of a reserve of labor adequate for the employers' needs in their most busy periods, but for which they assumed no responsibility when they were not actually employing the workers. To one who thinks of labor as a commodity, a factor in production, an economic complement to land, capital, and management, the idea of a labor-reserve is as natural as the idea of a capital-reserve or a land-reserve, and there is no more reason that labor should expect continuous employment than there is that capital or land should expect continuous remunerative utilization.

But to one who thinks of labor in terms of personalities, the idea of a labor-reserve looks entirely different. To him a labor-reserve means fathers out of employment, children underfed, sick mothers without medical attention, increased infant mortality, families in debt, the coal-bin empty, the landlord threatening eviction. It means

working efficiency deteriorated by idleness, the breaking down of regular working habits, the deterioration of mankind. He knows that, to the men and the women who constitute that labor-reserve, their economic situation means suffering part of the time, worry all the time, and life-failure in tens of thousands of cases every year. The uprising which is shaping the economic world to-day demands that we now begin to think of labor-reserves and others of our economic customs from the workers' point of view; that we reconstruct our society on some plan that will give all men a chance for happiness and success, all babies a chance for survival, all children a chance for proper care and schooling.

The large labor-reserve or surplus which has been persistently with us in America is largely due to four facts:—

(1) A fluctuating but unceasing inflow of immigrant labor;

(2) An unorganized labor market;

(3) A decentralization of the labor-surplus; and

(4) A rapid, wasteful turnover of labor.

These four are closely related. They interact upon each other. The effects of each one are in part a cause and in part a result of the other three.

1. Immigration has been largely the response to an active demand for labor in America. We have steadily drawn from Europe supplies of labor brought to maturity, or near maturity, in foreign countries. In the fifteen years immediately preceding the war they increased our net population by about ten millions. In prosperous years, the volume of immigration was much larger than in bad years. The wave fluctuated, but the human tide continued to flow. And yet, in every year and month and on every day in which these millions were coming, there were idle workmen on the streets of every city in America. Abundant supplies of land, rich natural

resources, and expanding industries continually called for labor for their utilization. Nevertheless, every morning of the year found idle men at tens of thousands of factory-gates, hanging around employment offices, or pacing the streets. Labor surplus has been as ever-present as labor shortage. Investigation after investigation of employment conditions has demonstrated a continuing supply of idle men in America. Employers have lacked men at the same time that men have lacked work.

It does not necessarily follow that the accretions of population due to immigration produced a surplus of labor in America that could not be employed. Our industries have been developing with marvelous rapidity in the last quarter century. But the facts are that there have never been less than a million idle men, and often five or six millions, at a time during the last twenty years. This continuing surplus has been due in part to the lack of adjustment of immigration to our varying labor needs. But it has also been due in part to the fact that the labor we have is not properly distributed, in part to the fact that the labor-reserve is decentralized, and in part to the excessive turnover of labor which has obtained in our industries.

2. Our unorganized labor market has made it impossible for employers to get labor from any central agency as they get capital from the banking system. They have had to depend upon the picking up of labor wherever they could find it lying around loose. If they could not find the kind of a man they wanted out of employment, their only recourse was to patronize some private employment agency, or to steal the man from another employer. Both policies were followed, even by reputable concerns. During the war the government established an employment service, which is trying to organize the labor market; but

we must not lose sight of the facts that that service is a piece of war-machinery rather than a piece of industrial machinery, and that it was not established to help solve either the employers' or the employees' employment problem, but to facilitate the transfer of labor from non-essential to essential industries in war-time. It had a war-function, not an industrial function. We sincerely hope that the efforts now being made to develop the United States Employment Service into a permanent system of control over the employment situation will be successful. But that consummation has not yet been attained.

3. The third characteristic of our labor-supply which permitted labor-surplus and unfilled labor-demand to co-exist, was the decentralized character of our labor-reserves. Inasmuch as there was no organized labor market, and as immigration continually replenished the labor-supply, each American employer and each locality developed a local labor-reserve. Each employer expected as a matter of course that there would be idle men at his factory-gate to-morrow morning — every morning. And there were. He based his production policy upon that expectation. Unless there was such a reserve at his place of business, or in his immediate locality, he complained of labor-shortage. In his mind, consciously or unconsciously, was the idea that he was entitled to have on hand at all times enough workers to man his enterprise at maximum capacity, even if he did not run the business at maximum capacity more than thirty days a year. He expected that those who did his hiring would be able to engage from an assembled group the men best suited to his work, and thought it the natural thing that laborers should compete with each other for the jobs he had to offer. In other words, American business has been carried on on the

theory that men will work for short periods.

4. A rapid turnover or shifting of labor has been inevitable, with the unregulated immigration, unorganized labor market, and decentralized labor-reserve which we have described.

Labor has passed *through* our industries rather than *into* them. A relatively small number of progressive employers have inaugurated labor policies which hold their labor force; but most employers hire two, three, or four men during a year to fill one work place. They clamor for more men, while they let those they have slip through their fingers.

II. THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE LABOR-SUPPLY

Into this situation came the war. In 1914, 1,218,480 immigrants came to the United States. The total immigration of the next *four* years was but 1,031,547, or 186,933 less in 1914, and 166,345 less than in 1913. Each year of the war immigration decreased. It fell from 326,700 in 1915 to 110,618 in 1918. In 1915, immigration gave us a net increase of population of nearly 123,000; in 1918, of but 16,033. During these four years 494,701 aliens departed from this country, which left us with a net increase of population by immigration during the war of 536,846, or about 134,000 a year. The net immigration of 1913 was 889,702; of 1914, 915,142. The war decreased immigration's contribution to our labor-supply about 85 per cent. It is not certain that our net increase of population by immigration during the war equaled the number of Americans who entered the Allied armies before April, 1917, went to Canada to take the place of Canadians who had gone to the front, and went to Europe to help in the Red Cross and similar work for the Allies. Immigration during

the war is therefore of negligible importance as a factor in our labor market.

On the other hand, several million men were withdrawn from employment in America for military, Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., and similar war-work. Their places were taken in part by men and women who had not previously been engaged in economic activities, and in part by absorbing into employment much of the idle labor-surplus.

During the war we experienced a considerable decrease in the nation's supply of labor in the face of the war's increase in demand for labor. We needed more, had less, and in effect received none from outside. What happened? By better distribution of what we had, we manned our war-industries. We did not fill every place which needed a man, but we were not crippled by a lack of labor. Yet more significant: we still had labor-surpluses. It is true that many of the workers idle in war-time were men of low quality, but by no means all of them were. Throughout the war honest, competent workmen were seeking work at practically all times. Some of them were not fitted for the jobs which happened to be open; some were too far away; some did not know where the opportunities to obtain work were. Unfilled labor-demands and unused labor-surpluses existed side by side as in normal times.

III. POST-WAR LABOR POLICY

All of these facts bear vitally on the after-the-war situation. In the first place, they suggest that American industry does not need nearly as many laborers in the country in proportion to the output as it has always had. It is beyond dispute that our industries have been careless in their labor policies. It likewise seems clear that one reason for their carelessness has been the supply of idle workers who were at their doors

practically all the time. The employer did not think as much about labor conservation as he did about capital conservation, because labor was easy to get but capital was hard to get. It was when labor became relatively scarce, that employers in general became interested in reducing labor turnover, in maintaining labor efficiency, in paying good wages, in reducing hours, in providing better houses and working conditions. *The world-war period was the first period in American history when the interests of the common laborer received serious consideration.*

The question which now confronts us is: Shall we endeavor after the war to revert to the old labor-supply policy; or shall we develop constructive policies which will enable our industries to carry on production with smaller labor-reserves?

The termination of war-industries is, of course, throwing many workers out of employment. There can be little question that more people will be out of employment this winter than last. There is no doubt in my mind, from the evidence I have obtained, that there are more out of work now than were out of work last year at this time. Anyone familiar with the industrial readjustments which occurred during the war-period knows that it would be impossible for our industries to return to a peace basis without temporarily throwing many workmen out of employment. Demobilized soldiers and sailors will add to the number of the unemployed, in spite of the efforts being made to absorb them into industry; but the dislocation of industrial workers working in purely war-time industries and in industries heavily loaded with war-orders is the more serious aspect of the situation. We appreciate the efforts of government officials and leading business men to steady industry during the period of readjustment; but

it is untrue to say that men are not being thrown out of employment by the termination of the war, and it is untrue to say that every returned soldier and sailor is finding, or will find, a job awaiting him. The number of unemployed in the country has been increasing steadily since the termination of the war. Both the time of year and the suddenness of peace make it inevitable. Efforts to camouflage the situation will only make it worse. Honesty requires that we recognize that we have a serious problem to face this winter, in the matter of replacing unemployed workers in employment.

Returning to our discussion of the labor-supply situation during the coming years, as contrasted simply with the situation of this winter, we wish now to point out that the immigration question is a vital consideration. Before the war, immigration provided a steady stream of labor to maintain the decentralized labor-reserves; and in the immediate future, both the probabilities of immigration and the policy which we are to advocate for the regulation of immigration are of vital importance. Those who wish to reestablish the pre-war situation will seek to stimulate immigration. Those who believe that reduced immigration is desirable will advocate the maintenance of our present immigration laws or the enactment of more stringent ones. It is my belief that immigration from Europe will decrease after the war, but that that decrease will not be a menace to our industrial and commercial advancement. In the long run, I believe that it will, instead, be a benefit.

The New York *Evening Post* estimated that the total fatalities in the European armies amounted to approximately ten million men. The permanent disablements would in all probability bring the figures for labor-loss up to twelve million or more. These were

men in the prime of life, of the type who emigrate to America. The civilian casualties will certainly equal the military ones, when we take into account the deliberate slaughter of large numbers of people in Armenia, Serbia, Roumania, Poland, Belgium, and France; the increased death-rates of women and children due to lack of food, shelter, and medical care; and the lowered birth-rate. Some competent observers, such as Mr. Hoover, believe that the civilian death-rate may more than double the military loss before the effects of the struggle have terminated. The total population of Europe is approximately four hundred and thirty million, which would mean that approximately five per cent of the population, and probably eight per cent of the workers, lost their lives in the war. In other words, the war caused a reduction of population in Europe from three to five times as large as it would have suffered by emigration to North and South America during the four years, if peace had continued. Approximately forty per cent, or about four hundred thousand a year on the average, of the immigrants to America have been males of military age. Probably one hundred thousand more went to South America. Europe's loss of man-power — that is, of men in the prime of life — was, therefore, five times as great on account of the war as it would have been on account of emigration. Now, if twenty men are lost in each locality during four years where four were lost before, the discrepancy cannot but affect the number of persons available for emigration to foreign lands. It would look as if European emigration to America must be checked immediately after the war, although other peculiarities of the situation — such as shortage of capital in Europe and high war-taxes — may increase the tendency to emigrate.

There are many in this country who

realize this probability of a reduced European immigration, who are turning long eyes toward Asia. They will reopen the question of Oriental immigration if they get the opportunity. It is not improbable that they will endeavor to amend our immigration laws at this session of Congress. They are clinging to the policy of providing a labor-surplus for each employer, which will enable him to man his plant at his own convenience, carry on his business with the same violent fluctuations of employment as in the past, and keep down the rate of wages. This effort to reopen our gates to Oriental immigration is nothing less than suicidal. It probably could not be done openly: organized labor's resistance would be too strong to permit that. But if it should be done, either openly or underhandedly, it would bring the whirlwinds of the workers' wrath about our heads, and develop a hatred of our economic system, and even of our government, in millions.

The sufferings which the workingmen have endured in the past because of irregular employment have been many times greater than was necessary. They are among the deep-seated causes of bitterness among the workers, and they are a sin against humanity for which our civilization will pay a high price if they are allowed to continue. The thought of the workers is in a critical state. As yet, only a small minority have entirely lost faith in our economic system. If our reconstruction policies eliminate avoidable industrial hardships, the workers' faith in democracy, political and industrial, will be maintained. If we try to revert to the old system of making labor but an agency of capital, a storm is going to break — if not now, at no distant date.

I am not certain that a stoppage of immigration for ten years would retard our industrial development. It is

certain that we have never obtained the maximum possible output from our wage-earners. Irregularity of employment, lack of training, and lack of proper care of their health, have prevented them from attaining their potential efficiency. If our labor-supply decreases while our need for labor increases or maintains itself, the result will unquestionably be a rapid development of industrial training. This was what enabled us to meet, at least in part, our shortage of skilled labor during the war. If, in the face of a decreased immigration, we devote ourselves to constructive labor policies which will increase the technical skill of our laboring population, reduce labor-turnover, and maintain the laborers' health, character, and intelligence, we shall meet the need both of industry and of the workers for a higher standard of living. For it goes without saying, that a rise in the general efficiency of labor will enable wages to remain at a higher level than if the pre-war condition is revived.

Of course, immigration will not cease, and the industrial expansion to which we look forward when the first after-effects of the war have passed will not find us with a seriously decreased supply of workmen. There is certainly no prospect of such a reduction in immigration as would justify any relaxation of our present immigration laws. A thorough organization of the labor market, to bring the man and the job together with the least loss of time to each; a constructive study of means for reducing labor-turnover; and training, health-conservation, and steadied employment to increase the workers' efficiency — these are the policies which will man our industries and at the same time develop in the workers a stronger confidence in our civilization.

The war's effect on our labor-supply should result in policies which will give us a more efficient labor force with a

higher standard of living. When immigration resumes its normal flow, as it may do in a few years, our efficient domestic labor force will enable us to absorb the new immigration without creating the evils of the past. Instead of deploring the check to immigration which will probably result from the war, we should interest ourselves in stimula-

ting labor policies that will raise the efficiency of our whole labor population. This will give us a healthy labor policy in place of the suicidal policies of the past. Nothing will promote America's industrial position among the nations more surely; nothing will operate so effectively to check extreme labor movements like Bolshevism.

LESSER VICTORIES

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

At first people were too tired, too sad, too dulled to emotion, to grasp the great fact of deliverance. It was only when it touched some homely, common experience that they could react to it. Madame B—— said to me, 'Now we are very happy, but we cannot realize that we are.'

That was why I was so grateful to a little brown horse, despised or forgotten by the Germans, that pulled a two-wheeled cart piled high with copper soup-kettles, brass pots and lamps, and bronze andirons, into Brussels about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, November 17. The liberation of the city had been proclaimed from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville at ten o'clock, and a few minutes later, the owner of the cart was on his way to the country, where he had buried by night, many months before, the copper and brass which the Boches were prepared to seize. And now he was returning, green boughs sticking from the pots, flowers blossoming from the kettles, and dozens of lit-

tle Belgian flags floating gayly over all. This was a victory each child and grown-up understood instantly, and the hero was acclaimed with shouts of laughter and hand-clapping all along his route, while the essential queue of small boys followed in the street.

As the triumphal cart was rolling through the city, shopkeepers were feverishly busy excavating or uncovering this or that treasure, and tying it with red and yellow and black; and the following morning, happy crowds proceeded from shop to shop to celebrate each window victory — a skein of yarn here, a sewing-machine there. The Mansfield Manufacturing Company of Antwerp achieved a *succès éclatant*, with its display of metal recovered from beneath the floor. Since the day they requisitioned the factory, the Boches had been innocently tramping back and forth above it.

There was also the reverse of the picture: other crowds before other windows — of the shops whose seizable property had not been requisitioned, for obvious reasons, and whose proprietors,

having trafficked with the enemy, now paid the price of their disloyalty. All usable, eatable stocks were thrown to the people, fixtures were smashed, and the shop put out of business. In some cases the merchant was imprisoned, in others he fled to Holland or Germany. Those who thus took justice into their own hands were merciless, but they had been waiting long years for this day, and the crowd grinned with approval.

Friends went from house to house, to participate in the victories of the kitchen and the hearth. I called on Madame L—— and stumbled over gas-fixtures, and desk-sets, and brass-trimmed vases in the hallway. Next door I encountered three rolls of Persian rugs and packages of table-linen just returned from a remote cellar. The door-plates and knobs had been ripped away from these houses, as they had been from most, though I was surprised at the number of times the Germans had been foiled by successful wood substitutes. Often the wood was carved, or painted, or cleverly combined in fixtures with cords and strips of brocade.

There were few more joyous ways of welcoming a returned soldier (and can one imagine the reunion of father with wife and babies, now boys, from whom he has been so inhumanly, so utterly cut off for four years?) than by preparing for him a display of kitchen kettles or salon bronze. Beside his trophies of the line, Boche helmets or *obus*, were ranged these symbols of the triumphs behind that line.

What was happening in Brussels was happening everywhere else in Belgium. When the old butler of a château near Liège learned that a visit from one of the bands most accomplished in this art of robbing a nation was imminent, he heard at the same time that they were doing their work so thoroughly that it was useless to rely on inter-wall or floor-space for concealment. More-

over, they were probing the soil of the region with spiked staves—a bit of evil information which made the burial-plan seem hopeless, until suddenly he reasoned that, since they were probably employing their staves vertically rather than obliquely, if he cut deep directly underneath the hedge, he might yet prepare a successful cache. This he did, and the heirlooms of the château rested there till the retreating army had crossed the frontier. Somehow, for the old butler, there will always be a vital connection between the great victory and a sub-hedge tunnel. He was not so fortunate, poor man, with his wine. Since there was not time to bury it, he dropped the bottles into a large fish-pond on the estate; and I suppose the Germans have rarely been greeted by a more gratifying announcement than that made by the dozens of little white labels floating on the surface of the pond as they passed it early the following morning.

One sunny afternoon (the closing days of November were soft and blue, by the grace of God) I went to Antwerp, to learn if Madame O——'s great work-room had been able to carry on till the end. And as I walked into her drawing-room, her husband said laughingly, 'You may not realize, madame, that over your head hang swords and bayonets.' He pointed to the ceiling with one hand, while he drew up a chair for me with the other. 'They are between that ceiling and the roof, where they have been comfortably incased for almost two years. They are a part of my collection that I determined the Boches should not steal. I have not yet had time to extract them—that will be quite a business, for we have scarcely been in our houses since we pulled the German rag down from the cathedral and burned it. We have been too occupied with hanging banners and garlands for the entry of the King, to find time

to get at our roofs and walls. So there the swords are above us!’

While he was talking, Madame O—— had gone to the mantelpiece to turn a bronze bust a little toward the left. ‘Yes,’ she agreed, ‘the walls and roof are difficult, but digging things up is easier.’ With a soft cloth she began rubbing the half-dozen mould marks on the bust. ‘I have only just finished cutting the grave-clothes from this, and, except for the few spots, you will see it is quite as it was; interment has not injured it.’

The children were busy in a corner, attempting to reattach covers or handles to various objects. The eldest, a boy of seventeen, who had that day volunteered for the army, held up the lid of a water-pitcher. ‘This they wanted more than anything else; they used it for the points of their obus. But they did not kill Allied soldiers with our pewter!’

His eyes shone — he had had at least that part in the fighting. I happened to know that, boy though he was, he had assisted, too, in the perilous work of getting letters, if not men, across the frontier. He had been suspected and arrested, though in the end he was released for lack of evidence.

Monsieur then told me that he himself was astonished that he had been able to save so much. ‘For you must understand, madame,’ he said, ‘these requisitioning bands brought expert architects and engineers with them. They sat down in this house, for example, until they had produced a complete plan of it, showing the thickness of the walls and the passages, and accounting, as they supposed, for every cubic foot of space. They climbed over the roof and searched the gutters; but as so often happened during their four years of perfect organization and control, they crawled directly over my swords and were quite ignorant of their presence.’

Roof-gutters saved many a household not possessing a back garden. Naturally, everyone was on the alert to know when he might expect the pillagers; and the night before the threatened visit, the most agile member of the family (forced by thieves to assume the rôle of a thief) climbed stealthily in the dark to the roof, and tucked the coffee percolator under some leaves in the gutter, or lifted tiles and dropped the soup-kettle beneath them. The danger past, the necessary vessel was returned to service, only to be hurried off to the gutter again on the next alarm. Often the hiding-place was kept secret by the one who selected it: it was safer, if the Germans came, that but one should know. Instead of climbing to the roof at night, women occasionally packed their most prized copper and bronze into a suitcase, and as the Boches entered, Madame walked out, valise in hand — on her way to the canteen, she explained. At night she returned with her valise. Since some houses were visited five or six times, the players of the game grew expert. But their implacable oppressors profited, too, by experience; though there always remained a few stupid ones, and those who were ready to sell themselves for cigars or money.

The English aviator who dropped an erring bomb on an Antwerp civilian’s house, ripping off the façade, little realized what ‘aid and comfort’ he was offering the enemy. From ground to roof, every foot of the inter-wall space was filled with brass and copper and wool and bronze — extraordinary hanging-gallery of *objets d’art*, suddenly revealed. Needless to add, the Germans brought this unlucky exhibit to a swift close, and thenceforth tore away suspected sections and hammered at walls more ruthlessly than ever.

In Brussels Madame M——’s beautiful hall was ruined, one German breaking his hammer on the marble wall in

the process, but quickly requisitioning another to continue his work. In this same house, in order more comfortably to beat on a carved oak panel, the soldiers climbed on to a wooden chest. As it happened, the wall concealed nothing, while the chest, which they sat upon and did not open, contained several valuable bronzes.

The Germans did not like the forests — at least, individuals and small groups preferred the open. So it was sometimes possible for a peasant to tether his cow and pig in a trench between trees of a nearby wood, cover this subterranean stall with leaves, and return to look on complacently while the enemy agent tramped over his pretty open farm. Incredible as it seems, some peasants were able to conceal their cattle in the very barns the Germans searched. In one instance, a farmer secured his group at the rear of the barn, by filling the section in front to the roof with hay: when the soldiers entered, this was clearly but a fodder barn. It happened in this case that they slept on the premises several nights, in a building adjoining the barn, and this peasant performed the astonishing feat of feeding his cows (climbing back and forth over the hay-wall at safe intervals) and of keeping them quiet during the whole of the danger period.

II

How many heavy days and nights of the occupation have been enlivened by this game of beating the Boches on the farm, in the kitchen and drawing-room — and, I may add, in the dining-room and the bedroom! For, as soon as all linen and wool were commandeered, the sole purpose of each Belgian was to conceal his linen and wool. Floors were ripped up, and tablecloths and sheets and mattress-wool stuffed between the boards. There were other ways, too, of

defeating the Boches. Women of Brussels dyed their stout linen sheets an attractive blue, or rose, or brown, and fashioned them into smart summer suits, making sandals to match from napkins. These they wore in triumph on the boulevards during all the summer of 1918, and for them this was equivalent to waving a Belgian flag in the face of the German officers they passed. When Doctor T—— arrived in Brussels two weeks after the Germans had evacuated, and we were walking along the Boulevard Anspach, he expressed some surprise at the coats three women in front of us were wearing — they were of excellent material and very *chic*.

I smiled. 'Yes, they are unusual,' I said; 'they are "Victory coats," made of blankets saved from the Germans by being dyed dark blue and cut into those smart winter models.'

The two beautiful little daughters of M. A——, the banker, passed us; they also were wearing 'Victory coats.' The banker himself walked by later, in his new suit — he was being hailed by his friends, as 'Le Baron de la Poche Gauche' (the Baron of the Left-hand Pocket). This fun-loving people swiftly discovered that a suit which has been turned has the pocket on the left side. The spirit of raillery has defied all suffering, all oppression.

As is evidenced by their methods of search, the Germans suspected the secretion of mattress-wool; but they had no idea to what extent it had been hidden away. In the first place, many houses had more mattresses than those necessary for the family; in the second, hair mattresses were not requisitioned, and women laboriously separated the hair from one mattress, using it to refill, partially at least, several cases from which they had emptied the wool. Some mattresses were mixed; from these they carefully picked the wool, and when

most hardly pressed, they filled cases with rags or straw.

I know women who stuffed their wool into bottles and buried it. Mademoiselle S—— told me that she counted forty bottles to a mattress. When I arrived at Madame B——'s, on the nineteenth, the servants had just excavated the mouldy wooden cases containing the wool of eighteen mattresses. They were picking over the spoiled layers next the wood, and preparing to wash and sun the remainder. This household, too, had smuggled some of its wool into town, and had had it secretly spun into yarn for stockings for orphans.

Madame X—— hid her possessions under the floor of the very room in her house in which a German officer slept. He lay on a thin hair mattress above the wool that had been picked from it. Thus she 'mocked' the oppressor. This delight in 'mocking' the Boches heartened the people to the end. Five days before Brussels was free, a brave spirit set a barrel stuffed with wool, damp earth still clinging to it, in the street. He had pulled some of the victorious fleece through the spout and stuck a Belgian flag through it, so that any German who ran might read.

It is indeed a true saying, that familiar one, 'The Belgians meet everything with a laugh.' They do, but this does not imply that there may not be tears behind the laugh. In the rue Royale, one rainy morning last week, I saw a cart drawn up before a comfortable-looking house, to which men were bringing baskets and odd, damp packages from the cellar and rear garden. They had already deposited two wicker hampers covered with white mould, that must have contained wine; and on top of them, three tall brass lamps wrapped in linen sheets that were green and rotted. Only tatters of the original newspaper coverings hung from the pic-

ture-frame rims, and *lustres*, and bronze portrait busts, which they carried reverently out, one by one. The servants scarcely spoke, and Monsieur stood by, directing silently the placing of this earth-smelling collection. His wife remained in the hallway, reviewing each article as it passed. Twice I tried to talk with her; but she could not speak, and her eyes were filled with tears. I felt as if I had been assisting at the exhuming of a corpse. I do not know what tragedy lay behind the moving of this heterogeneous collection of household treasure.

The lucky ones were those who had the neutral legations to help them. One official slept with fifteen clocks in his bedroom. It is reported that when, during 'Revolution week' (November 10-17), a German officer appealed at the Spanish Legation for protection for his trunks, the Marquis of Villalobar replied, 'I regret that I am unable to accommodate you, for my legation space is quite filled with the bronze and copper of my Belgian friends.' Throughout the four years Belgians went to him for aid in their little personal struggles against their slave-drivers, — in battles which seemed comparatively unimportant, but whose winning was vital to the morale of the country, — and he rarely failed them.

I remember very well a celebrated potato-patch — once a wide lawn — in front of a country château, and the day in 1916, when the German officers arrived to commandeer all the potatoes it might contain. Madame, with a swift inspiration, remembering how pleased the Spanish Ambassador had been with the gift of a basket of potatoes a few months before, stoutly defended her plot. To the German announcement, she replied, 'I must inform you that you may not disturb these potatoes, since the entire acreage is under the protection of the flag of Spain. They

are the property of the Marquis of Villalobar.' And the Germans left them. Then she, poor woman, had to exercise her wit and energy (there were no motors, no bicycles or carriages) to get a quick message to the Legation announcing to the Ambassador that she hoped he would be pleased to learn that she presented him this year, not with a basket, but with her complete potato-crop! And the marquis did not renounce the protectorate.

The amazing thing about Villalobar is that, at the end of the four years, he has won the gratitude of all parties; for the service that he rendered Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in giving him asylum during Revolution week, together with other similar services, will not be forgotten by the Germans.

The danger that still threatens Brussels, ever since the enemy has left, is suggested in the following extract from a note I received this noon: 'Just a word, to tell you I went to the Cinquantenaire Museum this morning to arrange our visit. However, it is wholly militarized and no one is allowed inside. It seems that bombs have been put in several places, and the military engineers are looking after them. Let us hope our poor laces will not be blown up. I might try again, but it seems safer not to go, as some of the bombs may explode as late as January first.'

At dinner, I mentioned the news concerning the bombs in the Museum to Monsieur H——, a member of the ministry recently returned from Havre. 'The brain refuses to believe,' he said, 'even after these four years, in the deliberate planning of such an act of infamy; but, even if it was not deliberately planned, they are almost as culpable in choosing a museum as a storage dépôt for bombs.' Then a whimsical smile crossed his face. 'You may understand, madame,' he added, 'that this is disquieting information for me per-

sonally, when I tell you that I have a lovely Greek head of the third century hidden in one of the Egyptian mummy-cases of the Cinquantenaire. I have known the curator many years, and he agreed to try to save her for me. I should not be surprised if she has much company in her gruesome cell. But to lose her now after I believed her safe — she was my most precious possession [I looked about the beautiful salon, with its paintings and statues and Renaissance carvings] — to lose that exquisite Greek head after the vandals have gone — that would be too hard!'

Possibly I enjoyed more than any other minor triumph that of Mr. Samuel, the sculptor, whose statue, *La Brabançonne*, was set up in the *Place de Ville* to celebrate the liberation of Brussels. I went as soon as possible to his studio, and found Madame Samuel rearranging several fine old copper and brass jars. Already the metal door-fixtures shone in place of the carved wooden substitutes; the window-fastenings were all in their places, for they had been heavily painted to imitate the gray of the surrounding wood. Across one corner of the studio, Mr. Samuel had built a false staff-wall, painted it, rubbed it with a dirty sponge, and, to give it a proper work-room finish, carelessly splashed plaster on it. It was behind this wall that he piled his bronze and copper, brass, and wool, and crystal candelabra, and in with them, carefully wrapped in wool, the model of his Victory statue — the starry-eyed, glorified woman, Belgium, thrusting forward the flag that symbolizes her martyrdom and her triumph. I had seen his model in 1916, not yet completed, when Mr. Samuel had expressed his confidence in me by lifting a linen cloth that concealed it.

When the space was filled, boards were placed across the top, and on them two solemn plaster busts; then

stands and working materials in front of the whole. Monsieur stuffed the hollow busts in the studio with wool and other treasure, and went on with his modeling. All was so cleverly executed that, when the Boches arrived, they were completely deceived; if they had but once accidentally leaned against the sham wall, all would have been lost. To prevent suspicion, a few bronze busts had been left on their pedestals; and when a vandal whipped out his knife and began scratching a shoulder to test the bronze, the artist, in swift anger, struck the knife to the floor. 'How dare you!' he cried; 'this is the work of these hands and this brain, and you shall not destroy it. I am professor, sculptor — titles you pretend to honor in your country. You shall not mutilate my statues.'

The soldier stood a moment, stupidly, awkwardly, then picked up his knife and passed on. This incident probably helped to save the whole situation. However that may be, the Boches were no sooner beyond the threshold, than the bronze model was brought forth and work on the Victory statue proceeded with fresh vigor and purpose. The last German soldier (except the two or three thousand in hiding) left Brussels at ten Sunday morning, and that afternoon La Brabançonne was being set up in the Place de Ville.

I have spoken of victories; alas, many knew only defeat. The Germans arrived too swiftly, or were inescapably clever or brutal. The four years furnish a record of continued pillage of articles

of every description. In general, the country was thoroughly robbed of its metal and its wool, orphanages and hospitals being frequent victims. And at the end, when they knew they were going, the Boches sank lower than ever. Many caches which had escaped discovery during the entire period of occupation were uncovered in the last ugly raids, and their miscellaneous treasure thrown on to trucks or canal-boats. Some of this loot had to be abandoned, and is at present under army guard. However, despite the great crime and its outward achievement, in every smallest village little victories have been daily won.

Soldiers, visitors, facile journalists now hurrying through, may look in vain for any big demonstration of the joy of Brussels over her deliverance. In general, Belgium is too sad, too tired, too dulled to emotion to express much. The great cry to Burgomaster Max from the multitude in the Grand Place, as he appeared on the balcony above them after four years in German prisons, — a cry lifting toward joy but weighted still with the pain and weariness of years, — and five days later, the stronger, cleaner call to their beloved leader and King; a city of flags and flowers, — yes, — but to those hurrying by, little they can place their hands on. The immense reality is actual and tangible only in its partial, humble manifestations. That is why it has been a happy privilege to go from hearth to hearth, to celebrate with the victors the return of their household gods.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL. II

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CARLETON H. PARKER

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

I

WE looked back always on our first semester's teaching in the University of California as one hectic term. The red-letter event of that term was when, after about two months of teaching, President Wheeler rang up one evening about seven, and said, 'I thought I should like the pleasure of telling you personally, though you will receive official notice in the morning, that you have been made an assistant professor. We expected you to make good, but we did not expect you to make good to such a degree quite so soon.'

The second term in California had just got well under way, when Carl was offered the position of Executive Secretary in the Immigration and Housing Commission of the state. I remember so well the night that he came home about midnight and told me. I am afraid the financial end would have determined us in this case, even if the work itself had small appeal — which, however, was not the case. The salary offered was \$4000. We were getting \$1500 at the University. We were \$2000 in debt from our European trip, and saw no earthly chance of ever paying it out of our University salary. We figured that we could be square with the world in one year on a \$4000 salary, and that after that we need never be swayed by financial considerations again.

So Carl accepted the new job. It was the wise thing to do anyway, as matters turned out. It threw him into direct contact for the first time with the migratory laborer and the I.W.W. It also gave him his first bent in the direction of labor-psychology, which was destined to become his intellectual passion, and he was fired with a zeal that never left him, to see that there should be less unhappiness and inequality in the world.

The most dramatic incident during his connection with the Commission was the famous Ford and Suhr case, the riot in the Wheatland hop-fields, which Carl was deputized to investigate for the federal government. He wrote an account of this later for the *Survey*, and also an article on 'The California Casual and his Revolt' for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, in November, 1915. Also he did a big piece of work in his clean-up of camps all over California, and in awakening, through countless talks up and down the state, some understanding of the I.W.W. and his problem. (Not but what it seems now to have been almost forgotten.) As the phrase went, 'Carleton Parker put the migratory on the map.'

He was high ace with the Wobbly for a while. They invited him to their Jungles, they carved him presents in jail. I remember a talk he gave on some phase of the California labor-problem one Sunday night at the Congregational

Church in Oakland. The last three rows were filled with unshaven hoboes, who filed up afterwards, to the evident distress of the clean regular churchgoers, to clasp his hand. They withdrew their allegiance after a time, which naturally in no way lessened Carl's scientific interest in them. A paper hostile to his attitude on the I.W.W. and his insistence on the clean-up of camps published an article portraying him as a double-faced individual, who feigned an interest in the under-dog really to undo him, as he was at heart and pocketbook a capitalist, being the possessor of an independent income of \$150,000 a year! Some I.W.W.'s took this up and convinced a large meeting that he was really trying to sell them out. It is not only the rich who are fickle. Some of them remained his firm friends always, however.

Carl was no diplomat in any sense of the word — particularly, no political diplomat. It is a wonder the Immigration and Housing Commission stood behind him as long as it did. He grew rabid at every political appointment made, which in his eyes hampered his work. It was evident that he was not tactful, so they felt, to various members of the Commission. It all got so that it galled him terribly, and after much consultation at home, he handed in his resignation. During the first term of his secretaryship, from October to December, he carried his full-time University work. From January to May, he had a seminar only, as I remember. From August on, he gave no University work at all; so, on asking to have his resignation from the Commission take effect immediately, he had at once to find something to do to support his family. This was October, 1914, after just one year as Executive Secretary. We were over in Contra Costa County then, on a little ranch of my father's. Berkeley socially had come to

be too much of a strain; and, too, we wanted the blessed sons to have a real country experience. Ten months we were there.

Three days after Carl resigned, he was on his way to Phoenix, Arizona, as United States Government investigator of the labor situation there. He thereby added to his first-hand stock of labor knowledge, made a firm friend of Governor Hunt, — he was especially interested in his prison policy, — and in those few weeks was the richer by one more of the really intimate friendships one counts on to the last — Will Scarlett.

It was that first summer back in Berkeley, the year before the June-Bug was born, when Carl was teaching in Summer School, that we had our definite enthusiasm over labor-psychology aroused. Will Ogburn, who also was teaching at Summer School that year, and whose lectures I attended, introduced us to Hart's *Psychology of Insanity*, McDougall's *Social Psychology*, several books by Freud, etc. I remember Carl's seminar the following spring — his last seminar at the University of California. He had started with nine seminar students three years before and now there were thirty-three. They were such a superior picked lot, — some seniors, mostly graduates, — that he felt there was no one he could ask to stay out. I visited it all the term and am sure that at no other place on the campus could quite such heated and excited discussions have been heard — Carl merely sitting at the head of the table, directing here, leading there. The general subject was Labor Problems. The students had to read one book a week — such books as Hart's *Psychology of Insanity*, Keller's *Societal Evolution*, Holt's *Freudian Wish*, McDougall's *Social Psychology*, — two weeks to that, — Lipmann's *Preface to Politics*, etc., etc., and ending, as a concession to the

idealists, with Royce's *Philosophy of Loyalty*.

The seminar was too large really for intimate discussion; so after a few weeks several of the boys asked Carl if they could have a little sub-seminar. It was a very rushed time for him, but he said that, if they would arrange all the details, he would save them Tuesday evenings. So every Tuesday night about a dozen boys climbed our hill to rediscuss the subject of the seminar of that afternoon, and everything else under the heavens — and beyond. I laid out ham sandwiches or sausages or some edible dear to the male heart, and coffee to be warmed, and about midnight could be heard the sounds of banqueting from the kitchen. Three students told me on graduation that those Tuesday nights at our house had meant more intellectual stimulus than anything that had ever come into their lives.

About this time we had a friend come into our lives who was destined to mean great things to the Parkers — Max Rosenberg. He had heard Carl lecture once or twice, and had met him through our good friend Dr. Brown, and a warm friendship had developed. The spring of 1916 we were somewhat tempted by a call to another university — \$1700 was really not a fortune to live on, and to make both ends meet and prepare for the June-Bug's coming, Carl had to use every spare minute lecturing on the outside. It discouraged him, for he had no time left to read and study. So when a call came that appealed to us in several ways, besides paying a much larger salary, we seriously considered it.

About then 'Uncle Max' rang up from San Francisco and asked Carl, before answering the other university, to see him; and an appointment was made for that afternoon. I was to be at a formal luncheon, but told Carl

to be sure to call me up the minute he left Max — we wondered so hard what he might mean. And what he did mean was the most wonderful idea that ever entered a friend's head. He felt that Carl had a real message to give the world, and that he should write a book. He also realized that it was impossible to find time for a book under the circumstances. Therefore he proposed that Carl should take a year's leave of absence and let Max finance him — not only just finance him, but allow for a trip throughout the East, for Carl to get the inspiration of contact with other men in his field; and enough withal, so that there should be no skimping anywhere, and that the little family at home should have everything that they needed.

It seemed to us something too wonderful to believe. I remember going back to that lunch table, after Carl had telephoned me only the broadest details, wondering if it were the same world. That Book — we had dreamed of writing that Book for so many years — the material to be in it changed continually, but always the longing to write, and no time, no hopes of any chance to do it. And the June-Bug coming, and more need for money — hence more outside lectures than ever. I have no love for the University of California when I think of that \$1700. (I quote from an article that came out in New York. 'It is an astounding fact which his University must explain, that he, with his great abilities as teacher and leader, his wide travel and experience and training, received from the University in his last year of service there a salary of \$1700! The West does not repay commercial genius like that.') For days after Max's offer we hardly knew we were on earth. It was so very much the most wonderful thing that ever could have happened to us. Our friends had long before adopted the

phrase 'just Parker luck,' and here, if ever, was an example of it. 'Parker luck' indeed it was!

This all meant, to get the fulness out of it, that Carl must make a trip of at least four months in the East. At first he planned to return in the middle of it and then go back again; but somehow four months spent as we planned it out for him seemed so absolutely marvelous, — an opportunity of a lifetime, — that joy for him was greater in my soul than the dread of a separation. It was different from any other parting we had ever had. I was bound that I would not shed a single tear when I saw him off, even though it meant the longest time apart we had experienced. Three nights before he left, being a bit blue about things for all our fine talk, we prowled down our hillside and found our way to our first Charlie Chaplin film. We laughed until we cried — we really did. So that night, seeing Carl off, we went over that Charlie Chaplin film in detail, and let ourselves think and talk of nothing else. We laughed all over again, and Carl went off laughing, and I waved good-bye laughing. Bless that Charlie Chaplin film!

It would not take much imagination to realize what that trip meant to Carl — and through him to me. From the time he first felt the importance of the application of modern psychology to the study of economics, he became more and more intellectually isolated from his colleagues. They had no interest in, no sympathy for, no understanding of, what he was driving at. From the May when college closed, to October when he left for the East, he read prodigiously. He had a mind for assimilation — he knew where to store every new piece of knowledge he acquired, and kept thereby an orderly brain. He read more than a book a week, — everything that he could lay hands on in psychology, anthropology, biology,

philosophy, psycho-analysis, — every field that he felt contributed to his own growing conviction that orthodox economics had served its day. But outside of myself, — and I was only able to keep up with him by the merest skimming, — and one or two others at most, there was no one who understood what he was driving at.

As his reading and convictions grew, he waxed more and more indignant at the way in which economics was handled in his own University. He saw student after student having every ounce of intellectual curiosity ground out of him by a process of economic education that would stultify a genius. Any student who continued his economic studies did so in spite of the introductory work, and not because he had had one little spark of enthusiasm aroused in his soul. Carl would walk the floor with his hands in his pockets when kindred spirits — especially students who had gone through the mill, and as seniors or graduates looked back outraged at certain courses they had had to flounder through — brought up the subject of economics at the University of California.

II

Off he went then on his pilgrimage, — his Research Magnificent, — absolutely unknown to almost every man he hoped to see before his return. The first stop he made was at Columbia, Missouri, to see his idol Veblen. He quaked a bit beforehand, — had heard Veblen might not see him, — but the second letter from Missouri began, 'Just got in after thirteen hours with Veblen. It went wonderfully, and I am tickled to death. He O.K.s my idea entirely and said I could not go wrong.'

Then began the daily letters from New York, and every single letter — not

only from New York but from every other place he happened to be in: Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cambridge — told of at least one intellectual Event — with a capital E — a day.

After one week in New York he wrote, 'The trip has paid for itself now and I'm dead eager to view the time when I begin my writing.' Later, 'Just got in from a six-hour session with the most important group of employers in New York. I sat in on a meeting of the Building-Trades Board where labor delegates and employers appeared. After two hours of it — awfully interesting — the Board took me to dinner, and we talked labor stuff till ten-thirty. Gee, it was fine, and I got oceans of stuff.'

Next day, 'Had a remarkable visit with Dr. Gregory this morning. He is one of the greatest psychiatrists in New York, and up on balkings, business tension, and the mental effect of monotonous work. He was so worked up over my explanation of unrest (a mental status) through instinct balkings other than sex, that he asked if I would consider using his big psychopathic ward as a laboratory field for my own work. Then he dated me up for a luncheon, at which three of the biggest mental specialists in New York will be present, to talk over the manner in which psychiatry will aid my research! I can't say how tickled I am over his attitude.' Next letter: 'At ten reached Dr. Pierce Bailey's, the big psychiatrist, and for an hour and a half we talked and I was simply tickled to death. . . . Then I beat it to the *New Republic* offices and sat down to dinner with the staff, plus Robert Bruère, and the subject became, 'What is a labor policy?'

He heard Roosevelt at the Ritz-Carlton. 'Then I watched that remarkable man wind the crowd almost around his finger. It was great, and pure psychology, and say, fool women and some

fool men; but T. R. went on blithely as if everyone was an intellectual giant.

'At nine-thirty I watched Dr. Campbell give a girl Freudian treatment for a suicide mania. She had been a worker in a straw-hat factory, and had a true industrial psychosis — the kind I am looking for.'

Then came the Economic Convention at Columbus — letters too full to begin to quote from them. 'I'm simply having the time of my life . . . everyone is here.' In a talk when he was asked to fill in the last minute, he put forward 'two arguments why trade-unions alone could not be depended on to bring desirable changes in working conditions through collective bargaining — one, because they were numerically so few in contrast to the number of industrial workers; and, two, because the reforms about to be demanded were technical, medical, and generally of scientific character, and skilled experts employed by the state would be necessary.'

Along in January he worked his thesis up in writing. 'Last night I read my paper to the Robinsons after the dinner, and they had Mr. and Mrs. John Dewey there. A most superb and grand discussion followed, the Deweys going home at eleven-thirty, and I stayed to talk to one A.M. I slept dreaming wildly of the discussion . . . then had an hour and a half with Dewey on certain moot points. That talk was even more superb and resultful to me, and I'm just about ready to quit. . . . I need now to write and read.'

If only the time had been longer, — if only the Book could have been finished, — for he *had* a great message. He was writing about a thousand words a day on it the following summer at Castle Craggs, when the War Department called him into mediation work, and not another word did he ever find time to add to it. It stands now about

one third done. I shall get that third ready for publication, together with some of his shorter articles. There have been many who have offered their services in completing the Book; but the field is so new, Carl's contribution so unique, that few men in the whole country understand the ground enough to be of service. It was not so much to be a book on Labor as on Labor-Psychology — and that is almost an unexplored field.

Three days after Carl started East, on his arrival in Seattle, President Suzzallo called him to the University of Washington, as Head of the Department of Economics and Dean of the College of Business Administration, his work to start in the following morning. It seemed an ideal opportunity. Between that Seattle call and his death there were eight universities, some of them the biggest in the country, which wished Carl to be on their faculties. One smaller university held out the presidency to him. Besides this, there were nine jobs outside of university work that were offered him, all the way from managing a large mine to doing research in Europe. He had come into his own.

In May we sold our loved hill-nest in Berkeley and started north, stopping for a three-months' vacation — our first real vacation since we had been married — at Castle Crag, where, almost ten years before, we had spent the first five days of our honeymoon before going into southern Oregon.

III

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the fateful telegram from Washington, D.C. — labor difficulties in construction-work at Camp Lewis — would he report there at once as government mediator.

Oh! the Book, the Book — the Book

that was to be finished without fail before the new work at the University of Washington began! Perhaps he would be back in a week! Surely he would be back in a week! So he packed just enough for one week, and off he went. One week — ! When, after four weeks, there was still no let up in his mediation duties, — in fact, they increased, — I packed up the family and we left for Seattle.

His trip to Camp Lewis threw him at once into the midst of the lumber difficulties of the Northwest, which lasted for months. The big strike in the lumber industry was on when he arrived. He wrote, 'It is a strike to better conditions. The I.W.W. are only the display feature. The main body of opinion is from a lot of unskilled workers who are sick of the filthy bunk-houses and rotten grub.'

He wrote later of a conference with the big lumbermen, and of how they would not stay on the point but 'roared over the I.W.W. I told them that condemnation was not a solution, or businesslike, but what we wanted was a statement of how they were to open their plants. More roars; more demands for troops, etc. I said I was a college man, not used to business, but if business men had as much trouble as this keeping to the real points involved, give me a faculty analysis. They laughed over this and got down to business, and in an hour lined up the affair in mighty good shape.'

Each letter would end, 'By three days at least, I should start back. I am getting frantic to be home.' Home, for the Parkers, was always where we happened to be then. Castle Crag was as much home as any place had ever been. We had moved fourteen times in ten years — of the eleven Christmases we had together, only two had been in the same place. There were times when 'home' was the Pullman car. It made

no difference. One of the strange new feelings I have to get used to is the way I now look at places to live in. It used to be that Carl and I, in passing the littlest bit of a hovel, would say, 'We could be perfectly happy in a place like that, could n't we? Nothing makes any difference if we are together.' But certain kinds of what we called 'cuddly' houses used to make us catch our breath to think of the extra joy it would be living together tucked away in there. Now, when I pass a place that looks like that, I have to drop down some kind of a trap-door in my brain and not think at all until I get well by it.

Labor conditions in the Northwest grew worse, strikes more general, and finally Carl wrote that he just must be indefinitely on the job. 'I am so homesick for you that I feel like packing up and coming. I literally feel terribly. But with all this feeling, I don't see how I can. Not only have I been telegraphed to stay on the job, but the situation is growing steadily worse. Last night my proposal—eight-hour day, non-partisan complaint and adjustment board, suppression of violence by the state—was turned down by the operators in Tacoma. President Suzzallo and I fought for six hours, but it went down. The whole situation is drifting into a state of incipient, sympathetic strikes.'

Later, 'This is the most bull-headed affair, and I don't think it is going to get anywhere.' Later, 'Things are not going wonderfully in our mediation. Employers demanding everything and men granting much, but not that.' Later, 'Each day brings a new crisis. Gee, labor is unrestful . . . and gee, the pigheadedness of bosses! Human nature is sure one hundred per cent psychology.'

Also he wrote, referring to the general situation at the University and in the

community, 'Am getting absolutely crazy with enthusiasm over my job here. . . . It is too vigorous and resultful for words.' Later, 'The mediation . . . blew up to-day at 4 P.M. and now a host of nice new strikes show on the horizon. . . . There are a lot of fine operators, but some hard shells.' Again, 'Gee, I'm learning. And talk about material for the Book!'

An article appeared in one of the New York papers recently, entitled, 'How Carleton H. Parker Settled Strikes.'

It was under his leadership that, in less than a year, twenty-seven disputes which concerned government work in the Pacific Northwest were settled, and it was his method to lay the basis for permanent relief as he went along. . . .

Parker's contribution was in the method he used. . . . Labor leaders of all sorts would flock to him in a bitter, weltering mass, mouthing the set phrases of class-hatred they use so effectually in stirring up trouble. They would state their case. And Parker would quietly deduce the irritation points that seemed to stand out in the jumbled testimony.

Then it would be almost laughable to the observer to hear the employer's side of the case. Invariably it was just as bitter, just as unreasoning, and just as violent, as the statement of their case by the workers. Parker would endeavor to find, in all this heap of words, the irritation points of the other side. . . .

But when a study was finished, his diagnosis made, and his prescription of treatment completed, Parker always insisted on carrying it straight to the workers. And he did not just tell them results. He often took several hours, sometimes several meetings of several hours each. In these meetings he would go over every detail of his method, from start to finish, explaining, answering questions, meeting objections with reason. And he always won them over. But, of course, it must be said that he had a tremendously compelling personality that carried him far.

In one of Carl's letters from Seattle he had written, 'The *Atlantic Monthly*

wants me to write an article on the I.W.W.!!' So the first piece of work he had to do after we got settled was that. We were tremendously excited, and never got over chuckling at some of the moss-grown people we knew about the country, who would feel outraged at the *Atlantic Monthly* stooping to print stuff by that young radical. And on such a subject! How we tore at the end to get the article off on time! The stenographer from the University came about two one Sunday afternoon. I sat on the floor up in the guest-room and read the manuscript to her, while she typed it off. Carl would rush down more copy from his study on the third floor, and I'd go over it while Miss Van Doren went over what she had typed. Then the reading would begin again. We hated to stop for supper, all three of us were so excited to get the job done. It *had* to be at the post-office that night by eleven, to arrive in Boston when promised. At ten-thirty it was in the envelope, three limp people tore for the car, we put Miss Van Doren on, — she was to mail the article on her way home, — and Carl and I, knowing this was an occasion for a treat if ever there was one, routed out a sleepy drug-store clerk and ate the remains of his Sunday ice-cream supply.

I can never express how grateful I am that that article was written and published before Carl died. The influence of it ramified in many and the most unexpected directions. I am still hearing of it. We expected condemnation at the time. There probably was plenty of it, but only one condemner wrote. On the other hand, letters streamed in by the score, from friends and strangers, bearing the general message, 'God bless you for it!'

I am reminded here of a little incident that took place just at this time. An I.W.W. was to come out to have dinner with us — some other friends,

faculty people, also were to be there. About noon the telephone rang. Carl went. A rich Irish brogue announced, 'R—— can't come to your party to-night.' 'Why is that?' 'He's pinched An' he wants t' know, can he have your Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* to read while he's in jail.'

And also, I am forever grateful that Carl had his experience at the University of Washington before he died. He left the University of California a young assistant professor, just one rebellious morsel in a huge machine. He found himself in Washington, not only head of the Department of Economics and Dean of the College of Commerce and a power on the campus, but a power in the community as well. He was working under a president who backed him in everything to the last ditch, who was keenly interested in every ambition he had for making a big thing of his work. He at last could see Introductory Economics given as he wanted to have it given — realizing at the same time that his plans were in the nature of an experiment. The two textbooks used the first semester were McDougall's *Social Psychology* and Wallas's *Great Society*. During part of the time he pinned the front page of the morning newspaper on the blackboard, and illustrated his subject-matter by an item of news of that very day.

His theory of education was that the first step in any subject was to awaken a keen interest and curiosity in the student: for that reason he felt that pure theory in economics was too difficult for any but seniors or graduates — given too soon, it tended only to discourage. He allowed no note-taking in any of his courses, insisted on discussion by the class no matter how large it was, planned to do away with written examinations as a test of scholarship, substituting instead a short oral dis-

cussion with each student individually, grading them 'passed' and 'not passed.' As it was, owing to the pressure of government work, he had to resort to written tests. The proportion of first sections in the final examination, which was difficult, was so large that Carl was sure the reader must have marked too leniently and looked over the papers himself. His results were the same as the reader's, and he felt that they could justifiably be used as some proof of his theory that, if a student is interested in the subject, you cannot keep him from doing good work.

Besides being of real influence on the campus, he had the respect and confidence of the business world, both labor and capital, and in addition he stood as the representative of the government in labor-adjustments and disputes. And — it was of lesser consequence, but oh, it *did* matter — *we had money enough to live on!!* We had made ourselves honestly think that we had just about everything we wanted on what we got, *plus* lectures, in California. But once we tasted of the new-found freedom of truly enough; once there was gone forever that stirring around to pick up a few extra dollars here and there to make both ends meet; once we knew for the first time the satisfaction and added joy that come from some responsible person to help with the housework — we felt we were soaring through life with our feet hardly touching the ground.

Instead of my spending most of the day in the kitchen and riding herd on the young, we had our dropped-straight-from-heaven Mrs. Willard. And just see what that meant. Every morning at nine I left the house with Carl, and we walked together to the University. As I think now of those daily walks, arm-in-arm, rain or shine, I'd not give up the memory of them for all creation. Carl would go over what he was to

talk about that morning in Introductory Economics, — how it would have raised the hair of the orthodox Economics I teacher, — and of course we always talked more or less of what marvelous children we possessed. Carl would begin, 'Tell me some more about the June-Bug!'

He went to his nine o'clock, I to mine. After my ten-o'clock class, and on the way to my eleven-o'clock lecture, I always ran in to his office a second, to gossip a moment over what mail he had that morning, and how things were going generally. Then, at twelve in his office again, 'Look at this telegram that just came in.' 'How shall I answer Mr. —'s letter about that job?' And then home together — not once a week, but *every day*. Afternoons, except the three afternoons when I played hockey, I was at home; but always there was a possibility that Carl would ring up about five: 'I am at a meeting down-town. Can't get things settled, so we continue this evening. Run down and have supper with me, and perhaps, who knows, a Bill Hart film might be around town!'

I do wish my Carl could have experienced those joys financial a little longer. It was so good while it lasted! And it was only just starting. Every new call he got to another university was at a salary from one to two thousand dollars more than what we were getting, even at Seattle. It looked as if our days of financial scrimping were forever by. We even discussed a Ford! Nay, even a four-cylinder Buick! And every other Sunday we had fricasseed chicken, and always, always a frosting on the cake. For the first two months in Seattle we felt as if we ought to have company at every meal. It did not seem right to sit down to food as good as that with just the family present. Every other Sunday night we had the whole Department and their wives to Sunday

supper — sixteen of them. Oh, dear! oh, dear! money does make a difference. We grew more determined than ever to see that more people in the world should get more of it.

IV

Seattle, as I look back on it, meant the unexpected — in every way. We could never count on anything from one day to the next — a strike here, an arbitration there, government orders for this, some investigation needed for that. It was harassing, it was wearying. But always every few days there would be that telephone ring I grew both to dread and love. For as often as it said, 'I've got to go to Tacoma,' it also said, 'You Girl, put on your hat and coat this minute and come down-town while I have a few minutes off — we'll have supper together, anyhow.' And the feeling of the courting days never left us — that almost sharp joy of being together again when we just locked arms for a block and said almost nothing — nothing to repeat. And the good-bye that always meant a wrench, always, though it might mean being together within a few hours. And always the waving from the one on the back of the car to the one standing on the corner. Nothing, nothing, ever got tame. After ten years, if Carl ever found himself a little early to catch the train for Tacoma, say, though he had said good-bye but a half an hour before and was to be back that evening, he would find a telephone-booth and ring up to say — perhaps — that he was glad he had married me! And I think of two times we met accidentally on the street in Seattle, — it seemed something we could hardly believe, — all the world, the war, commerce, industry, stopped while we tried to realize what had happened.

One evening I was scanning some ar-

ticle on marriage, by the fire in Seattle — it was one of those rare times when Carl too was at home and going over lectures for the next day. It held that, to be successful, marriage had to be an adjustment — a giving in here by the man, there by the woman. And I said to Carl, 'If that is true you must have been doing all the adjusting: I never have had to give up or fit in or relinquish one little thing, so you've been doing it all.'

He thought for a moment, then answered, 'You know, I've heard that too, and wondered about it. For I know I've given up nothing, made no "adjustments." On the contrary, I seem always to have been getting more than any human being has any right to count on.'

It was that way, even to the merest details — such as both liking identically the same things to eat, seasoned the identical way. We both liked to do the identical things, without a single exception. Perhaps one exception — he had a fondness in his heart for firearms that I could not share. Though we rarely could pass one of these shooting-galleries without trying our luck at five cents for so many turns — at clay pigeons or rabbits whirling around on what-nots; but that was as wild as I ever wanted to get with a gun. We liked the same friends without exception, the same books, the same pictures, the same music. He wrote once, 'We (the two of us) love each other, like to do things together (absolutely anything), don't need or want anybody else, and the world is ours.'

As soon as the I.W.W. article was done, Carl had to begin on his paper to be read before the Economic Association just after Christmas in Philadelphia. That was fun working over. 'Come up here and let me read you this!' And we'd go over that much of the paper together. Then more reading

to Miss Van Doren, more correctings, finally finishing it just the day before he had to leave. But that was partly because he had to leave earlier than expected. The government had telegraphed him to go on to Washington to mediate a threatened longshoremen's strike. Carl worked harder over the longshoremen than in any other single labor difficulty, not excepting the eight-hour day in lumber. Here again I do not feel free to go into details. The matter was finally, at Carl's suggestion, taken to Washington.

On his way he stopped off in Spokane to talk with the lumbermen east of the mountains. There, at a big meeting, he was able to put over the eight-hour day. The Wilson Mediation Commission was in Seattle at the time. Felix Frankfurter telephoned out his congratulations to me and said, 'We consider it the single greatest achievement of its kind since the United States entered the war.' The papers were full of it, and excitement ran high. President Wilson was telegraphed to by the Labor Commission, and he in turn telegraphed back his pleasure. In addition, the East Coast lumbermen agreed to Carl's scheme of an employment manager for their industry, and detailed him to find a man for the job while he was in the East.

Then at Philadelphia came the most telling event of our economic lives — Carl's paper before the Economic Association on 'Motives in Economic Life.' A little later I saw one of the big men who was at that meeting, and he said, 'I don't see why Parker is n't spoiled. He was the most talked-about man at the Convention.' Six publishing houses wrote out after that paper, to see if he could enlarge it into a book. Somehow it did seem as if now more than ever the world was ours. We looked ahead into the future and wondered if it could seem as good to anyone as it seemed

to us. It was almost *too* good — we were dazed a bit by it. It is one of the things I just cannot let myself ever think of — that future and the plans we had. Anything I can ever do now would still leave life so utterly dull by comparison.

One of the days in Seattle I think of the most was about a month before the end. The father of a great friend of ours died, and Carl and I went to the funeral one Sunday afternoon. We got in late, so stood in a corner by the door and held hands, and seemed to own each other especially hard that day. Afterwards we prowled around the streets, talking of funerals and old age. Most of the people there that afternoon were gray-haired — the family had lived in Seattle for years and years and these were the friends of years and years back.

Carl said, 'That is something we can't have when you and I die — the old, old friends that have stood by us year in and year out. It is one of the phases of life you sacrifice when you move around at the rate we do. But in the first place neither of us wants a funeral, and in the second place we feel that moving gives more than it takes away — so we are satisfied.'

Then we talked about our own old age — planned it in detail. Carl declared, 'I want you to promise me faithfully you will make me stop teaching when I am sixty. I have seen too much of the tragedy of men hanging on and on and students and education being sacrificed because the teacher has lost his fire — has fallen behind in the parade. I feel now as if I'd never grow old — that does n't mean that I won't. So no matter how strong I may be going at sixty, make me stop — promise.'

Then we discussed our plans — by that time the children would be looking out for themselves, very much so, and we could plan as we pleased. It was to

be England — some suburb outside of London where we could get into big things, and yet where we could be peaceful and by ourselves, and read and write, and have the young economists traveling out to spend week-ends with us; and then we could keep our grandchildren while their parents were traveling in Europe! Five weeks from that day he was dead!

v

There is a path I must take daily to my work at college, which passes through the University of California Botanical Garden. Every day I must brace myself for it, for there, growing along the path, is a clump of old-fashioned morning glories. Always, from the time we first came back to teach in Berkeley and passed along that same path to the University, we planned to have morning glories like those, — the odor came to meet you yards away, — growing along the path to the little home we would at last settle down in when we were old. We used to remark always when we saw pictures in the newspapers of So-and-so on their 'golden anniversary,' and would plan about our own 'golden-wedding day' — old age together always seemed so good to think about. There was a time when we used to plan to live in a lighthouse, way out on some point, when we got old. It made a strong appeal, it really did. We planned many ways of growing old; not that we talked of it often, — perhaps twice a year, — but always, always it was, of course, *together*. Strange how neither of us ever dreamed that one would grow old without the other.

And yet, too, there is the other side. I found a letter written our first summer back in Berkeley, just after we had said good-bye at the station when Carl left for Chicago. Among other things

he wrote, 'It just makes me feel bad to see other folks living put-in lives when we two (four) have loved through Harvard and Europe, and it has only commenced, and no one is loving so hard or living so happily. . . . I am most willing to die now (if you die with me), for we have lived one complete life of joy already.' And then he added, — if only the adding of it could have made it come true! — 'But we have fifty years yet of love.'

Oh, it was so true that we packed into ten years the happiness that could normally be considered to last a lifetime — a long lifetime. Sometimes it seems almost as if we must have guessed it was to end so soon, and lived so as to crowd in all of joy we could while our time together was given us. I say so often that I stand right now the richest woman in the world — why talk of sympathy? I have our three precious marvelously healthy children; I have perfect health myself; I have all and more than I can handle of big, ambitious, maturing plans, with a chance to see them carried out; I have enough to live on, and — greatest of all — almost fifteen years of perfect memories. And yet, — to hear a snatch of a tune and know the last time you heard it you were together, — perhaps it was the very music they played as you left the theatre arm-in-arm that last night; to put on a dress you have not worn for some time and remember that when you had it on last it was the night you went, just the two of you, to Blanc's for dinner; to meet unexpectedly some friend, and think that the last time you saw him it was that night when you two, strolling with hands clasped, met him on Second Avenue accidentally and chatted on the corner; to come across a necktie in a trunk, to read a book he had marked, to see his handwriting — perhaps just the address on an old baggage-check — Oh, one can sound

so much braver than one feels! And then, because you have tried so hard to live up to the pride and faith he had in you, to be told, 'You know I am surprised that you have n't taken Carl's death harder. You seem to be just the same exactly.'

When Carl returned from the East in January, he was more rushed than ever — his time more filled than ever with strike-mediations, street-car arbitrations, cost-of-living surveys for the government, conferences on lumber production. In all he had mediated twenty-six strikes, sat on two arbitration boards, made three cost-of-living surveys for the government. (Mediations did gall him — he grew intellectually impatient over this eternal patching-up of what he was wont to call 'a rotten system.' Of course, he saw the war-emergency need of it just then, but what he wanted to work on was, why were mediations ever necessary? What social and economic order would best insure absence of friction?)

On the campus, work piled up. He had promised to give a course on Employment Management, especially to train men to go into the lumber industries with a new vision. Each big company east of the mountains was to send a representative. It was also open to seniors in college, and a splendid group it was, almost everyone pledged to take up employment management as their vocation on graduation — no fear that they would take it up with a capitalist bias.

Then, — his friends and I had to laugh, it was so like him, — the afternoon of the morning he arrived, he was in the thick of a scrap on the campus over a principle he held to tenaciously — the abolition of the one-year modern-language requirement for students in his college. To use his own expression, he 'went to the bat on it,' and at a faculty meeting that afternoon it car-

ried. He had been working his little campaign for a couple of months, but in his absence in the East the other side had been busy. He returned just in time for the fray. Everyone knows what a farce one year of a modern language is at college — even several of the language teachers themselves were frank enough to admit it. But it was an academic tradition! I think the two words that upset Carl most were 'efficiency' and 'tradition' — both being used too often as an excuse for practices that did more harm than good. And the word 'blame' — or not so much the word as the act. Of all the useless occupations a person could indulge in, he felt 'blaming' someone as utterly unproductive as anything one could conceive. Especially did he revolt at blaming persons or groups, — such as the I.W.W., for instance, — where he felt so strongly that they were a product of a certain social and economic environment, and under the circumstances — given the known antecedents — could not act otherwise. By the same reasoning he refused to blame the capitalist as such.

VI

And then came one Tuesday, the fifth of March. He had his hands full all morning with the continued threatened upheavals of the longshoremen. About noon the telephone rang: threatened strike in all the flour-mills — Dr. Parker must come at once. (I am reminded of a description which was published of Carl as a mediator: 'He thought of himself as a physician and of an industry on strike as the patient. And he did not merely ease the patient's pain with opiates. He used the knife and tried for permanent cures.') I finally reached him by telephone — his voice sounded tired for he had had a very hard morning. By one o'clock he was working on

the flour-mill situation. He could not get home for dinner. About midnight he appeared, having sat almost twelve hours steadily on the new flour difficulty. He was 'all in,' he said.

The next morning, one of the rare instances in our years together, he said he did not feel like getting up. But there were four important conferences that day to attend to, besides his work at college. He dressed, ate breakfast, then said he felt feverish. His temperature was 102. I made him get back into bed — let all the conferences on earth explode. The next day his temperature was 105. 'This has taught us our lesson — no more living at this pace. I don't need two reminders that I ought to call a halt.' Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he lay there, too weary to talk, not able to sleep at all nights; the doctor coming regularly but unable to tell just what the trouble was, other than a 'breakdown.' Saturday afternoon he felt a little better — we planned then what we would do when he got well. The doctor had said he should allow himself at least a month before going back to college. One month given to us! 'Just think of the writing I can get done, being around home with my family!'

There was an article for Taussig, half done, to appear in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* — a more technical analysis of the I.W.W. than had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*; he had just begun a review for the *American Journal of Economics* of Hoxie's *Trade Unionism*; then he was full of ideas for a second article he had promised the *Atlantic*, 'Is the United States a Nation?' 'And think of being able to see all I want of the June-Bug!'

Since he had not slept for three nights the doctor left powders which I was to give him for Saturday night. Still he could not sleep. He thought if I read out loud to him in a monotonous tone

of voice, he could perhaps drop off. I got a high-school copy of *From Milton to Tennyson* and read every sing-songy poem I could find, — 'The Ancient Mariner' twice, — hardly pronouncing the words as I droned along. Then he began to get delirious.

It is a very terrifying experience — to see for the first time a person in a delirium and have that person be the one you love most on earth. All night long I sat there trying to quiet him — it was always some mediation, some committee of employers, he was attending. He would say, 'I am so tired — can't you people come to some agreement so that I can go home and sleep?' At first I would say, 'Dearest, you must be quiet and try to go to sleep.' 'But I can't leave the meeting!' He would look at me in such distress. So I learned my part, and each new discussion he would get into I would suggest, 'Here's Will Ogburn just come — he'll take charge of the meeting for you. You come home with me and go to sleep.' So he would introduce Will to the gathering, and add, 'Gentlemen, my wife wants me to go home with her and go to sleep — good-bye.' For a few moments he would be quiet. Then, 'Oh, my Lord, something to investigate! What is it this time?' I would cut in hastily, 'The government feels next week will be plenty of time for this investigation.' He would look at me seriously. 'Did you ever know the government to give you a week's time to begin?' Then, 'Telegrams — more telegrams — nobody keeps their word, nobody.'

About six o'clock in the morning I could wait no longer and called the doctor. He pronounced it pneumonia, — an absolutely different case from any he had ever seen, — no sign of it the day before though it was what he had been watching for all along. Every hospital in town was full. A splendid

nurse came at once to the house — 'the best nurse in the whole city,' the doctor announced with relief.

Wednesday afternoon the crisis seemed to have passed. That whole evening he was himself, and I — I was almost delirious from sheer joy. To hear his dear voice again just talking naturally! He noticed the trained nurse for the first time. He was jovial — happy. 'I am going to get some fun out of this now!' he smiled. 'And, oh, won't we have a time, my girl, while I am convalescing!' And we planned the rosiest weeks anyone ever planned.

Thursday the nurse shaved him — he not only joked and talked like his dear old self — he looked it as well. (All along he had been cheerful — always told the doctor he was 'feeling fine' — never complained about anything. It amused the doctor so one morning, when he was leaning over listening to Carl's heart and lungs, while he lay in more or less of a doze and partial delirium. A twinkle suddenly came into Carl's eye: 'You sprung a new necktie on me this morning, did n't you?' he said. Sure enough, it was new.)

Thursday morning the nurse was preparing things in another room for his bath, and I was with Carl. The sun was streaming in through the windows, and my heart was too contented for words. He said, 'Do you know what I've been thinking of so much this morning? I've been thinking of what it must be to go through a terrible illness, and not have someone you loved desperately around. I say to myself all the while, "Just think, my girl was here all the time — my girl will be here all the time!" I've lain here this morning and wondered more than ever what good angel was hovering over me the day I met you.'

I put this in because it is practically the last thing he said before delirium

came on again, and I love to think of it. He said really more than that —

In the morning he would start calling for me early. The nurse would try to soothe him for a while, then would get me. I wanted to be in his room at night, but they would not let me: there was also an unborn life to be thought of those days. As soon as I reached his bed, he would clasp my hand and hold it, oh, so tight. 'I've been groping for you all night — all night — why *don't* they let me find you?' Then, in a moment, he would not know I was there. Daytimes I had not left him five minutes, except for my meals. Several nights they had finally let me be by him, anyway.

Saturday morning for the first time since the crisis the doctor was encouraged — 'Things are really looking up,' and 'You go out for a few moments in the sun!'

I walked a few blocks, to the Mudgetts' in our department, — to tell them the good news, — and back; but my heart sank to its depths again as soon as I entered Carl's room. The delirium always affected me that way — to see the vacant stare in his eyes — no look of recognition when I entered.

The nurse went out that afternoon. 'He's doing nicely,' was the last thing she said. She had not been gone half an hour, — it was just two-fifteen, — I was lying on her bed watching Carl, when he called, 'Buddie, I'm going — come hold my hand.'

Oh, my God — I dashed for him, I clung to him, I told him he could not, must not go — we needed him too terribly, we loved him too much to spare him. I felt so sure of it, I said, 'Why, my love is enough to *keep* you here!'

He would not let me leave him to call the doctor. I just knelt there holding both his hands with all my might, talking, talking, telling him we were not going to let him go. And then at last

the color came back into his face, he nodded his head a bit and said, 'I'll stay,' very quietly. Then I was able to rush for the stairs and tell Mrs. Willard to telephone for the doctor.

Three doctors we had that afternoon. They reported the case 'Dangerous but not absolutely hopeless' — his heart, that had been so wonderful all along, had given out. That very morning the doctor had said, 'I wish my pulse was as strong as that!' and there he lay — no pulse at all. They did everything — our own doctor stayed till about ten, then left with Carl resting fairly easily — he lived only a block away.

About one-thirty the nurse had me call the doctor again. I could see things were going wrong. Once Carl started to talk rather loud. I tried to quiet him and he said, 'Twice I've pulled and fought and struggled to live just for you [one of the times had been during the crisis] — let me just talk if

I want to. I can't make the fight a third time — I'm so tired.' Before the doctor could get there, he was dead.

With our beliefs what they were, there was only one thing to be done. We had never discussed it in detail, but I felt absolutely sure I was doing as he would have me do. His body was cremated, without any service whatsoever — just one of his brothers and a great friend present. The next day the two men scattered his ashes out on the waters of Puget Sound. I feel it was as he would have had it.

'Out of your welded lives — welded in spirit and in the comradeship that you had in his splendid work — you know everything that I could say.

'I grieve for you deeply — and I rejoice for any woman who, for even a few short years, is given the great gift in such a form.'

WAR-POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

THE one favor the Germans have done for us is to rub the glamour from war. They spoil everything they touch, and they seem to have spoiled even their own favorite outdoor sport; it is probable that they have spoiled even their own zest for it. This one good thing can be put in the scale against their crimes; but it would weigh more if, by losing the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' we had lost anything really worth the keeping. We have not: the love of war was a sort of vermiform appendix to civilization,

and, although the operation has been capital, we shall be well rid of it. One of the many factors that make our army dangerous is the fact that, in common with the rest of our allies, it hates war almost to a man, and desires nothing more than a conclusion of this one which stands some chance of being final. Probably this is no new point of view for soldiers, for we are no greater lovers of home and family and life than our ancestors were, and no more ardent haters of death; the men of Valley Forge, of Sebastopol, and of the Wil-

derness could have learned from the modern soldier nothing new about weariness, and could have taught him nothing. It is, however, a fairly new point of view for poets.

In his proper office, the poet is a prophet, an interpreter of racial emotion, and poetry is a still pool, reflecting the ambitions and despairs, the admirations and contempts of mankind. Steeped in the rich past, it is a great conservator of tradition, and therefore moves but slowly to the van of thought. At the same time, it is necessarily contemporary, and, since it maintains a closer emotional contact with what has been, it alone is capable of prophesying to us what shall be. The poet, because he savors life far more keenly than most men, is peculiarly liable to be dazzled by noble moments, and to turn away from the translucent thought that should be his guide. Sometimes he neither sees visions nor dreams dreams; sometimes, he paints pictures only, and entrances us as well as himself.

The actual bodily strife between man and man, whether in the ring or on the battlefield, is the most absorbing of spectacles; he who is not fascinated by it demonstrates, not superior civilization, but merely an eccentricity of mind not in the least creditable to him. Our actions are governed far more often by emotion than by reason, and there is an eternal value in words which thrill and excite our souls; the vivid poetry of action, therefore, has always held and will always hold its honorable place.

But our poets owe us far more than thrills, for their art is essentially an interpretative one, and is at its highest only when it gives us better understanding of our emotions, as well as greater capacity for feeling them. Without this increased understanding, we run the risk of lapsing into a variety of national hysterics, such as continues to afflict our enemy, under the influence

of which we also would presently fail to make the necessary distinction between what is true and what we wish to believe true. This is a psychological danger peculiar to war; in times of peace, we do not grow excited enough about anything. Martial emotions are perhaps our most precious heritage from the past, for they alone give life to our indignation at wrong; but unless our poets illuminate them for us, we are apt to contend like bulls instead of fighting like men.

Rather less than a century ago, they began to do so. 'Blenheim,' recited by schoolchildren because of the presence in it of an interrogative vehicle called 'Little Wilhelmine,' is an early satire on victory, and a mordant one also, as we discover when we cut it off from its usual background of desks and blackboards. It does not, however, make any allowance for the righteousness of certain causes, probably because such allowances are outside the focus of the poem. Taken at its face-value, it is purely pacifistic, significant only as indicating the age of the reaction against war as war. It is the antithesis of poems glorifying battle for its own sake, such as, —

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,

or 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' It would be possible to multiply examples, but these two will serve all purposes of illustration.

The present war has inspired an entirely new sort of war-poetry. There has been, on the Allied side at least, little if any of the old swashbuckling, ringing verse; that seems to have vanished from our literature just as gold lace has vanished from our uniforms. In place of it have come poems deeply thoughtful, which exhibit no doubt of the holiness of our cause — which, in fact, emphasize it as no war-poems have

ever done before. They linger upon the lovely and quiet things of life — harvest-time in rural England, the intimacies of college, the poignant simplicity of home. The present sacrifice is needful, the poets maintain in no uncertain tones; it is doubly and trebly needful because of these familiar things which we love and are determined to preserve.

Our armies have gone to war with their thoughts striking backward, and look upon the front as an outpost of civilization, designed to 'protect the camp from attack and surprise.' In military terms, they have regarded themselves as exterior guards only, and have taken to heart their duties as such; the camp lies behind them, and must be protected at all costs. Something of the sombre enthusiasm of the Covenanters has animated them; glory and honor have been among them; but it is the safety of the camp of civilization, and not their own personal peril, that gives value to the crosses they wear.

At home, also, we have not been blind to the glory of this war, but it has been the glory of youth gone forth to make good our hopes for truth, and not the shallower honor of the cavalry charge, or even the ennobled suicide of the forlorn hope. From the first, this has been a people's war, and the people of the nations have been stabbed and hurt and raised to honor by it on a scale never before known. All this our poets have sung to us, and even our marching songs dwell with searching homesickness upon the joys of peace. Our dead, ghosts dear and familiar, have come closer to us, and we would not call them back altogether, for they and not we, have achieved.

You from Givenchy, since no years can harden
The beautiful dead, when holy twilight reaches
The sleeping cedars and the copper beeches,
Return to walk again in Wadham garden.
We, growing old, grow stranger to the college,
Symbol of youth, where we were young together;

But you, beyond the reach of time and weather
Of youth, in death forever keep the knowledge.
We hoard our youth; we hoard our youth and
fear it;

But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded —
The road to travel and the traveler's spirit.
And therefore, when for us the stars go down,
Your star is steady over Oxford town.

I have not been able to discover the author of these lines, which came to me in a letter from a soldier in France. They show as well as any the new spirit that animates war-poetry, — the spirit shared by Brooke, Masfield, Seeger, and many more, — the spirit which at last places war where it belongs in literature and in the scheme of civilization generally, identifying it as a court of last resort, and insisting that the justification and the glory of it lie in the purpose for which it is waged; regarding it as a means of preserving for the present and the future the sweet and sound things of life, but having in itself neither value nor verity.

It is presumptuous and false to maintain that we are more loyal to our cause than men of other days, and it is only partly true that we have a more clear-cut cause to be loyal to. Undoubtedly, however, we have become considerably more frank, at least in literature. Formerly, the man who, during active service, thought too often or too long about what he had left behind him, or who seemed to value it all too highly, laid himself open to the charge of being afraid. That charge used to be a disgrace; it is so no longer. Men who have been in the fight admit without reserve that they were afraid all the time; and many of them say that they never get rid of the sensation of fear during action. It seems that any man nowadays who does not confess to fear under fire lays himself open to the charge of being either unintelligent or a liar.

Cowardice, on the other hand, — obedience to the promptings of fear, —

is exceedingly rare, and for the first time the military authorities are taking into account the fact that the bravest of men have limits to their endurance which they must not be allowed to reach, if in any way they can be prevented from doing so. Particularly in aviation, commanding officers are careful to relieve from active duty — generally temporarily, but sometimes permanently — pilots whose experiences in the air have caused them to lose their nerve; no disgrace attaches to such relief. With this frank recognition of the influences of strain, — which is another word for fear, — the efficiency of the military machine has been increased rather than diminished; and modern war, the most machine-like of human activities, has at the same time become the most solicitously personal. Hypocrisy and bravado, having lost their place among the conventions of war, are no longer literary material; although the stimulation of battle remains for the soldier, it is no longer among the most important of his reactions. Almost no one pretends that he likes war; the army's frank hate for it is reflected in poetry, where it takes the form of a grave revaluation of the blessings of peace, and a deep appreciation of all that our fighting men are doing to make peace possible, and, if may

be, permanent. Incidentally, renewed perception of all that makes life worth living renders adamant our resolve to destroy forever all forces which threaten peace. The Austrian peace gesture of October, 1918, indicated in the Central Powers a defective appreciation of the spirit which our poets have been advertising for the last four years.

Human nature does change; the statement that it does not is the easiest and the most false of platitudes. Literature is the best index of the alterations which occur in it, for the popularity of literature is due entirely to the accuracy with which it reflects contemporary thought and emotion. Since, then, the reactions of literature to war are so radically different from what they used to be, it is not unsafe to assume that the reactions of mankind to war have altered in an equal degree. To look forward to universal and perpetual peace is still utopian and unsafe; at least, the psychological preparation for it, without which expectation of it was absurd, is under way. Our poets have become in a true sense our prophets; they have not only dreamed of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world,' but have cleared from our path the first and heaviest obstacles that lay in the way of achieving it.

WEEDS ABOVE THE SNOW

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THERE is a foot of snow on the ground, lying almost level, for it fell quietly, and during a warm day and night, so that it was lightly crusted before the wind came up. Only on the most exposed slopes has the northwest wind, which draws strongly down our valley beneath the shaggy mountain wall, been able to ruffle the surface into tiny drifts, like the waves of a choppy sea, or like the sand of the Sahara. Skiing rapidly over such a surface is beset with much the same perils as sailing a canoe through a chop.

My brook is now a beautiful thing, not in the least resembling any of its spring or summer aspects. If you should load a flexible brush heavily with black oil paint, and then draw it in a wavy line across a sheet of thick, soft, clear white paper, you might approximate the appearance of my brook from a slight distance, as it comes down through the pasture. But you could not quite capture, even with the utmost technical dexterity, the delicate undulations of its course. Ordinarily I am aware of it as a coolly gurgling little brown stream, splashing into white over rocks, lined with grasses, weeds, and monkey flowers, but in no sense an exponent of pure line. What line it has is half lost in the grasses. But now it is pure line, a ribbon of velvety black sunk in the deeper white velvet of the snow, a line that tells of every hidden contour of the ground, and, above all, has that sheer beauty of curve which only something that flows can ever completely attain. Coming nearer to it, I find its trans-

formed banks no less strange and lovely. Every rock around which the dark water curves, every grass hassock, is capped with snow like a tiny dome, and all the banks are overhung with snow in a delicate yet abrupt down-sweeping curve, steeper than that of a thatched roof, and almost infinitely varied as the wind above or water below has moulded them. It is not until I stand directly over the brook that I see through the black water, swaying gently in the current, the familiar green of living vegetation. My brook in the snow is the skeleton of contour, the soul of pure line. It is a single, fluid masterstroke by the Master Etcher.

But, as I move about over the wide white paper of the fields and pastures to-day, I realize my entire world as an etching. My pasture climbs steeply to the forest, and the forest, with ever-increasing abruptness, climbs to the fifteen-hundred-foot ridge of the mountain shoulder which juts boldly into the plain and hides a sight, from this close angle, of the domed summit yet a thousand feet higher. So steep, indeed, are the upper ledges of this shaggy shoulder, that they are, in places, practically precipitous, and the trees, seen from below, are outlined against a white backing, either of snow- and ice-covered cliffs, or of the up-ended forest floor itself.

The bulk of the forest is deciduous, a mixed stand of chestnut and hard woods; and now the straight, forest-grown trunks are suddenly stabbed in a new distinctness against the white backing, with a myriad down-strokes

of the etcher's needle. Their sprayed tops, an intricate maze of hairlike lines, are colored in subdued tints of lavender, red, and brown, as if the colored ink had been delicately brushed on with a bit of feather. The scattered evergreens — pines and hemlocks — are, however, firmly etched in outline, each one distinct though half a mile away, and colored a rich dark green with a loaded brush. There is an old saying that you cannot, when too close, see the forest for the trees. Here on the great white, upstanding paper of the mountainside, I suddenly behold both the forest and the trees. The mountain looks even higher and steeper than when wearing its customary aspect; the forest is no less impressive in bulk; but the myriad arboreal units which compose it are suddenly revealed, each one delineated with infinite patience, in its naked skeleton of trunk and branches, patterned in ink-strokes on the snow.

Letting my eyes come back from the mountain ledges to the pasture at my feet, I am aware of the loveliest part of the whole great etching which is the visible world to-day. The weed-tops above the snow! To the farmer, at least, they are weeds. Some of them are the ghosts of our fairest flowers. Dried now to a russet or straw-brown, in some lights almost an old gold, or, in the case of hardhack and shrubby cinquefoil, to a deep chocolate, these dead stalks stand up rigid above the snow, and each one reveals all that it possesses of linear charm and intricacy. And how much that almost invariably is! Here, in a space of a few feet near the fence, where, for some reason, the cows did not crop the pasture close last summer, the etcher's needle has fixed in beauty no less than a score of different designs, some of them as lovely as a snow crystal. Take, for example, that spray of wood asters. The stem rises above the crust, and then curves gracefully down wind,

throwing out wiry branchlets, each branchlet hung with tiny stars, each star the shell that once held a pale blue flower.

They are no less lovely, surely, than the flowers — these stiff little straw-brown stars etched on the gleaming snow. Beside them are the brown plumes of goldenrod, the dried flower-cups like rayed pin-heads; with what tool did the etcher make so many perfect, star-edged dots? The Queen Anne's lace has half closed its cups — cups of open ribs and diaphanous rim, which hold each its little dab of snow. Amid them all are many grasses, fairy plumes of such delicacy that the artist's needle must merely have breathed against the blackened plate. A mullein stalk by the fence is a gaudy thing, a big, grandiloquent straight line, borne down heavily upon for the sake of contrast. But, beside it, and quite as tall, a milkweed is bursting open its pods like gray and ochre orchids, and a tall wild lettuce, ugliest of weeds (always excepting the burdock) in summer, is now a slender spire, flowering at its peak into a hundred feathery little rosettes. To one who loves pure line and pattern, this small garden of weed-tops above the snow by the pasture fence — even the fence-posts go marching along, stroke, stroke, stroke of black, across the snow, in a quaint procession — could be a source of almost endless study and delight.

But again I lift my eyes. Just across the road is a row of fine old sugar maples which have not yet succumbed to the brutally unintelligent pruning of the State Highway Commission. Now, more than ever, I am aware how, fifteen feet from the ground, they begin to burst into a great fountain-spray of branches, each branch bursting and rebursting on its upward spring, till the whole gracefully domed crown dissolves in a riot of twigs, and against

the hard winter sky it is almost impossible to tell exactly the point at which the last buds end. Between the shaggy gray boles of these trees I look across a meadow, toward the swamp. This meadow was neglected last summer by the mowers, and the prevailing autumn winds bent the dried grasses south-eastward, so that now they form an army with straw-gold plumes, sweeping across the snow, forever in motion, yet frozen fast. Beyond them is a patch of rich chocolate, where the etcher has rubbed the ink on with a liberal thumb, and then the feathery rust of the tamaracks. You never realize what a beautiful color rust is till you see a tamarack swamp across the white fields, perhaps with the amethyst lights of sunset beginning to tinge the eastern hills. One of our ultra-modern American poets has written a poem 'To a Discarded Steel Rail,' in which he speaks of

A smile which men call rust.

The rust of the tamaracks is not a smile at the vanity of man's restlessness, however, but at the pleasant, sunny world and the dreaming thoughts of resurgent sap.

I went far afield to-day, through old orchards where the deer had been pawing up the snow for buried, frozen apples; through a snow-laden stand of young pines, where the aspect was of blobs of white spattered on dark green, and where, no matter how low I stooped, the brushed branches pelted me with cold powder; past fox-tracks and rabbit-tracks and the bed of a part-ridge in the uncovered leaves — I heard him go whirring off through the snowy silences before I reached the spot; into clearings where the weed-top etchings were renewed, and invisible water tinkled somewhere under ice; then into deep woods again, and up the mountain ravines.

It was late when, at last, I pushed

back out of the forest fringe, and set my ski-points valleyward, but leaning first on my poles to look down on the ghostly-radiant, frozen world. A young moon swam over the mountain shoulder, holding in its crescent the vague wraith of the full sphere, like a bubble in a golden saucer. The light of this moon bathed all the world in its pale, clear glow. The world was not an etching any more. All but the nearest weed-tops had disappeared. But each tree and shrub sent out a pale, firm shadow over the faintly sparkling snow; the world was a silver-point engraving of supreme delicacy, upon a frosted paper; and not the trees, but their shadows, were most alive. The air was a frozen crystal which no sound snapped, except, far off in the valley, a dull boom from expanding ice in the pond, and the disembodied hoot of an owl up the ravine behind me. Yet there was another sound. Listening intently, I could hear it behind, below, on both sides — the sound of running water, like a wind just waking, or like the world's soft breathing as it lay wrapped in frozen dream.

Far below gleamed a single reddish-gold window-square, oddly unrelated to the lonely scene. Yet thither I must go. My skis squeaked on the snow as I slid them forward and caught the first rush of icy air in my lungs.

The young moon has dropped now behind the mountain shoulder, and Orion, who nightly springs from his couch beyond the eastern hills, is up amid the game flocks of the stars. My window-square glows out into darkness lit with a dim white radiance from the snow. The weed-top etchings are only in my memory.

I know moods — as who does not? — when it would be most natural for me to allow them to remain there, neither reasoned about nor written about, merely a deepening of the background of one's sensuous enjoyment of 'this

goodly frame, the earth.' Yet to-night I am curiously tempted to pin them up before me for further contemplation, endeavoring vaguely, blindly, to work from them to human analogies.

If, aided by the soft, obliterating mantle of the snow, we walk abroad and find common things — a brook, a dead weed-top — suddenly revealed in a new and simpler aspect, so that some unguessed trait of enduring loveliness it all along possessed is set alone, in a high light, for contemplation, and from its littleness one's soul moves on to grasp such large conceptions as the beauty of the curve or the profound strength required for accurate delicacy, why can there not be some snow-mantle in our relations with our fellows, to work a magical transformation and reveal similar unexpected significances? Henry Adams is but the last large mind to affirm that a man can compass at most but two or three friends. Is that because it is only upon friendship — and love — that the snow-mantle of silence falls, and under the spell of this silence is born a more perfect understanding than can ever come of words; under it, as we think each our own secret and dynamic thoughts, we seem mystically aware of what it is in his, or her, soul which is lovely and eternal? All of us know this snow-mantle of silence that drops upon the converse of friends, the communion of lovers, the wife and husband sitting by their evening fire. And all of us know that we can look for its soft revealing in our relations with but a pitiful few of our fellows. For the rest, we guess at the verities in their souls, as we might guess at the exquisite curve of the brook when it is half lost in sedgy verdure, or at the delicate, spired loveliness of the lettuce-stalk when it is a rank, ungainly green shoot by the roadside, with ugly, insignificant flowers.

It is not alone in my own small circle

that I yearn for some gentle obliteration alike of outer ugliness and rank summer richness, and a revelation of those still, cold winter lines of the human spirit that tell so surely whether its essential form is fair. After all, in our immediate circle, we arrive in time at approximate, if unsatisfactory estimates. But how is it in the wider relations of men? As the snow buries, so we talked of the war burning away, the unessentials, and we did indeed seem to see the stark skeletons of men's ideals, fine and rigid and at a white heat. But in the crackling haze of a conflagration the vision is often deluded. It is over the cool calmness of snow, that outlines are best estimated — snow which is white like Peace.

The white benediction of Peace! When that descends on the world, is not then the time to look for those spiritual perfections, those inner, essential beauties of soul in our fellows, which can give us so deep a moment of contemplation, in the belief that in essence the world and the world's people are drawn clean and fine and delicate, the delicacy of infinite strength under perfect control? Ah, if we could but find it so! If we could but admit to our deeper beliefs the belief that War is a purge, or Peace a soft-fallen obliteration of rank excesses and things dead and ugly, a revelation of Man's structural spirituality, like the weed-tops above the snow! But we see War intoxicate as well as purge, and we see Peace reveal gross selfishnesses, ugly, rank green burdocks of greed and covetousness. Nowhere does the world of Man lie cool beneath a white snow-blanket, each lifted soul a bitten, lacy line of beauty. We seem to see plumed souls that wave and beckon, strong, solid, spired souls, souls delicate as tops of grass; but ever such a mass and maze of other souls, lineless, formless, or of evil twist, souls like dead leaves that rot, or weeds that

crowd the flowers out, hidden by no kindly snow, stripped by no winter frosts — the welter of the world of men! How strip them all down to their naked stalks? How show them all against some background white as snow, that what is beautiful may be so clearly seen that no man can forget, and what is ugly, that all men shall turn away and choose the plumes and aster stars?

My etched world has led me far afield, and brought me, groping, back again, unanswered and unsatisfied. Upon their bright Ægean hills, ages long ago, the shepherds watched Orion climb, and gave to him, no doubt, his name. War came and peace came, re-

ligions rose and perished, philosophers were crowned, — and poisoned, — man groped for light within himself and freedom in his universe, poets sang, and saints perished. Still I look out and see Orion hunting the game flocks of the stars. Now he has forded the Milky Way. The Dog-star is in golden cry beneath his heels. How still and cold and beautiful is the night! How remote those star-glints from our troubled earth! How keener far than Man's must be the eye that sees the end and meaning of it all; how greater far the hand that etches on some spirit snow the weed-tops of our human souls, and makes them all fair at last!

HIS LETTER

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

*Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.*

War has not taken wonder away.
More poignant where its lightnings play
The appeal of beauty's lonely cry!
I shall go dreaming till I die.
I see wind-burnished coin-bright towns,
And roads that shine across the downs;
A dusk of forest and a line
Of light that silvers the design;
Always the shadowed and the bright,
A halo for the blackest night!
— Islands where I have never been;
The rainbow toppling down the green
Of tilted seas that rake a ship;

The molten lava-streams that slip
From fiery crater-rims and fill
The dark with rose and daffodil;
Lakes mountain-hid and spiritual;
The undiscovered waterfall
Like a white feather through the trees,
The undiscovered bird in these
Singing, always alone, alone,
The lovely voice of the unknown —
This is Romance chameleon-clad
That called me when I was a lad,
That calls me now to follow well
Through blighted Picardy to hell,
Through hell to some elusive bliss
Of new adventure after this;
To follow without asking why!
So you will know, if I must die
Upon this last and strangest quest,
It did not differ from the rest
In simple wonder dark and bright,
A halo for the blackest night:
And freedom like the unknown bird
Was a wild voice I had not heard,
Was a pure voice I fought to hear!
These words to you, my very dear,

*Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.*

OUR VILLAGE

HOURS from any city, our village has changed little since fifty years ago. It had then a hotel, and the country round about was so wild that visitors from the city came in the summer for a change. Now, most of the great oak forests have been cut for railway-ties, the game has been shot, the bass may rarely be caught in the river. Hills that cut off the horizon are dotted with sheep; from the tops one gets a sweep of country with few farmhouses in sight. There are cities beyond; there is no sense of remoteness, such as one feels in looking to the north and knowing that one might go to the Arctic Circle without seeing a town.

Our isolation is, therefore, not geographical. We are in the midst of what a facetious editor of the nearest city daily calls 'the garden spot of the world.' Powerful limousines occasionally go through the village, showing a mild curiosity and large interests behind and beyond. The single track of railroad fills the valley at irregular intervals with unnecessary shrieks of freight engines; sonorous passenger whistles multiply warnings for bridge and station on the more familiar hours, or insolently rouse the sleeping villagers when the midnight train goes through without stop. Travelers rarely get off; salesmen supply our simple wants once or twice a year, between trains: there is no hotel, nor would their commissions justify staying over night. There is not even a boarding-house.

The village is not interested in strangers to the extent of putting them up for the night. It has nothing to offer. There are no struggling manufactories needing capital; there are no resour-

ces inviting capital. The villagers own their plain frame houses built many years ago. Five new houses have been added in thirty years. Our taxes, less an amount barely necessary to run the school and street-lamps, go to the county and state. We have no paved streets, no sewerage system, no police or fire department. A private corporation, with most limited liability, furnishes water. All I get from taxes is a feeble natural gas-light below on the unmade street; but when the village could no longer pay a man to put out the street-lamps, the gas company shut off the gas. We then went out at night with lanterns.

We are all poor. Two or three villagers with independent means go and come; no one knows or cares, for their influence is negligible. No captain of industry commands anybody. There is no labor-problem, for there is no labor. A few able-bodied workmen may now and then be engaged, if they have nothing more important to do, and if they feel like working. When it is not loaned on mortgage, the village carpenter keeps a heavy balance in the bank. He has helped many a less energetic friend, without security and without return. We have no labor-union, perhaps because there are no employers of labor. I may get help when I am my own contractor and head-workman. I may practise any trade without boycott. Infrequent periods of such improvement furnish innocent excitement. Little checks change hands, neighbors stop to comment; night brings a sense of exquisite fatigue. One jingles money for unforeseen nails and bolts and paint. At other times one may go for weeks with only a bit of silver for church.

Occasionally an ancient oak must come down. An upstart red oak shows but ninety-seven rings; a white oak felled the other day had two hundred and sixty-five rings; where are other trees that were living in Milton's time? Up in the garret, to stop squirrel-holes, I noticed that all the rafters and beams were of white oak. And the stone of the house was quarried from a local hill-side. Infinite labor it took to saw and hew those timbers from the fellow of the white oak; men in the village to-day do not quarry the local stone, trim the huge blocks, and swing them on to two-foot walls, the prize of my modest possessions. Our two new houses came from mail-order concerns, machined from the thinnest lumber that will hold a house together.

Two small general stores maintain a rivalry begun generations ago. The village humorist and historian entered one the other day with a copy of the village paper printed in the eighteen-fifties. 'I see in this paper that you advertise photographs of the village. I should like to buy some.' The proprietor walked over to an old cherry cabinet, and from a drawer took out photographs faded and yellow with age. The man of humor gravely inspected them. 'Well,' he finally remarked, 'I see it pays to advertise.'

The newspaper-presses and type, and the building containing them, have all disappeared. The village tinker, who could mend a watch or gun or sewing-machine, is dead, and no one takes his place. Anciently there were three churches, each with a full congregation militantly active in urging a special form of truth. Two churches now more than answer the need, and only in days of acute national crisis have they been crowded.

Only two classes of people may live in our village contentedly: those who have ample resources of occupation and

interest within themselves, and those who have and crave none. There is no ready-made amusement. We have no saloon, no theatre, no moving-picture show. There is no community playground or athletic field. There is no club. In front of a stairway of a fraternal order, buggies and sleighs will be hitched on an occasional night. Once a year, one church will give the annual supper; once a year, the other church will give the annual supper. Women gather weekly to sew for mountain whites. The school-board meets once a month, or oftener if the itch, measles, or other epidemic threatens; and between solemn prophecies on the state of the nation and personal criticism of the Powers, votes the budget for salaries and the gas-bill. At election time results of the 144 votes are posted, no longer showing an even balance of straight tickets, but highly eclectic groups.

The village is not gregarious. The common cause and common labor of the pioneer have changed to furtive ambitions and concealed purposes. Intensive individualism successfully withstands all attempts at coöperation, in time of peace. In war, without announcement, without noise or argument, the village exceeded its quota of men and money in every count, revealing unity, hard cash, and patriotism unguessed by anyone.

The lack of express community spirit had grieved more eager souls. Several years ago the parson brought back from the East ambitious plans for community welfare. There were many committees appointed, as on music, dramatics, lectures, sport. Soon complaints were lodged that the orchestra kept people awake, and no one can deny that the village regards sleep, beginning at ten o'clock, sun-time, as of more importance than the playing of an orchestra never so sure of itself as to put the audience at ease.

What, it will be asked, do we accomplish in such anti-social contentment? We read. The metropolitan press consumes from one to three hours a day; magazines fill several days a month; but books are the serious business of life. We read many books, big books, works in volumes, through. A literary man in a narrow city flat will write a book in less time than a villager will master one. But the villager selects with canny choice; the best seller has little significance for him; he may still be reading Gibbon. A girl in the village school asked for the best edition of Chatterton. Fashion in books works little change in our taste; one may read Tennyson without impeachment, and while our sense of humor is too delicately poised to tolerate a Browning Society, there are those who find comfort in the legal entanglements of his old Italian law-case. The larger spirits of the past seem to satisfy. 'I can read,' said one villager, 'almost anything but new books. Old men inform,' he went on with Baconian antithesis, 'new men disturb.'

The village is little given to litigation. No attorney's sign may be seen. Years ago we had our last *cause célèbre*. It was about a piano. The school-board had purchased an instrument that would not stay in tune. The issue came up when the tuner in despair asked whether the piano was at concert or international pitch. No one knew. The tuner made remarks that led the board to think that they had been swindled. The last payment was refused, and the dealer sued.

The case came to trial before the local justice. The plaintiff's lawyer, a large man with long hair which he roached up masterfully in his argument, wore a white clerical cravat and long black frock-coat. He listened to witnesses with good-natured tolerance. When our musical expert took the chair, — a

timid woman who had never been in court, — the lawyer roused himself. 'You say that you are a professional musician and that you know all about pianos. Will you kindly tell this court how many keys there are on this piano that the board bought and refuses to pay for? You cannot? You don't know how many keys there are on it? You presume to come here, under oath, and pose as a musical expert, and can't tell how many keys there are on a piano?' He motioned to his assistant to take down the testimony. 'Well, perhaps you can tell us the pitch of this piano? You don't know what pitch it is? Is n't the pitch of a piano important? You have a piano? You know what pitch it is? Concert pitch — very good. Now you say you don't know the pitch of the piano in litigation, and you claim to be a musical expert.' Again the assistant takes testimony. 'How old is this piano? You don't know that either? Are n't you familiar with the types and styles of pianos? You are. You could tell an old piano from a new one? You could; yes, one does n't have to pretend to be a musical expert or study under Liszt to do that. But you don't know how old this piano is? How's that? An obsolete type? Too old to guess at? That'll do.'

The board won the case, for the clerk deposed that a piano at international pitch had been ordered, and the tuner could not affirm that the piano was at any pitch, or that, if tuned to a pitch, it would stay there over night.

The other case never came to court. A city man had loaned a farmer money, taking a mortgage on the stock and fifteen tons of hay. Late the next spring hay had doubled in value, and with the note unpaid the city man came up to foreclose. He made a satisfied examination of the stock, and then saw that the mow was empty. 'Where's the hay you put up as security?'

'Well — I gawnteed to keep the stock in good condition, and I fed 'em the hay.'

We do not live on excitement. One or two men are members of city clubs, and are drawn periodically into the feverish and noisy life. Their example is not approved. As none of us makes money, the fine art of living lies in saving what we can. Pleasure is in making an old coat do another year, not in buying a new one. There can be no real enjoyment in paying club dues, smoking expensive cigars, drinking costly drinks, when the wife with intelligent care saves ten cents a pound on

coffee, and no one can tell the difference. Nor do our club-men come back apparently benefited: however gay and pleasant clubs may be within, a certain depression always accompanies the man home.

So, in our village, we do without everything the live, active, accomplishing world regards as necessary. We read Gibbon, eat light suppers, and go to bed early. But childhood is still the great miracle with us; angels, we know, live in our houses, and we look out upon a world of misery and pain, grieving that our arms do not reach beyond the village.

'A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY'

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WAS it indeed only last March, or in another life, that I climbed this green hill on that day of dolor, the Sunday after the last great German offensive began? A beautiful sun-warmed day it was, when the wild thyme on the southern slope smelled sweet, and the distant sea was a glitter of gold. Lying on the grass, pressing my cheek to its warmth, I tried to get solace for that new dread which seemed so cruelly unnatural after four years of war-misery.

'If only it were all over!' I said to myself; 'and I could come here, and to all the lovely places I know, without this awful contraction of the heart, and this knowledge that at every tick of my watch some human body is being mangled or destroyed. Ah, if only I could! Will there never be an end?'

And now there is an end, and I am

up on this green hill once more, in December sunlight, with the distant sea a glitter of gold. And there is no cramp in my heart, no miasma clinging to my senses. Peace! It is still incredible. No more to hear with the ears of the nerves the ceaseless roll of gunfire, or see with the eyes of the nerves drowning men, gaping wounds, and the skeleton of hunger. Peace, actually Peace! The war has gone on so long that many of us have forgotten the sense of outrage and amazement we had, those first days of August, 1914, when it all began. But I have not forgotten, nor ever shall.

In some of us — I think in many who could not voice it — the war has left chiefly this feeling: 'If only I could find a country where men cared less for all that they seem to care for, where they cared more for beauty, for nature, for

being kindly to each other. If only I could find that green hill far away!' Of the songs of Theocritus, of the life of St. Francis, there is no more among the nations than there is of dew on grass in an east wind. If we ever thought otherwise, we are disillusioned now. Yet there is Peace again, and the souls of men fresh-murdered are not flying into our lungs with every breath we draw.

Each day this thought of Peace becomes more real and blessed. I can lie on this green hill and praise Creation that I am alive in a world of beauty. I can go to sleep up here with the coverlet of sunlight warm on my body, and not wake to that old dull misery. I can even dream with a light heart, for my fair dreams will not be spoiled by waking, and my bad dreams will be cured the moment I open my eyes. I can look up at that blue sky without seeing trailed across it a mirage of the long horror, a film picture of all the things that have been done by men to men. At last I can gaze up at it, limpid and blue, without a dogging melancholy; and I can gaze down at that far gleam of sea, knowing that there is no murk of murder on it any more.

And the flight of birds, the gulls and rooks and little brown wavering things which flit out and along the edge of the chalk-pits, is once more refreshment to me, utterly untempered. A merle is singing in a bramble thicket; the dew has not dried off the bramble leaves; there is a feather of a moon floating across the sky; the distance sends forth a homely murmur; the sun warms my cheeks. And all of this is pure joy. No hawk of dread and horror keeps swooping down and bearing off the little birds of happiness. No accusing conscience starts forth and beckons me away from pleasure. Everywhere is supreme and flawless beauty, whether one looks at this tiny snail-shell, marvelously chased and marked, a very elf's horn whose

open mouth is colored rose, or at the flat land between here and the sea, wandering under the smile of the afternoon sunlight, seeming almost to be alive — hedgeless, with its many watching trees, and silver gulls hovering above the mushroom-colored 'ploughs,' and fields green in manifold hues. Or if one gazes at that little pink daisy born so out of time, or at that valley of brown-rose-gray woods, under the drifting shadows of those low-hanging chalky clouds — all is perfection as only Nature can be perfect on a lovely day, when the mind of him who looks on her is at rest.

On this green hill I am nearer than I have been yet to realization of the difference between war and peace. In our civilian lives hardly anything has been changed — we do not get more butter or more petrol, the garb and machinery of war still swarm around us, journals are still dripping hate; but in our spirits there is all the difference between gradual dying and gradual recovery from sickness.

At the beginning of the war a certain artist, so one heard, shut himself away in his house and garden, taking in no newspaper, receiving no visitors, listening to no breath of the war, seeing no sight of it. So he lived, buried in his work and his flowers — I know not for how long. Was he wise, or did he suffer even more than the rest of us who shut nothing away? Can man, indeed, shut out the very quality of his firmament, or bar himself away from the general misery of his species?

This gradual recovery of the world — this slow reopening of the great flower, Life — is beautiful to feel and see. I press my hand flat and hard down on those blades of grass, then take it away, and watch them slowly, very slowly, raise themselves and shake off the bruise. So it is, and will be, with us for a long time to come. The cramp of war

was deep in us, as an iron frost in the earth. Of all the countless millions who have fought and nursed and written and spoken and dug and sewn and worked in a thousand other ways to help on the business of killing, hardly any have labored in real love of war. How ironical that, perhaps, the most beautiful poem written these four years, Julian Grenfell's 'Into Battle!' was a song of heartfelt praise of fighting! But if one could gather the heartfelt sighs and curses breathed by man and woman against fighting since the first bugle was blown, the dirge of them could not be contained in the air which wraps this earth.

And yet the 'green hill,' where dwell beauty and kindliness, is still far away. Will it ever be nearer? Men have fought even on this green hill where I am lying. By the rampart markings on its chalk and grass, it has surely served for an encampment. The beauty of day and night, the lark's song, the sweet-scented growing things, the rapture of health, and of pure air, the majesty of the stars, and the gladness of sunlight, of song and dance and simple friendliness, have never been enough for men. We crave our turbulent fate. Can wars, then, ever cease? Look in men's faces, read their writings, and beneath masks and

hypocrisies note the restless creeping of the tiger spirit! There has never been anything to prevent the millennium except the nature of the human being. There are not enough lovers of beauty among men. It all comes back to that. Not enough who want the green hill far away — who naturally hate disharmony, and the greed, ugliness, restlessness, cruelty, which are its parents and its children.

Will there ever be more lovers of beauty in proportion to those who are indifferent to beauty? Who shall answer that question? And yet on the answer depends peace. Men may have a mint of sterling qualities — be vigorous, adventurous, brave, upright, and self-sacrificing; be preachers and teachers; keen, cool-headed, just, and industrious, — but if they have not the love of beauty, they will still be making wars. Man is a fighting animal, with sense of the ridiculous enough to know that he is a fool to fight, but not sense of the sublime enough to stop him. Ah, well! we have peace!

It is happiness greater than I have known for four years and four months, to lie here and let that thought go on its wings, quiet and free as the wind stealing soft from the sea, and blessed as the sunlight on this green hill.

April - 1918

THE PEACE-MAKERS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

SEVENTY men from all corners of the earth are seated around the long horse-shoe of a green-baize table in the Clock-Room of the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay. Two-hundred-odd newspapermen from all corners of the earth — reporters in soft collars and tan shoes, and imperfectly shaven, and journalists in black cutaways with tall flapped collars and patent leathers — strain eye and ear, through the arches of the adjoining reception-room, at the greatest international show since 1815. One of the two-hundred-odd, as he watches and listens to the seventy at table, finds his mind going back, not altogether in a spirit of frivolity, to the categories of Class-Day election at college. Thus: —

Handsome man — Hymans of Belgium, who, this afternoon of January 25, leads the revolt of the little nations against the Big Five; tall, slim, thoroughbred, with a fighting face and the most eloquent hands imaginable. Liveliest man — tie between Clemenceau, with body, muscles, arms, and tongue always in play, and Lloyd George, who reveals himself in the jump of ironic eyes under heavy brows, and frequent half-mischievous smiles and whisperings to Balfour at his left. Most worried man — Sonnino of Italy. Most bored man — tie again between Foch and Balfour. Best poised man — the chief Japanese representative, of course. Most patient and far-seeing man — Venizelos, I am inclined to believe. Most

picturesque figure — if you dismiss the outward trappings of the delegates from Hedjaz and native India, then, by all odds, Louis Botha, a massive, silent hulk, with eyes burning out of a short, thick jungle of whisker, moustache, and eyebrows. Hardest worker — Clemenceau. Most dignified — Woodrow Wilson. Best all-round athlete — Lloyd George, probably. Best student — House. Best poet — Smuts. Best orator — Woodrow Wilson. Done most for his class — ?

There seems to be virtual unanimity among the seventy on this last point. Assume that the proprieties demand constant reference by every one of the speakers to the President's rôle in war and now in peace, and it is still evident that to Woodrow Wilson belongs the distinction of cutting the pattern for the work of the Conference.

The formal opening of the Conference a week ago was formal, indeed. It comprised M. Poincaré's salutatory and the election of a permanent chairman. The real inaugural is to-day, when the Conference holds its first public debate on the one question which Mr. Wilson has made his own. The Conference really began with the League of Nations.

And from the first it is plain that the spirit of the delegates is keyed up to the high argument. Lloyd George's plea on behalf of the League, following upon that of Mr. Wilson, is brief; but in emotional content and in gravity of manner, it climbs very high indeed. Mr. Wilson is always in earnest. He always

conveys the sense and burden of a great message and a great problem. The British Premier's touch is usually lighter; but with Lloyd George's few words it becomes apparent at once that the Conference is face to face with its work — and that there will be a league.

Technically, the debate which ensues is on a matter of procedure — the question whether the little nations have been given their fair share of representation on the Conference committees. Actually, in the very fact of a revolt by the little nations against the Big Five, in the successive demands which are flung down by Belgium, Greece, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, we feel that the League of Nations has already begun to function. The problem which the League will always have to deal with is on the floor — the question how far the League of Nations should be by and of the little nations, as well as for the little nations. So comes the first sign of strife — and of life — which the Conference has given publicly.

The manner in which Clemenceau handles the insurrection of the little peoples permits a fair evaluation of the man, of his record, and of his reputation. With his seventy-seven years, Clemenceau is the oldest member of the assembly. He is also the most vital, externaly at least. I will not say he is the most electric, because, for one, I find that Woodrow Wilson has incomparably the greater gift of surcharging the atmosphere with a tingling, emotional current, from the moment he rises to his feet and slowly embraces the audience with his grave smile; though that may be partisanship.

But the more galvanic our Clemenceau unquestionably is. He shifts in the presidential chair now right and now left, throwing bits of his own interpretation to Wilson or Lloyd George in advance of the official translator. He corrects, he emphasizes, he underlines the

interpreter with emphatic nod, or takes exception with a flourish of his gray-gloved hands or a swift uplift of the white scythe of his moustache. His eyes scour the room to study effects. He is continually signaling to the secretaries behind him for orders, memoranda, messages to be delivered. The obvious parallel is with our own man of energy whom we have lost so recently, and without whom it is so hard, three thousand miles away, to think of America.

On his feet Clemenceau is less dynamic in action than Roosevelt. The voice indicates his age, though it does not quite reveal it. His utterance is softer than his words. His manner is colloquial, but his message bites. He does not thunder, he rends. And as we listen to his reply to the little nations, we first begin to understand why he is called the Tiger. In itself his argument, though frank, is not ferocious. He simply wants to say that big committees work more slowly than small committees, and that the great need before the Conference is speed. The message he succeeds in conveying is that, if you give the little nations the representation they demand, the Conference will degenerate into palaver. His enemies have spoken of his brutal speech. He himself, in referring to utterances of his past, has described them as perhaps 'cruel.' Easily that. Clemenceau is the only man of the seventy capable of saying aloud, as he does now, that it is for the great Powers to run the show, because it was they who had twelve million men in the field when the armistice came, and they who count their dead by the millions.

Put aside the fact that this is unfair to Serbia and to Belgium, who proportionately have suffered as heavily as the Great Powers — it is brutal, as we conceive the word in the ordinary sense, to throw their dependency into the faces

of the nineteen little peoples. Clemenceau may have spoken the truth as to the definite intentions of the Great Powers and the probable procedure of the Conference. But there are ways and ways of conveying the truth, and obviously Clemenceau has the gift of choosing the most lacerating. There are people who are the victims of their own bitter tongues. They have a gift of conveying a sense of exasperation which they may not even feel. Clemenceau is one of these.

Should he therefore be voted also the best fighter in this world-class of '19 assembled on the Quai d'Orsay? I am by no means certain. One may fight with red-hot rapier thrusts, as Clemenceau does, or with a splendid flourish of the club, as Roosevelt did, or with abstract terms and general formulas, as Woodrow Wilson so often does, and so often to the disquiet of those whose hearts are with him. When the President first came to Europe, there was fear, even among those who believe in him, whether he was a match for his supposedly astute, hard-headed, realistic opponents. (Everyone assumed that Lloyd George and Clemenceau were his opponents.) But at the moment of writing, the President is not prostrate under the foot of Lloyd George, and he is not yet lashed captive to Clemenceau's chariot. He has fought, and in his own way.

Just what that way is, it is impossible to miss in the speech with which he opened the debate on the League of Nations. In the corridors I heard one veteran journalist describe it as the sermon of a Congregational minister. That veteran has a poor ear, to have missed the swell of passion behind the solemn utterance, the challenge behind the pleading. It is a speech of summons and exhortation, but it is essentially a fighting speech. When the President says, 'It is a solemn obligation on our

part, therefore, to make permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained,' it is Wilson's way of saying, 'We cannot go away from this place before we have made permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained.' Nor is the President indulging in psychological analysis when he declares that the United States 'would feel that it could not take part in guaranteeing those European settlements unless that guaranty involved the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world.' He is uttering a threat. If it had been Clemenceau speaking, he would have said, 'Either you will give us the guaranties that we, the United States, think proper, or else you must run your Continent as you did before, and much good will it do you.'

To one at least of the President's listeners, there is the ring of an absolute ultimatum in the apparently plaintive reflection, 'If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this programme, we shall return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow citizens.' What the President really says is this: 'Do you imagine that I am going back to the United States with empty hands, to meet the scorn of my fellow citizens? I am here until you give me the League of Nations I want.'

Such is one kind of fighting speech. The method is by no means exclusively Wilsonian. It is applied within an hour by Orlando, speaking for Italy in the same debate. Orlando is of middle height, thickset, with a backward sweep of white hair that emphasizes a strong resemblance to the pictures of the late King Humbert. He has the warm, vibrant voice of the orator. The body of his remarks is approval of the League; but the main import, as I catch it, is in

the eloquent peroration of his brief address, a burning tribute to the heroism and merit of France.

Why? I read this interpretation into Orlando's speech. 'We are about to accept the principle of a League of Nations. This League, as the outstanding factor in the peace, is a Wilson feature. Its next warmest supporters are the British. On the other hand, Frenchmen and Italians have been rather cool to the League. Lest, therefore, it should seem that the Anglo-Saxon impress is being stamped on this Conference, I, Orlando, take the opportunity to remind the Conference that France is the nation whose heroism primarily gave us victory, and that we, a sister nation, of the Latin blood, insist on the world taking cognizance of the fact.'

Orlando's is a fighting speech, and intended, in part, as a reply to Wilson's fighting speech. And the vivid sense of muffled combat, of a challenge and counter-challenge in undertones and overtones, is not the least fascinating impression of the debate.

II

Seventy men make up the membership of the Conference in full-dress debate; but it is the pretty generally accepted opinion here, as with you, no doubt, that the real Conference is the Council of Ten, as it is sometimes described: Wilson and House or Lansing, Clemenceau and Pichon, Lloyd George and Balfour, Orlando and Sonnino, Viscount Chinda and his principal associate. The exact topography of the Conference, for that matter, is for the future student of the official records to determine. Take in the first place the Council of Ten, and it is not always easy to say when these Ten act as a Supreme War Council and when as a Peace Conference. The panel system, which summons the minor delegates

from the Big Five, or the representatives of the smaller nations when it is a question of their special interests, adds confusion. People who are not delegates at all have been summoned to the meetings of the Ten; and at the plenary meetings everybody apparently attends, in disregard of the panel.

Thus it is difficult to say just where the minor delegate merges into the mere technical expert. In the full sessions of the Conference the walls are lined with auditors in khaki and in mufti, who may well be the technical assistants, and they in turn blend into the secretaries and interpreters. Outside of the Big Ten the principal distinction would therefore seem to be between those delegates who have the perquisite of a chair, a desk, and a blotter with pad and pencil, and those who stand up around the wall and look pleased. The whole question is rather an empty one, like the original question, how many delegates should be awarded to the various nations. Since the voting, even in theory, is to be by nations, and in practice will be unanimous, it resolves itself into the question, how many names each nation shall have the honor of affixing to the final documents.

Cynical opinion, therefore, regards the victory of the American newspapermen on the issue of publicity as a highly doubtful one. Our press delegation demanded that at least five from our ranks be admitted to the sessions of the Conference. The other Allied pressmen were inclined to be content with one. We imposed our will on the Conference, to the extent of obtaining admission for three representatives from the press delegations of the five Powers and three for the rest of the newspaper world. Having fought hard to keep us down to three, the Conference, as I see it, smiled quietly to itself, and gave orders to admit the whole mob of us. So that here again the distinction is between

the fifteen press delegates who sit on their chairs in front, and the other 185 who stand on their chairs behind, and hear just as well and see a good deal better.

As for other sessions of the Conference, we have simply the official communiqué, which records that the Ten, having met at 10.30 and again at 3.30, adopted decisions with regard to Russia, or the warring mid-European nationalities, or the League of Nations; and the morning and afternoon were another day.

This will explain why our ultra-pessimists here look upon the plenary sessions as a device of stage-management to satisfy the demand for publicity. Even the dramatic episodes of the second plenary meeting, — the revolt of the little nations, the blunt assertion by Clemenceau that the Big Five intend to run the Conference, and that the little fellows might as well be grateful for whatever they are going to receive, and M. Hymans's defiant fling of the arms in the face of *force majeure*, and the crunch of the Clemenceau steam-roller — all this is supposedly staged for the double purpose of lending an air of vicious combat to a cut-and-dried affair, and giving the reporters a semblance of their money's worth.

But if this be so, the stage-management is unquestionably perfect. The promise of a good-sized row is in the air to the very last minute; and the glimpse we have of the men and talents that the small nations can rally suggests that perhaps the incident is not yet closed. In spite of the emotional let-down since the armistice, Belgium is still something more than a small nation. Because the name is still a symbol and a rallying-cry, the representative from Belgium is probably chosen to lead the assault on the Big Five; and Belgium, through men like Hymans and Vandervelde, can make herself heard among men.

Venizelos speaks for Greece. This man with snow-white hair and beard and laughing eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses has the most winning smile in the world. But this is also the little Cretan lawyer, who lay out on the hills before Canea with a rifle twenty years ago; who drove the Turk from the island, and brought back the ancient cradle of Ægean civilization to Greece; who built up the miracle of Balkan unity against the Turk on the still hot ashes of fratricidal guerilla warfare; who saw wisely enough into the future to try to swing his country to the side of the Allies, and was beaten for the time being; who showed how extraordinary courage may go with extraordinary foresight, by putting through a revolution and aligning Greece with the Allies at a moment when their fortunes were almost at their lowest. Such a genius for leadership may yet create in the bosom of the Conference a league of little nations with which the Clemenceau steam-roller will have to reckon.

Along with Hymans, Vandervelde, Venizelos, Bratiano, as representatives of little peoples who have risked greatly and suffered greatly, we may reckon the nationalities born out of struggle and presumably not afraid of a few more months of struggle — Poland, speaking through the astute and somewhat hard-minded Dmowski; the Czechoslovaks, through the highly gifted and extremely winning personality of Benes; and the Greater Serbians, who combine in their leadership the trained gifts of the older diplomacy in the person of Pasitch, and in Trumbitch the newer creative aspirations.

Nor, for that matter, is the effort of the little nations restricted to the Quai d'Orsay. The Conference is bigger than the private cabinet of M. Pichon, where the Ten hold their daily sessions. It is bigger than the ornate Clock-Room, with its seventy seats and desk-blotters.

I will not go so far as to say, what people were saying a month ago, that the real conference was being held in Paris, London, Rome, and wherever else Mr. Wilson was a pleasant caller for the day. But the Conference is certainly as big as Paris and its hotels, and it is pretty nearly coextensive with the Parisian press, and through that, with the public opinion of the world.

The question of publicity and the Conference, as it has reached you through the cables, is really but one side of the problem. The world has been concerned with what the Conference would do to publicity. It has rather left out of account what publicity can do to the Conference. The fact is, of course, that from every side a feverish activity is being brought to bear on the proceedings at the Quai d'Orsay. It is propaganda, for the most part legitimately and openly carried on. The British delegation is living up to the reputation established by British talent for publicity during the war. Lord Robert Cecil, for example, with his passionate interest in the League of Nations, has kept in constant touch with our American and other Allied newspapermen. In London and repeatedly here in Paris he has conducted conferences with the reporters from which our men have come back tremendously influenced by the frankness, the sincerity, and the thorough likableness of this British aristocrat, with the shoulder-stoop and near-sighted gaze of the scholar. To Cecil his country is indebted for valiant service in behalf of something broader than the British scheme for a League of Nations: he has won the sympathy and confidence of our Americans for the British attitude as a whole. With Cecil, but working through the written word, stands Smuts, an idealist from the veldt, a soldier with the aspect of a self-contained business-man and the vision and language of a poet.

Other nations follow Great Britain's example. Orlando summons the newsmen and puts before them Italy's case — a difficult case, as the Italians themselves recognize, in the face of the impression created by the secret treaties of 1915 and the world's sympathy for the newborn Jugo-Slav nation. The newspapermen take tea with the Emir Feysal, son of the King of Hedjaz. The smaller national groups, Armenians, Lithuanians, Zionists, bring their case before the reporters, and so before the Conference. While waiting for the Conference to pass on the claims of the Greek nation, Venizelos lays his brief before the public with a thoroughness and plausibility which are characteristic of the genius of the man. And even M. Pichon begins to hold converse with us.

Altogether I am far from convinced that the Conference will be allowed to carry out its programme without the help of the newspapers, or without their knowledge. It does not matter in just what way the public obtained access to the Pichon note of early January, in which he gave a categorical refusal to the British suggestion of a new Soviet policy. It is enough that the publication of the note blew the gilded lid off the ornate chambers in the Quai d'Orsay and hastened the formulation of a Russian programme which, personally, I do not consider very fruitful, but which was action, nevertheless. Nor must we overlook the facilities for applying pressure on the Conference which exist in the French Chamber of Deputies, where we may be sure that crucial decisions in the inner councils of the peace conferees will find their echo and their comment.

III

Subject to these influences and checks from inside and outside the body of the Conference, it is still true that the prin-

cial levers of world-reconstruction are in the hands of the three men who sit at the head of the green table — Clemenceau in the presiding officer's chair, with Wilson on his right and Lloyd George on his left. And as one thinks back on the career of the three, the dramatic fact emerges, significant for the revolutionary times we live in, that all these men to whom the architecture of the new world is intrusted are of the type we have hitherto regarded as non-constructive, emotional, above or below the shrewd wisdom and the practical training which have been assumed to be essential for the governance of mankind.

Wilson is the college professor, the doctrinaire, the coiner of 'vague' formulas, and at home the representative of a political party which, on the record of fifty years of American history, had been written down as incapable of producing out of itself the highest statecraft. Clemenceau is the 'Tiger,' the wrecker of ministries and reputations, the Ishmael of politics and journalism, the man of bitter passions and venomous tongue — here surely was no preparation for the greatest constructive task in a century. Lloyd George is perhaps nearest, by force of his record as social legislator before the war and administrator of war-effort under Asquith, to the type of constructive statesmanship. But Lloyd George, too, is not so far away, in time, from the Limehouse days, but that his former friends can fling at him the epithet of demagogue which his present friends used so busily nine years ago; and now the demagogue is to rebuild the Empire on broader and deeper foundations.

The answer is found partly in the profound change which has come over the world and has made havoc of the ordinary constructive statesmanship of peace-times. This earlier practical wisdom did not avail to save the world

from agony or to avert dissolution in half of Europe. After such a vast expenditure of blood, of treasure, and of human happiness, we cannot apply the standards of the ordinary peace-time budget to the labors of the newer men, just as, in the strain of our own war-effort, we could not not apply the standards of peace economy to our munitions organizers, railroad managers, and ship-builders. The task of the three men is made easier for them by the fact that the world gives them a blank check for expenses. No errors they can make, so far as we can imagine, can conceivably compare with the tragic errors of statesmanship before the war. All over the world the Opposition, in the broadest sense, is in power.

But each of the three men has his own personality. Clemenceau, for all his forty years of destructive individualism, is now revealed as embodying in himself the qualities of a people which before this has manifested a genius for passing from criticism to motive energy, from destruction to construction. Clemenceau has called himself an inheritor of the principles and spirit of the great Revolution, and his career now completes the parallel with those great figures of 1789 who tore down savagely and rebuilt mightily. Those who know him well describe him as a man of far from transcendent intellect. Like his friend of forty years, Stephen Pichon, he is credited with a narrow intensity. But it was that very quality which was apparently wanted in the critical days of 1917, when Nivelle failed on the front, and Painlevé vacillated at home; when disaster threatened the nation within and without. In such a time a narrow intensity may attain the fierce heat of the acetylene flame which burns away steel and removes mountains.

Clemenceau's career is as characteristic of France as is Foch's career.

France is a land of muddle, but in the moment of crisis she has the genius for a supreme mobilization of mind and of energy. The Foch imagination, which read German defeat in the very flame of the German advance on the Somme and on the Marne, is paralleled by the energy of the man of seventy-six whose spirit drove that heavy, squat, short-limbed body through long hours of office-labor and those daily trips to the front, from which he brought back the cheerful communiqués which kept the soul of the nation alive. Nor can it be altogether a narrow soul which, even allowing for the exaltation of victory, could rise to that magnificent apostrophe in the Senate after the armistice, the '*Allez donc, enfants de la patrie!*'

In Lloyd George the process of transformation has been more gradual. The flame of energy and courage he always had — during the Boer War, when he faced embittered national sentiment at the peril of his life; and later, when his enemies called him demagogue because of his social budgets, which history will record as the beginning of his constructive career. Lloyd George grew more rapidly prudent than did Clemenceau. It was not altogether advancing years, but a ready susceptibility to changing influences, which his new enemies call demagoguery, but which his new friends attribute to his Celtic temperament. Mr. Wilson has played upon that Celtic temperament.

Yet in Lloyd George, as in Clemenceau, it is easy to discern the historic genius of a race manifesting itself. The British gift for moulding diverse temperaments to the destiny of the nation and the empire, which showed in Pitt and in Grey, in Disraeli and in Gladstone, is reflected in the picture one sees around the curve of the long peace-table, to the left of Clemenceau. There, beginning with Lloyd George, the line

of British plenipotentiaries runs through Balfour and Bonar Law (Conservatives), Barnes (Laborite), the Dominions, represented by Briton, Boer, and Hindu, and tails off into the symbolic presence of two Arab princes from Hedjaz, who manifest the apparently inexhaustible capacity of British expansion. More than Woodrow Wilson's or Clemenceau's *entourage*, these associates of Lloyd George have a meaning. They limit and at the same time strengthen him. One feels that, if a Conservative Premier sat close at the left hand of Clemenceau, then, next to that Premier in such a crisis would sit a Liberal Foreign Minister. Here again is the talent for the general mobilization of a nation's strength, though not so completely in a single individual, as France in Clemenceau.

In Lloyd George and Clemenceau one thinks primarily of the energy of action. In Woodrow Wilson I see embodied the energy of imagination, of insight, and of ultimate purpose. It is not necessary now to hark back to criticism of the Wilson tactics of 'drift,' before the outbreak of the war and before our entrance into the conflict. Drift for a time may be in accordance with plan. It may be a searching for ways to a goal. That Mexican policy of Woodrow Wilson's, which has been to his enemies so comforting a revelation of purposelessness and indecision, has always been, to the present writer, an index of ultimate purpose, reached for painfully, if judged by the normal procedures of practical statesmanship, but relentlessly, nevertheless. Assume that the thing in the President's mind with regard to Mexico was, first, to prevent our seizure of that country; assume that, in order to forestall such an event, it was necessary to set Mexico on the way to democratic order by eliminating Huerta, and the whole subsequent process justifies itself through all its

apparent inconsistencies, vacillations, and legal fictions: the occupation of Vera Cruz that was not an occupation, the invasion that was not an invasion, the interference with Mexico's internal affairs that was not interference. Once the Wilson aim is recognized as one of getting Huerta out before public exasperation in America forced our army in, we perceive Wilson's policy staggering through a nightmare of international procedure to a fixed and justified purpose.

I have gone back at this length to Mexico, because the same understanding of the Wilson procedure, and the same faith in the worth of the ultimate purpose, are necessary here to-day, if we are to surmount the uncertainties and panics of the moment and give the President our support toward the winning of the goal.

We had our doubts here during the week before the opening of the Conference, when the little band of American newspapermen was waging its epic fight for a greater publicity. We were asking ourselves at that moment whether it was conceivable that the President, after giving to the world the slogan of open covenants openly arrived at, should have bent under the pressure of the old diplomacy. It seemed to me then that the only thing before us, while

making the fight, was to assume that Mr. Wilson had done his best for us, and that, if he yielded, it was not, as his opponents hurried to assert, out of a constitutional vacillation, but out of a constitutional willingness to yield on the minor matter and keep his eye on the main purpose. At the present moment I am far from sure who won the battle for publicity — the American newspapermen or Clemenceau; I am inclined to think it was Clemenceau. But we can still keep our faith.

The same doubt rises up to-day in the Conference room, as we hear Clemenceau tell the representatives of the little nations that it is for the Great Powers to call the tune and for the rest to dance, with the best heart they can muster. One turns instinctively to where Woodrow Wilson sits, next to Clemenceau, and wonders what his thoughts and feelings might be — he who has laid down the principle of democratic self-determination for the little peoples. I cannot give the answer. But my belief is that once more it is what his opponents may call vacillation, but what history will yet record as a yielding on the flank for the sake of victory in the centre. Faith is again necessary. But, after all, Mr. Wilson got Huerta, and it is my conviction he will get his real League of Nations.

THE DEMOBILIZED PROFESSOR

BY ONE OF THEM

I

WHEN, early last October, 'the dark cloud of peace' low'r'd upon the horizon, a faint but unmistakable shadow of annoyance was to be observed upon the faces of the 'leaders of thought' gathered at the Cosmos Club in Washington, where they held council while waiting hungrily for the attention of that remnant of the physically and mentally unfit who, having escaped the draft, were still following the waiter's trade. There were no open complaints at the approach of peace. You cannot devote yourself, body and soul, to getting something, and then express disappointment when you get it. You cannot proclaim the righteousness of your cause morning, noon, and night, for a year and a half, and then announce your regret that righteousness should suddenly and unexpectedly have prevailed. But though you felt guilty, and were surprised at your own feeling, and wondered if anybody else felt the same way, and hoped somebody else did — there was no mistaking the fact that you were for the moment annoyed.

The fundamental fact was a radical shifting of the scale of values. The thing that yesterday was the most important thing in the world had to-day entirely lost its point. A belligerent depends for his equilibrium upon a sustained opposition. Let the opposition collapse, and he finds himself in the awkward posture of one whose opponent in a tug-of-war has suddenly let go.

Furthermore, there was the feeling

that you had n't yet shown what you could do. Everybody went around telling everybody else how, if the war had lasted a *month* longer, this or that epoch-making discovery would have revolutionized the art of war, or this or that branch of the service would really have begun to function effectively. It was precisely as if, in the second half of a football game, with the score against you, and you about to make a touchdown after having carried the ball the length of the field, the opponent should suddenly withdraw his team and forfeit the game. You would rather win the game than have it handed to you. You have a lot of tricks up your sleeve that you've never had a chance to try. You were a green team at the opening of the game, and now, just as you have grown seasoned and resourceful, the game is over and your chance to prove your strength is gone forever. It is n't exactly peace without victory, but victory without a sense of mastery.

There was no evidence of blood-thirstiness in this moment of annoyance. It betokened rather a past forgetfulness, both of the proximate end of killing Germans, and of the ulterior end of establishing a durable peace. It suddenly revealed to each man how much he had been absorbed in his job, and how much he had relished it. It proved the love of doing well something that one could put one's heart in; the love of expending energy with an undivided conscience and with the approval of one's fellows. It was the sudden consciousness of the new comrade-

ship springing from coördinated and enthusiastic effort; above all, it was a sense of scope and power most keenly felt when it was about to be lost.

II

Among those who were thus momentarily affected by the breaking out of peace, the professor deserves special mention. The professor had for some months been having the time of his life. When the great professorial migration first began, a certain high officer of the General Staff was heard to remark that his main difficulty in Washington was 'keeping these professors from under foot.' That was a long, long time ago — in another age, when it was still naïvely assumed that the best-equipped man to run a war was the professional soldier. Since that time the War Department itself has introduced a system by which the competence of officers is graded by intelligence tests and rating scales devised by professors! And for the last year it has taken a practised eye to tell a professor from a soldier. There have been captains, majors, colonels, and even brigadier-generals, officers innumerable, whose incoming mail, addressed to Professor —, or Dr. —, or Dean —, has betrayed to unsuspecting clerks the late herbivorous habits of these sons of Mars. The khaki has been worn by many a knight of learning, who had never met any crisis but a crucial experiment, or handled any weapon but a pen, or faced any foe but a hostile audience. The military and academic professions have interpenetrated in this war. Just as it appeared that modern warfare embraces, in addition to the homicidal agencies of battle, virtually all organized activities, including trade, industry, agriculture, research, and education, so the personnel of modern armies and navies embraced almost every type of human

talent and skill. And these new warriors did not all wear the costume of war. Besides the colonels of chemistry and majors of history, there were the 'plain-clothes men,' to whom no man gave orders, who were quite at ease with generals and admirals, and who were not unaware that the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and the Chief Magistrate himself, were also civilians.

And what have these professors been doing? Let us observe a few of them at their work. Professor A compounds poisonous and death-dealing gases more terrible than any the world has known; Professor B devises masks to counteract these same gases; and Professor C, a cure for the bodies which they torture. Professor D discovers that, by pouring sodium bicarbonate into the veins, it is possible to save thousands of suffering and dying men from the effects of surgical shock; and he revolutionizes the care of wounded men throughout the great Allied armies on the Western front. Professor E organizes a score of ground and flying schools to train a hundred thousand fliers; while Professor F devises tests by which these schools may be supplied with apt pupils. Professor G devises and carries out a system of occupational classification, by which three million soldiers are ticketed, tabulated, graded, and sent where their talents are needed. Professor H (who was formerly a Chaucerian scholar) unravels codes and ciphers, and invents new ones by which military secrets are sent to and fro upon their epoch-making errands. Professor I, who has hitherto corrected themes in English composition, now corrects the redundancy of cable messages, and saves a dozen fortunes at thirteen cents per word. Professor J plots and charts the commerce of the world, finds ships for cargoes and cargoes for ships, and by this shrewd manipulation and that, finds the tonnage to transport to Eu-

rope the two million fighting men who arrive just in time to fix the destiny of Europe. Professor K has his finger on the pulse of Germany, and detects by a hundred signs her waning morale and predicts her mortal sickness. Professor L mobilizes the entire educated youth of America, converts five hundred colleges into army camps, and all the diverse agencies of science and learning into a vast training course for officers. Professor M, with his eye on the Peace Conference, cuts and trims and patches the map of Europe, or frames a new constitution for the world.

But I shall reach the end of the alphabet long before my inventory is complete, and I have said enough to show what I mean when I say that the professor has been having the time of his life. He has at least enjoyed the illusion of power, which, until the verdict of history is pronounced, is all that one can ever be sure of. And subject to the same reservation, the professor has been a success, at least enough of a success to make one wonder why.

Certain it is that the pedant during the past year has not been the professor. There have been professional soldiers, and even professional business men, who have made the mistake of thinking that they already knew enough to enable them to cope with this war. But not so the professor. Although he has had no chance to practise his former occupation of pouring knowledge into empty upturned minds, he has found another job that is fortunately not less familiar to him. This is the job of *solving new problems*.

The war proved to be a perpetual round of new problems for which no existing precedent or remedy, and no existing habits or stores of erudition, nor any degree of acquired skill, sufficed. This war has been in a sense an amateur's war. It has called for two or three fundamental qualities. First, de-

termination, or faith — the quality that enables a man to stick to his job with a naïve belief in the attainability of the impossible. Second, readiness, adaptability, and the power quickly to absorb and profit by experience — a naked and uncorrupted power of mind that is not surprised or confused by the novelty or magnitude of unprecedented difficulties. The professor was reputed to be fossilized; but he has turned out to be almost embryonic in his modifiability and capacity for growth. He was reputed to be learned, and much to everyone's surprise he has turned out to be *intelligent*. The third of these basic qualities is capacity for work. Here the professor's old habits served him in good stead. Overtime (formerly known as 'midnight oil') was an old story to him — he may be said to have discovered it. When Washington adopted the fourteen-hour day, he took it as a matter of course, and felt thoroughly normal when many an athletic line officer showed dark streaks under his eyes.

It may surprise some readers to hear that Washington adopted the fourteen-hour day. The man who invented the joke about the swivel-chair officers who wore spurs to keep their feet from sliding off the desk, must have been a disappointed and embittered office-seeker. As a matter of fact, the man or woman who observed fixed hours was viewed askance. It was not time-work, but job-work, and the job was winning the war. In fact, the only redeeming feature of Washington was over-work. Everyone will tell you that the best days of all were those in which he could just barely keep his head above water, when everything was in arrears, when life was one continuous succession of alarms, emergencies, and crises. In the battle of Washington this was the equivalent of over the top. It was almost as good as being at the front, because, at any rate, you were too excited or tired to re-

member that you were n't at the front.

I am far from wishing to claim that the professor possessed a monopoly of these three elemental qualities. It is sufficiently startling that he should have possessed them at all. But such is the case. In a time when most of the big things were done by main strength, the professor was among both the many called and the few chosen.

III

And now what is to be done with these embattled professors? It is a pity that, before being discharged, the Association of University Professors cannot march down Fifth Avenue in full battle-array, headed by its own band, protected by its own airplanes soaring overhead, and by its own artillery and tanks. There should be floats bearing the trophies, the death-dealing gases and explosives, the life-saving surgical and medicinal devices, the new offensive and defensive engines of war, which have sprung from the professor's inventive brain. And there should be battalions of War-Workers bearing transparencies and pennants with such legends as, —

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

We Revolutionized the Art of War

PLANNING AND STATISTICAL SECTION

We Regulated International Trade

LABOR POLICIES BOARD

We Conciliated Labor

SPECIAL ASSISTANTS TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR

*We did all the Inside Work of the
War Department*

HISTORICAL BRANCH OF THE WAR COLLEGE

*We did it and now We're Going to
Write it up*

COMMITTEE ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF PERSONNEL

*We Sorted out Three Million Soldiers
and put Every Man in His Place*

COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION AND SPECIAL TRAINING

*We Mobilized Six Hundred (600)
Schools and Colleges with
180,000 Students*

To make such a pageant complete, the college presidents should line the curb to applaud the returning heroes.

This question of the college presidents is worthy of reflection. Some have gone off to war with their militant professors, but most of them have been compelled to remain at their academic posts, and have been engaged in keeping the home-fires burning with little fuel. When the War Department converted the colleges into training-camps, and kindly supplied commanding officers to relieve the academic authorities of responsibility, these presidents found themselves in a new and interesting situation. For the first time in history the absolute authority academic was pitted in the same place and at the same time against the absolute authority military. In a few cases both forms of energy were rapidly converted into heat. But in the great majority of cases the college president withdrew and held his power in abeyance. He became, as one of them put it, merely 'a superintendent of grounds and buildings.' Even this description is somewhat exaggerated, judging by a report sent to Washington by the commanding officer of a certain college in South Carolina: —

'On Tuesday, November 5th, this unit very thoroughly policed all grounds and outbuildings, tearing down all chicken and hog fences, cattlesheds, removing stumps and dead trees, and sweeping and raking the yards. The pigs, cows, chickens, and the horse be-

longing to the president of the college were removed from the campus, and the places of litter were cleaned and limed. All ungainly outbuildings have been sold and are being removed to-day from the premises. These buildings were sold on recommendation of the commanding officer, and the faculty cheerfully complied with the recommendation.'

The cheerful compliance of the faculty should be specially noted. They evidently in this case found in the commanding officer a welcome ally. But that the presidents have suffered any permanent diminution of their power must not hastily be taken for granted. The home-coming faculty warriors will doubtless require some disciplining before they are reconciled to the old ways. But there are few indications that the presidents have experienced any change of heart. They have been biding their time, but they have not abdicated, or retired to Holland. At a recent meeting of these powerful dignitaries there was a frequently repeated remark which fell somewhat ominously upon the ears of the professors who happened to be present. The Students' Army Training Corps, it was said, was essentially unworkable because it involved *divided control*! And apropos of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps it was remarked with satisfaction, that under that plan the officer detailed by the government should maintain the same relation to the president of the institution that is commonly sustained by a member of the faculty. This remark was greeted with applause. It struck all the assembled presidents as a very happy analogy; as a definition of status which contrasted most favorably with the authority arrogated by the late commanding officers of the S.A.T.C., and which signified that undivided control which alone could make the academic situation workable.

So it is not easy to predict what will happen when the academic family once more reassembles about the presidential fireside. It is supposed that the returned soldier will have an enlivened sense of his power and rights, and that he will not readily acquiesce in old usages or yield to the spell of old authorities. Perhaps this will be the case with the returned professors. At any rate, there will be in each institution a considerably larger proportion of men of affairs than formerly. There may be changes in prestige, in weight, in competence, that will convert undivided control into parliamentary government, or even into a council of soldiers' and workmen's delegates.

IV

But it is perhaps more profitable to inquire concerning the effect of the professor's expedition into the world of affairs upon his teaching, and so indirectly upon the intellectual life of the country. For several years we have been affirming the expectation that the world after the war would be a new world. And now that the war is over, we find that the world does n't *look* so different after all. The first impulse seems to be even to exult in a return to the old ways. One of the common nuisances in Washington is the officer who drops into the office with his discharge papers and beaming face, to crow over his associates, who are still uncertain as to when they will 'get out.' There is more joy just now in passing out of the service than in being in it, which suggests that *service* is not just now an idea to conjure with. The homesick man wants the home he returns to to be the same, the familiar home, with that particular comfortable chair by that particular fireside. The soldier who has been getting up at five in the morning, living frugally, keeping himself fit and

obeying orders, wants just now to lie in bed till ten, live luxuriously, loaf in idleness, and do as he pleases. The business man who has been regulated, controlled, exhorted, and commandeered wants to be allowed to indulge in a little selfish gain. Last, but not least, the colleges, which have been militarized and harnessed to the national movement, want just now to get back as fast as possible to culture, scholarship, competitive athletics, 'college life,' and all the local ways that set each apart by itself in a contented little world of its own.

But I think it is safe to assume that this reaction is only a surface wash, a wind-ripple on a current that still flows on in the original direction. When the tired man has slept himself out, when the homesick man has sated himself with the dear familiar things, he is going to find that his capacity and appetite are fundamentally and permanently changed. This phase will mark the beginning of that new world we have heard so much about. What is it going to be like? What, in particular, is the new educational world going to be like?

Let us start with the vulgar assumption that, since for the last eighteen months both students and professors have been engaged in *doing* something, rather than in memorizing and vaporizing, therefore the education of the future is bound to be severely practical. Everybody has been getting 'down to brass tacks,' and in future is going to remain there.

This is in a measure obvious, and in a measure true; but what is obvious is not true, and what is true is not obvious. The obvious thing, the hasty assumption, is that education is in future to be more sordid and more closely yoked to livelihood; and that therefore trade-schools and professional schools are going to flourish at the expense of research and the liberal arts. But this

is not true. At any rate, there is no ground for inferring it from the experiences of the war. For if there was any one thing that 'war work' did not signify, it was livelihood, or private advancement and gain. It signified participation in a big collective undertaking, where the end sought was a victory from which in all probability one would derive no calculable private reward whatsoever. To seek such a victory and to rejoice in it signified that for the time being one had forgotten selfish ambition and become absorbed in a new and bigger thing. The habits of thought formed in service are therefore not such as to incline one to measure one's success by the size of one's pay-check.

It is true that participation in the war will serve to draw one closer to life and to affairs, but not in any obvious sense. Those who have taken part in the war have lived under the stern compulsion of getting something done. The war is fitly spoken of as 'the period of the emergency.' For eighteen months life has been one emergency after another, emergencies large and small, all the way from the President's dealings with the peace overtures of Germany down to some humble stenographer's problem of getting out five hundred telegrams in time to reach their destination next morning. The capacity the war has cultivated is capacity to meet an emergency. This means thinking to some purpose, the use of one's wits to cope with a danger, a threat, or a predicament. It requires that one shall think pertinently, and that one shall think *through* to those movements of men or materials in which one's thinking is to take effect. Practicality in that sense the war will undoubtedly have promoted, even in educational circles. And with it goes learning by doing. Very little in this war has been the execution of a preconceived plan. Action has been extemporaneous, a fencing

with circumstance, in which the effect of the first thrust determined the form of the second.

Now, while this is practical, it is not sordid and ignoble, because of *the nature of the emergency*. It has been a profound and a common emergency. Being a profound emergency, it has forced men to go back even to first principles in their thinking; and being a common emergency, it has forced men to meet it together in thought and in action. So that the effect on men's minds has been to emancipate them from the trivial and to redeem them from the selfish.

Let us suppose that the returned fighting men and war-workers carry their new habits of mind with them into school and college. What may we expect? What ought we to hope for? That both teachers and students will be readier than before to put their minds to work, and less disposed to browse about aimlessly. There will be an inclination to think about something that at the time appears to need thinking about, an aptitude for living problems. And it is not *necessary* that such practicality should be more sordid in peace than in war. It is all a question of what we have learned recently to call 'morale.' The war fired the imagination. Here was an emergency that finally got home to all mankind. To-day it is a question of seeing that not only war, but life itself, is one perpetual emergency; and that the emergencies of to-day like those of yesterday, are both profound emergencies and common emergencies.

In other words, if, as I am inclined to believe, we must assume for the future that education will be more practical in emphasis, then we shall avoid what is sordid and ignoble, not by a stubborn resistance to this tendency and a harping on the old shibboleths of scholarship, pure science, and liberal culture, but by becoming practical in a new

sense. If we must assume that hereafter all education is to become in a sense 'vocational,' then there is need of retaining the new conception of man's vocation. Let a man once feel that his vocation is the service of mankind, and he can safely be allowed to be as vocational in his aims and training as he likes. He can scarcely be too vocational.

If there is any one indisputable fact amid the conflicts, ambiguities, untested theories, and unreasoning habits of the educational world, it is this: that you cannot work any profound change in the soul of a man until you touch his motives and determine what he wants to be. If a man wants to be a football hero above all things, you gain very little merely by forbidding him to play football more than an hour and a half a day. You have got to make him want to be something else. And the greatest force which inclines a man's will to this or that is the force of the common ideals, of the class or community consciousness in which he participates. The classical training of the English universities and public schools has been effective mainly because tradition and public opinion have defined a certain definite type of the admirable and enviable man. With us in America this pattern of the gentleman has never been heartily adopted, so that our study of the ancient languages has been forced and perfunctory. The great obstacle to the classical curriculum in America lies in the fact that the product of that curriculum is not widely and sincerely admired. Our methods have been desultory, and our educational faith irresolute, because they have never been aligned with any great enthusiasm or aspiration springing from the hearts of many people and moving the individual like an instinct.

It follows that what education most needs is to get a motive and model from

the popular consciousness. This does not imply vulgarity. The habits of the crowd may be vulgar, but the aspirations of the crowd are not vulgar. They are, however, inarticulate. They need to be evoked, kindled, symbolized, and organized, so that they may be conscious of themselves and acquire a rational method.

The present opportunity of education undoubtedly lies in the fact that the American people is quickened by a new enthusiasm. There is a new type of hero, who promises to supersede the pioneer, the athlete, and the self-made business man. The physiognomy of this new hero is not yet wholly clear. But all would agree on certain of his features. He possesses the dauntless and precipitate courage that springs from the conviction of right; he is a good fellow, with an aptitude for the promiscuous social relationships that spring from a habit of trust instead of suspicion; he is recklessly indifferent to the form, so long as he has what he believes to be the substance of the thing; he is a brother of man and a citizen of the world, not having lived long enough in his own little corner to become altogether rooted there; he is unafraid of change, too naïve to be cynical, and does not regard anything as too good to be true — so that he is constantly scandalizing the world by setting to work to bring about on earth what more knowing people merely contemplate and relegate to heaven. And with all this, our hero has two saving graces: the grace of humor which saves him from prigishness, and the grace of common sense which saves him from fanaticism.

Now let us suppose that some such type as this commands the unquestioning admiration of the average man. He does n't have to be forced or reasoned into it — he acquires it unconsciously, like his native language, and judges other things in terms of it. It would

follow that an effective educational process can be elaborated only by making this aspiration more vivid and articulate, and then developing and coordinating the means which will realize it. The resulting educational system would be as wide and as deep as any champion of liberal culture could desire. For such an ideal implies sympathy and tolerance, both in space and in time. The past will not be cast off, but humanized — brought into place as the successive phases of man's development, or presented as old attempts to meet new problems. The fundamentals will not be ignored, because the great human problems are not technological problems merely, but political, moral, and religious problems. The imagination will not remain uncultivated, because a hopeful facing of the future stimulates speculation and invention. In short, what will be needed is not an abridgment of the range of studies, but a change of focus. The past must be oriented with the present, felt to be *the past of this present*. Similarly, the fundamental must be felt as pertinent, and the speculative as a means of making something better than the past.

During the last decade, while professional and technical studies have been improved in rigor and thoroughness, they have at the same time been liberalized. This is notably true of medicine, so that the student of medicine is learning to think of himself, not as a 'practitioner' merely, but as a servant of the community. The business man is coming to feel that every great industrial problem is a moral problem, involving the reconciliation of conflicting interests and of conflicting claims to health, happiness, and opportunity. The lawyer realizes that he is called to be more than an expert in litigation. He sees a better opportunity — to be the adviser of business, an instrument of public service, a counselor

on questions of constitutional and social reform. The result of these changes is to create a demand in professional and technical schools for the underlying and outlying branches of knowledge.

The kernel of the matter appears to be this. For any process to be profoundly educative, there must be a passion and a problem. There must be something very active going on inside. Education cannot be applied to one's scalp like a shampoo; it is an incidental benefit obtained in the course of an earnest effort to get something that one wants. In this sense all real learning is learning by experience, a storing up for future use of ideas, methods, and habits acquired in successful action. The proper educational bait is a live and appetizing problem. And it must be a reasonably specific problem, so that the solution may be recognized and acknowledged when it comes. The proper sequel and corrective check to effort is success or failure, felt to be such by the mind that makes the effort. It follows that the key to a *humane* and *liberal*

education lies in a keen realization of the great soul-stirring problems.

Here, then, is a new outlook and opportunity for American colleges: to confirm and to exploit the new public interest; to reanimate all humane studies by connecting them with the enlivened humanity of the American youth; to focus the attention of students on the great outstanding problems — the problem of international security, the problem of industrial organization, the problems of health and happiness and of human development; to create in every student the feeling that these problems are his problems, and to set him on fire to solve them; to teach whatever may be needful as a part of the equipment for service, or as a personal realization of the new and better type of Americanism. To enter upon this new enterprise together will continue the fine comradeships of war, and will convert into powerful agencies of constructive peace the memories of the great days spent in the shadow of world-wide calamity.

REDRAWING THE MAP OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

I

THE map of Europe has not simply been scorched by the consuming heat of our time: it has been, in large measure, destroyed. Only a few remains are left, to testify to its previous existence and to its transient character. Political boundaries, long established and generally regarded as permanent, have been

swiftly burned away. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Urals, from Archangel to Salonica, modifications are demanded, modifications are in process, which will introduce, if not a new heaven, at least a new earth. In only a few instances, and those relatively unimportant, will the nation frontiers of the future resemble those of the past. Spain and Portugal may emerge unal-

tered from the Conference of Paris, as they did, for that matter, from the Congress of Vienna a century ago. Norway may remain the same, and so perhaps may Sweden and Switzerland.

But where is there another European state which will issue from the impending readjustment unchanged? The boundaries of the British Empire, of France, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy and Russia, of Serbia and Greece and Roumania and Bulgaria, of Albania and the Turkish Empire, all these are to be sketched anew by the consulting draftsmen in Congress assembled upon the banks of the river Seine. For the dividing lines of the past have joined the snows of yesterday. The boundaries of Belgium and Holland and Luxemburg and Denmark will probably undergo rectifications.

And we must become familiar, not only with a new Europe, but also with a new Africa and a new Asia and a new Pacific Ocean. For the consulting cartographers of Paris will be compelled to submit also fresh designs and a novel coloration for large sections of the earth and sea beyond the confines of European lands and waters. A conference called to give peace to the world must begin by tending the world's fences.

One thing, then, stands forth indubitable. The map of Europe on which we were brought up has passed forever into the limbo of discarded things. It will possess, henceforth, merely an historical or antiquarian interest, like the map of Ptolemy, or Waldseemüller. Political cartography is not a science; it is only a fleeting expression of that continuing and mocking process, called the historic — is really only a fable agreed upon.

Let us not think, for a moment, that we are passing through a unique experience, something hitherto unknown. For the fathers of our fathers passed through the same, and, stunned and

bewildered by the overwhelming and cataclysmic occurrences of their day, as we by those of ours, they felt the foundations of the earth giving way beneath them, they listened to the same discordant voices, they felt the same hot breath of seething and conflicting passions, they looked into a similarly uncertain and forbidding future. Economists used to speak of the periodicity of panics as if it were a law of nature. Historians may with equal confidence speak of cycles of convulsion as occurring with almost rhythmic regularity. The sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries all had their general convulsions, which swept away old landmarks with reckless haste and inaugurated new courses with careless rapture of imagination and with lordly indifference to the power of habit, to the authority of usage. The path of modern history is strewn with shattered Utopias, once the objects of the faith and hope of multitudes of men.

The last general convulsion was that which grew out of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, and most instructive is its history for us, caught in the angry swirl of a similar commotion. Europe a century ago knew the same sensations that she has known in our day, faced the same problems, passed through the same strain of desperate endeavor, hovered over the same brink of failure and disaster. The strain lasted much longer and was even more generally diffused. There were no neutrals in Napoleon's time, save Turkey. Spain and Portugal, Holland and Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland were swept into the fray on the one side or the other, and the waters of tribulation dashed over shores that were remote — Asiatic, African, American. Napoleon fought a famous campaign in Egypt, and his adventures in Syria may be talked about as long as those of General Allenby.

Our War of 1812 and the wars of South American independence were incidents in the story. Sea-power came to grips with land-power in memorable fashion, and the economic disturbance was world-wide. Instructive, indeed, is this chapter of history, rich in the comparisons it offers, in the parallels it affords, to our own contemporary chapter. Of course, there are differences between the two eras, but the points of resemblance are, I think, more striking and more significant than the points of divergence.

Europe found it harder then than even we have found it, to restore the balance of power, so essential to the freedom of the nations, so wantonly overthrown. It found it harder to build up a coalition that should match and then defeat the common enemy. Indeed, one coalition after another was fashioned, only to be smashed to bits. Some historians count eight of them. Finally one was secured that stood taut and firm until the hour of victory — an hour postponed again and again, to the deepening gloom and discouragement of that generation.

In the midst of the international diplomacy of the time, a diplomacy that compares not unfavorably with ours in intelligence and competence, stood the stout, heroic, but unmagnetic figure of William Pitt, Prime Minister of Great Britain. And Pitt succumbed at the darkest moment in the whole tragic chapter, but not until he had so impressed his personality and his policy upon men's imaginations that they really established a tradition for his successors.

After Trafalgar, Pitt had been drawn in triumph to the Guildhall, where he was hailed as the savior of Europe. He had replied to the wonderful ovation in what Lord Rosebery calls 'the noblest, the tersest, and the last of all his speeches.' Here is the speech in its entirety. 'I return you many thanks

for the honor you have done me. But Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.'

This ovation at the Guildhall was, as Pitt's biographer observes, 'in some sort a State funeral, for he was never seen in public again.' Then came the blow that killed, — or at least that pre-faced death, — the battle of Austerlitz, shattering into ruins the third coalition. All that was left was Pitt, who stood alone.

He was at Bath, trying to recover his sadly shattered health, when he heard the furious gallop of a horse. 'That must be a courier,' he exclaimed, 'with news for me.' Opening the packet, he said, 'Heavy news, indeed.' It was the news of Austerlitz. He then asked for a map and desired to be left alone.

From that day he failed rapidly. On January 9, 1806, he set out for his home at Putney. He reached his villa on the 12th. As he entered it, his eye fell upon the map of Europe. 'Roll up that map,' he said, 'it will not be wanted these ten years.'

Eleven days later Pitt was dead and the soul of the opposition to Napoleon left its earthly habitations.

But that soul did not leave England. It entered the innermost shrine of English patriotism. It became a beacon and an oriflamme to a nation that takes its defeats quietly and without complaint, a nation that out of the shattered ruins of its failures builds triumphal arches under which the soldiers ultimately pass. This is what it did in the time of Louis XIV and in the time of Napoleon; and what it was to do in an age not less momentous — our own.

Pitt's forecast was approximately correct. The map of Europe was not needed again for nearly ten years, and during the intervening period it was not certain that it would ever be needed.

During that astounding decade Napoleon, irradiated with the dazzling beams that streamed from the Sun of Austerlitz, played the rôle of cartographer-in-chief in truly imperial fashion and as it had never been played before: redrawing boundaries from Gibraltar to the river Niemen, from Norway to Sicily; creating new states for brothers and brothers-in-law; remoulding Europe to his hearts' desire; paring Austria down in successive operations; dethroning royal houses; chopping Prussia to pieces; abolishing the Holy Roman Empire after a millennial existence; ending the temporal power of the Pope; making Rome his own second capital, and giving its name to his son as a title the instant he was born; fashioning Italy into new and strange and fleeting shapes as the fancy struck him. Boundaries were plastic playthings in the hands of this ex-lieutenant of artillery. He moved them back and forth, and up and down, with sublime indifference to history or nature, to principle or practice.

Then he fell with a crash, as is well known, and the map of Europe was unrolled once more at the Congress of Vienna. In the lurid light of those days, it was attentively examined by the 'Powers,' and found not so bad. Some changes were made, but they were slight ones compared with those which it had recently undergone. It is not necessary to entertain the sophomoric opinion, at present so widely diffused, that the Congress of Vienna was completely given over to sin and sloth. It committed many errors, some of which were grave; its spirit was not altogether beautiful, and it did not catch and embed in the life of the world the dream of peace on earth, goodwill to all. But it accomplished a fair day's work, and, while it did not prevent subsequent local wars, it should be noted that Europe was visited by no general war for a full century.

The territorial problems that confront us to-day have a far wider sweep than those of a hundred years ago. They arise in large measure from the fact that a war begun for the extinction of one small state, Serbia, resulted, not in that extinction, but in the destruction of three great empires, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey, and in the defeat of a fourth, Germany, and the overthrow of its monarchs. Meanwhile, Serbia emerges from the colossal wreckage covered with glory, stronger than ever in its national integrity, and destined to a great enlargement of its territory. It is doubtful if the history of the world contains a more ironical page.

Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey, in 1914, bulked large on the map: Russia 8,400,000 square miles, or one seventh of the land-surface of the globe; Austria-Hungary 261,000; Germany 208,000; Turkey 710,000 or three and a half times as many as the German Empire: in all, 9,579,000 square miles, or more than three times the continental area of the United States, excluding Alaska, and with a population of two hundred and fifty millions. The Congress of Vienna had a small area and a population of thirty-two millions to distribute as the prize of war, namely the Duchy of Warsaw, which was only a small part of former Poland, parts of Germany on the left bank of the Rhine, and the Italian peninsula.

In all this area of more than 9,000,000 square miles, supporting a population of a quarter of a billion, no man, no group of men can point out the boundaries. History fortunately is not a problem in mathematics. If it were, the outlook would be even darker than it is. If it took the Congress of Vienna nine months to work out a settlement of its territorial problems, which were few and simple compared with ours, how long will it take the Conference of Paris?

II

Those who wish to be optimistic about the Conference of Paris do well to forget the teachings of history, frequently so unpleasant and sobering. They find a greater solace in an act of faith, in the assertion that everything is different now.

And there certainly is at least one difference, though whether it makes for the greater harmony and the greater expeditiousness of the conferees, who after all are the five Great Powers, — Vienna, too, had its five, — remains to be seen. The characteristic work of the Congress of Vienna was restoration. The characteristic work of the Conference of Paris will be construction, creation: the drawing of a new map, not the unrolling of the old one slightly altered; the recognition of new nations, like Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, or old nations restored to life, like Poland.

Restoration is easy, if one only has the power and the will; creation is not easy, even if one has both. Restoration is reversion to the known, the certain; creation is a venture into the unknown and the uncertain, and is highly conducive to divergencies of thought, to division in the ranks; while an army of restoration knows precisely what it wishes to do, namely, to set up again the old landmarks — and that, too, as speedily as possible — to bring back the good old times, to renew the broken connection with the past. Whether we like it or not, ours is the more difficult task. If the five Great Powers of 1919 were anxious to restore the map of 1914, they could not do it; whereas the five Great Powers of 1814 found it easy to reverse the cartographical innovations of Napoleon Bonaparte. The work of Lenin and Trotzky will not be so easily undone. Fortunately for the peace of his spirit, Napoleon does not know that.

Napoleon, Lenin, and Trotzky — an incongruous trio of actors on the Russian stage! Napoleon, a Frenchman, bent upon conquering Russia, was the direct means of heightening the influence and increasing the territory of Russia, as all the world saw in 1815. Lenin and Trotzky, Russians, have not only coöperated zealously in destroying the prestige of their country: they have consented and contributed, to the best of their ability, to the colossal dismemberment of Russia and its utter impotence. Russia has become merely a geographical expression, the combined achievement of German militarism and Russian Socialism. There is no Russia. What was once Russia is a disorganized aggregation of local governments, presenting, among other things, a wild tangle of territorial problems — and territorial problems resembling those of primeval chaos, with most landmarks entirely obliterated.

The one outstanding landmark in contemporary Russia is that set up on March 3, 1918 — the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. That treaty has never been recognized by any of the victorious Allies; nevertheless, it dogs them night and day in the time of triumph, embittering peace, if not preventing it, darkening counsel, and putting a strain upon friendship. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk may be repudiated by the conferees of Paris; it may be dead as far as Germany, its chief author, is concerned; but it is far from being a negligible factor in the history of the present. On the contrary, it, and the things it represents and embodies in its fell phrases, are bound to exercise a profound and disturbing influence upon the future.

By that treaty Russia renounced an enormous territory, more than twice the size of the German Empire, and a population nearly as large as that of Germany, sixty-five million people.

Germany may not get what she expected and intended to get from having imposed these monstrous terms upon a defeated and demoralized foe, but she will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the might of her blows, aided by the ductility of Russian 'reformers,' who, having renounced patriotism as a bourgeois and capitalistic quality, found it not difficult to renounce an imperial territory, have profoundly transformed Russia as a factor in international affairs.

Of course, out of this vast domain, a domain stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, Germany intended to create a number of small states which might receive German-made kings, or which, at any rate, would be German satellites, parts of the German political, military, and economic system. She will be forced to let go the political and military control for the time being; but unless the Conference of Paris can invent safeguards more promising than any yet suggested against economic penetration, Germany may confidently look forward to a vast extension of her influence in all Eastern Europe. The barrier offered by a string of small states and a reduced and weakened Russia will constitute a less serious obstacle to German economic ambitions and German intrigue than was offered by the Russia of 1914, and particularly because these eastern neighbors, less developed than Germany, and devastated as she has not been, will be strongly tempted to look to her for the things which they need, and which she can furnish more cheaply and easily than other nations, because of geographical proximity.

Whatever amputations may be made in Germany herself, in Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, the Polish provinces, the one ineluctable fact that will remain will be this: Germany, with approximately seventy million inhabitants, will have

as neighbors on the east and south numerous small states, several of them new and of uncertain viability. Formerly she had two great states as neighbors — Russia and Austria-Hungary. Both of these states have been broken into fragments. Germany has not been. Her potential rôle in Eastern and Central Europe has been improved as a result of the war.

Some repose hopes in the formation of federations which shall give collective protection, where the individual state would be incapable of self-protection. But federations, even of long-established states, are difficult to bring about; how much more difficult to effect out of states themselves just starting forth upon a career of independence, uncertain of their ability to walk alone, and at any rate sure to be preoccupied with domestic problems of immediate concern for many years to come! The outlook is not encouraging.

Not that Germany is likely at once to renew her Pangermanic exploits in the same old way. She too will have her preoccupations growing out of defeat and the coming terms of peace. But in time the national activity will become normal again, and she will see — as no doubt her leaders see now — that the field for her expansive energies presents fewer obstacles than ever before. Whether the Germany of the future be a socialistic or a bourgeois republic, or a restored monarchy, will make no difference with this situation. Here we have a great, blunt fact, staring at us from the coming map of Europe, whose implications we shall do well not to ignore or minimize.

There is another phase of the problem of the future of Germany, of which there has been as yet no serious discussion, but which the world will be compelled to face. Germany intends, if she can, to annex German Austria, and it is asserted that many German Austrians

desire annexation. And we are told that the doctrine of self-determination requires that this be permitted, if the people directly concerned pronounce themselves in favor of it; that, however unpleasant it may be, we must swallow that particular pill.

Not unless we are the helpless and fatuous victims of formulas! Not unless we are anxious to multiply and accentuate the difficulties of the future! If the world permits a consummation like that, it will be guilty of a folly far beyond the flight of German imagination. It is not necessary to apply any principle anywhere, the inevitable tendency of whose application will be to endanger the peace of the world. To reward Germany for what she has done in the past four years, enabling her to issue from the war with a larger territory and a larger population than ever, would be the bankruptcy of common sense and decency. Germany could well afford to relinquish Alsace-Lorraine, Northern Schleswig, and her Polish possessions, could she gain Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, and other Austrian provinces. And Vienna would be an excellent exchange for Strasburg and Posen. German militarism could point with pride to so notable a success, so important an accession of strength to the state.

Germany has been the consistent and constant opponent of all arguments and plans for such an organization of the world as would render peace more certain and war more difficult, as is shown, for instance, by her record at the Hague Conferences. You could not tell Germans that war did not pay. They knew better. It emphatically did pay, and the achievements of the Great Elector, of Frederick II, and of Bismarck were there to prove it. If now, as a result of her latest appeal to arms, Germany can incorporate the large and rich provinces of German Austria, there will be only

one more proof of the correctness of German political philosophy and practice, and the most brilliant proof of all. For if she can extract gain from defeat as well as from victory, war, hitherto regarded as the national industry *par excellence*, will seem more profitable than ever.

German armies are received as unconquered heroes on their return to Berlin. If, in addition, the German Peace Commissioners return from Paris with substantial prizes of war, will militarism in Germany or in Europe be weakened? It will be intensified.

We can rest assured that, barring a sudden access of insanity on the part of the Allies, Germany is to be taught the lesson that war does not pay. The Allies, it is quite safe to say, will not supinely acquiesce in an arrangement which will leave Germany, not only relatively stronger by reason of the disintegration of her neighbors, but absolutely stronger, in population and in territory, than she was in 1914.

And we need not worry unduly about the principle of the self-determination of peoples. Does that principle mean that Hungary, like Austria, may vote herself into the German Republic or Empire, whichever it may be; that Bulgaria, which is contiguous with Hungary, may do the same; that Turkey, whatever she may be, may do the same? Why not, if the principle is to be automatically respected, regardless of the opinions of the outside world, regardless of the interests and well-being of the rest of the world? The principle was designed to further the contentment of men; it was not designed to imperil peace, or for the greater glory of the common enemy of mankind.

The Conference of Paris will plant itself firmly upon the ground of guarantees from Germany, not concessions and benefactions to her. Nor will it assume that the German mind has changed.

It will entertain the conservative notion that miracles do not happen in the modern world, and that Germany will not be made over in the twinkling of an eye. It will be attentive to the fact that German Socialism during the war has not been the sworn enemy, but the energetic supporter, of militarism, imperialism, colonialism. It will note that the signs of an inner conversion of the nation's soul are thus far conspicuously lacking. It will suspect that Germany will remain Germany in characteristic ways for a long while, and it will believe that old habits, old modes of thought, old purposes, will not quickly disappear. It will also be mindful of the fact that, historically, revolutions have generally been succeeded by counter-revolutions. Also, it will not hold it impossible that a nation, fed on her own egregious conceit for fifty years, blocked in her purposes after four years of various victories, will, at the opportune moment, seek to pay off this score, to avenge this humiliation, and to win once for all the things that she so nearly won before.

There is little yet to show that Germany has undergone, or is undergoing, any radical transformation, that she possesses, or is likely soon to possess, a new psychology. New psychologies are not easily obtained, either by individuals or by nations. One is at liberty to prognosticate a radical change of policy as the result of an upheaval in a state, only when the ruler and his people have long been estranged in thought and feeling, in purpose and in aspiration. This was the case in the France of the eighteenth century. The intellectual leaders, the masses of the peasantry, and particularly the bourgeoisie, all had come to look upon the state as opposed to their interests and needs, as a bar to national progress. Before the Revolution itself occurred, there had been a profound revolution in the minds

of the larger part of the population. And thus, when the Revolution came, it easily changed — and in a comprehensive and fundamental fashion — the institutions, the laws, and the life of France, for the simple reason that they had already been changed in the hearts and minds of the majority of Frenchmen.

Where does one find anything in Germany parallel to this inner transformation? The history of Germany during the last forty years, during the last ten years, has shown the contrary phenomenon: a growing and not a decreasing harmony between the governors and the governed. If one wishes to test this statement, let him compare the stand taken by the only so-called opposition party in the war of 1870 and the war of our own day. In the former, the Socialists, who were few in number, were opposed to militarism, to aggrandizement, to the declaration of war, and to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and their leaders, Bebel and Liebknecht, paid for their opposition by being thrown into prison. The Socialists of to-day, vastly more numerous and with far greater powers of opposition, have compromised with militarism, have warmly approved annexations by voting for the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and have on every and all occasions, in the year of our Lord 1918, joined in the general clamor that Alsace-Lorraine must never be surrendered. It would seem to be the business of an opposition to oppose.

Should there emerge from the Assembly of Weimar a German democracy, that democracy will be the expression of German psychology. German psychology caused the war and kept it going. The ruling classes would never have risked the war, had they not known the temper and the nature of the German people. Nothing has yet occurred to show that the great masses of

the people differed in 1914 from their rulers, either in their conceptions of the nature and the duty of the state, in their crass economic materialism, in their moral indifferentism, or in their arrogance and conceit. The defeat Germany has sustained may abate somewhat her contempt of other nations. It is not likely to diminish her hatred of them. It is far more likely to intensify that hatred. Men do not love their enemies any the more because their enemies have compelled them to bite the dust. What we know about the Germans does not lead us to believe, either that they have changed in essentials, or that they are changing, or that they are likely to change and to give the world the spectacle of the miracle of a new psychology. The majority of the members of the National Assembly of Weimar were members of the Reichstag, and belonged to parties that enthusiastically supported the policies of the Empire. Moreover, we might as well remember that the Prussians will still control Germany, for the excellent reason that three fifths of the Germans are Prussians, and Prussians we know as more rigid, in mind and manner, than most men. The world still waits the dawn of an essentially new Germany. And when it sees it, it will wait still longer, since frequently the full day does not bear out the promise of the dawn.

III

Such, then, are the great outstanding features of the situation. The great Slav Empire of Russia has been overthrown, and a vast field for German economic exploitation and for insidious or open political influence has been opened in the East. A restored Poland will, under the best of conditions, be for a long while only an uncertain and an inadequate barrier. Germany proposes the annexation of German Aus-

tria and of German Bohemia. If she succeeds in this, then the new and small Czecho-Slovak Republic will be surrounded on the north, the west, and the south by the mighty state of Germany. It will be a mere salient projecting into German lands, a salient held by a weak people in the face of the intense and secular hatred of an overwhelmingly stronger one. And when the time comes for the extinction of that salient, when the international situation favors, extinguished it will be, with as great ease as was the salient of St. Mihiel in the closing days of the war. An Eastern Europe disintegrated and demoralized; an Austria-Hungary broken into fragments; a Southeastern Europe consisting of small states; a Germany nearly as populous as, or even more populous than, ever; and a France and Italy, the only other states of any size, whose combined strength, considering the ravages and the permanent burdens of the war that will weigh upon both, would but equal, if indeed it would equal, that of Germany — such will be the spectacle offered by the future map of Europe, a spectacle far from reassuring.

And this further fact should be faced. The overwhelming mass of Germans will resent any mutilation of the fatherland, whether the fatherland be monarchical or republican; and mutilated it will be, since Alsace-Lorraine is going back to France and Poland is to be restored. It is far safer and more sensible to assume that Germany will permanently resent these changes, than to suppose that she will admit their justice and accept the altered situation in good faith. The world should make its plans accordingly.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. For two generations, ever since the accession of Bismarck to power, the attention of Europe has been riveted upon Germany as the chief source of danger to its peace. This attention will

continue to be so riveted for another generation, perforce, and perhaps for more than one, since the danger inheres in the very situation, in the fundamental and continuing factors of the international life of Europe, of the map, and all that it imports. The more the German menace changes, the more it is seen to be the same thing.

If this analysis is correct, if such are the deep underlying forces that will operate after the peace is made, then any facile optimism arising out of the present embarrassments of Germany is a grave disservice to a world which has just passed through the hideous ordeal by fire, and which can escape passing through it again only by clearly and effectively neutralizing the dangers that environ it. The hour for optimism has not yet struck, nor does it seem likely soon to strike.

All other questions involved in the readjustment of the boundaries of the world are distinctly secondary, in comparison with this central fact of the liberation of Germany from the pressure on her borders of powerful states, save toward the west; and there the comparison is between France, with a population of less than forty millions, and Germany with one nearly twice as large. The future of the German colonies, of the detached parts of the Turkish Empire, of the various Balkan states, will

be important for the people concerned, but will not be decisive for the course of general history. The great decisive influences and impulses shaping and determining, in large measure, the destinies of those countries and peoples will emanate from Europe, as hitherto, and will be the product of European conditions. Asia and Africa will continue to be annexes of Europe, whatever guise be given them, because of the direct political connections that will exist between large areas of those continents and Great Britain, France, and Italy.

It would, of course, be both presumptuous and futile for any individual to attempt to indicate in detail the many boundary lines that must be drawn upon the map of the world as the result of the dissolution of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. It would be unseemly to usurp the high prerogatives of the Conference of Paris. Moreover, as Lamartine once said, in a moment of perplexity, '*Il faut laisser quelque chose à la Providence.*' But it is possible for everyone to grasp clearly, and to keep tenaciously in mind, the larger features of the present situation; and it is desirable, since these ought to constitute the norm of criticism and the motive for action in the international politics of the future. Any sound idealism must be based upon hard, unpleasant realism.

THE MIDDLE WEST'S PEACE PROBLEMS

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

I

SERIOUS and complex as are problems of industrial centres in the readjustment to peace conditions, they are no more important to the country as a whole than those facing agricultural sections. For many years the influence on business and politics of the Middle West — meaning the states stretching between the Alleghanies and the Rockies and deriving their main resource from food-production — has been steadily growing. With increasing population, greater wealth, and a rising standard of living, the producer of foodstuffs has asserted more vigorously his position in national affairs. This tendency will not lessen as we return to normal standards, and the reaction of the process on his point of view promises to be of moment in finance and legislation.

During the war period the Middle West farmer has been looked at from varying angles, ranging from denunciation as a pacifist and profiteer to laudation for his loyalty. Two years ago a leading Eastern newspaper declared: 'We should send missionaries to the interior to teach patriotism. The Western farmer will not sell his wheat at a fair price, he will not buy bonds, and he will not fight.' Later, the response of the farming states to every war-call brought praise from high places.

The truth was that the farmer was late in awaking to enthusiastic war spirit. Partly it was due to his environment. As he drove up and down the dusty furrows, he heard no bands play-

ing, no parades passed along the country highways, no street orators stirred his emotions. In a sense the rumbles of war were remote. His occupation had, as it has in all lands, predisposed him to ways of peace. But when his boy was called to the training-camp and war came close home, he, figuratively, took off his coat and put all his energy into the task. He gave to war-activities, he bought bonds, — the Western Federal Reserve districts were first to fill their quotas in the Third and Fourth Liberty Loan campaigns, — and he was in favor of seeing it through. Then, when the rural telephone brought the news of the end of hostilities, he cranked up his motor-car and hurried at breakneck speed to town, to join in the celebration.

In Western phrase, the farmer for four years 'has had his innings.' That it was the first innings he had enjoyed in this generation did not lessen the popular impression of marvelous riches pouring into the lap of the agriculturist. It was pointed out that wheat, which sold in July, 1914, at 55 to 64 cents a bushel, went to \$3.25, and was finally fixed at \$2.26 a bushel at central markets — a figure which five years ago would have realized all the farmer's dreams of affluence. Corn, which in the memory of many a producer had been hauled to market at 15 cents a bushel, and normally was worth 40 to 50 cents, brought \$1.50 a bushel. Butter-fat, the farm-wife's resource as she handled the dairy, was 20 cents a pound in December, 1914; on December 1, 1918, it was

72 cents. Alfalfa hay — three to six tons to the acre — was as high as \$29 a ton.

Naturally the effect of the high price-level was reflected in the business of the country towns, dependent for their trade largely on the farmer, and indirectly gaining their prosperity almost entirely from the returns of agriculture. The country banks saw their deposits climb to record figures, and had a period of unexampled success. Instead of being a seeker after business, the banker became an arbiter of investments and loans, and despite the many anxieties connected with war-financing, was able to declare most satisfactory dividends. The country town's storekeepers marveled at the ease with which they were able to dispose of goods, even at the enhanced prices. Timidity vanished after a few months, and they carried larger stocks and sold goods more nearly for cash than ever before in the history of merchandizing. High wages for all who would work, from the farm-hand who demanded and got three to five dollars a day, to the pretty stenographer at seventy-five dollars a month, made it easy to satisfy the desire for attractive attire. Strikes and unions and labor troubles are no part of the agricultural country's experience, and the income of the producer raised the scale of living generally.

It is true that the farmer protested that his expenses had risen in almost the same proportion as his crop prices. Farm labor was scarce and high; seed-grain cost heavily; crop failures came with the same frequency as before — over five million acres of wheat were abandoned in the spring of 1918; 11 per cent of the acreage sown in 1916 was a failure and 10 per cent of the 1915 sowing. Implements commanded prices 50 to 100 per cent greater than in the pre-war period. It cost 20 cents a bushel

merely to thresh the 1918 wheat-crop. The expense of living was as high proportionately for the farmer as for the townsman.

Nevertheless, the intelligent farmer whose crops ripened found himself at the end of each year with a larger net income than in previous seasons. The Allied world had to be fed, and the Middle West producer was the one source from which the baskets could be filled. The man who owned his farm and was willing to labor long hours prospered.

The economic and social results of the widely diffused prosperity became apparent. An Eastern banker recently sent me this query: 'What did the farmer do with his money? Did he waste it in riotous living, lay it away in banks, bury it, or has he made sensible use of it?' The farmer as a type is not different from the member of any other business class. In instances he undoubtedly did enjoy comforts and luxuries which he had longed for, but had been unable to attain. The farm team was not always exchanged wisely for a high-powered motor-car; the temptation to possess talking machines, pianos, and plush-covered furniture he sometimes could not resist, when what he needed was a tractor or a new corn-binder. Generally, however, he did not hoard — his ideas expanded as his income grew.

First and foremost, he desired more land. It was logical that, if 160 acres paid a profit, 320 acres would double the receipts. Farm-land increased in value all through the Middle West, at an average rate of five dollars an acre, from 1910 to 1914. During the next three years the increase was seven dollars an acre, and 1917 and 1918 saw ten dollars an acre a year added. Lands that had been on the market at fifty dollars an acre five years ago sold for seventy-five to a hundred dollars. Out

200 miles west of the Missouri River upland farms sold in the autumn of 1918 for one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre. Eastern Nebraska and Eastern Kansas passed into the class of Iowa and Illinois in land-values. Some were selling out at high figures, to retire, or because their boys had gone to war; others were adding to their acres; town capitalists were buying farms, to reap the profits they believed could be made. Tenantry increased, and the renter paid two fifths of the crop, instead of one third as for years, for the privilege of managing the farms. While the bank-deposits grew, the loan accounts kept pace, and farm mortgages as a whole showed no appreciable decrease. In other words, the West was keeping its money at work, utilizing in fuller measure the power of capital. Farm-buildings were renewed, larger equipment provided, improved machinery secured; furnaces, electric lights, modern plumbing, and similar comforts made the homes more comfortable. The plane of living on the farm was raised far more in proportion than that in the town. The latter had had its 'innings' long before; the present was an era of farm development.

II

Such was the material side of the producer's experience. Its reaction on his social growth was not less interesting. Insensibly he gained something of individual independence. 'For twenty years I have asked favors,' one hard-working farmer put it. 'Now I am able to decide what I will do and go ahead and do it.' He felt free from the sense of dependence which had mentally, although not actually, possessed him. He ceased to envy the merchant or the professional man whose fancied ease of existence heretofore had appealed to him. The county politician found no

long list of farmers seeking office in the court-house — there was not a local office the average farmer would take as a gift. Yet politics retained a distinct hold on his mind. He swung his vote one way in 1916 and another way in 1918.

Up in the Northwest the Non-Partisan League came into being, made up of well-to-do farmers who, by tens of thousands, paid sixteen dollars each to join the new political movement. It captured North Dakota, filling practically every state office with farmers; and it is endeavoring to extend its operation over other agricultural states, with what success the election of 1920 will tell. To a degree it was simply a capitalization, through shrewd organization, of the farmer's feeling of independence. That same rising tide of initiative was manifest without specific organization in the state elections of 1918 in other states, when farmer members in unusual numbers were chosen to legislatures, and there was evident a vast deal of serious thinking regarding future management of the commonwealths.

Nor should it be forgotten that the past four years have widened the farmer's horizon greatly. Where he once thought in terms of the neighborhood, he learned to think in world-terms. All the multiplicity of events connected with the war taught him a new geography. The relations of nations, the tides of trade, the paths of commerce became familiar, and he grew in mental stature as he watched the forward steps of the Allied armies. In a narrower field he gained broadness of vision. One thing which no other device could have accomplished has come with the motor-car. The isolation of the neighborhood has been abolished. Instead of a radius of a dozen miles, the farmer has been given half a state for a day's acquaintance-making. Instead of trading at the

crossroads general store, he can in a half hour drive to some considerable city. He has a choice of merchandise and of professional service. It has all added to his larger view of life.

Little considered, yet of equal importance, has been the education the agricultural sections have had in teamwork and the open door in business affairs. The city-dweller has possessed these for years. For decades scarcely a day passed when there was not some committee working for the good of the community, some charity asking assistance. The farmer knew nothing of all this. Take a typical Western county of 25,000 people. When the first Belgian relief call came, it raised, with great difficulty, five thousand dollars and considered that it had accomplished wonders. The first Red Cross call was for thirty thousand dollars, and few believed it possible to secure that sum — but the quota was over-subscribed. Before the war ended, that county had contributed one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to war-charities and had bought two and a half millions of Liberty Bonds. Farmer committees canvassed their neighbors, assessed the amounts due, demanded and received statements of wealth and income, and welded the entire community into one family, with all the secrets of property possession laid on the table. It was a shock at first. There was great indignation that one's holdings should be brought to light. Then the reasonableness of it appealed to sober judgment, since after all it in no degree lessened respect. The solidarity of the community increased with the ability to join hands in a common cause, a teaching that revealed new possibilities for the future.

Some of these influences, based solely on financial betterment, will vanish with a change in material conditions. Others have entered into the conscious-

ness of the people of the Middle West and will endure. The superficial observer sees most clearly the former and contemplates the period of readjustment with misgiving.

Doubtless the price-level of products cannot remain long at war figures. The wheat producer has been promised two dollars a bushel for the 1919 crop, which bids fair to be a record-breaking yield. But after that, competing in a world-market, with Europe somewhat rehabilitated and with Argentine and Australia both able to obtain shipping, at least half the price may be expected to disappear. Other crops will show diminished returns. Thus the farmer looks forward to a smaller gross income from his acres. That we shall not for several years see the prices that prevailed before the war seems probable, but some modification is certain. To offset this, he will have the labor-problem solved. His boys will be back from the front and from camp; doubtless the itinerant harvester will again take up his summer journey. Implements will be cheaper, and the farm overhead expense will be lessened.

Whether or not the farmer will accept graciously this decreased scale of doing business remains to be seen. If he sees in it an economic discrimination against him as a class, it will call for resentment. He has been somewhat bewildered by the immensity of government operations. The control of the railroads has presented to him chiefly the personal side — the increased cost of travel and freight. He has read of the increased wage to employees with some uncertainty as to its ultimate effect on the tax-payer. It is true that for years he was among the foremost in the demand for state legislation for regulation of the railroads, and in a general way believed that government ownership would bring a millennium, with nominal rates and greater accommoda-

tion. The experience of the first year of government control did not realize his dreams, and his views have undergone considerable revision. He may accept it as a permanent good, but he has not yet done so.

Probably no one subject is so near to his heart as the price of land. His business ideals have been based on the soil. With decreased income there may be a falling off in the market for the homestead. In the opinion of financial experts in the West, this is unlikely. With the growing population and the virtual limitation of fertile soil, they see a constant figure for the producing farm. They recall that Illinois and Indiana land-values rose steadily long before the war, and the farther plains states are not yet at a point where they are likely to be injured materially by such change in crop-values as is probable in the next few years. Except for the possibility of a continued series of short crops, or a panic, land is to-day the most staple article in America.

If the government develops a plan for colonization of returned soldiers on semi-arid or yet unploughed lands, as a method of starting hundreds of thousands in home-making, it will add to productivity; but that process is certain to require several years before any material results are accomplished. The Western states, however, welcome the movement, realizing that great results are possible provided the plan is carefully and scientifically systematized.

In a broader sense, the Middle West is facing some matters that must be settled calmly when the war-exaltation has passed. In education the decision as to military training must be made. Already the Western commonwealths are discussing it as a matter of the immediate future. Primarily the farming classes are unimpressed with the arguments for anything that may be twisted toward militarism. They are no less so

now than before we entered the war. The experiences of the past two years have by no means convinced them. Admitting the physical advantages, they hold yet a fundamental objection to the idea. Indications are that the support for the idea must come from other than the rural communities and it is not beyond probability that these will make their opinion felt strongly when the matter comes to a test.

The direction of legislation is certain to be affected by the history of the past four years. The acceptance of the big way of doing things, the awakening of ability to finance great charities, bond issues, and community efforts, have given impetus to plans for the future. On the one hand will be a hesitant note coming out of the decreased income probable; and on the other, the recognition of needs before the growing states. Equal suffrage will be universal in the West in a short time, and the women are by no means sitting idly by where they have the new privilege. They are demanding laws that make for social justice, and will obtain them. Prohibition is bringing new taxation programmes, and the inequalities of taxation methods are being recognized. The Non-Partisan League, with North Dakota firmly in hand, is planning to bond the state for state-owned flouring mills, packing-houses, storage-plants, warehouses, and other industrial concerns — a socialistic programme that is a marked feature of its propaganda. It has adopted the single tax. If the farmer sees his own products bringing less in the market, is it not possible that he will visit the cause on economic inequalities, and seek through some system of communism to correct what he conceives as injustice? This is not a mere hazard — it is to-day a very real factor in the peace programme of legislation. The war taught the lesson of thinking in large figures, and of doing

things in a colossal way, and the idea that the same process will apply to peace is likely to bring experiments that would not have been considered a half-decade ago.

In many ways a rural community is exceedingly sensitive to financial changes. The country merchant sees his trade vary from month to month as weather, road-conditions, or public interest in a crisis may dictate. So business in the West will feel sharply the first modification of price-levels, and their start on the down grade to a normal status. It will require some careful guiding to negotiate the road, on the part both of the banks and of the merchants. Undoubtedly, too, many producers have reached the mental attitude that assures them that present values are needed for successful business operations. They are going to be disappointed when changes occur, and may for a time, until the readjustment is complete, find much over which to become anxious. As they pass through this period, those whose task it is to finance them and wait on their needs, will have plenty to do making plans that will fit the altered situation.

That a widespread dissatisfaction with the basic law of many commonwealths exists is evident from the agitation for new constitutions. In a number of states constitutional conventions will be held within the year; others are preparing to secure such. Better financial systems especially are demanded, because of the steadily increased taxes without proportionate advantages. The application of the commission form of government to counties is advocated widely as one needed reform; budget systems, a greater solidarity of manage-

ment, and fewer boards and commissions are asked. With the return of the men who have been seeing what the world beyond our shores is like, and have gained a cosmopolitan experience in their army life, systematic government will receive a strong backing.

In other words, the Middle West is in a mood to 'clean house' at the end of the uprooting of conventions by the exigencies of war, and it need not be surprising if it is done thoroughly. The idea has been slumbering for two decades; it had an evanescent outcropping in the nineties; it showed itself again in the Progressive Party movement. Now the new order may easily come into its own, because so much that was accepted as established has been swept away.

As the Middle West feels its way back to a settled state, it acts with a self-confidence never before felt. Not only has it, during the past four years, accumulated a financial basis for its progress, — a reserve that will carry it over temporary reverses, — but it has learned lessons of organization most valuable to its progress.

As the hilarious celebration of the signing of the armistice was filling the air of a Mid-Western town with shouts and cheers and music, a group of farmers stood watching the parades.

'Now what will happen to our farm prosperity?' asked one.

'Look over there,' was the answer from an old-timer. A long freight train was puffing its way across the prairie eastward. 'That is the answer. We are the granary and the meat market of the world. While the sun shines and the rain falls, the West will always prosper.'

THE DEVASTATION OF NORTHERN FRANCE

BY GERMAIN MARTIN

I. THE MARTYRED LANDS

THE evolution of mankind toward a régime of justice and liberty could be accomplished only at the cost of much bloodshed. It was inevitable that men who were devoted to the principle of respect for individuals, creeds, and property, should clash with those elements of force and violence which assumed to impose their domination, with the sole aim of gratifying their desires and instincts.

The age-long struggle between the peoples devoted to these opposed doctrines has thrice been fought out in Northeastern France. Was it not on the banks of the Marne, between the cities to-day known as Sens and Troyes, that the battles took place, in which the Roman general Aëtius, aided by Theodoric King of the Visigoths, by Merwig and his Franks, by Gondicaire and his Burgundians, fought against the devastator Attila, who heaped up ruins under his horse's hoofs?

The Allies delivered Western Europe from this scourge, who claimed to be the messenger of God, on the Catalonian Fields, where 160,000 men lost their lives in a terrible battle. It was on this same ground, united in the same spirit of independence and liberty of the peoples, in July and August, 1918, that Americans, English, Belgians, Italians, and French, united in a common cult of independence and liberty, put to rout the red-handed Kaiser and his son, who prided themselves on spreading terror and creating havoc wherever they pass-

ed. Once more, hundreds of thousands of men have purchased with their lives their liberation; once more, thousands of villages have been plundered and burned down, and women, young girls, and children have died of hunger, terror, and shame, because of one cruel man's dream of establishing his domination by might in defiance of right.

When, in 1793 and 1794, Republican France had to defend herself against the coalition of European monarchies, it was in the north, at Wattignies, and again, beyond Charleroi, at Fleurus and at Tourcoing, that the Republican armies delivered France and completed the work of the conquerors of Valmy and Jemmâppes.

The contests of 1792, 1793, and 1794, which were fought in the Argonne and in the north of France, left much ruin behind. But the devastation was not systematic. The country suffered because it was the main theatre of the struggle in defense of liberty and republican principles; but it had no experience of the complete destruction of dwellings and factories, the carrying off by force of young girls and men in contravention of all the precepts of the law of nations.

It was in 1914, and during the following years, that the soil which had witnessed heroic struggles sustained for centuries against the partisans of force organized to oppress the free peoples, suffered the worst outrages, and the maximum of cruelty.

It is hard for those who do not know the rôle which the north and the east played in the material existence of

France to understand why the Germans devoted themselves to this business of unnecessary destruction and massacre. On the other hand, the motive of the destruction is manifest when one learns by statistics the importance in the national economy of the occupied and devastated territories.

To blot out those prosperous and productive districts of the north and east of France was in the eyes of the Germans, in 1914, to make all resistance impossible, because the principal centres of production of metals and coal, indispensable for carrying on the war, were in the departments of the Nord, of the Ardennes, and of Meurthe-et-Moselle. They were protected by no defensive works, for Belgium, whose neutrality had been guaranteed by treaties signed by Germany, seemed to shelter the northern frontier from invasion from that direction.

When Germany saw that, despite the occupation of Northern France, the military resistance continued, and that the ingenuity of the national character, supplemented by importations of raw materials, especially from the United States, was prolonging the war, she decided to destroy systematically the agriculture and industry of Flanders and of Eastern France. She knew that by carrying out this barbarous plan, she would deprive France of all possibility of exportation for many years. Whatever the military result of the conflict, she would have won an economic victory. And that was the thing which was important to her.

II. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES IN THE ECONOMIC STATUS OF FRANCE

The departments of the Nord, of the Pas de Calais, of the Aisne, of the Ardennes, of the Marne, and of Meurthe-et-Moselle, which suffered most from

the German occupation and from the fighting, are among the most productive, because of the variety and extent of their products. In these districts the earth beneath the surface is no less rich than the soil itself. In the departments of the Nord and of the Pas de Calais alone there were, in the former 22 concessions, in the latter 27, for coal-mines; and of a total production of 41,000,000 tons, in 1913, the Pas de Calais alone supplied 20,000,000. Paris received a great part of the coal required for its industrial and domestic needs from the Department of the Nord, which produced, annually, 27,000,000 tons.

Seventy-eight per cent of the total output of coke came also from these two departments.

The great centres of production of iron ore also were occupied by the enemy. The veins of the Moselle represented 90.6 per cent of the whole of the French output; and 85 per cent of all the cast-iron produced in France came from the departments of Meurthe-et-Moselle, the Nord, and the Pas de Calais. These same departments sold yearly 62 per cent of the pig iron manufactured in the whole country and 56 per cent of the finished products of the same material.

By hammering to pieces the blast-furnaces within range of their artillery, and by carrying away the tool-making machinery from the factories of the Lille district, the occupying forces deprived French industry of almost the whole of its means of large-scale production.

Indeed, to whatever branches, either of agriculture or of industry, we turn our attention, we find that these northern and eastern districts stood in the very front rank in production, in cultivation, and in a very great variety of manufactures.

For instance, 59.26 per cent of the hops crop was gathered in the Department of the Nord. The beets for distill-

ing raised in that department, and in the Pas de Calais and the Oise, made up 62 per cent of the whole French crop, and their distilleries produced more than 65 per cent of the industrial alcohol used in France.

The departments of the Aisne, the Pas de Calais, the Somme, the Nord, the Oise, and the Marne furnished 80 per cent of the crop of sugar-beets.

The greatest yield of wheat and oats was obtained from the fields of Santerre and in the Department of the Nord. Grazing land also was very abundant there. The two departments of the Pas de Calais and the Nord supplied one tenth of all the butter sold in France. There were 297,000 head of cattle in the Nord, and 245,000 in the Pas de Calais.

It would be easy to give more figures, which would place the Nord in the foremost rank in the production of flax, and also of coffee-chicory, which grew only in the districts occupied by the enemy.

This exceptional fertility of the soil helps us to understand how, in ordinary times, before the war, a population of three millions was able to live comfortably in the two departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais. Large families were not rare. They found remunerative occupation in agricultural labor, in the mines, and in the many different industries of the region. No other department was nearly so densely populated as the Nord. While in the whole of France the average density to the square kilometre was 73, there it was 339.

The preparation of wool used for weaving, its transformation, and the same processes with flax, kept thousands of people employed. Roubaix had become the first town in the world for wool-combing.

III. THE SYSTEMATIC DEVASTATION

The absence of any military protection, in a region bordering on a neutral

country, made it possible for the Germans to occupy the Department of the Nord, a part of the Pas de Calais, the Department of the Ardennes, and a large part of the Marne. From the last months of the year 1914, down to the glorious days following the second victory of the Marne, in 1918, the Germans remained in the most fertile and busiest districts of France.

Farther to the east they occupied part of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and had the most important factories within the range of their artillery.

How did they treat persons and property? The story has been told, and with abundant evidence to support it. They scorned all the rules of the law of nations which mankind prided itself upon having adopted. The doctrine of force, and its consequences, were the only rule of conduct of the conquerors.

The population was subjected to the most cruel harassments. Numerous summary executions on the most absurd pretexts, arrests and deportations of individuals, either to Germany, there to work in munition factories, or to the battle-lines, where they compelled children and young men to dig and construct offensive works against their brethren — these have been perpetrated so often and to such an extent that it can fairly be said that these barbarities have done woeful injury to all mankind.

But their most brutal crime was when they deported women and young girls from the cities of the north to Belgium and Germany. We may well wonder how it is possible that a people which called itself civilized could commit such a crime. It would continue to be incomprehensible were it not part of the deliberate scheme of devastation of the industrial districts of the north.

Economists know that certain industries, like weaving and mining, can be

developed only if the working population, specializing from generation to generation, has acquired the manual dexterity necessary to insure the superiority and fine finish of certain manufactures. Is not the absolute annihilation of the families of workers in the districts where such industries are located, a sure means of seriously impairing, for the future, the recruitment of labor?

The deeds of pure barbarism done upon the families of the cities of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing were a part of the scheme of definitive destruction of the industries of Northern France.

The second manifestation of this purpose to destroy appears when we look into the process of carrying off tools and machinery from the factories.

According to the affidavits produced before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Louis Dubois, reporter of the Budget Committee on the questions of devastation and war-damage, the mines occupied by the enemy have been subjected to carefully planned demolition. In the war-zone one finds complete methodical destruction of means of communication — bridges, sluices, and railway lines; also the no less methodical destruction of surface structures and stocks of tools; together with the complete disappearance of food-supplies and the removal of machinery. Moreover, all the underground workings have been systematically flooded. And the deliberate purpose to impair the future output of the mines is further established by the dynamiting of a considerable proportion of the metal frames (*cuvclages*) which support the walls and prevent the caving in of the shafts sunk in soil which is especially susceptible to that danger.

The mines are thus made inaccessible in addition to being flooded. Taking those of the Pas de Calais group alone, the output of which amounted in 1913

to 14,000,000 tons, with a personnel, above and below the surface, of 66,000 men and women, they will have to go down to a depth of 400 to 500 metres, and drain 35,000,000 million cubic metres of water — an immense subterranean lake.

In the north supplies and machinery have been carried away, and in most cases the Germans have flooded the underground works, going so far as to divert the waters of a stream and turn them into the shafts of the mines.

The object of the work of destruction, thus deliberately performed, was not only to impede the industrial progress of Flanders, but also to strike a severe blow at the economic structure of the whole of France. Of a total output of 41,000,000 tons of coal, in 1913, from all districts, the departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais produced 27,000,000. Now, the labor problems which must be dealt with in years to come, together with the continuing high price of raw materials, will tend to keep the price of coal very high, and will make it difficult to obtain it in such quantities as are essential for the resumption of business. The devastation of the mines in Flanders has therefore been carried out, not only with the purpose of impeding the progress of industry in that country itself, but in the hope that France, being absolutely compelled to procure coal, must in this way pay a war-tax to Germany indirectly, buying coal and coke at high prices, and thus providing her with the means of carrying on her enterprises in the east.

The plants for combing and spinning wool, jute, and cotton, in the Fourmies district, have been inspected by a parliamentary committee. It is interesting to record the facts noted in 74 factories. Of 735,000 spindles used in spinning the combed wool, about 651,500, or 88 per cent, have been destroyed; of 3550

looms, none remain; of 4500 carding-machines, 3000, or 75 per cent, have disappeared, as have all of the 100 frames for weaving carded wool. Also, all the jute-spindles and looms have been put out of commission.

And there are many other districts where the damage is just as great.

In the less specialized industries, outside of weaving, there has been the same systematic devastation. Take printing, for instance, which was actively carried on in the north: the presses have been carried away or destroyed; and the same is true of all the types. Here, the invader's purpose could not be dissembled: the Germans intended to procure a market for their type-founders and their makers of rotary presses, who, before the war, were distanced by their French competitors.

After the pillaging of the factories, we must not forget the devastation of the homes. In cities like Lens, out of 11,000 houses, not one is left standing. And from the affidavits read from the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies, during the sitting of December 19, 1918, it appears that 250,000 houses have been destroyed in the devastated districts, and that 250,000 others are more or less seriously damaged.

Woods and forests have been cut down indiscriminately. And lastly, more than 100,000 hectares of the best land in France is unfit for any sort of crops. Two million hectares have been laid waste; they will have to be cleared, first of all, of the infernal machines buried there.

It will cost more than twenty billions of francs to restore the buildings; more than ten billions' worth of furniture has been stolen or ruined. Moreover, it will cost at least ten billions to put the farms in condition for working. To replace the industrial material of the mines, of the carding, spinning, and weaving plants, of the electrical plants,

of the foundries, large and small, of breweries and sugar-refineries, distilleries and agricultural industries, oil-refineries, tan-yards, currying-shops, dye-works, bleacheries, plants for the manufacture of chemicals, glassware, and various by-products, will require an expenditure of at least twenty billions.

Finally, the great undertakings in the way of public works and means of transportation: railroads serving the public in general, railroads of local concern, tramways, waterways, seaports, roads and bridges, the distribution of electric power, post-offices, telegraphs and telephones, cannot be reconstituted unless at least ten billions are devoted to that purpose.

That is to say, approximately, and at the minimum figure, about sixty-five billions must be found, in order to provide the compensation promised to the people of Northern France and to complete successfully the work of restoration, which is, as all agree, a work of international justice; for Northern France has been the theatre of a conflict wherein were opposed, not simply two nations, but two forms of civilization.

It was in the name of the doctrine of might that these devastations were committed. It is by virtue of the doctrine of justice triumphant, that the ruin must be repaired.

IV. THE QUESTION OF RESTITUTION

But the problem of the economic reconstruction of Northern France cannot be solved by the payment of a sum equivalent to the value of the damage done.

In the first place, it is impossible to find the wherewithal for an immediate payment of sixty-five billions of francs. Moreover, if that sum were forthcoming, the combined efforts of French and Allied industries could not, before a number of years have passed, man-

ufacture sufficient machinery to re-equip in a few months the factories of Northern France, and also of the devastated portions of Belgium and Serbia, which countries also have been made victims of a deliberate system of spoliation.

And after all, to centre all the efforts of the manufacturing establishments of the Allied countries on the reconstruction of the pillaged regions would be helping German industry to secure an easy triumph in foreign markets, would it not? She would encounter no competitors, and would dominate the industries of the Allied countries, even more completely than before the war.

In the interest of justice as well of the future of the Allied nations, it is most important to provide in the treaty of peace a general requisition scheme, which would compel Germany to restore immediately everything she has taken; to reconstruct the buildings with her own materials; to furnish them with the furniture which she has carried off.

This is the more urgent because it is the only way of hastening the return to normal life in the north of France.

Have we not during the war constantly heard German military officers congratulating themselves because the ghastly scenes of the battlefield took place far from their own homes? It was in the name of might that they polluted French soil with fire and rapine. To-day, when might is on our side, it would be easy for us to carry pillage to the banks of the Rhine. We prefer, while in occupation of that territory, to respect property and persons. But this attitude, which is most humane and worthy of the cause which the Allies have defended, should not divert us from carrying on to the end the work of restitution. If we fail to do this, while victory will surely have crowned our heroes' brows with laurel, France will as surely have lost the war.

In fact, the most productive departments of France will for years remain depopulated, and her total product will be greatly impaired. Her whole rural and industrial economy will be shaken to its foundations. And if this state of affairs is prolonged, it is by no means certain that the joy of triumph may not some day be succeeded by the righteous anger due to undeserved misery.

This condition is understood by our Allies in the United States and England, who have decided that the supply of raw materials necessary for the resumption of industrial life shall first be ensured to Belgium and Northern France. But it is essential to have it distinctly understood that this allotment, this right of priority, shall extend, not merely to orders for goods that can be produced immediately, but to the extent of the full capacity of output before the war. Otherwise, the Germans would still occupy a commanding position, for they would be able to obtain stocks of cotton, wool, etc., when their victims would not be in a position to make up raw materials for which they have a promise of priority.

V. JUSTICE TO BE DONE BY THE PEACE CONGRESS

Therefore, when France demands that Germany be forced to make reparation for the damage which she has deliberately inflicted upon Belgium and Northern France, she seeks no material profit, as Germany did in 1871, when she imposed upon her foes a war indemnity of five billions. Then Germany had suffered no harm. Her territory was inviolate.

To-day, the conqueror might pillage in his turn, and even, while respecting the rules of international law from which he has never chosen to depart, make reprisals on lives and property. He refrains from doing so, voluntarily.

But in that case, according to the rules for the peace, as set forth by President Wilson and sanctioned by the will of the peoples concerned, and by the terms of the armistice of November 11, 1918, *it is most important that the work of reparation be complete and speedy*. It can be so only as the result of measures which will serve to rebuild the economic structure of the martyred peoples. It was Germany's hope, whatever might be the issue of the war, to destroy the power of production of those countries to which, as she declared, she had the good luck to carry the war. She reckoned upon her ability to resume her intensive economic life, as soon as the blockade should be raised. She had laid her plans for an economic victory, in blood, fire, and pillage.

It is necessary that the Allies exact reparation for the wrongs that have been done; if not, in spite of all their sacrifices of men and property, suffered during four years and a half in the common cause of all mankind, Belgium and France will have lost the war.

The peace cannot be just and remedial unless it provides for the work of economic reconstruction. We must present a plan of systematic restoration in opposition to the system of impoverishment conceived by German villainy.

And when, under the energetic pressure of the Allies, the work of reparation shall have been fully accomplished, the nation which unchained this terrible tragedy will have paid none too dear for the evils she has caused. For in the cemeteries of the cities of Louvain, of Lille, and Douai, there are graves of old

men, women, and children whose only sin it was to be Belgian and French. Their hearts were full of affection for their dear ones; their eyes rejoiced in the light of the sun. The Germans have taken their lives, thus violating all laws, divine and human.

Only reprisals could satisfy the sacred longing for vengeance. The fact that Germany is being spared such reprisals is a favor to her. And if, in addition to this, Kaiser William's Empire should escape the payment of the cost of restoration in Belgium and Northern France, it would be, not weakness merely, but downright injustice. In that case, the treaty of peace would place its sanction upon one of the most monstrous iniquities which has ever been inflicted on mankind.

To make Germany carry the whole burden of the restoration of Northern France is not demanding a war-indemnity; it is not giving form to a thirst for revenge which would prevent mankind from progressing toward a better future; it would, on the contrary, be the performance, by those who desired the war, — for they looked forward to it as something novel and enjoyable and profitable, — of an act of just restitution which presents itself as the first penalty to be imposed by the tribunal of the peoples upon those who strove to annihilate by virtue of their might the defenders of the right and of the liberty of the nations.

The restoration of Northern France and Belgium, at Germany's expense, should be the first result of the League of Nations.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WILLIAM JAMES: A BELATED ACKNOWLEDGMENT

LONG, oh, very long, ago, — as long ago as when I was eight years old, — my family betook itself for a part of the summer to a certain modest hotel on Cape Ann. (It was the only hotel which that stretch of the Cape then boasted, and it stood in the midst of a green and rocky wilderness. Ah, me!) I was the eldest child and, unlike my my small brother and sister, I 'came to the table.' My instructions were, not to speak there unless I was spoken to — a really distressing prohibition for a little girl 'as sociable as Montaigne,' whose sociability was rarely suppressed at home. And alas! nobody did speak to me for days. We sat, my mother and I (my father came down only for the Sundays), at the side of the long board; beyond her, a line of people with some of whom she chatted pleasantly through breakfast, dinner, and supper; but beyond unlucky little me, only a line of empty chairs. Chairs empty, at least, until, one never-to-be-forgotten mid-day, there slipped into the one next me a being who, at my first glance, made upon me an indelible impression.

He looked like no one I had ever seen before; he looked, though I did n't know that was it, foreign. He was very slender, his clothes were of an entrancing, unfamiliar cut, he had a little pointed beard, he wore a soft, flowing, blue-and-green-plaid necktie, its bows and ends outside his waistcoat. He had — child as I was, I instantly felt it — an 'air.' Here indeed was excitement! Oh, if *he* would only speak to me! — But at first he only ate his dinner —

I need hardly say that in that time and place the midday meal was dinner. Then, all at once, my attention was distracted even from him by a thrilling discovery. I was eating green corn and I had just finished my ear. 'Why!' — I lifted up my voice, rules and regulations thrown to the winds — 'Why! I've found out something. *Every ear of corn has an even number of rows.*'

An admonitory glance from my mother. But I *could* not hold my peace. 'But it's so! It *must* be. *I always butter two at a time, and I never have any left over.*'

'Well, well, dear, never mind.' My mother was only half attending. 'We don't want to hear about it now.'

'But is n't it *so*? Is n't it?'

'Oh, I don't know, dear; I don't believe it is. At any rate, mother wants you to be quiet now. Wait till after dinner.'

Then — oh, then — a champion rode into the lists! Up spoke my wonderful neighbor.

'Excuse me, madam, but the little girl is right. Every ear of corn *has* an even number of rows.'

O joy, O rapture, O triumph beyond compare!

'Dear me!' My mother changed her tune. 'Has it really? How interesting!'

And thereupon ensued a conversation in which, thanks to my new friend, — a friend I felt him to be, even then, — I was not only included but 'featured.'

After dinner word went round that the new arrival was Mr. William James, recently returned from Paris and now an instructor at Harvard.

Mr. James and I established forth-

with an intimacy — at least, it felt like intimacy to *me* — which lasted as long as he stayed. How long that was, I don't know. The period bulks so largely in my memory that it seems as if it might have been months; but I dare say it was no more than a fortnight or so. At all events, it 'made' my summer.

Not only at table did my friend and I converse. The beach, the cranberry marsh, a certain woodsy nook with a hammock in it: all these I remember as the scenes of confabulation with him. There must have been some understanding between him and my mother about it all. Otherwise I should never have been permitted so to 'tag' him. 'Don't let my little girl annoy you, Mr. James.' — 'Oh, she does n't annoy me at all.' I like to think that that was the way of it. Possibly he went so far as to say, 'She interests me,' or even, 'I enjoy her.' At any rate, it does me good to think he did and so I am going to think so. That is pragmatism, is n't it?

It *was* at table, though, that the pragmatist-to-be most egged me on to chatter. (And, as will have been apparent, egging on was the last thing I required.) I suspect this was partly to tease my mother. Most likely the two were having their fun over my head. Anyhow, I was incited to some startling deliverances. Once, apropos of I forget what, Mr. James asked me, quite gravely, how many languages I spoke. My reply came without a moment's hesitation: 'Three.'

On which my mother told me not to talk nonsense. But Mr. James ignored her.

'Three, eh? Dear me, that's a good many for a little girl. What are they?'

'English, French, and hog-Latin.' Had I not had, that very spring, half-a-dozen French lessons out of a little yellow primer? And as for hog-Latin, the reader must surely remember 'what-gery that-gery was-gery.'

'Well,' said my friend, 'that certainly seems to be three. And so you speak French. Could you speak a little for me? Perhaps you know some French poetry.'

'I do.'

'Won't you say some?'

I promptly obliged with a recitation. How must my accent have struck upon the ear of the quondam dweller in Paris!

Sois toujours comme la violette,

Aussi modeste et aussi nette.

Sois toujours pieuse, sois toujours bonne.

C'est Dieu qui te voit, si tu n'es vu de personne.

I did not deem it necessary to mention that these lines comprised my entire *repertoire* of French 'poetry.'

Our best, our most penetrating talks, however, came off in *solitude à deux*. I recall one in particular. Mr. James is established in the hammock under the pines; I sit on the ground — at his feet literally as well as metaphorically. Across his knees lies a thin piece of board, and on it the gruesome remains of a frog. (He got the frog out of the cranberry-marsh. I was going along the path at the edge of the marsh, and I saw him — Mr. James, not the frog — springing from tuft to tuft over in the wet part. He had a tin pail and I called out, 'Are you going berrying?' But he shook his head.) He is doing things — deft, swift things — to the batrachian relics, with some bright little instruments, which he takes out of a small black-leather case. I look on, shrinking but fascinated. I have no faintest notion why anybody should want to kill a frog and cut it up; it seems cruel and horrid; but if Mr. James does it, it must be all right somehow.

Of the conversation there under the pine trees, no word remains with me, but its impress on my mind and spirit has proved permanent. In language suited to my understanding, the anat-

omist explained what he was doing and why he was doing it, and went on to tell and to show me things of absorbing interest, about frogs. And so I got — from William James! — my first glimpses into the wonder-worlds of physiology and psychology.

We presently passed to a discussion of my ambitions, of what I was going to be and do when I grew up. Of one thing I was certain: I was going to college. (Only a little while before, my imagination had been fired by hearing, for the first time, about girls going to college.) Mr. James said, well, I had better come to Harvard; they did n't let girls into Harvard now, but he thought they would by the time I wanted to come. Would *he* be there then? I asked. Yes, he guessed he would. And if I would let him know when I was ready, he would try to get me in. I straightway visualized an imposing edifice with a great door which my friend swung back while I, with head held high and his kind eyes upon me, passed through into the mysteries and glories of 'college.' And ever since that summer afternoon, this picture has risen before me oftener and more vividly than any of the scenes in which I actually beheld Mr. James.

Curiously enough, I remember nothing of the parting with my friend. I remember only the glow he left in my spirit. It lasted, that glow, a very long time. Indeed, it has never quite gone from me.

I never saw William James again. I was always expecting to encounter him

... round some corner in the streets of life.

Once, after tarrying a week in a certain small hotel, I learned that for the first two days of my stay he had been under the same roof, had sat only a few yards away from me in the dining-room; and at the moment, I was inconsolable over

having so narrowly missed him. But perhaps, after all, it was as well. Perhaps it is as well that we did not meet again at all; and that so there is no later impression to blur the image in my mind of the slender, upright figure, with the little pointed beard and the soft blue-and-green-plaid necktie, setting open for me, with a quick, free gesture, that massive, magic portal.

MY BOLSHEVIKI

My tailor has made me two suits since the Russian Revolution: one last autumn, and one this spring. When I was fitted for the heavier cloth, Krensky was still swaying in the precarious saddle. By the time I needed something thinner, Brest-Litovsk had intervened.

They are all Russian Jews, you see, though the proprietor has a German name and probably comes from the Baltic provinces. So German-Jewish does he look that, what with his name and his phlegmatic efficiency, I had never suspected him of Russian origin. But he told me this winter that he had been three years in the Russian army, and that the graft was sickening. The fitters might always have been anything that was not Western Europe.

It began with a headline in a newspaper which my mother had brought in to read as she sat waiting for my skirt — the heavy one — to be hung. The wild-eyed, bushy-haired little fitter, with the deft fingers, exclaimed. 'Kitten's ear' was nothing to him for the moment.

I took the paper, and read out the headlines. Then, while he pinned and basted and patted, his sibilant excitement welled over. He was a pot too full, set on a fire too hot.

'We have had a wonderful revolution!' he declared.

I agreed: up to that time, it had some claim to be called so. He was hard on

the Tsar, I remember, — which did not surprise me, — and said he must be tried by due process of law: otherwise the other countries would not respect Russia — not if they failed to try a traitor; not if they just weakly let him go to finish his days in England or Spain.

I expressed — as one did, in those days — hope of Kerensky, fear of the Bolsheviki; and the bushy-haired, stunted child of Russia looked into my face and told me gently that the Bolsheviki did not wish to kill anyone. The Bolsheviki were mild souls, with a pure thirst for the pure fountains of justice and mercy.

'And Kerensky?' I asked.

A baffling smile appeared, too old for his face. 'Oh, Kerensky is a good man.'

I might have known then where my fitter stood politically; for it was the tone in which we speak of harmless objectionables. When I consulted the German-Jewish-seeming proprietor later about some detail, I finished with a query about Kerensky.

The same smile, the same intonation: 'Oh, Kerensky is a good man.' But his eyes were not wild, nor was his calm shaken; and as I went out, I wondered if he were not perhaps the Socialist who 'had two pigs.'

I had another fitter for my spring suit; a somewhat more educated type, more documented and doctrinaire. He could quote, he could cite, he was a man who read; he wore — as he should — spectacles. I remembered the lama's letter in Kim: 'Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts. Otherwise no earthly use'; and decided that, if I were by way of being a Romanoff, I would rather be attacked by Bushy-Hair than tried by Spectacles. In Bushy-Hair's pack of emotions there might be a torn bit of what Anglo-Saxons call 'sportsmanship'; but I am sure that Spectacles keeps no such rag in his outfit. Specta-

cles is a thoroughgoing Humanitarian.

Yet by this time Spectacles was excited, too. (None of them, in other years, has ever been excited.) A very easy transition from some remark about clothes in war-time led straight to Lenin and Trotzky. I let him talk — had it not been the point of my petulance that no one could put her mind on finicking sartorial detail just now? And one by one the Bolshevik arguments rolled out. Emotion was there, but with a difference. Bushy-Hair was a child of nature; Spectacles was the child of the Soap-Box. I listened, checking the points off mentally, while he ripped an erring collar from its support. The treachery of the Ukraine; the faithlessness of Germany; the helplessness of Lenin and Trotzky before German methods; the certitude that the German army could not be beaten, but that the German people would rise and compel their rulers to make a just peace; the refusal to believe in any monarchy, even Italy; the deep distrust of Japan; and, along with the stolid statement that any revolution carried inevitably its horrors and atrocities with it, the calm counter-assurance that Lenin and Trotzky were not responsible, and never countenanced such excesses. I was fascinated by so detailed a rehearsal of the Bolshevik creed. I might have been reading Arthur Ransome's despatches from Petrograd or an article in the *New Republic*.

It was up to me to make some comment on this doctrinaire confusion, and at last I did. Then the fury of the Bolshevik turned upon me — not upon me, personally, but upon my deplorable ignorance. It was almost a wail; this might, for a moment, have been Bushy-Hair, not Spectacles.

'Your papers do not tell you the truth about Russia — about Lenin, about Trotzky. They told you that Kerensky left his wife and eloped with

an actress — they want to discredit the whole Revolution.'

'And that Lenin is in German pay,' I insinuated.

'Lenin in German pay! Oh, your papers! I could give you papers to read, and books — I have books that tell the truth. Lenin's brother was hanged, his sister was crucified. He is a martyr! I know Russia; I know these people; I *know*. The Allies will not let the truth about the Revolution be printed; they suppress it, they distort it.' (His English was excellent.) 'Of course I will not read your papers, that tell only what the Allies wish to have said. The only one' — and his face grew livid here with emotion — 'who understands, who sympathizes, who sees what Russia is trying to do, is our President. *He is the only one!*' And there was an echo, in that poignant cry, of 'Eli, eli, lama sabachthani.' In that moment, Spectacles was a man, not a humanitarian. Bushy-Hair was the froth; but I had seen, for an instant, the dregs stirred.

At our next encounter, that afternoon, Spectacles was all fitter. Not a word of anything but length and shape and correctness of line. Perhaps the Socialist-who-has-Two-Pigs had overheard and cautioned.

Hardly significant enough to report, I fancy people may think. But that poignant cry out of the dim depth of Bolshevism gave me pause, and I wondered. For Spectacles, believe me, has, properly speaking, no individuality; he is the very type of creature who has no meaning until he is multiplied by millions; who has no political consciousness except the consciousness of his class; whose voice is the simple echo of the mass-meetings of his kind. He was born to express, never himself, but a group. 'He is the only one who understands!' If that is the cry of Spectacles, you may be sure that it is the cry of thousands. It is a nice psychological question wheth-

er there could be a single Bolshevik; whether Bolshevism is not a mob-conviction, something that no single creature can feel in isolation. But in any case Spectacles — take my word for it — speaks for more than himself: he is a voice that needs the concurrence of vast numbers to become articulate and audible. He is not, intellectually speaking, Spectacles; he is One of Them. And it may be that crowds of American Bolsheviks feel in that way about 'our President.' Which, if so, is as fortunate as anything could well be. For before they can reject Lenin and Trotzky, they must pin their faith to someone else. Perhaps they will eventually learn something about the other things that President Wilson understands.

When my suit came home, I laughed very gently to myself. It did quite well enough for war-time, but it had not the perfect fit of the winter clothes. Was Bushy-Hair a better fitter than Spectacles? I tried to remember. No, I think not. When the winter suit was made, you see, Kerensky was still in power. That very little wrinkle near the arm when I bend forward — hardly worth mentioning — I shall have to lay to Lenin and Trotzky.

COMMUTING WITH AND BY BOOKS

In a way I am always glad to be carried past my station: it adds to the list one more of those books which are the solace and refreshment of the spirit. The material consideration, of course, presents a negative side. It is exhilarating to have discovered a book which can make you forget the plainness of contemporary life, as it goes riding along with you to its various commonplace destinations; on the other hand, while I have never dared compute the exact amount, I am conscious that these trips I have to make back from Purdy's

Station and Golden's Bridge effect a sizable addition to the already cruel cost of my commutation ticket. Reading the Book of Kings, I got as far as Croton Falls the other evening, and barely caught the down train, the last before midnight. I find these lapses embarrassing to explain to the conductor; many passengers go by their stations, but mostly — poor world-worn souls! — because they have fallen asleep. To go all the way to Croton Falls because you are reading the Bible does not sound plausible. I think this particular conductor, who has a small, literal eye, would not concede the possibility even had my book been some such absorbing affair as, let us say, *Sherlock Holmes*.

As a matter of fact, however, *Sherlock Holmes* could not have done it. The detective story has never failed to get me home on time and no excess fare, for I can always manage to finish with it by the time we reach Hartsdale. A professional book-reviewer taught me the depraved trick of reading story-books right down the middle of the page; and I defy any modern novelist, save, perhaps, dear old De Morgan, to keep his grasp on me beyond Crestwood; I am done with most by Scarsdale.

This is not the whole explanation, however. The commuter's measure of literary worth is of no value for the modern books; none of them, even the best, can draw one into complete forgetfulness of all the detailed reality that is round about one. This is not to say that modern books are poor, but only that they are too near us, too much of our external world, to be able to use a full leverage in lifting us out of our grooves. I have never been carried past by Shelley, Dickens, Emerson, or Ibsen, but *Troilus and Cressida* has left me with two stations too many. A friend made me a gift of a mellow copy of Tarkington's *Diaries of English Travell*,

and that night the train was delayed, and I waited over an hour in the rural solitude that is Purdy's. As I explained earlier, Kings took me all the way to Croton Falls, giving me time to get well into *Chronicles*, with the attendant opportunity of skipping past home on the way down again. The last time I read *Othello* was in the days before I was a commuter; I want very much to read it again, but I do not dare; my only leisure time is during these evening train-rides, and I am sure that *Othello* would never release me short of Brewster; and the midnight train would have gone, and I don't know what I should do.

There is something more than merely refreshing in the complete change that books which are both good and old infallibly afford. To pass into their different world, familiar in that human nature is the same there as here, but different in all its shows and outward movements, is more than mere relief, more than the feeling of the country housewife who begs to wash her hostess's luncheon dishes because they are different from those she has been washing three times a day for forty years; it is more, too, than that mere curiosity which seeks in novelties a superficial sort of freshening up. There is a deep desire in most of us for a temporary change, not only of our place but of our time; but it is the thirst for knowledge, not any empty hankering for change itself, which prompts it. Sir James Barrie's latest play, *Dear Brutus*, concerns itself with the supposition of possible second chances — an interesting and genuinely dramatic theme, but can we think of it as a universal one? In this best of all possible worlds, the number of those who sincerely believe that they could have done better with another chance is actually small: most of us are hopelessly satisfied, not with our lot, perhaps, but with ourselves,

and cannot but believe that our extraordinary talents will some day find recognition. On the face of it, I suppose this is a beneficent arrangement, in that it keeps us looking forward rather than back; but I have frequent qualms as to whether this business of straining the vision ahead is quite the educative process that poets and some statesmen would lead us to believe.

At all events, I feel that Barrie's assumption makes us out to be a little more occupied with our small selves than truly we are, and that he would have touched on a deeper and far more general desire had he portrayed his unhappy artist transported, not to the path he might have taken twenty years earlier, but to a wholly different century — let him have a week-end with Cellini, for example, and see how his principles of art and life would resolve themselves in the companionship of that active and gifted person. I do sincerely believe that most of us, shallow and vain as we are, are at bottom more concerned about the nature of truth and beauty than about our own personal failures or successes; the awful terror does not come when we realize that we are not as good as we ought to be or might have been, but when we become suddenly aware that we are not sure what goodness is.

Our own time furnishes its particular pattern of those noble ideals toward which man's life-endeavor always moves, but patterns are imperfect; if only we could slip back into another day, when great spirits defined law and justice and beauty according to their vision, should we not gain their image too, and by adding it to our own, know more of the truth than any men before us had been able to know? You reach a little uncertainly for the beauty in a Rodin statue or a Turner landscape, for you do not know what of these is imperishable and what only the myriad

externals of modern life and habit 'in your eye,' as the artists say. How much firmer your grasp would be if, still with your modern understanding, you could mingle for a few hours with some holiday crowd moving under the clear sky of Greece up the gray road to the Acropolis! You abhor tyranny and greed, and have convictions about forms of government; but as you read through the old records, something whispers in your ear, 'Circumstances alter cases.' If only you could slip back to the days of the Medicis or the Macca-bees, and learn just how much the circumstances matter, how much they can amend and what they leave intact and abiding!

There is no going forward to ascertain these things; we like to speculate how the world will be arranged a hundred years from our own period, but when we endeavor specifically to project ourselves, the result is something such as Mr. H. G. Wells furnishes, and enriches us all by precisely nothing. Shakespeare was a prophet, and we may enlarge our time's vision by his; but he did not make fanciful excursions into the future; he wrote historical plays, knowing that such truth as man can see is visible there and here, but not yonder.

We have to stay in our time; the spirit tugs at the fetters, but this material world is not the inconsequential thing some would have us believe. There is this much allowed us, however: the great men of the future can reach out no hand to us, but those of the past can, by the dear grace of books, open the gate to our eyes if not to our feet; we do not go through and mingle with the crowd, to be sure, but at least we can look on, and when the gate swings shut, and we come back, our own life is a little clearer and sweeter. And it has been no small guidance to discover what sort were the men who

have been able to perform this office; for they are not all such as we judge great men and skilful artists. Lord Bacon was a greater mind by far than John Bunyan; he can yet give us many valuable precepts and much illuminating analysis, but he never takes us away — we only sit by the car-window and turn his pages. The men who can make us ride past are not always artists, not always learned men, often parochial and partial in their understanding; ticking them off in my memory, I cannot find any common denominator of them save only sincerity, whole freedom from the taint of self-consciousness, absolute inability in anything to dissemble or deceive. To discover this eternal criterion of literary worth, there is, of course, no need to go back to the seventeenth century, or the third century, or to any other time than our own; but if the journey can reinforce the realization, it is not wasted.

If only it could be an actual journey, however; if only the body could follow where the spirit flutters to go, how infallibly could we wield the criterion, how wise, how good, how helpful we should be! Commuters, indeed! Is not that what we all wish to be, above everything else? One would not leave forever family and dog and garden and all the indisputable joys of this present existence, even in the interests of the truth; but to go off in the morning and spend the day a thousand years and a thousand miles away, and come home afterwards on the evening express — what magnificent fullness of life would that not be! what gratifying richness, what satisfaction of an appetite now half-fed with near-glimpses and baffling shadows! And not the least of the advantages would be the fact that we should no longer need to read on the way out, and so would never fail to get off at our proper station — so perverse

is the human desire to have its cake and eat it too, that in the midst of this glittering fancy I find myself complaining, 'But I should miss reading on the train.'

A DOMESTIC PYTHON

Reminiscent of Mr. Scully's 'South African Snakes'

It had been a hot day. The very leaves looked droopy in the garden, the cauliflowers a-wilt. Not even a bird-note trilled: and only the heat-loving insects gave a sound of joy. But they! — They gave all the suggestion of an active volcano or a frying-pan. Get out the hose!

I got it. Out of the glare, down in the cellar, it was dark and cool. I stumbled a bit among stray tool-handles in the semi-dusk; found the wheeled rack, and trundled it out; unrove the hose, and left it in a neat rattlesnake coil, with the brass nozzle low leveled across the upper line, glinting a venomous gleam. Then I passed the socket end in through a cellar-window, and went in and down to the laundry, to connect it with the faucet. In so doing, I disturbed Thomas.

Thomas had made a night of it, last night. Night is the time for mice, and the tall grass near the rock-pile rustled enticement to Thomas. Hours he sat by it, in tensest concentration; and all students know the fatigue of that. It calls for subsequent deep repose, quite undisturbed. So Thomas objected.

What made it noteworthy is the usual amiability of Thomas. Jet-black and handsome, twelve pounds or so of portliness, with a depth of fur the envy of many a miss, to hear his voice in protest of aught was a day's remark. Yet he rose from his couchant pose, unbared, slowly, each gleaming set of curved talons, and sheathed them slowly, — s-l-o-w-l-y, — as if reluctant to house them still unused, lifted his coal-

black standard to a fuzzy perpendicular, and stalked sulkily out and to the cellar-stair, making low remarks to himself at each resting-place. Thomas was cross. Yes, Thomas was sulky.

Confronting him was the coil of hose. Thomas paused. It had not been there when he passed that way before. It required investigation. Was it animate or not? Thomas's whiskers quivered as, his head raised and for the moment frozen, his eyes gleamed yellow topaz against the dark. No sound, no motion, no unknown scent. Relaxing, he strolled forward, sat up by the smooth, peaceful-looking coil, curled his tail around his toes and yawned deeply, soulfully, as he indifferently scanned its folds.

That second I turned on the water, quick and sharp — then off.

Through the dark tube shot the pressure, with the quiver of life in every coil; from it came a deadly hiss, menacing; and the sunlight flashed a gleam from the golden head on the topmost coil as it moved just the fraction of an inch — *Take care!*

And Thomas did. Full four feet, right up in air, he jumped; and when he landed, all four feet were running! No lost motion in 'getting set' for Thomas: no hay-tedder ever swiftness kicked the grass than he! To the eye a broad,

black streak lay forty feet along the grass when Thomas stopped, and eyesight overtook him and coiled it up. The grass flew as he stopped, whirled, crouched for instant action.

A moment, then, hand on faucet, I loosed it slightly and turned it off. Life quivered through the coils again for just a breath. The eyes of Thomas turned to coals. Slowly a paw reached forward and secured a hold. Slowly the other forepaw passed its mate and set. Inch by inch a black tiger in miniature shortened distance, yards, more, — then a black bolt of lightning cleared the rest, and twenty talons and the Lord knows how many lancet teeth dug and stabbed at the coil, close in behind that brazen, gleaming head! Dug, stabbed — then one tremendous backward spring to a safety zone, and a crouch, and Thomas was on guard for what came next!

But the coil quivered flutteringly, faltering, — under the gentle impulse from the laundry, — and then lay at rest. A moment of vital inquiry, the certainty that his serpentine foe would move no more, and the tail of Thomas rose in air, and with a lordly air of casualness he strolled to the corner of the house, gave one more look back over his shoulder to make sure — and passed beyond our ken.



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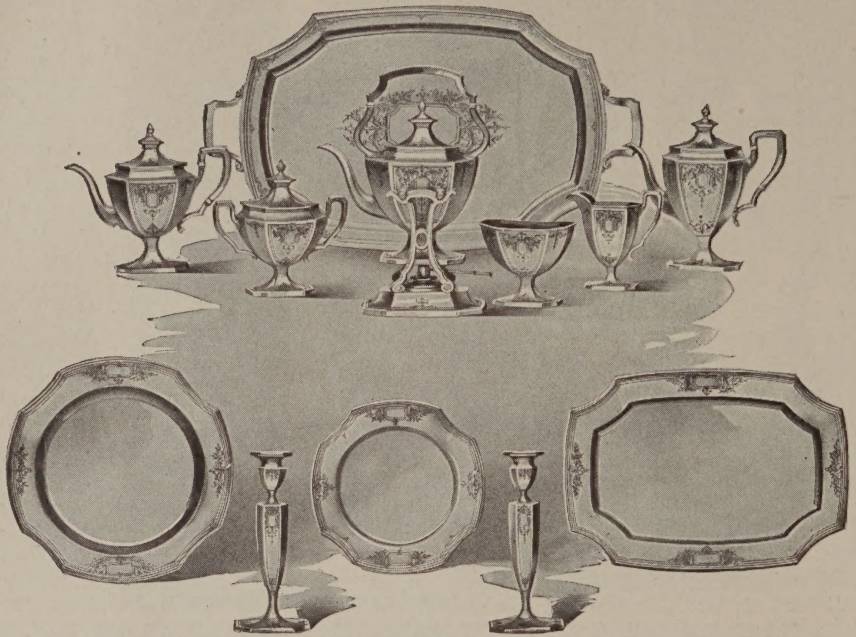
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and a very pleasing effect. We can bring the new wall papers and cretonnes to you, we can bring to you novel pieces of furniture which will give just the needed touch, and we can show you any number of rooms—living-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, halls—furnished in such a way that it is a joy to be in them. We can help you frame that picture which you have had around for some months, not having time to find out just what frame will set it off to the best advantage. We can suggest the right kind of materials for your curtains and then help you hang them.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

In this department of the Atlantic, it is the aim of the Editors to review, promptly and justly, those new books which seem of more than temporary value. Of casual, unimportant, and unworthy books, no mention will be made. The selection of titles represents the choice of trained judges of books in various parts of the country, who have kindly consented to collaborate with this magazine in the common task of listing those volumes which are more than usually worthy of preservation. The authorities consulted are the staffs of the American Library Association Book List, the Wisconsin Library Commission, the City Library Association Library of Springfield, Massachusetts, the Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey, and the City Library of Cleveland. In time, the opinion of other libraries, in other parts of the country will be sought, as we are attempting to make this service a national one. For the reviews, themselves, the Atlantic is wholly responsible. There will be no attempt at cleverness, but every effort for just appraisal.

THE BRITISH NAVY IN BATTLE.

By ARTHUR H. POLLEN. New York: DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND CO. 1919. Crown 8vo., viii + 358 pp. With maps. \$2.50.

THIS is an important book. It is neither a description of the navy at work, nor a general history of naval operations (the war against the submarine is dealt with not at all), but a detailed criticism of the greater naval actions from the professional critic's point of view. The opening chapters of the book, 'Sea Fallacies,' 'Elements of Sea Force,' 'Some Root Doctrines,' 'Naval Gunnery,' and so forth, deal with the theory — one might almost say the dogma — of naval affairs; the succeeding chapters have to do with the destruction of the Koenigsberg, the end of the Emden, the Dogger Bank affair, and Jutland the much-disputed.

Though the account of the little-known Koenigsberg affair is a stirring and dramatic tale, it is probably the story of the Jutland battle which will be of most interest to Americans. But if the reader is to understand Mr. Pollen's account of the battle (he deems it a virtual defeat for British sea-power), he will find it wise to have some idea of the group for whom Mr. Pollen speaks.

There are, in Great Britain, two schools of naval thought: one attached to the offensive-defensive policy, the other to a policy of vigorous attack. Lord Jellicoe is the proponent of the first school; Admiral Beatty of the second. Mr. Pollen is the literary champion of the 'Beatty' school. He attacks the navy's 'purely defensive rôle,' he has little use for the mentality which will link 'invincible' to 'victorious'; and it is only in exploits of the Zeebrugge order that he sees hope for the future. In dealing with the Jutland battle his

bias is instantly visible, and Lord Jellicoe is raked over the coals for not closing with the German fleet.

'Sir John Jellicoe was perfectly willing to fight if the Germans would come out and fight on his conditions. . . . Napoleon speaks bitterly of his admirals who acted as though they could win victory without taking risks.' To Sir David Beatty, however, is accorded a pæan of praise.

But this controversy cannot be gone into here. Lord Jellicoe justly held, and continued to hold, the confidence of the Admiralty; Admiral Beatty certainly fought a very dashing battle. At any rate, the navy won the war. The German fleet lies at Scapa Flow. Let us be content with Mr. Pollen's fine analyses, and postpone a decision of Jutland till we have access to the complete records of the opposing navies.

H. B. B.

ANOTHER SHEAF.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1919. 12mo. \$1.25.

THIS is a sheaf of varied contents, comprising many problems, practical and spiritual, of this great moment. Through the manifold lines of thought expressed in the papers, we find Mr. Galsworthy, whether at his old task of artistic interpretation, or at this new task of presenting fact and social theory, doing his bit in the work of reconstruction. Here, as always, he shows that gift of imaginative sympathy which gives his work in fiction and in drama a distinctive quality. That wistful sensitiveness to suffering of men and of women, of children and of animals, which has often in his work seemed to fall short of hope, here, at least, rises to resolution. The war has braced his soul, as it has the souls of countless other human beings.

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Of special interest to Americans is Mr. Galsworthy's reiterated plea for deeper friendship between American and Briton. To him, much of the hope of the future depends upon such a friendship, and his sense of the great part that America has to play takes one's breath. 'If America walks upright, so shall we; if she goes bowed under the weight of machines, money, and materialism, we, too, shall creep our ways.'

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We must listen to Mr. Galsworthy. If the future of the world depends upon understanding between men and nations, we have reason to be thankful for his peculiar gift of sympathetic insight; he lives always in the House of the Interpreter. We in America dare not turn a deaf ear to one who says that we hold in our hands the scales that shall decide for the future between a crass materialism and a higher hope.

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EMINENT VICTORIANS.

By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1918. Royal 8vo, xii+351 pp. Illustrated. \$3.50.

EVEN a carping critic might limit his censure of *Eminent Victorians* to two points: the price, which lamentably belies the book by marking it as for the few, and the proof-reading, which is slipshod to a degree. The author's achievement

is nothing less than to have written four brief biographies of which the four subjects once actually lived and died — unlike the subjects of most official and standard 'lives' in howsoever many volumes; which subjects, never having been so venturesome as to do the one, can certainly never be felt to have done the other.

Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and General George Gordon — 'Chinese' Gordon — live in these pages, in evocations at once subtle and decisive. They are not coaxed or cuffed or stamped or prodded or lashed into life: they are just neatly extricated and released from the husk of popular veneration which time tends to construct round every great personality, turning fact into myth and the man into a superman. Cardinal Manning, the wily and ruthless contriver, filled with the self-searchings of an egoistic pietism; Florence Nightingale, the woman possessed of a demon of benevolent energy, making slaves of her friends and driving them by overwork to distraction and actual death; Dr. Arnold, the pompous and puzzled man, solving with phrases, to his own intense satisfaction, all the greatest problems of life and of education; General Gordon, the devout megalomaniac, pathetic and heroic instrument of British imperialism — these four are made to live with such a power of life, that not all the eulogy of partisan interest combined with all that of popular superstition, or any other thaumaturgy, can ever reconvert them into the great spiritual organizer, the white angel of mercy, the daring educational reformer, and the martyred saint of Khartoum.

It is a poor tribute to biography, as we mostly know it in English, to say that the four subjects of *Eminent Victorians* are as vital as characters in the noblest fiction; but that is the best available comparison; for while fiction is the art of conferring life on those who perhaps never lived, polite biography remains the dismal art of embalming those who have lived.

But there is more to Mr. Strachey's achievement. There is a unity which turns the volume into a book, its sequence of biographic sketches into history. The author not only makes over to us bodily his four eminent Victorians: he makes the four portraits coalesce into a very shrewd analysis of that portentous thing, Victorianism — or, rather, of its spiritual essence. All four of his personages — and with them the large group of others, both more and less eminent — are compound of two substances. One is the itch for personal prestige, the insistent necessity to mingle in great doings, to take a hand in the game, even if one must force one's way to the table. The other is an unctuous and egocentric pietism. And the significant fact is that these two substances are non-interpenetrating. The Victorian will to action, to power, is the fundamental and determin-

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

ing thing: the Victorian will to worship is relatively superficial. All the typical Victorians, like Miss Nightingale, get God into their clutches and make him bow down and serve their intense personal desires. Their piety is used to provide an entirely factitious set of reasons for doing precisely what they have set their hearts upon. Nothing about them is more astonishing than the ease with which they bring the Deity round to their own way of thinking. There, surely, is the core of weakness and falsity at the centre of the Victorian spirit. That spirit substituted a self-conscious religiosity for religion; it belied and vitiated intelligible human motives by sanctimoniously parading them as the will of God. This is the principal reason why even some very towering personages of the Victorian time, seen through the clear lens of the historian, appear on the intellectual side as gesturing pigmies, children playing at life, fledging philosophers thinking that they think. And, because of their self-deceptions about motive, even their most brilliant actions lack the dignifying seal of a passionate and purging sincerity.

W. F.

LIVING BAYONETS.

By CONINGSBY DAWSON. New York: JOHN LANE COMPANY. 1919. 12mo, 221 pp. \$1.25.

THE publisher does his author an ill turn when he advertises *Living Bayonets* as 'Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson's biggest book — the most complete, burning and prophetic utterance which has been produced by the Judgment Day which is now ended.' Such nonsense as that embarrasses author, reader, and reviewer.

For *Living Bayonets*, like its elder brother, *Carry On*, is simply an unusually interesting budget of personal letters from a gallant officer at the front in France — such letters as thousands of sisters, cousins, and aunts have been laboriously copying out and recopying for private circulation among the family and friends. It is full of the intimate revealing egotisms and heroisms which one indulges only before those who know one better than any book; full of war-descriptions — vivid enough, let us say, but not too vivid, since mother and aunt and sister will read them; and withal so fine-spirited, so courageous, so generous, that it makes one proud to know the author and the gallant men about him.

The letters cover the period of America's active participation in the war, beginning with the spring of 1917 — the long preparatory period when, as Lieutenant Dawson writes, 'Along all the roads of France, in all the trenches, in every gun-pit you can hear one song being sung by *poilus* and Tommies. They sing it while they load their guns, they whistle it as they march up the line, they hum it while they munch their bully beef and hard-tack. You hear it on the regimental

bands and grinding out from gramophones in hidden dugouts: —

'Over there. Over there.

Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming —'

'Men repeat that rag-time promise as if it were a prayer: "The Yanks are coming. We could have won without the Yanks — we're sure of that. Still we're glad they're coming, and we walk jauntily."'

Men will differ as to whether the war could have been won without the Yanks, but there will be no difference of opinion as to Lieutenant Dawson's spirit. The book tells how our allies in the trenches felt when the Yanks actually materialized; and it ends with the Germans in full retreat, when the final victory is only a matter of days.

Even for a public whose imagination is bruised and stunned with daily discussions of Peace, Reconstruction, Bolsheviks, and the League of Nations, time should be found to read these soldier letters. They introduce us to a new galaxy of anonymous heroes: to an ex-dental student, who performed prodigies of valor; to poor 'Charlie S—', lying somewhere in the mud of Ypres, — Charlie S—, who 'won a dozen decorations which were not given him. He had a baby whom he had only seen once. He was my pal. Why should I live, while he is dead? I can always hear him singing in the mess in a pleasant tenor voice. . . . It's odd, the things one remembers about a man. We got the idea on the Somme that oil on the feet would prevent them from becoming frozen. One time when Charlie was going forward we had n't any oil, so he used brilliantine. It smelt of violets, and we made the highest of game of him. Poor old Charlie, he does n't feel the cold now!'

And the cartoonist Raemaekers, who 'looks like a Frans Hals burgher, comfortable, with a high complexion, a small pointed beard, chestnut hair, and searching gray eyes. His charity of appearance belies him, for his eyes and mouth have a terrific purpose.' And R— B—, who was half-blind, but 'in two years he's a V.C., a D.S.O. and a Lieutenant Commander.'

Best of all, the letters introduce us anew to Dawson, doing his duty proudly and well. Such records as these will never be old-fashioned. They belong to a literature which is eternally new and eternally young.

E. E. H.

WAR AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA, 1914-1917.

By GENERAL BASIL GOURKO. New York: THE MACMILLAN Co. 1919. 8vo, xvi + 420 pp. Portrait. \$3.00.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

The author, General Gourko, comes of a family greatly distinguished in Russia for three or four centuries: in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, General Joseph Gourko was the most brilliant Russian commander, victor at the Shipka Pass and at Adrianople. General Basil Gourko, who began the Great War as a general of division, was later Chief of the Russian Imperial Staff and Commander-in-Chief of the Western armies. His is the further high distinction of exile because of his unswerving loyalty and untarnished honor.

Of high historic worth as this whole record is, nothing it contains is of more value than the portraits of Nicholas II and Alexander Kerensky. General Gourko describes, so well that it need never be done again, the fine organization of the Russian army at the outbreak of the Great War, its spirit of devotion, its heroic sacrifices, beginning with the East Prussian campaign, which drew away from the Marne battlefield from four to eight German divisions, and struck an even more formidable blow at Germany's morale. He recounts, with admirable vividness and truth, and with the most complete knowledge, the campaigns about Warsaw and the first triumphant invasion of Galicia, with the disastrous retreat following Mackensen's crushing blow at the Dunayets River, and, finally, the admirably planned and executed withdrawal to the Riga-Dwinsk line, on which Russia stood when the Revolution not only cancelled all her immense sacrifices and services on the side of the Allies, but made her in effect the active ally of Germany.

Not less vital is General Gourko's history of the Russian Revolution, with strongly drawn and convincing pictures of the leaders of the 'official' Duma revolution, and also of the Soviet managers of the real Revolution, which has brought Russia so much shame and misery.

General Gourko owes it to the world to continue his history: to show the Bolshevik descent into the abyss of crime that makes Socialist Russia an imminent menace to Christian civilization. It is as if the powers of evil, failing to accomplish their purpose through Germany, were carrying on the work through the Bolshevik despotism; through that tyrannous Socialism which has well been called 'the devil's travesty of Christianity.'

J. C.

THE NEW AMERICA.

By an Englishman, FRANK DILNOT. New York: THE MACMILLAN CO. 1919. 12mo, x+145 pp. \$1.25.

HERE is a little book with a large purpose. It consists of only a few pages, but abounds in solid sense. One can read it through in an hour or two, but it has food for thought which may well occupy people's minds for many days. It deals with

a new America, but in part also it pictures a new England and suggests the approach of a new world-order.

Mr. Dilnot, who has written a life of Lloyd George, was in America during the last days of our neutrality, and watched our country gird herself for strife and put forth all her strength with stern resolve. He saw America at a time, therefore, when she was least respected abroad; but also throughout the period when she won the admiration and affection of the Allied world. Here are the customary comments of an intelligent visitor on our habits, manners, social graces, and peculiarities. The comments are always kindly, and the discernment discriminating, if not deep. We can pass them by for the most part without particular praise or disagreement. One gentle criticism, however, I should like to remark upon and underscore. It relates to American seaside manners and the curious abandon that goes with summer bathing. Here is an Englishman — man, not woman — who notices and is scandalized by the free intercourse of people in their bathing-costume as they sit in the sand or loll around on the beaches of Coney Island, Long Branch, and elsewhere. 'The prejudiced English eye finds something unpleasant in those half-clad men lingering about, sun-bathing with their women friends.' It is strange that the impropriety of all this has never impressed Americans.

The real purpose of this little book, however, is not concerned with things like this. Here is an attempt to introduce Englishmen and Americans to each other and to each other's country. Here are sympathetic portrayals of such prominent figures as Colonel House and Elihu Root and the late Mr. Roosevelt, and more particularly of President Wilson, whom the writer heard in that most dramatic moment of his life, and it may be of the nation's life, when he stood up before Congress to declare war on Germany. 'He stood erect and at ease,' never shifting a foot as a nervous man might occasionally do under tension, and his long white fingers showed no quiver.' And as the writer shows us some of our great men, so he shows us also some of our great works in connection with the war. We are taken to Hog Island, to the aviation field at Dayton, and elsewhere, and always with appreciative eyes.

But let the little book be read by our people of all classes. It will promote understanding and will develop goodwill. The author is right; 'Americans and British have had to fight together and they have also had to work together. The fighting is over, but they have to go on working together.' And what they must work for and help each other to obtain is an England and America leagued together with other nations for the peace and progress of the world.

P. R. F.

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CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — APRIL ATLANTIC

Mrs. Annie Pike Greenwood is a native of Utah, the daughter of a physician — a Gentile — of Provo. After an education at Brigham Young University in Provo, and at the University of Utah, she had experience in teaching and in newspaper work, being employed on the Salt Lake *Tribune* during the investigation of Reed Smoot's Mormonism as a disqualification for the office of United States Senator. Since her marriage she has lived in California, Colorado, and Kansas, before settling in Idaho. Her husband is a member of this year's Idaho Legislature. The atmosphere of the story 'Dreams and Compound Interest,' as any critic who reads it must instinctively feel, is taken from fresh and active experience. **Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius** are partners in business in Kansas, as well as in literature. He is managing editor of a newspaper, she an active official of a state bank; and together they coöperate in house-keeping and in the management of a large stock farm, devoted chiefly to the raising of pure Holstein stock. It is a breezy, interesting, self-confident life, as the story shows. **George W. Puryear**, first lieutenant in the United States Air Service, entered the army in April, 1917. He was (so says the *San Diego Union*) the first American officer to escape from a German prison camp. Curiously enough, his father, who fought on the Southern side in our Civil War, was successful in making his escape from a Northern prison — an example of the transmission of acquired characteristics which we so often hear denied.

* * *

Evans Lewin, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, has been Librarian of the British Colonial Institute since 1910. He spent many years in Australia and South Africa, and has specialized in the history of the Germans in Africa. It is not too much to say that among English-speaking people he is the first authority on German colonial methods. **James Harvey Robinson**, Professor of History at Columbia University since 1895, is the author of many books and essays, his most distinguished work, perhaps, being *The New History* (1911). At the close of this academic year, Professor Robinson will leave Columbia, to join the

lecturing staff of the new School for Social Research in the City of New York. In publishing a paper of the character of 'The Philosopher's Stone,' the *Atlantic* does not act without deliberation, while, in writing it, Professor Robinson is bearing willing witness to personal experience. We feel that the very unusual testimony concerning Mr. Alexander's methods deserves such intimate publicity as the *Atlantic* can bestow. **John Lavalle** is a young Bostonian who was in the Air Service of the American army during our participation in the war. In view of the widespread popularity of a letter published anonymously ('Youth,' in the April, 1918, *Atlantic*), which was written several thousand feet in the air, while the author was flying for practice, and of the fact that it has been generally attributed to him, it is well now to admit the authorship in behalf of Mr. Lavalle.

* * *

Don D. Lescohier assumed in 1918 the duties of Professor of Americanization in the Department of Political Economy at the University of Wisconsin — the first American university to establish a professorship in that subject. His paper, 'A Clearing-House for Labor,' in the June, 1918, *Atlantic*, will be remembered. **Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Vernon Kellogg, and the only member of the C.R.B. working in Belgium, describes another phase of the post-armistice period in Brussels, complementary to the 'Return of the Burgomaster' in the February number. How few men's lives are written when their careers are described! **Mrs. Cornelia Stratton Parker's** chronicle of the years she spent with her husband stands out sharp and clear from the self-conscious literature of the time, and would be interesting even apart from the remarkable qualities of the man who is her central theme. Of the whole narrative not more than half can be published in this magazine, and we are, therefore, particularly glad to announce that the whole will appear in book form, with the imprint of the Atlantic Monthly Press, soon after the conclusion of the serial. We think that the book promises to be as important as it is attractive. **Gerald Chittenden**, major in the American Avia-

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — APRIL ATLANTIC

tion Service, was instructor at the School of Military Aeronautics, at Austin, Texas, when hostilities ceased.

* * *

Walter Prichard Eaton, dramatic critic, essayist, and writer of stories, sends us this sympathetic study of an unhackneyed theme from his farm in the shadow of one of the loveliest mountains in the Berkshires. Grace Hazard Conkling is connected with the Department of English at Smith College. The author of 'Our Village' desires to remain anonymous. John Galsworthy, distinguished alike as novelist, essayist, and playwright, is at present making his second visit to this country.

* * *

Simeon Strunsky, an editor on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*, and in his own right a wit and philosopher, sends from the Peace Conference this article which the Editor particularly wished him to write for the *Atlantic*. The **Demobilized Professor** kindly accedes to an editorial request for this paper, so illustrative of a state of mind which the war has scattered broadcast over civilian life in America, and which is felt with especial keenness in the habitually unruffled atmosphere of the American college. Charles Downer Hazen, for many years at the head of the Department of History at Smith College, has been since 1916 Professor of History at Columbia. He is the author of many successful historical works notably the admirable *Europe since 1815*, and *Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule*. Charles Moreau Harger, the reflective editor of the *Abilene Reflector*, and the guiding influence of the Department of Journalism of the University of Kansas, is an old friend of our readers.

* * *

Just as the radio-activity of modern science has restored the dream of alchemy, so the psychologist has enthroned once more the diviner of dreams. 'Every man his own Freud,' is the cry of the future, and the *Atlantic*, struggling to keep abreast of the foremost files, listens with ears wide open to this tale of somniloquacious augury.

I must [writes the professor to the Editor] take this opportunity to tell you a dream that I had

the other night in which you figured. I found myself in a kind of pavilion at some country club, in the midst of an interested company who were waiting to see President Wilson go through the exercises that keep him physically fit. Before long he pranced on to the field, attired in football costume. After running up and down the field, and grunting in a somewhat peculiar fashion, he proceeded to play the part of a drill sergeant and to give imaginary commands. Vigorously marching down field in 1, 2, 3, 4 time, he suddenly called out, 'Colony, right!' At that I turned to you, with the sneer that premature critics of our President usually wear, and said, 'What do you suppose he thinks he is doing? Does he mean "Company, right," or "Column, right"?' He is obviously ignorant of the first principles of infantry drill.' At that, you turned to me with a pitying smile and remarked, 'Neither one nor the other. He is practising commands for drilling the British Empire.' With that, I awoke. It was time, was n't it?

* * *

The President tells us that the spirit of coöperation is loose in the world. There is certainly a good deal of it loose in America, if we may judge from the offers of help extended to the editors of the *Atlantic*.

By the way [writes a coöperative expert from the South], I love to write — to effect *good* with my pen; and if you can suggest some subjects in any department of Religion, Ethics, or Sociology — or the Railroad Question — to all of which I have given long and special attention, I will try to get time to furnish the *A. Monthly* some articles — unique ones.

The 'A. Monthly' recognizes the spirit of service, and is grateful.

* * *

To those who say that American self-sufficiency has survived the war and what went before it, we commend this letter. To us it seems not free from self-depreciation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

Miss Soulsby's article in the February *Atlantic* strikes me as a fine effort to express her impressions of our national qualities, for the most part in terms of high praise. I am afraid, though, that her hints at shortcomings and her intimations that we too often form our judgments on other nations upon scanty data are made too delicately to be heeded; a little more of the 'coarse and tactless' British quality might be more effective.

Feeling this and, besides, having become overcharged with wrath, I claim the privilege of an American of the old New England stock, who has gained by life abroad a certain objectivity of viewpoint, of blowing off steam.

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When I returned home last August, after several years' absence, I was promptly struck by the new and heroic mood of our people. The battle was then at its climax of intensity. Everywhere I found oneness of purpose, a generous and infectious cheerfulness in sacrifice, clear perception and firm grasp of the vital points at issue, and a wonderful and very touching sentiment of fellowship with our allies.

Then came the armistice, with its repeated orgy of thanksgiving and gladness. Our mood was now for fresh efforts for world-democracy. The fervor was gone, as was natural, but the resolute will persisted.

But now observe the change: from a sacrificial mood of far adventure in fellowship with our glorious allies, we have sunk down into the sickly marsh of self-praise. We have to all appearance forgotten the unconquerable will of France, the whole-hearted devotion of Britain, the heroism of Belgium; no, not forgotten but disallowed. We count the winning of the war as our work alone. From all sides there rises one steady hymn of praise for ourselves alone (Simm Fein). One refrain is heard, loud, ceaseless, exultant — WHAT SPLENDID FELLOWS WE ARE! And, further, it appears, not only that we are superior to all others, true supermen, but our late comrades in arms are *retardataires*, and we don't deal in hint or innuendo, but let it out as a matter of fact. The sense of comradeship vanished with the cannon smoke.

Worse yet, letters have appeared in print in this town, sent by soldiers now in our army of occupation, which contrast the pleasant quarters in Germany with the discomforts and inconveniences of the battle-region in France, and even praise the Germans for their good-will. It is deliberately declared that they are far more comfortable than they were in France because the Germans are more generous. The letter-writers drink in with frank delight the tales of the Germans that they much prefer the Americans to the French; they are so glad that the harsh and vindictive French are not in command in this town!

To turn from such thoughts, let us look at the general spirit of these letters from the rank and file.

What strikes me is the uniform dullness of the letters. Our American boys are supposed to be open-minded, alert, nimble-witted, eager to learn and full of curiosity. Our educational systems have been framed so as to awaken all the powers of the mind, stimulate imagination, develop perceptive powers, teach discrimination, and train the attention, and so on. We have no right to look for literary finish or much descriptive power, but there still remains a region in which we may fairly look for a rough and ready view upon the countries they are now seeing. Is it unfair to expect that boys in England and France should see *something*? Even in ravaged France there are regions of yet unravished loveliness. Our boys appear not to have seen them. They notice the 'box cars' with their legends, 'Hommes 40, Chevaux 8,' and they can turn up their noses at these

small cars. All such differences vex them, and they sum up their conclusions on everything in the sentence, 'This country has n't got anything on America!'

While the war was raging, we were taught to hope for a great spiritual awakening, for the knitting of the ties of brotherhood into so close a bond that an era of justice would dawn. So we hoped, and we believed that it would be worth the price. Where now is there a sign here of interest in other nations? where a sign of our wish to understand them? where a sign that we value their fine spirit? Instead, if I may judge from the scores and scores of these letters, we are wrapped up in the contemplation of our own unexampled perfections, lost in the depths of our self-complacency.

We shall lose our lately regained soul unless we clear ourselves of the arrogance and blindness we now exhibit. They form no basis for justice. That must begin in what Pierre de Combertin finely calls '*le respect mutuel*,' if we are to live in a fellowship of free peoples.

* * *

Of the controversy over Professor Stevens's paper on 'Democracy in the Navy' we have already allowed reverberations to trouble the quiet of this column; although our correspondence still shows signs of perturbation on the topic, we forbear further comment, but will close the discussion with extracts from a letter written by John Paul Jones to the Naval Committee of Congress on September 14, 1775, sent us through the courtesy of a gentleman who disagrees violently with Professor Stevens's conclusions.

It is by no means enough that an officer of the Navy should be a capable mariner. He must be that, of course, but also a great deal more. He should be as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor.

He should not only be able to express himself clearly and with force in his own language both with tongue and pen, but he should also be versed in French and Spanish.

The Naval officer should be familiar with the principles of international law, and the general practice of Admiralty jurisprudence, because such knowledge may often, when cruising at a distance from home, be necessary to protect his flag from insult or his crew from imposition or injury in foreign ports.

He should also be conversant with the usages of diplomacy and capable of maintaining, if called upon, a dignified and judicious diplomatic correspondence; because it often happens that sudden emergencies in foreign waters make him the diplomatic as well as military representative of his country, and in such cases he may have to act without the opportunity of consulting his civic or ministerial superiors at home, and such action may easily involve the portentous issue



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of peace or war between great powers. These are general qualifications, and the nearer the officer approaches the full possession of them, the more likely he will be to serve his country well and win fame and honor for himself.

Coming now to view the Naval officer aboard ship and in relation to those under his command, he should be the soul of tact, patience, justice, firmness and charity. No meritorious act of a subordinate should escape his attention or be left to pass without its reward, even if the reward be only one word of approval. Conversely, he should not be blind to a single fault in any subordinate, though, at the same time he should be quick and unflinching to distinguish error from malice, thoughtlessness from incompetency, and well-meant shortcomings from needless or stupid blunders. As he should be universal and impartial in his reward and approval of merit, so should he be judicious and unbending in his punishment or reproof of misconduct.

In his intercourse with subordinates he should ever maintain the attitude of the commander, but that need by no means prevent him from the amenities of cordiality or the cultivation of good cheer within proper limits. Every commanding officer should hold with his subordinates such relations as will make them constantly anxious to receive invitations to sit at his mess-table, and his bearing toward them should be such as to encourage them to express their opinions to him with freedom and to ask his views without reserve.

A Navy is essentially and necessarily aristocratic. True as may be the political principles for which we are now contending, they can never be practically applied or even admitted on board ship, out of port or off soundings. This may seem a hardship, but it is nevertheless the simplest of truths. Whilst the ships sent forth by the Congress may and must fight for the principles of human rights and republican freedom, the ships themselves must be ruled and commanded at sea under a system of absolute despotism.

I trust that I have now made fairly clear to you the tremendous responsibilities that devolve upon the Honorable Committee of which you are a member. You are called upon to found a new Navy; to lay the foundations of a new power afloat that must some time, in the course of human events, become formidable enough to dispute even with England the mastery of the ocean. Neither you nor I may live to see such growth, but we are here at the planting of the tree, and maybe some of us must, in the course of destiny, water the feeble and struggling roots with our blood. If so, let it be so! We cannot help it. We must do the best we can with what we have on hand!

* * *

But to revert for a moment to our favorite topic of 'foodology,' Mr Wilmot H. Wheeler, our cheerful friend of the Sunshine Library of Research once again asks help of our readers.

If any of you know [he writes] of any one who has some very serious or annoying sickness or some very unfortunate fault which they are anxious to overcome, I wish you would try to find out for me just what their five or ten favorite or else forced foods were *before getting sick* and about how many times a day or week each food or drink was used, then report these facts to me [at 2128 Ewing Street, Los Angeles]. Only if you wish a Thank You, you must send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself; as expenses count up very rapidly in research work.

Mr. Wheeler devotes his time, like the rest of us, to the pursuit of happiness. To gloomy folk he recommends, we are told, frequent playing with white buttons. But for glad and sad alike, he lays down the basic laws of life. For, he says, —

In addition to the extremely precious but also extremely dangerous influenza and pneumonia foods mentioned in the February *Atlantic*, experience shows that very serious chronic sicknesses of various sorts are often caused, years hence, by a *too free use* of beans, bananas, butter, candy, chocolate, coca-cola, corn, figs, lemons, lobster, muskmelon, oranges, potatoes, pork, salt, spices, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco and tomato; and occasionally by apples, cheese, fish, honey, milk, nuts, olives and peanuts; and even by bread and water, when *misused, misused, misused*.

For apple drunkards, egg drunkards, rye bread drunkards, meat drunkards, story book drunkards, excitement drunkards, and all the rest come to grief just as surely as do alcoholic drunkards, only more slowly. But in a perfectly normal life, old age is the sweetest, grandest part of all.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

The comments upon yourself in your Contributors' Column tempt me to add this to your collection.

As I was leaving our modest car at the public garage, where it is kept with the limousines of our financial betters, the young woman in charge of the office noticed a copy of the *Atlantic* under my arm.

'*Atlantic Monthly!*' she exclaimed. 'Well, that's a new one on me. But there are so many new magazines nowadays, I can't keep up with them.'

Sincerely yours,

JESSIE E. MINER.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

* * *

For the egregious mistake on the cover of the March *Atlantic*, we offer apologies, but no excuse. Always the obvious eludes!



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1919

LE ROI S'AMUSE

THE DIARY OF KING FERDINAND'S SECRETARY

BY FRANCK C. SCHOELL

[It will be remembered that Ferdinand, late of Bulgaria, is the son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (therefore a nephew of Albert, Queen Victoria's Prince Consort) and Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis-Philippe. His first wife, who died in 1899, was Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parma, a direct lineal descendant of Louis XIV. In 1908 he married Eleanor, a princess of the German house of Reuss. Chosen Prince of Bulgaria in 1887, in succession to Alexander of Battenberg, he took advantage of the confusion caused by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria in 1908, to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria, assuming the title of king or tsar. His present whereabouts are unknown. — THE EDITORS.]

PARIS, Tuesday, July 5, 1910. — I was terribly alarmed this afternoon. M. Lavisse sent to me, at the École Supérieure, to come to his office. I at once searched my memory for a possible peccadillo. Could it be that my rather mediocre diligence at the Sorbonne had been brought to his attention? Nothing of the sort. M. Lavisse contented himself with asking me point-blank if I had any plans for my vacation, and if I felt like taking a trip through Europe in the suite of Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who needed a private secretary for the summer months. I hesitated a moment, for libraries rather than foreign courts are my natural stamping ground; but M. Lavisse advised me to say yes, assuring me that I would soon be equal to my task. So I accepted without more ado.

Wednesday, July 6. — At the Carlton Hotel, the Comte de Bourboulon, the chamberlain, with whom I first spent three quarters of an hour, received me in an extremely friendly manner. He sketched the character of the Tsar in a few strokes, laying stress, among other things, on his passion for natural history, his linguistic gifts, the capricious distribution of his working-hours, his unreasonable demands on his staff, his cult of the past, his devotion to the memory of his mother, Princess Clementine. He spoke of the seriousness which Ferdinand brought to the daily labors of his high office; also he told me that he expected and was accustomed to have his desires anticipated and his habits, however eccentric they might seem, accepted with docility, as if they were divine commands.

Thereupon, he took me into a small adjoining salon and went in quest of the Tsar, who made his appearance a few minutes later, walking with a heavy step. When one is a king and half a Bourbon, one is entitled to have the gout betimes!

Simply, with a very charming smile, he gave me his hand, which is slender and heavily beringed, asking me abruptly, 'So you, a Frenchman, and, I presume, a republican, are willing to enter the service of a king who, by definition and profession, can be nothing of the sort. Are you not ashamed to associate with me?'

I replied that I did not feel ashamed; that my conscience would, without apprehension, adapt itself to my temporary employment, and that I was not an anarchist. A few minutes' conversation, which was chiefly a profession of friendship and high esteem for M. Lavissee, and our interview came to an end with a 'Till we meet at Brussels' from Ferdinand. In fact, I am to enter upon my duties at Brussels next Sunday. Between now and then I have plenty of time to pack my trunks.

BRUSSELS, *Monday, July 11.* — Well, I am actually 'Monsieur le Secrétaire.' Bah! how horrid that sounds!

I have seen the Tsar again this morning. The chief part of my work, besides my purely representative rôle, will be, he told me, to go through the newspapers and pick out what I think will be of interest to him. But there is no time to do that this morning: we are in Brussels to see the Exposition. Very well, then, let us start for it.

I am hurriedly introduced to His Excellency, Monsieur Stancioff, Bulgarian minister to Paris and Brussels, and to Madame Stancioff, who is a Frenchwoman; after which, away we spin in a motor-car to lunch at the Exposition.

We spent the whole afternoon at

the Exposition, patiently following the Tsar and his sons, Princes Boris and Cyril, whom I saw for the first time. Boris is a handsome young man — or, rather, a handsome youth, for he has still the slender figure of a child. He has magnificent eyes, dark skin — a decidedly southern type. Looking at him, one might guess that his mother was an Italian princess.

Our group made a long stop at the Canadian pavilion, a still longer one at the Brazilian pavilion. At the latter, the interest centres in a miniature model of the bay of Rio de Janeiro, done in painted wood and pasteboard, but of considerable size, which pleased the Tsar extremely. You see, he once visited Rio. He is never weary of recalling the peerless location of that 'jewel of the world'; he remembers the names of all the quarters of the city, of all the peaks which dominate it; and he amazed the director of the pavilion by the accuracy of his topographical recollections. It gives him obvious pleasure, like Napoleon's when he surprised his veterans by calling them by their familiar names.

The truth is, Ferdinand seems gifted with an extraordinary memory. He furnished new and striking proofs of this in the pavilion of the jewelers of rue de la Paix. Precious stones seem to have no secrets for him. He knows all the methods of cutting, every variety of pearl, all the details of the process of setting, as if he were a professional jeweler; and the surprise shown by all the experts, who vied with each other in laying before him their most beautiful pieces, reached its climax when he exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah, were I not a king, I should be a jeweler!'

His endurance is extraordinary. Despite the difficulty which walking, or even standing, causes him, he stopped long before each show-case and gave to each exhibitor the impression that,

were his time his own, he would stop even longer. How many times a day he flatters somebody's self-esteem! And how cleverly he puts in practice the maxims of La Rochefoucauld!

Tuesday, July 12. — I accompanied the Tsar to Antwerp. We traveled in the beautiful car which brought Ferdinand from Sofia to Paris. During the journey, His Majesty had me read to him, in the salon, articles from Belgian and German newspapers, interrupting me from time to time to point out, now the cathedral of Malines, rising from the heart of the old city, and again, the first fortresses of the intrenched camp at Antwerp, with which he seems to be very well acquainted.

We had hardly arrived, when we made a spurt for the zoölogical garden — literally a spurt, for Ferdinand recovers the agility of youth when it comes to visiting a zoo. We spent at least two hours with the animals. His Majesty is a terror for exact ethnological knowledge; he knows the Latin names of every species without looking at the signs, and never makes a mistake as to their habitat.

Before lunch we also cast a glance at the aquarium. After lunch (oh, the copious Belgian meals!) the monkeys entertained the Tsar and the princes for a long while; after which we started for the harbor, where we were to visit the Finland, a large ship of the Red Star Line. After the ship's officers had been presented, we went down into the hold. The Tsar entered the stoke-hole, and had the whole working mechanism explained, from the boilers to the shaft, along which we followed, bent double. Meanwhile, the boat had been tacking about in the Scheldt, so that Ferdinand might see all the machinery in motion.

Champagne was ready for the royal guests as they emerged from the depths; but they declined, for the afternoon

programme was hardly begun. In a downpour of warm rain we stepped quickly into the car. Opposite me was the director of maritime operations — an excellent Belgian, if ever there was one, but rather corpulent, dripping like a gutter in spring. He fumed about the damp heat in the steaming carriage, and asked me under his breath how his collar stood it. I encouraged him: it was wrinkled with a few dark furrows, but nothing much.

We drove along endless docks, then paid a hasty visit to the Hôtel de Ville and the Cathedral, where the beadle unveils for tourists Rubens's Descent from the Cross. There, too, Ferdinand appeared as a connoisseur, at least to a layman: he actually remembered the date of the famous canvas — 1612!

After Ferdinand had given a moment to his devotions, — for he is a very good Catholic, — we turned our steps toward the Bulgarian consulate, where a dozen Bulgarian students awaited their monarch. One of them made a fiery and very long speech in his own language, evidently liking to hear himself talk. The Tsar answered in the same language, with perfect ease, but without too much rhetoric. His voice is unquestionably of very fine quality. Then he raised his glass to the prosperity of Belgium, — as he could hardly help doing, for the consul, M. Strauss, and his wife are Belgians, — expressing the hope that every day more and more Bulgarian grain might be loaded on more and more Belgian ships at Varna, destined for Antwerp, for the greater prosperity of free Belgium and free Bulgaria.

After half-past eight I was told that I was to dine with the two young princes a quarter of an hour later. Here was a chance to observe them at close quarters and at leisure. They both seem diabolically intelligent, especially the elder. He was in great form this evening and poked fun pleasantly at the

Belgian notables whom we had met during the day. Their jovial rotundity, their slightly frayed good-humor, and their placid satisfaction with themselves and their works, had annoyed him. He called the poor stout lady who did the honors of the Bulgarian consulate at Antwerp, 'a stupid shrew.' I corrected him jokingly: 'Stupid, perhaps, monseigneur, but isn't she a bit more motherly than a Megæra?'

This bantering is not malicious, but it is too systematic, and ends by becoming rather provoking.

Toward the end of the meal the Tsar appeared. He was 'dead,' he said; had had no dinner as yet, for lack of time. He took from his pocket three hyper-technical pamphlets on dynamometer cars, and handed them to me to digest; that I might give their substance to the crown prince, who is as infatuated with mechanics as his father. Returning to my room, I ran through the seventy big pages of machines and figures in half an hour. One would have had to be very dull not to get out of the scrape and remember a few points. At any rate, I believe I caught on to the principle. The Tsar seems ready to admit that the École Normale has given me some light on every subject: he actually took it into his head to ask me, in a moment of hesitation, at the pavilion of mines, 'When was the Carboniferous Era?'

Taken unawares, I answered innocently, 'In the Secondary Era.' And he was polite enough to appear to bow to my learning — the chivalrous king!

Wednesday, July 13. — Ouf! We have been at the Exposition the whole day, spending at least two hours in the section of locomotives and railroads. Does this Ferdinand never tire? His legs look as if they could not carry him any longer; he leans on his walking-stick with both hands, while scrutinizing the connecting-rods and tubes, and yet he

shows no sign of giving out; he stood as if nailed to the floor in front of the Mercedes chassis, or the new third-class carriage of the Nord Belge line, which attracted his attention in passing. It was very amusing to watch the French and Belgian manufacturers of locomotive engines, who, although neighbors, were evidently jealous of each other. Each strove to keep the Tsar longest in his aisle. The Belgians, to whom he came first, warned him, in a friendly way, not to visit their French colleagues; because they were exhibiting 'nothing of interest.' Ferdinand was far too diplomatic not to disregard the warning. But what was sure to happen did happen: the Frenchman at once drew him aside, and told him in confidence that the Belgians were very poor engine-builders. Cail alone knows how to build locomotives worthy of the name. The most amusing part of the controversy is that Ferdinand makes no secret among his *entourage* of his preference for the Munich Maffeis, and that all the Bulgarian railroads have for years been supplied exclusively by Maffei!

When we got back to our hotel, I was done up. Yet after dinner Ferdinand asked me to read some more articles.

Thursday, July 14. — This mornir.g, early, we started out again. To-day's stunt is a visit to the Cockerill factories at Seraing. We get into a special train, duly furnished with a dynamometer car of the latest model. In this high-powered car the Tsar, his suite, the Belgian Minister of Railroads, and some of the railroad engineers make the whole trip, while Prince Boris travels on the engine itself. Everybody watches the speedometer with the closest attention. The engineer makes it a point of honor to carry his royal host at high speed; for one minute we attain 131 kilometres an hour, and the average is 120.

It was good to see the joy of these worthy Belgian engineers — they fairly bubbled over while explaining to the Tsar their inventions, which, by the way, are very fine. The Tsar, not content to listen religiously to the innumerable technical details which M. Doyen — how he perspires, poor man! — complacently gives him, brings out others, which prove the accuracy and extent of his knowledge of physics and dynamics.

No sooner had we reached Seraing than we were passed into the hands of the administrative council of the Cock-erill company. The inspection of the workshops was strangely captivating. All morning long and all the afternoon we watched the manifold operations of casting the steel, manufacturing cannon and armor-plates, the passage of the white-hot metallic blocks to the rolling-mill, and their drawing-out into rails, etc. Then we were taken to the neighboring firing-field, — a miniature one, — where a number of cannon-shots were fired in the presence of the Tsar. The pieces used for these experiments were two field-guns — not of ordinary size, but reduced to the proportions of large toys. They were, in fact, toys, for the administrative council offered them to the princes Boris and Cyril, whose names were engraved on the breech. Did Ferdinand come here with the idea of ordering cannon in the back of his mind? Or did the administrative council invite him, in order to suggest such an order?

However this may be, we were the guests at lunch and dinner of Baron and Baroness Greiner. Shortly after dinner we left by special train for Hasselt, where we are to spend the night in our respective sleeping-cars.

Friday, July 15. — We were called very early, and started in motor-cars for the aviation field, where we watched a series of very successful flights by the

Chevalier de Lamine, who was piloting a Farman biplane. The two princes and the Tsar went up in his plane, one after the other, and came back delighted with their first flight. Having sent a telegram to King Albert, the rough draft of which I wrote, to inform him of the 'never-to-be-forgotten sensation' experienced while flying over the woods of one of his fairest provinces, and after a few sly, sarcastic remarks about my illegible writing, Ferdinand got into the car, and we followed him. We alighted at the church of Hasselt and went in. To tell the truth, it was interesting more because of the faithful kneeling there than because of its architecture. The market was being held in the church square, and the good marketwomen were taking advantage of it to pay their brief devotions to the Virgin — with their poultry-baskets.

The Tsar made a tremendous *succès de curiosité* on leaving the church. The curiosity changed to a child-like sympathy when they saw him buy a kilogramme of cherries from a fat tradeswoman, who thought Ferdinand had made a mistake when he gave her a louis instead of the fifty centimes which she had asked for her wares. Like the perfect tourist, behold him going into the shop of the dealer in illustrated postcards, on the corner, to scribble two cards to his daughters in Bulgaria, princesses Eudoxie and Nadejda.

Distances do not exist in Belgium: at three o'clock we were back at our hotel in Brussels, and at half-past five we were already on our way to dine at the Exposition. We were to meet the Tsar at a German restaurant, the Kaiserhof, a branch of the Berlin homonym. The dinner was exceedingly well appointed, and I must admit that it was appetizing as well. Indeed, a certain soufflé extorted from the Tsar, who is terribly fastidious in culinary matters, such praise that he even sent for the

manager, to compliment him. The latter, who was big and stout, — a true type, — concealed his joy beneath servile gestures and much stammering. I am still laughing at him.

The Tsar was in a charming humor and kept up his end of the conversation. He spoke of the history of Flanders, of the future of aviation, and especially of the little old networks of Rhenish railroads. One learns a great deal by listening to Ferdinand, but he is obviously conscious of his knowledge. After all it is a naïve and harmless form of vanity. At all events, it is most agreeable for a listener who is anxious to learn.

Saturday, July 16. — There was a lot of work to be done to-day: reading newspapers, taking down letters and telegrams during the morning. Summoned to the Tsar's cabinet to draft a Latin telegram to some prelate or other, I seated myself to write, as a matter of course, without having first been invited to do so. The Tsar amiably called me to order, assuring me that M. Fallières,¹ plebeian though he was, would not overlook such a thing. However, His Majesty was apparently not angry with me for my failure in etiquette, as he shortly afterwards presented me with a scarf-pin. Between times I had carried a small souvenir in a jewel-box to the manager of the Kaiserhof, who almost prostrated himself when he thanked me, breaking his back with reverences, and informing me, in the purest Berlinese, of his purpose always to keep up-to-date on the progress of the science to which he had devoted himself.

Dined to-night with the princes. Their idea of politeness differs from mine: being probably well aware that I know absolutely no Bulgarian, they talked nothing but Bulgarian during the

whole meal, to Weich, an Austrian of the suite, when they might easily have spoken French or German. Their father would have acted differently.

I understand there's going to be a big job this evening, because of the great number of decorations granted by His Majesty. It seems that a much greater number had been applied for, judging from a remark of the Tsar's, which I overheard from the next room: 'What the devil do they expect? I'm not a dealer in decorations.' Even the manager of the Kaiserhof was one of the aspirants, considering, probably, that a good soufflé is well worth a paltry ribbon; but Ferdinand was unyielding: instead of the decoration, he made him a present of the bauble which I had taken to him in the morning. The poor German! What a tragedy it must have been to him!

Sunday, July 17. — I spent a very hectic Sunday morning. At five minutes of ten I happened to knock at the door of Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, the Tsar's aide-de-camp, and found him finishing packing a trunk, which was to be taken downstairs at that moment. Now nobody had said a word to me of our actual departure; I had simply been told to be 'ready' about ten o'clock. I made a dash for my room, and threw everything into my trunk and suitcases helterskelter. But I was ready in time.

We lunched in the train, and arrived about one at Bruges, where a delegation from the municipality and the consular corps was waiting for the Tsar, silk hats in hand. We inspected the town in a devil of a hurry, half the time on foot and half in motor-cars. We omitted nothing of the classic round, neither the Museum with its marvelous laces, nor the Lac d'Amour, nor the Memlings of the Saint-Jean Hospital, nor the tomb of Charles the Bold. All this did not prevent our being at the station at six

¹ Then President of the French Republic. —
THE EDITORS.

o'clock, where the train which was to take us to Lille and Paris that same evening was awaiting us. I was to have a few days' leave of absence, while Ferdinand and his sons were the guests of M. Schneider at the Château de la Verrerie.

VIENNA, *Wednesday, July 27.* — I traveled alone from Paris to Vienna. Ferdinand had excused me from turning aside with him to Coburg, where he went with his sons to celebrate some anniversary or other. M. de Bourboulon had warned me of Ferdinand's cult for anniversaries. Every day he turns over the records of his own life and of those of his parents and kindred. There is not a day in the year when something sad or merry has not happened — birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, accession to the throne, a fine shot, extreme unction — to some one of his kin. And he remembers the said event on the said day; he arranges his trips carefully, so as to be in a given place at a given hour. In short, Ferdinand is both superstitious and sentimental, and to such a degree that he doesn't like to part with flowers which he has picked or which have been given him. He likes to take his bouquets with him on his journeys, until they are reduced to dust; and even then I am not sure that he does n't preserve their ashes in a priceless urn. All honor to this noble hobby! The people do not suffer by it.

Thursday, July 28. — The Tsar, who arrived this morning, alighted at the Coburg Palace, on the Seilerstätte, only a few steps from our hotel, Zur Ungarischen Krone. Good-bye to liberty! I went through my newspapers conscientiously, in case the 'master' should send for me.

Friday, July 29. — Of course! There is an exposition here, too, and we have

naturally spent most of the day there. Ferdinand must have made a wager to live and die in expositions, universal or special! Or can it be that there is politics in it, and that Ferdinand intends this show of interest in the ornithology of the provinces lately annexed to Austria, as a courteous recognition of the *fait accompli* and as a bid for the good graces of the Ballplatz? I have no idea. At all events, Ferdinand had that same morning paid a visit to the Hofburg. The interview between the two monarchs lasted about a quarter of an hour. We may be sure that it was 'very cordial'!

Saturday, July 30. — I have discovered a new quality in Ferdinand: he is the best of teachers for his sons. He knows how to interest without over-tiring them. He instructs them almost without their knowing it. It surely will not be his fault if they grow up dunces, for he takes infinite pains to explain everything he shows them. Moreover, the princes are just as good pupils as their father is a teacher.

We leave this evening for the Château of Alesuth, not far from Budapest, where the Tsar is to pay a visit to his sister, the Archduchess Clotilde.

Sunday, July 31. — I woke in my sleeping-car, I don't know where, opposite a pretty railway station. It was surrounded by acacias and flowers, near a road covered with a foot of brown dust, which is raised in soft clouds by the picturesque ox-carts.

We had a most agreeable drive to the château of Alesuth, for it was very early, and the sun was not yet too high to annoy us. I gazed in admiration upon the beautiful heads and magnificent calves (inherited from generations of footmen) of the old Hungarian servants, all bespangled with medals, who took us to our rooms. The suite was

introduced to the three archduchesses — Archduchess Clotilde, her daughter, the Duchess of Orléans, and Archduchess Elisabeth. All three have very much the air of 'ladies of quality,' especially the first two, who, though rather stout, charm one by their distinguished carriage and their aristocratic manners. Then the whole château went in procession to the chapel, where we occupied the gallery, while the village people and the servants sat in the nave. There was something patriarchal about the simple and touching service.

We were a small party at table: the 'Coburg' family (three ladies and three gentlemen), Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, Privy Councilor Fleischmann, His Majesty's former governor, and myself. The conversation was unconstrained and constant. Ferdinand expressed his joy at 'finally having a holiday, far from that horrible Sofia,' and related some of his impressions of Paris. And then, if they did not take into their heads to talk literature and — *Chantecler!* The archduchess asked me what I thought of that so-called masterpiece, evidently expecting to receive from me a reply reverentially flattering to Rostand. The qualifications which I ventured timidly to offer, and which she probably regarded as nothing more than a schoolboy's foolish whim, seemed to displease her, and she passed to another subject.

Ferdinand spent part of the afternoon catching butterflies out in the park and instructing the princes as to the most scientific way of swinging the net and grasping the prisoner between the forefinger and the thumb, without crushing it and without letting it escape from its gauze prison. He seems to be as incorrigible an entomologist as he proved himself to be a wild ornithologist at the hunting exposition, and an indefatigable mechanician at Brussels. Are there many monarchs in Europe

who have so many strings to their encyclopædic bow?

PLESZO, *Tuesday, August 2.* — The Tsar left Monday morning for his estates in Northern Hungary. He is to make the whole trip in a motor-car, Weich at the wheel. Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff and I left very prosaically by train.

Wednesday, August 3. — The Tsar, hearing that Tatra is *terra ignota* to me, gave me leave of absence for to-day, and advised me strongly to visit Tatra-Füred and vicinity. He offered to have me taken in a motor-car to Poprad; from there I am to take the electric trams to Tatra-Füred, then the funicular as far as Taraj-Karol. He even told me what path I must take, and advised me to examine carefully the flora of the valleys through which I pass going up the mountain, because of its striking analogy to the flora of the Urals and the Altai.

I did as I was told. I had no reason to repent following the Tsar's itinerary in every respect, as it was all very beautiful.

Thursday, August 4. — Now comes the rain. Nevertheless we started for mountain-hunting about one o'clock and were not to be back until seven this evening. Once more I admired Ferdinand's endurance; he has the most mountaineerish pace I ever imagined. He climbs like a young man, tramps for hours, on the alert for game in grass and underbrush, and all in a pouring rain. Two battues had been arranged, the only result of which was the passing from life to death of a single kid, killed by the *Forstmeister*.

Life here is decidedly charming. The meals for us four (Ferdinand, Stoyanoff, Weich, and I) are, among other things, a genuine pleasure. The Tsar is

always simple and fatherly, always talkative, always instructive, even when he criticizes the menu or praises the vegetables served.

Talking of menus, the duty falls to me of writing them in French on white cards *ad hoc*, which is not always an easy matter, for the cook is a Hungarian, who jabbbers only a little German, and my translations are at times inaccurate. Ferdinand never fails to notice it, and lectures me amicably. He must think me an ignoramus!

Friday, August 5. — The Tsar did not return from his morning motor-drive till past three o'clock, and scolded the colonel because we waited lunch for him. As we sat down, he told us that he had watched and followed a certain butterfly more than an hour without catching it. On the other hand, he was particularly pleased with his grass and flower harvest, which he examined more closely after coffee.

Saturday, August 6. — Rain again, after a terrible storm in the night. His Majesty goes nevertheless by automobile to Murany! It is from this estate, which he inherited from his father's mother, and of which he is very fond, that Ferdinand borrows the name of Comte de Murany, which he assumes when traveling incognito.

SOFIA, Monday, August 8. — This morning I awoke in Serbia. There are different inscriptions on the freight cars standing at the stations. Cornfields seem to be everywhere. The costumes of the peasantwomen whom we see from the windows are no longer the same.

The journey from Nisch to Sofia — particularly the defiles of the Nischawa immediately after leaving Nisch — is continuously interesting. No more trees on the mountains — or, rather, in the guise of trees, stakes of different sizes,

surrounded by a thin sheath of leaves; and underneath, the bare and rutted ground. The Tsar gave me the explanation of this phenomenon: for lack of sufficient pasturage, the cattle are fed to a great extent with young green foliage. Does not that remind one of Virgil? The Tsar also showed me through the window some of the black Serbian pigs which are the periodical cause of a tariff-war between Serbia and Hungary.

We arrived on Bulgarian soil and changed the hour. What wretched things these frontier stations are — Serbian and Bulgarian alike!

My first impression of Sofia was of a large village with low buildings, overlooked in the background by the Vitosch, with its one patch of snow. Only the streets around the palace are paved, but they are very well paved, or, rather, tiled, for hard, yellowish tiles have been used, welded together with asbestos. The palace, the old Turkish *konak*, which has been renovated and enlarged, is surrounded by shady, well-kept gardens. The Tsar and his aide-de-camp soon left to join their respective wives at Tsarsko-Bistritza, a favorite summer resort of the people of Sofia, sheltered behind a spur of the Rhodopes.

Tuesday, August 9. — This morning I had an opportunity to see more of the capital. I was delighted with the old city, particularly with the market quarter, which has decidedly a 'local color.' It was not the principal market-day — that does not come till Friday; nevertheless, there was no lack of animation. Little girls with coarse bags in their hands were seriously making their purchases, haggling about the prices, receiving a few onions into the bargain from the gallant vegetable-dealer who sits with great dignity behind a whole mountain of paprikas and other vegetables which to a Frenchman are quite exotic. Bulgarian peasants passed, with

queer pipes in their mouths, and simple sandals fastened around the foot with a thong, more frequently with pieces of string which are wound around the calf in spiral twists, encircling the lower part of the unbleached woolen trousers. Boys passed, carrying in each hand dirty sheeps'-heads, boiled or not; in any case covered with flies; butchers' stalls in keeping with the rest; Jewish names on the shop-fronts, which look very Jewish; a few drinkers of Turkish coffee on the steps of the cafés; small shops where tobacco and stamps are sold; the guttural cry of a little news-boy; on all sides wretched chromos of the royal head; such were the most striking things which caught my attention on my morning walk through the dirtiest streets which I could find. I must say that there are not many of them.

This afternoon I made the acquaintance of the French minister at Sofia, M. Paleologue. The hour I spent with him was instructive from every point of view, for I had no trouble in starting him on the subject of Renan and the Tsar. He is said to be a probable candidate for the Academy.

Friday, August 12. — Even at Sofia I acquire new habits. In the morning, between eight and ten o'clock, there is a walk in the city and suburbs, a walk in which I am always rewarded, either by a stealthy glance at the barrack-rooms of the first regiment of the guard; or by the peculiar charm of a well with worm-eaten timbers, mortised together in something the shape of a gallows, worked by an old woman; or by the sight of two buffalos yoked together, dragging a ground-roller of the size of a child's toy, to smoothe down the convexity, more frequently concave, of the Bulgarian roads; or by passing Macedonian refugees in their picturesque, neatly colored costumes, who have fled from Turkish oppression, and,

seated side by side on the edge of the sunny sidewalk, wait, with a fatalism truly oriental, for the authorities to find a shelter for them in a schoolhouse or barracks.

I lunch generally with the aide-camp on duty, sometimes with Draganoff, the marshal of the court, whom the Tsar calls 'monsieur le marquis' when he and I are alone, and the Tsar recalls his plump, undignified legs encased in silk stockings, with his fat calves bursting the seams, and makes fun of his plebeian wrists and hands so prodigally decked with lace.

In the afternoon, I glance through the different papers and periodicals for which His Majesty subscribes — the *Figaro* and the *Temps*, the *Opinion*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Zeit*, the *Pesther Lloyd*, the *Bukarester Tageblatt*, the *Turquie*, *Stamboul*, and still others. Sometimes His Majesty sends for me. Then I read the long pink telegrams addressed to him by his Macedonian agents, which at least give concrete cases of Turkish atrocities and do not stop at vague generalities, as is the habit of the European press. They are genuine gardens of martyrs. Ferdinand listens solemnly, with an almost tragic expression. He makes no comments, but one is conscious of an earnest determination on his part to put an end to this state of affairs, cost what it may; to redeem his Macedonian 'brothers' as soon as he can — or dares. He sits behind his large work-table, surrounded by photographs of all those of whom he has been fond: the Duc d'Alençon, whose earthly remains he recently followed to the crypt in the Chapelle d'Orléans at Dreux, the Duc d'Aumale — and first of all, the Princess Clementine, his mother. 'How near all that seems and yet how far away it is!' he says in a moment of unconstraint, gazing at his 'dear departed.'

I mentioned the rumors in the Viennese press, notably in the *Neue Freie Presse*, in regard to his supposed deafness, and to an operation which he will soon have to undergo. It seems, indeed, that his intimates advise him to consult foreign surgeons, that is to say, of course, some Viennese. Is it not strange that fables should spring up thus, without the slightest basis of truth? For I vouch for it that Ferdinand's hearing is very acute — sometimes, indeed, too much so.

Now and again I dine with His Majesty. At such times he generally asks me to talk English with him. He seems delighted to reaccustom his ear to the Anglo-Saxon tones which were familiar to him when, as a child, he visited his grandmother, Queen Amélie, on the banks of the Thames. After dinner I read the French papers to him, full of the exploits of our aviators at the *Circuit de l'Est*. The Tsar overflows with admiration. He would like to hear me read French more frequently, but where find the time for it? He sends me away about midnight, while he himself sits up still later to sign a lot of documents.

SYTNIKOWO, *Saturday, August 13*. — Last evening, about ten o'clock, we left Sofia in a motor-car for the royal estate of Sytniakowo in the Rhodopes, whither the Tsar transports his household gods for a few days. We arrived at half-past twelve, having admired in the obscurity the gorges of the Iskr, and having stopped half an hour on the road because of a break-down. The royal villa is very prettily situated, and still more prettily arranged. There is no view — the Tsar does not insist upon it as indispensable; but there are fir trees all around a central open space, on the shoulder of a mountain. This shoulder slopes gently up behind the villa and its dependencies. In the be-

ginning there was only the tree-trunk on which the Tsar, then a prince, used to sit while hunting the heath-cock; then a modest shelter was built; then a small pavilion; then one wing; then another; then the offices; the *châlet*, post-office and telegraph station, stables, garages, and an excellent road leading to them. Such are the different stages which have made Sytniakowo a really princely residence.

We take our meals with the Tsar and the two princes, in the charming dining-room of one of the lateral pavilions. It is exquisitely simple; the wainscoting and ceiling sheathed throughout with Macedonian pine, of the rich light-yellow hue which makes it so cheerful and attractive to the eye, and with round dark knots scattered irregularly through it. The clock of hammered copper, set deep in the beautiful panels, has a supremely artistic effect.

Sunday, August 14. — I lunched with the Tsar and his four children (I had not yet seen the princesses, two pretty little girls), and their two governesses. One of them, a stout Bavarian baroness, speaks English well.

On an excursion Ferdinand is a model father. It is he who chooses an appropriate spot for unpacking and eating the 'provender,' brought on the back of two mules; it is he, again, who shows the little princesses the most interesting points of view, and the places where they can find the loveliest digitalis.

I had a free evening, for Ferdinand invited his ministers to dine, and fortunately he does not need me when he is in the midst of 'his' Bulgarians.

Monday, August 15. — A grand excursion on horseback to the summit of Musalla, the highest peak of the Balkans. All the ministers joined the party. It was very cold, but the weather was fine and the view splendid. The Rilo

is not far away, and one divines the presence of its historic monastery behind a peak; farther on, the Perim Dagh ravined with snow; all the Macedonian mountains; the sources of the Maritza, the Iskr, and the Bistritza; the more distant valley of the Vardar; a part of the Bulgarian plateau; the Vitosch, half covered with mist, as always; at our feet, chasms into which the princes amuse themselves by throwing chunks of stone — all this forms a striking panorama, unknown to tourists.

I had the impression — was it only my imagination? — that Ferdinand and his ministers kept their eyes and attention almost always on Macedonia and the Ægean Sea. Must we conclude that Ferdinand wanted to show his sons and his ministers the regions which were destined some day to fall to the Bulgarian crown?

At four o'clock we returned to the cabin which, on going up, we left in the bottom of the wild valley, near three gloomy black lakes. We did not start again till two hours later, not without having luncheon, and being present at a very curious scene: the ministers had in fact chosen this spot to offer to the Tsar — inclosed in a magnificent case of hammered silver, which was itself contained in a box of beautiful rosewood, and it again in a leather case — the late Tirnovo declaration of independence, beautifully engrossed on parchment, signed by all the ministers, and adorned by all their seals. A short formal address by Premier Malinoff, to which the Tsar replied with equal brevity and simplicity, was followed by hurrahs from the ministers, taken up by the few soldiers of the suite, and repeated most impressively by a grave and powerful echo, in which my wide-awake imagination discerned I know not what mythological, Orphic sonorousness. The scene was really stirring, not because it took place on

the border of ancient Hellas, but because it seemed so natural, so spontaneous. Imagine, too, the framework, which helped to magnify it, to imbue it with majesty — a circle of high rocky mountains, immersed in shadow, while one side is still aglow with sunshine; a green carpet of turf studded with strange rocks; at one side, a poor hut; twenty paces farther on, a fire of dead branches where meat is being roasted, and around which Bulgarian mountaineers are crouching; and finally, above us, a greenish sky across which great white ghosts are galloping.

This unexpected episode ended in a no less striking manner: the Tsar chose for himself a large flat rock, amid the pasture-land, called for pen and ink, and on his knees, facing the Musalla, facing Macedonia, in a solemn, quasi-hieratic attitude, slowly appended his signature to the parchment.

The democratic and simple, yet intensely patriotic character of this ceremony was altogether noteworthy. The ministers seem to be worthy fellows, slightly rustic, whose tact and refinement are surprising. They were very good-humored all the way, and I lost many a good and bad joke because of not knowing Bulgarian. I talked at length with Malinoff, Minister of Public Works, who speaks French very well, and with Madame Petroff Tchomakoff, lady-in-waiting. The latter at once attracted by her amiable, intelligent face. She has a facility of conversation and literary knowledge of which I had no suspicion. Learning that I am Anglo-ophile, she passed in review, one after another, not without a touch of pedantry, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and was not afraid to tackle Oscar Wilde.

We were still drinking champagne in the heart of our rock-bound circle, henceforth historic, when the sun set. We made haste to start for home, first

on foot, then on horseback, but it was quite dark.

How this long valley of the Bistritza, through which we are passing, has changed since this morning! There are, first, the twilight effects; then the moon rises and casts a silvery light on the bare slopes towering above us. At last, just before we reached the dense forest surrounding the royal châlet, we plunge, still on horseback, into inconceivably black darkness.

It is impossible to imagine a more picturesque and romantic close of a day. It was nine o'clock: we had spent twelve hours in the open air.

After dinner a long session writing telegrams was in store for me. The Tsar, himself tired out, courteously apologized for making me work so hard at such an unseasonable moment. Yesterday was the anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the throne, which explains the large number of telegrams of thanks which I had to write.

At midnight we learned of the burning of the Brussels Exposition, which seemed to make a great impression on the Tsar.

Tuesday, August 16. — I had very little work to do. But the royal hearing kept me busy again for a few moments. The *Temps* took upon itself to repeat

the information given by the *Neue Freie Presse* about the Tsar's operation, and about the surgeons of the good city of Vienna who were to perform it in preference to all others. Naturally I hastened to submit this number of the *Temps* to Ferdinand, who was much alarmed. He fears that his French friends will believe this news, and at once asked me to contradict it. I immediately wrote and despatched three telegrams, one to the Comte de Bourboulon, the second to Hebrard, and the third to my comrade Comert, the correspondent of the *Temps* at Vienna. It seems that the lie was started by some chuckle-headed republican of the extreme Bulgarian Left. The Tsar says that this is typical of the performances to which certain low journalists of Sofia resort, in order to bring him into discredit with his people. He assures me that his enemies actually go so far as to hire spies among the servants of the palace, in order to know the color of his shirts!

At four o'clock I am informed that our luggage will start for Sofia at half-past four, and that we shall soon follow. That means quick packing. As a matter of fact we follow it at some distance, for our departure from Sytniakowo is postponed till eleven o'clock in the evening. We shall hardly arrive at Sofia before half-past one in the morning.

(*To be concluded*)

THE RETURN OF THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

[Readers of the Atlantic will recall the two series of Mrs. Stewart's letters: 'Letters of a Woman Homesteader,' published in 1913 (October, November, and December) and 1914 (January, February, and April), and 'Letters on an Elk-Hunt' (February to June, 1915). Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have been developing their homestead and raising an abundant family. The present letters were written to a friend in the South, and since the characters who figure in them are familiar and intimate acquaintances of the Atlantic, there is no need to introduce them individually. The chance reader can readily guess their identity. — THE EDITORS.]

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, October 26

MY DEAR FRIENDS, —

I have neglected you for so long that I do not expect either of you to recognize me again. Still, when I sent you the note, I promised to tell you of my adventures in bond-selling. I thought I had done pretty well, and was planning to send in my final report a whole week before the drive was over. I was filling in the blanks when a heavy tread and a well-known voice announced Mrs. Louderer.

To you I can confess that my feelings were a little mixed, because I have not been quite certain how she felt about the war. Somehow, our old careless ways have slipped from us, and every day is so full of pressing work that we no longer have those good house-to-house visits that once were such joys.

But my dear Mrs. Louderer came in with her great knitting-bag, from which she took some candy for the little boys. 'You have not been to see me, so I have come,' she calmly announced as she seated herself and began to 'toe off' a khaki sock!

I never supposed a sock could produce thrills of relief, but that one did.

But I was ashamed to tell the truth, or may be I feared to hurt her. Anyway, I plunged into telling about my efforts to sell bonds.

Mrs. Louderer is never very talkative, and so I rattled on, immensely pleased with myself, until she remarked, 'If all made so poor do as you, then Wyoming will not go over the top. For why does the government ask for money? Because it is needed. For who is it needed? For those who leave their homes, give their time, their money, their very life; and yet you think you do well when you have hardly begun. Have you seen Lund? Have you spoken to Herman? No! that would mean some work; that would take your time from monkeying with your own little jobs. Yah!' She finished so scornfully that I was perfectly dumfounded. Before I could say a word, she began to tell me how to make rye-bread, 'so as you can eat.' Indignation flared up, but her words had struck my self-conceit such a blow, that I could think of nothing to say.

Then Clyde came in, and they began a discussion about cattle, and I was glad to slip away to prepare supper and try to collect my scattered thoughts and

a little self-respect. But what she said was true, and it was a humbled woman who presently called them to supper. 'The gude mon' and Mrs. Louderer did indeed 'talk of many things,' but beef and the Kaiser had a greater place in their discussion than 'cabbages and kings.'

Mrs. Louderer left me to do up the kitchen work, while she and Clyde went out to look at some mule colts that are a new addition to our ranch. I was glad she did so, for never before was the giftie gie me to see myself as others see me. I did n't like the picture at all, and I am afraid that conversation would have been a little difficult.

While I was busy putting the little Highlanders to bed, she came in and told them a story. When the boys were asleep, she said, —

'To-morrow we will go after Lund and some more, and make them dig up the price required to teach some of their brothers and odder kin the folly of being *anything* but Americans.'

'I can't go so far from home,' I told her. 'I've set sponge to try out your rye-bread recipe, and the children are so troublesome on a long trip as that will be.'

'Now you see?' she interrupted me; 'you can't let go your own affairs. But you are going. Already have I said so to Clyde, and to-morrow we will hitch Chub and Kronprinz to the little wagon. We will be gone some days, may be, so you can get ready for that.'

That night Clyde told me that he would take care of my work, and that he really thought I should go. 'And,' he added, 'have the very pleasantest time you can, for I know what she said to you.'

So it was with a perfectly clear conscience that I seated myself beside Mrs. Louderer next morning, and left undone many waiting tasks. Many times I wished for you. The blue-and-

gold charm of October Wyoming would have charmed you. It did me the first time I saw it, and I have remained under its spell ever since. I wish I had words to paint it for you, but you will have to picture the lonely buttes, with the shifting lights of blue, gold, and rose; the suggestive reach of the desert; and perhaps the next turn of the road would present the crags and cliffs of the hog-back. Back of that, the forest reserve, and back of that again, the shining snow-peaks.

The air seemed golden, and everywhere the quaking aspens had been touched by Midas.

I could not talk while such beauty lay spread before me. Mrs. Louderer thought I was sulking. 'You should not pout because I said to you as I did. You do not know, as I do, what will happen if we should lose.'

'I am just enjoying the beauty,' I told her.

'That is well,' she replied. 'Folks in Belgium will not see much beauty in the ruins that are left. If heaven itself had been in Belgium, it would have been bombed and gassed. St. Peter was not German, and he would have been gassed or worst. I have no time to look at yellow trees and blue mountains. I have in me only a wish to see green bills.'

She gave Kronprinz such a spiteful cut with her switch, that he sprang forward and almost spilled us both.

'Why do you call you horse the name you do?' I asked.

'Because he should be killed almost, he is so hateful; only I would be glad if only I had by me the Kronprinz, so as I could beat his back as it should.'

So she urged the horses on, our wagon jolting and creaking protestingly. She seemed unable to win me away from my pleasant contemplations, and I was just as unable to keep her from her unpleasant ones.

We were miles from home when we

saw a figure some distance ahead of us in the road. It was Herman. He was trudging along on his way to a sheep-camp where he was to work. After a pleasant exchange of greetings, he produced his pipe.

'Herman,' began Mrs. Louderer, 'you have no one dependent upon you and you have wasted all your life —'

Herman interrupted her with something in German.

'I will not so speak. I will say my words only in United States, if you please,' she informed him with severe dignity.

I could n't keep up with them for the next few minutes. They both talked at once, and talked in German and United States, though each denied the German.

Mrs. Louderer won out, for when Herman stopped for breath, she kept on. 'We have come that you should buy bonds. We were going to Lund's to see you there, and here you meet us on the road and insult us, so,' she finished indignantly.

Herman calmly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, lighted it, took a few puffs, then very deliberately said, 'I will buy no bonds. I have no money.'

Then war *did* prevail.

'Loafer, Schweinehund, for why do you live? What haf you done with the seven hundred dollar which I paid you six year ago? Why shall young men go fight, die, to protect you and your old pipe, while you wander the road by insulting me?'

Herman contemplated the distant skyline. Presently he took his pipe from his mouth, and gravely remarked, 'Louderer, you make too much noise wit' your mouth. The money what you paid me I put with four hundert more. With it I bought the Symes sheep when he enlisted. It's few they is, yet a living they will be for Callie Archer while her two boys, Joe and Eddie, herds them. Besides the money what you ask so

much about, I had yet twenty-three hundert dollars; with that I bought bonds by all the drives. I have yet by me the receipts. See?' He took a small book from his pocket and showed us the receipts.

Mrs. Louderer again belabored Kronprinz, and we drove on. I looked back. Herman was trudging on. I wanted to giggle, but did n't dare. Soon we came in sight of Lund's. The small valley in which they live seemed a blaze of gold. The road here is a dug-way and hugs the red crags of the hog-back. Along the top gray-green cedars cling, distorted by years of buffeting wind. Far below us was the low cabin of logs, the sheep-pens and outbuildings of the ranch.

The dug-way was a perilous road, and we crept down slowly; but at last we drew up at the cabin. Mrs. Lund was washing, but she came out and welcomed us cordially, her bright blue eyes beaming and her tanned, weatherbeaten face all smiles.

'For twenty years I have lived by this ranch, Frau Louderer, and now is it the first time you have come by me. Lund is gone with sheep to market. If only he was here! Before this war always Carl went off with the sheep; but he has gone. In training he is, at Camp Lewis, so Lund goes by the sheep.'

All the while she was busy spreading the table, and her little daughters were hanging up the clothes on the line outside. For dinner we had mutton and 'war-bread,' which Mrs. Lund declared was enough to make anyone want to fight if they ate it. We had delicious cheese, and pickles made of young squash. Mrs. Lund told us about her boy in training. 'I am calling him Charlie now, Carl is too German,' she told us. 'Why do you suppose Germans in the Fatherland is so bad? Why so butchers do you think, Louderer?'

'It is because they have been lied to and deceived.'

'Then they are fools. Why do they not come to Wyoming once and see how is?'

So the talk went on. Mrs. Louderer told of the Red Cross needs, the Y.M.C.A., and the Liberty loans.

'We have come to let you buy some bonds once. For the kinder it will be good. By them they can prove they are not Germans. Five children you have. We will sell you a bond for each.'

'Oh, oh! how can I?' wailed Mrs. Lund. 'Lund always does the business; he it is that pays all the bills; I *never* did it. He is gone by the sheep to Omaha. Yesterday he started, and if he was here I could not ask him for so much, because I made him promise to put two whole sheep on my head, four are to go on my back, and some on each of the children.'

'But,' Mrs. Louderer interrupted, 'these are war-times. Why choose now to spend sheep-money?'

'Twenty-five years it is since Lund and I get married. I had a new hat then; since then I have had none. All these years I have worked and saved. We both thought it foolish to spend money, but now Ca—Charlie is a man and Bertha a woman, and I want that they shall not be ashamed of me, so I told Lund to buy me a fine hat and some other things to go with it.'

'I suppose you will wear it to the funeral of the boys who are sent home in their wooden overcoats,' remarked Mrs. Louderer.

I remembered my own recent lashing and escaped with Bertha. She is to be married when Gideon Prescott comes home. She showed me her 'trousseau.' It consists of six big puffy pillows, a lot of wool-filled quilts, some bright, home-made rugs, and a box of dishes.

In a lull in our conversation, we heard Mrs. Louderer ask, 'Who signs Lund's checks? He cannot write, I know.'

'Me, I do,' Mrs. Lund replied, promptly and proudly.

Presently I went back to the kitchen. Mrs. Lund was writing a check. 'This a wedding present will be for Bertha. She is to marry an American soon yet.'

'That is as is right. An American girl *should* marry an American,' Mrs. Louderer agreed. She was *very* pleasant and exerted herself to show it. She held four checks in her hand.

'Now,' she smiled at Mrs. Lund, 'you see how it is to be an American wife. You can help your country when you *want* to. You are free to write a check when the time is.'

'That is not new,' Mrs. Lund protested; 'already we are naturalized, long since, and I always wrote Lund's checks.'

'As he said, yes,' Mrs. Louderer said, as she gathered her belongings; 'but to-day you have wrote them as is best for all, and Lund will put the sheep on your head yet. I am glad. I hope your hat has the finest plume and the largest roses that can be had in Omaha.'

After the most pleasant of farewells, we again set forth. This time we did n't try the dug-way: we kept down the valley. We had many gates to open, but Mrs. Louderer said that was my job. I did n't mind. No one could mind opening gates when each gate led from one enchanted spot into another.

'Now you see what an injustice would be done the Lunds if so we had not gone there. Fife hundert dollars it is, and for the first time in her life she is free. Never before did she spend a dollar without Lund says so.'

'Mr. Lund may have bought bonds in town,' I reminded her.

'Well, and if he has! What then? She has bought bonds on the ranch, and they have money enough yet, even with sheeps on the head and back and on the children. There is few, very few Germans on any poor farm. Germans

hate failure same as we do the Kaiser.'

Again she pounded the Kronprinz, and again we slowly mounted to the ridge-road.

I must stop this letter but I cannot send it until I write you of our last stopping-place in this drive. I will do that to-morrow.

E. R. S.

It was quite late, almost dark, when we got to the Bird ranch that night. Our horses were very tired, and I was glad enough to stop. The Birds are French and Indian. Their large, comfortable log-house is beautifully situated up against a granite bluff, in a bend of Green River. Great pines form a splendid wind-break on the north, and add greatly to the beauty of the place. The river flows southward here, and through its granite cañons glimpses of forests and snow-peaks can be had.

It is a very beautiful spot, yet to me it seemed a tragic one. I don't know why, unless it was the constant low murmur of the river or the sighing of the pines. We were warmly welcomed. Mr. Bird is one of the most courteous of men, and Mrs. Bird made us feel that our welcome was genuine. They have a large family of grown children, most of them married and gone, and two sons in France. Some of the children were visiting their parents, and all was a pleasant bustle in the kitchen, where we were seated by the fire, for the gathering shadows had been chill.

In the large room adjoining, Mr. Bird and the 'baby-boy,' a handsome, dark-eyed youth, were taking the ashes from a huge fireplace and preparing a fire for our enjoyment after supper. There are not many fireplaces in Wyoming, and the prospect of an open fire made me very happy.

Supper was served on a long table, and every face around was glad.

While we were still at the table, the

dogs outside set up a terrible barking and a horseman rode up to the door. Mr. Bird went out, and there followed a subdued conversation.

'I will stay with you to-night, if you want, Jacques. Others are coming to-morrow,' we heard the newcomer say.

'Oui, oui — I want you, yes. Put up your horse and come in. I'm — all undone, friend.'

The face that had left the table with a happy smile was haggard and drawn. Mrs. Bird asked something in French. Mr. Bird leaned heavily on his chair. Never was a face more eloquent of sorrow.

'It is Lonnie, Marda. Our Lonnie is dead in France — killed in action.'

I can never forget that scene. There was no outcry. I could hear the pines grieving, the river murmuring its sorrow. One by one the family slipped away. The man who brought the news came in. I laid him a plate. Mrs. Louderer brought a cup of coffee. The lamp sputtered a little, and I could hear the newly made fire crackling, but there was no talking, no weeping.

Presently someone crept into the sitting-room, and in passing the door I saw it was Mrs. Bird, sitting, bowed and stricken, before the fire. Two of the girls came in and assisted us with the dishes. They moved about quietly, and only their big black eyes told of sorrow. After a while another daughter told us that we were to sleep in the little bedroom off the sitting-room.

Mr. Bird and the man who brought the news were outside, talking in low tones. Sometimes we caught a word.

'Yes, the postmistress at Burnt Fork saw the name in to-night's casualty list. She 'phoned to me at Manila, and I came at once, only stopping at Linwood for your mail, and the telegram from the War Department was there for you. There is no mistake, Jacques. I wish there was. Lonnie is gone.'

'It is hard, hard,' the father said; 'more bitter because both his mother and me opposed his going. He enlisted against our wishes, and we did n't get to say good-bye. We had only one letter, and have not answered it, so he will never know how proud we were of him. And — we'll never see the reckless boy again. He could find no horse too wild to ride. He would ride into Green River when it was out of its bank in flood-time. Oh! —'

I heard no more of their talk, and soon Mrs. Louderer and I retired to our bed. There was no door to close between the sitting-room and ourselves. There had been a curtain; the rod was still up, but it had been taken down in house-cleaning and not put back. We heard the others going to bed. The neighbor and Baby-boy were to share the same bed, but the boy rode away in the velvety night, and we heard the man when he turned in.

I could not sleep. Mr. Bird came in with some wood for the fire. From where I lay I could see the two sitting silently by the fire. A clock struck twelve. Mrs. Bird went outside. We heard her step off the porch. Soon Mr. Bird went out and brought her in. They spoke a few words in French, and Mr. Bird said, 'Stay away from the river, Marda. You *might* fall in. That would not help. It is hard, I know, but we got to bear it.'

But Mrs. Bird seemed not to hear. She moved over to the window and stood staring out into the night. I could see her hands clench and unclench themselves, and at times a shudder passed over her. Again she went out. This time Mrs. Louderer rose and went out for her. She brought Mrs. Bird in, and going into another room, brought a rocking-chair.

'Sit in this chair, Marda — the chair that Lonnie brought you for a birthday present. You did n't think when he

took such pains to bring this back that in it you should sit to think of him being dead. I remember him when he was a baby, Marda. Such fat legs he had, and such a mop of black hair. You remember the little red socks I knit for him? And the little moccasins you beaded? And he loved you so, Marda. Always was he a mamma-boy.'

On and on she talked, and for once I was thoroughly angry with my friend. It seemed brutal to keep adding sorrow to sorrow; but she would not heed the signs I tried to make.

At last, I could stand it no longer. I rose and went into the kitchen to make some coffee. I hoped that Mrs. Louderer would come out and help me. When the coffee was made, I took a cup to Mrs. Bird. She took a swallow of the scalding liquid. Her eyes were hard and dry; she sat holding the cup and staring into the fire.

'And you remember the time when you ran the sewing-machine needle into your finger, how he cried and cried for you; his heart was melted for you, and now he lies dead, may be mangled, in France, with not a tear for his going.'

Mr. Bird was sobbing, but Mrs. Bird only looked at him curiously. It was a long night. How Mrs. Louderer ever held up, I do not know. Once Mr. Bird asked her out to the kitchen, where I had laid him a lunch which he would not taste.

'I can stand no more,' he said. 'Will you not stop talking of Lonnie? See, my heart is broken, I am crushed; you have brought back the little boy of years ago.'

'Jacques, you are safe; but Marda, she should weep. It is to save you a greater trouble, a darker sorrow, that I talk so.'

And nothing we could do could prevent her raking up every little incident of the past.

At last, the east lightened reluctantly,

a little breeze came whispering along. Mrs. Bird went out on the porch, and we followed. A new note had crept into the river's crooning.

'Even the river and the trees miss him. Listen, how they mourn,' said Mrs. Louderer.

Mrs. Bird's lips quivered and she turned her face away.

Just then a horse came up to the gate, hung his head over, and whinnied. Mrs. Bird left us. She went up to the horse and patted him, parted his mane and stroked his neck. Next she was sobbing and clinging to the horse, who seemed human in his intelligence. Great tears rolled down her face, and there seemed no depth too deep for her sorrow. I wanted to go to her, but Mrs. Louderer restrained me.

'That is Lonnie's horse, and it will do her more good to weep it out with him. We will start breakfast and see what we can do.'

Mr. Bird took a shawl and went out to his wife. The girls came out, and together we prepared the meal. After a while Mr. Bird and Marda came back. There were signs of tears, but both were relaxed. We expected to stay until more neighbors came. After breakfast Mr. Bird said,—

'I have bought no bonds; to tell the truth I didn't think I would, for I felt hard about Lonnie going. But he's gone. Marda and I have talked it over out under the pine where he played. If he cared enough to give his life for what he was fighting for, it should for us be a gracious gift. We will not grudge the price. Both life and the cause he died for are priceless. We are not so poor, and if Lonnie had lived, there would have been a share for him. That share we will use to buy bonds. We will decide afterwards what we shall do with the bonds, but it will be something in memory of our boy.'

So I filled out the blanks. Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Louderer were rocking and talking quietly.

'Sorrow is so hard to bear,' said Mrs. Bird. 'Last night, when I stood by the river, it seemed to say, "Come on, come on, join your boy. Plunge in, forget, forget."''

'Yes,' said Mrs. Louderer, 'sorrow is hard. I know. My Bennie is gone, and he could n't die for his country like Lonnie. We are like Mary at the Cross. Let us be glad that our own dear boys brought us there.'

Soon other friends came, and as our drive home was a long one, we started at once. We did n't say much. I felt a new love for my kind, gruff, precious old neighbor.

'Dear, dear Mrs. Louderer,' I said, 'how do you do it? How can you know just what to do every time?'

'Maybe I don't,' she said; 'but I should. I have lived a long time. Many sorrows have lain on my heart, and this war — We must all do all we can. You see what Mrs. Lund has got by the war — freedom once. You see what Mrs. Bird gave. But she has gained too. You must gain and give. I must, too.'

Only the creaking of our protesting wagon broke the silence. I was glad when the roof of my dear cabin home came in sight; happier still, when shrill childish voices shouted, 'Mamma, mamma, we have been good boys and papa made funny biscuits. The cat scratched Robert, and Calvin rode on the red pig.'

And now, my dear friend, you see a little of why I have not written oftener, and why I have to write at such great length. I really don't get any more work done than anyone else, but it takes more work to accomplish results. I *must* stop now.

Most truly your friend,

ELINORE R. STEWART.

'SINCE WE WELCOMED LAFAYETTE'

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THE words are not mine. Long ago, Miss Frances E. Willard wrote a poem, which was published; and a stanza thereof read as follows, —

Lady Henry Somerset,
Since we welcomed Lafayette
Never foot our shore hath pressed
Of a more beloved guest.

Miss Willard was interested only incidentally in Lafayette, as the rest of the poem shows. One other thing, however, may be worth noting for our purposes: her natural distrust of England crops out even in her fulsome and pathetic address to a British gentlewoman. 'England's hated House of Peers' is one of her lines, and we get the stanza, —

Yankee lion, Salisbury lamb,
Lie in peace; for Uncle Sam
Needs no British treaty new,
Save a dozen folks like you.

Optimism, you see, is there: implying the need for optimism.

Miss Willard's particular partisanship is now ancient history; and no one really cares about the personal part she played. Both 'suffrage' and 'prohibition' have gathered to themselves armies that Miss Willard never could have raised. She has her statue in the Capitol, and doubtless elsewhere. Even the bad physiology that she and her kind managed to get into the textbooks of our primary and grammar schools has been forgiven. What is peculiarly interesting at the moment is, not her ignorance of physiology or her personal bent in politics, but her rough-and-

ready historical ideas. For these persist. 'Whether we are dry or wet' (to quote one last time from the same poem), 'we' — the bulk of the American public — feel thus about Lafayette and thus about the House of Lords. In these matters, the American schoolboy, up to 1914, had not progressed one inch beyond Miss Willard.

No single phenomenon of America's participation in the Great War has been more striking than the instant response, in the average American heart, to the name of Lafayette. It is one of the most curious, the most absurd, the most fortunate, of moral accidents. We did not go into the war because of Lafayette; but who can say what help that name has rendered in sustaining the enthusiasm of the draft army? It has been one illuminating ray in the ordinary American boy's well-nigh complete ignorance of France. He had to be taught 'the issues of the war'; but he did not have to be taught about Lafayette and Rochambeau. General Pershing's first words on arrival — 'Lafayette, we are here' — were precisely those which American youth would have had him utter. That was a reason they understood, for crossing the seas to fight on French soil.

The late Professor Münsterberg, before his timely decease, did his best to play up Baron von Steuben. Historically speaking, he was quite right; but no historical accuracy had a chance against the public-school textbooks out of which three generations had learned their American history. Those three

generations may have developed misgivings, by this time, about the hatchet and the cherry tree; but be sure that the higher criticism has not yet reached the textbook account of the young Frenchman. Allied propaganda had an instrument to its hand which perhaps it did not, itself, suspect. Like a sword from its sheath, like Lazarus from the tomb, the figure of Lafayette leaped forth from the collective memory. People who knew nothing else; people who found it difficult to credit German turpitude or to feel a vital interest in any European war whatsoever, knew all about him. 'Why, yes,' they said, rubbing their eyes; 'of course we owe a debt to France; we don't know much about France, but France is a good scout, you bet: she sent Lafayette to help us fight the English.' For millions, France meant Lafayette, as England meant George III. The propagandists did not need to hold their tongues about Baron von Steuben: nobody cared about him. He has his statue, too; but where is it? Why, in Lafayette Square.

In the East, houses where the distinguished young adventurer slept are as numerous and as notorious as 'Washington's headquarters.' It is a poor town, on our Atlantic seaboard, that does not boast one or the other within an easy radius. In our own village, we never managed anything more historic in the way of a dwelling than the house which was Tory headquarters at the time of the Revolution. But, up the street, the Continental Congress sat, and a Signer lived, and Washington took his farewell of the army, and — in all probability — Lafayette slept. I know of open-air schools where the children are given prizes for sleeping, here, there, and everywhere, as the Marquis de Lafayette has had. He went to bed like any other man, when he had the chance; and the French Re-

public, nearly a hundred and fifty years later, has reaped a reward, on the subject of which one would like to hear M. Anatole France.

Let me not seem to decry, or even to minimize, the act of the young marquis. Undoubtedly he heartened our ancestors at a time when things did not look very bright. Washington took to him — they were apparently two aristocrats together. His tact in not continuing to insist (he started to), at the age of nineteen, on being given the highest military rank after the commander-in-chief, seems to have endeared him to a distraught Congress. But he was never a great fighter, and his military career in America, though respectable, was not distinguished. Except by loving the insurgent Americans when most people did not, it is hard to know what peculiar and signal service he rendered. Even at that time of counting noses and husbanding pitifully small talent, he was not indispensable.

So far, history (not out of the school-books). The most amusing aspect of Lafayette's rôle, in our present connection, is the fact that he never at any moment represented France. His friends advised strongly against his coming; the King positively forbade it; even the American envoys refused to encourage him. He was arrested when he tried to sail. He came as completely 'on his own' as a stowaway — enjoying, undoubtedly (aged nineteen), the flight and disguises and adventures quite as much as the vision of Liberty. Later, of course, he concerned himself with the French Revolution; but he never could 'go the whole hog,' and was eventually declared a traitor by the Republican Assembly. The more credit to him, very likely; but the fact remains that neither monarch nor Republic nor Directory officially countenanced him. The King had him arrested; the Assembly voted him a traitor; the Directory

kept him in exile. He played a lone hand; and never at any moment can he have been said to represent France — even with that kaleidoscopic sequence of governments to choose from. No matter: he was a delightful person; and if you cannot hitch your wagon to a star, the next most inspiring thing is probably to hitch it to a comet. How much good Lafayette accomplished in 1777 is problematical; the good he accomplished in 1917 is, frankly, incalculable. We really needed no French propaganda: you said, 'Lafayette,' and you had all the young throats cheering.

It was he who cast that bread upon the waters; and after many days it returned — in staggering proportions. You did not have to defend or explain France to the products of the little red schoolhouse — 'no, sir-ee.' The fact that they knew nothing about France, politically or socially, for the last hundred years, was a help rather than a hindrance. Time was not wasted in expounding. American youths did not stop to read what the Committee on Public Information printed. They had learned what was necessary in their ridiculous, unscientific schoolbooks. Did n't France help us out? And did n't France, on top of it, have a revolution of her own and turn into a republic? 'France,' during the greater part of our struggle, never did help us out; and the French Revolution would shock them, if they knew anything about it, almost as much as the invasion of Belgium. But Lafayette was there to make all clear. And the joke of it is that no one had suspected the power of that name. When politicians and public speakers first used it, because there was no argument they dared omit, they did not dream that it would, for so many millions, make any other argument unnecessary. It was sheer, stupendous luck.

No one, I hope, will mistake me to mean that a large section of the Amer-

ican public was not, even before 1917, fully aware of the moral and political issues of the war; or that the Lafayette slogan meant anything to the vast number of aliens who came into the selective draft. Still more, I hope no one will mistake me to mean that the average youth of American stock would not have done his duty as promptly if there had been no Lafayette. But that Lafayette saved time; that he obviated the necessity for a deal of education and propaganda; above all, that the sheer magic of his name injected an invaluable element of personal feeling and sentimental gratitude into the doing of the American job, no one can reasonably deny. In 1917 you would never have got the doughboy to fight as gladly — though that he would have fought as loyally, no one may doubt — on British soil as on the soil of France. Probably he did not know half so much about France as he did about England; but — France? Why, 'sure' — Lafayette was a Frenchman.

I had the privilege of talking, not long ago, with a typical young Middle-Westerner — in khaki, aged twenty-one. He had encountered, and been influenced by, all the original Western arguments against our entering the war. He had no doubt that we had to go in when we did, and he had enlisted of his own free will, but he did not rage against the Hun. He still had misgivings about British international behavior; he remarked quite seriously that Germany had given us due warning to keep off British ships; and he repeated objections to the British blockade. In other words, he was completely uneducated in recent international politics. His Western indifference, one saw, had been very real, and quite unilluminated by historic perception. With him, being one-hundred-per-cent American meant being literally that: it meant that, up to April 6, 1917, he was not

even a fraction of one per cent anything else — Entente Ally, or German. He was not particularly militant, — who is, since the armistice? — but had he got over during the fighting, he would have been one of the best. His original neutrality, his anti-British prejudice, and, incidentally, his announcement that William J. Bryan was almost, if not quite, our greatest 'mind,' show his type and his provenience. Yet even so, sensible, clean, upstanding young private, he had a *cri du cœur*. I doubt if he had ever spoken a French sentence, read a French book — perhaps, even, ever met a French person. But the *cri du cœur* was spontaneous: 'I adore France!' Though he admitted a passion for Napoleon, — and in the same breath declared it illogical, since he was a great believer in democracy, and had no jejune taste for kings and such, — it came back to Lafayette. He did not know it himself; but when I asked him (for the case was beginning to be clear) if it were not the schoolbooks, he said slowly, thinking it out, that he supposed it was. Lafayette — and George III — and Barnes's (or another's) *History of the United States*, in one volume. Great Britain being cocky and piggish, and wrong-mindedly preventing neutral ships from approaching German ports — and 'I adore France!'

II

There you have it. For what the schoolbooks have given with the right hand, they have taken away with the left. If they have made the schoolboy adore France, they have made him detest England; and there the propagandists have had hard sledding. George III and the War of 1812 have given them as much trouble as Lafayette has saved them. It is not all the Irish in America, or the bad manners of traveling Englishmen, that have wrought this. The

antipathy has been strongest (among genuine Americans) in places where the Irish have not penetrated, and whither Englishmen seldom travel. Broadly speaking, there have not been half so many things, in the last hundred years, for England to explain away as for France to explain away. Even if England and we had no common heritage of history, speech, and custom, the dispassionate hundred-per-cent American would, if fairly instructed in nineteenth-century history, perforce choose England of the two. The fact is that a large number of hundred-per-cent Americans are ill-instructed, and are brought up to be passionate on this point. It is such a commonplace to many of us that the British monarchy is freer than the French, or even our own, republic, that we do not realize just how even Frances E. Willard could write of 'England's hated House of Peers' with a good conscience and without a smile. But there are millions to agree with her — if they ever thought about the peers at all. Many of them would have been, in spirit, if not in actual performance, capable of writing the report that the little schoolgirl turned in at her current-events class on the morrow of the fateful day when the Lords did for themselves: 'The House of Budgets has rejected the bill.' Who cares about the House of Lords, anyhow? It might as well be a House of Budgets, for all it mattered to a progressive American. Young America has not cared what happened in England, or known. It has known little of England since the War of 1812 — apart from suspicions that England did not behave very well during our Civil War. But that does not rankle much: it is only what you would have expected, and it never cut much ice. Young America was pretty much pro-Boer in 1900, I remember — for all the wrong reasons.

So much for our ignorance of nine-

teenth-century England, and our prejudice against it. But young America has been, to put it cautiously, equally ignorant of nineteenth-century France. In point of fact, our schools have carried the Monroe Doctrine into the world of study. Foreign countries have not been welcomed in the textbooks — not since we set up for ourselves. School-children have not been permitted to make any entangling foreign alliances of the mind. The history of the last century, as taught them, has been hundred-per-cent American, too. In spite of the war of 1898, Spain has not existed for them since the days of Columbus. Young America has known nothing of Europe, and no more of France than of England or another country. If it knew about the Third Empire, if it knew about Maximilian's venture in Mexico, if it knew about French colonial policy in Asia, or about French religious intolerance at home, it would probably be profoundly shocked — more shocked than by anything it could have discovered about England during the same period. For many Americans, — those, for example, who knew French literature and politics, and did not know French people in the flesh and French life in the French home, — the French exhibition of stoic qualities in 1914 was a revelation. To others it was no revelation, because they really knew France. For the vast majority it was, again, no revelation, because they were as ignorant of France as of Siam. England, being all over the place, occasionally obtruded on the American consciousness; and when it did, the American consciousness usually growled a little — in its sleep, as if England were a recurrent bad dream. It did not rouse itself to investigate the merits of the case. But when the great trumpet sounded, waking all sleepers, the American consciousness of which I speak ignored England entirely, — or as far as it of-

ficially could, — and went back, as Rip Van Winkle went back, to the day before the long sleep. 'Why, of course — Lafayette!' And, a moment later, 'I adore France!'

Pathetic, absurd, deeply interesting, have been the enforced ways of propagandists since 1914 — and especially since 1917. If the widely educated think I am talking nonsense about the schoolbooks and how they have had their way with young America, watch the popular appeals that have been made. Admit that folk have had an easy time working for France; and count how often Lafayette's name has been used in public addresses, spoken and written, from President Wilson's down. (Congress, too, was brought up on the schoolbooks.) With all the atrocities that Germany has committed since 1914, familiar to all and sundry through newspapers, through 'movies,' through speeches by Allied veterans and returned American relief-workers — in spite of the multitudinous testimony to German barbarism, people found it necessary to drag the Hessians out of their eighteenth-century graves. And — luckily, perhaps — the Hessians were there. They were in the schoolbooks, even.

English propaganda has been the most difficult, as French has been the easiest. If Burke had only been a gentleman-adventurer, instead of a British statesman, and had been moved to disguise himself and flee to America, to fight for us in the field instead of in Parliament, the rough places might have been made plain. Burke would have been quite as representative of England as the nineteen-year-old Lafayette was of France. But Burke wore his own clothes and stayed at home. Pathetically and truly Englishmen remind us that the greatest statesmen in England were openly opposed to the oppressive policy of George III — 'a German

King,' they say, with 'German mercenaries' to fight for him. (The Hessians again.) But 'Paul Revere's Ride' has not been, for years, the favorite 'piece' in seventh-grade 'declamations' for nothing.

The propagandists here used Lafayette in the beginning; and General Pershing made him, as it were, official. The French themselves lagged a little behind, but they did not lag for long. They were too well-informed to suspect Lafayette's importance in the first place; but they were far too intelligent not to use him as soon as they saw what, to uninformed young America, he stood for. I have before me a French Christmas card sent us by an officer in the A.E.F. — a tiny illustrated booklet which celebrates Franco-American comradeship in arms. It begins with our Revolution and French aid; and the first picture shows the handclasp of a Frenchman and an American officer — presumably Lafayette and Washington, though the spirited sketches are hardly portraits. Lafayette aroused a tremendous sentiment in America during his lifetime, and that sentiment was laid away in preservatives which now show themselves to have been of the best quality. It was quite fresh and lifelike when it was exhumed. But could anyone — least of all, Lafayette himself — know that it would positively have bloomed and expanded in its grave? Certainly the French did not suspect; and they must have been intellectually as amused as sentimentally they were touched, by the miracle.

Will the schoolbooks turn scientific, or will they continue to reiterate, misleadingly, that 'France' stood by us? Will they fortify their position by playing up d'Estaing and de Grasse — who did indeed 'stand by' us, France being then, on her own account, at war with England? They stood by us chiefly by making a naval war on England in the

West Indies; but they did incidentally help. I do not say that a case cannot be made out, historically, for French assistance; but that case will have nothing to do with the case we all learned by heart in infancy. And if you bring in d'Estaing and de Grasse, you will also have to bring in Citizen Genet. Better leave it where the American heart has left it, at Lafayette.

No: the history books had probably better not be entirely rewritten until a few more years have elapsed. The Peace Conference is still before us; and at the moment I write, no one can say definitely what hidden emotions shall there transpire. We may still need Lafayette; and it is better that we should spontaneously adore France. In point of fact, we shall doubtless continue to adore her: some of us because we know her, and some of us because we do not. For Great Britain's sake, one might want the textbooks revised immediately. Perhaps the jackies from Admiral Rodman's squadron would like to take a hand at it, between parades. I suspect that they know more about Great Britain now than Mr. Barnes ever did.

Yet it may be that even Great Britain can wait — 'hated House of Peers' and all. One of the revelations that the curious expect most eagerly is the official statement of the number of Americans who have enlisted, since August, 1914, with the Canadian forces. There has been hardly a day, for four years, when American names have not been published in the Canadian casualty lists. One has lived to hear American schoolchildren sing 'God save the King' in public places — 'Long to reign over us,' and all. Frankly, in my own childhood, you could not have got them to do it. I fancy (if one can reach the real sources of so complex a thing) the British colonies did the job for the mother-country. A few Americans went over and enlisted in the British and the

French armies — 'effete Easterners,' mostly; but it is only in the Canadian forces that Americans enlisted in great numbers. We are told that the Australians, who never salute anyone, and fight so well that the wise British authorities (who have a knack, the world over, of making allowances for little differences of temperament) ignore the informality — we are told, I say, that the Australians go out of their way to salute American officers, and that the doughboy and the 'gumsucker' are blood-brothers at sight. If it is true, why not? We were British 'colonials' for two hundred and fifty years, and have been independent 'Americans' for less than a hundred and fifty.

Discussion of Anglo-American relations would have been beside the point, were it not that you cannot laugh at the textbooks for misrepresenting the French rôle without mentioning their misrepresentation of the British rôle.

The two errors are indissolubly joined — in the schoolbooks and in the heart of young America. Yet American misunderstanding of Great Britain is quite another story from that which could easily be entitled the 'Luck of Lafayette.' Real historians might be tempted to annotate the 'Luck of Lafayette' in the temper of Ecclesiastes. For the layman, it is merely that rare thing, a psychological story with a happy ending; a tale of misunderstandings that turns out fortunately for all concerned. The near-historian might point to the Lafayette legend as one of Bismarck's 'imponderables.' But we, if you please, will let it go at what it most obviously is: an Arabian-Night-ish tale of irrelevant magic and incommensurate rewards; a proof that Haroun-al-Raschid and Abraham Lincoln were both right; that not only to the gayety, but to the positive benefit, of nations, you can fool all the people some of the time.

'GO TO THE ANT'

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

I HAVE been reading lately some of Dr. August Forel's studies on ants, and am amazed at the richness of his experiments, carried on through an entire lifetime. As he patiently follows and faithfully notes the daily and hourly life of these little insects for years together, his glance goes deep to the heart of nature and at times lifts a corner of the veil of mystery that shrouds our own instincts.

Dr. Forel discovers in his ants, here and there, a spark of the reflecting con-

sciousness, of the individual will. It is only a tiny luminous point, piercing the darkness at remote intervals. The analogy between certain social phenomena observable among these little creatures and what happens among us, may help us to understand ourselves.

I shall confine myself to noting here those of Forel's experiments which have to do with certain psycho-pathological conditions in the terrible problem which so lately held us all in its grip, now happily relaxed — War.

The ants are to other insects, says Dr. Forel, what man is to other mammals. Their brain surpasses in relative volume and in complication of structure that of all other insects. If they do not attain the great individual intelligence of the superior mammals, they are ahead of *all* animals in social instinct. It is not surprising, therefore, that their social life resembles in many points that of human beings. Like the most advanced human societies, theirs are democracies — and warring democracies. Let us watch them at work.

The Ant-State is not confined to the ant-hill: it has its territory, its domain, its colonies, and like the colonial powers, its stations of repose and revictualing. The territory: a meadow, several trees, a hedge. The domain of exploitation: the ground and under the ground, and the louse-plants — these cattle that they milk, care for, and protect. The colonies: other nests more or less close to the metropolis and more or less numerous (sometimes more than two hundred), communicating with each other by open roads or by subterranean channels. The warehouses: little nests or earth-houses for the ants who travel far and are tired, or are surprised by bad weather.

Of course, these states try to enlarge themselves. So they start fighting. The disputes over the land at the frontier of two big ant-hills are the usual causes of the most obstinate wars. The louse-plants are another great bone of contention. With certain species the subterranean domains — the roots of plants — are equally important. Other species live exclusively by war and spoil. The *Polyergus rufescens* (Huber's 'Amazon') disdains to work and is no longer able to do so; it practises slavery, and is served, cared for, and nourished by its herds of slaves, which expeditionary armies abduct from the neighboring ant-hills in the form of nymphs and cocoons.

War is thus endemic; and all the citizens, the worker-ants, of these democracies are called upon to take part in it. With certain species (*Pheidole pallidula*), the military class is distinct from the worker class; the soldier is exempt from all domestic labors, lives a garrison life, idle, with nothing to do except during the hours when he must defend the doors with his head. (He is used also in the office of butcher: he cuts up the prey into small pieces.) Nowhere does one see chiefs (at least, not permanent ones); neither kings nor generals.

The expeditionary armies of *Polyergus rufescens*, which vary in their number from one hundred to two thousand ants, obey currents that seem to come from little groups scattered here and there, now at the head, now at the tail. In the midst of a march one sees the main body of the army stop abruptly, undecided, immobile, as if paralyzed; then, suddenly, the initiative springs from a small nucleus of ants who throw themselves upon the others, strike them with their foreheads, start off in a certain direction, and carry the rest along.

The *Formica sanguinea* practises clever military tactics. It is not the compact mass à la Hindenburg, but separate platoons kept constantly in touch with each other by couriers. They make no frontal attack, but try to surprise on the flank, to spy on the movements of the enemy, like Napoleon aiming through rapid concentration to be the stronger at a given point and moment. They know, too, as he did, how to work upon the morale of the enemy, to seize the psychological instant when his faith or courage fails, and at that moment precipitate themselves upon him with no regard for his number; for they know that at present one of themselves is worth a hundred of the others in a panic. Like good soldiers, however, they do not seek to kill, but to

conquer and reap the fruits of victory. When the battle is won, they install a custom-house at each door of the conquered ant-hill, whose officers allow the enemy to flee, but on condition that they carry off nothing. They pillage as much, and kill as little as possible.

Among species of equal strength which are fighting for their frontiers, war does not continue indefinitely. After days of battle and glorious hecatombs, it seems as if the two states recognize the impossibility of attaining the aim of their ambitions. The armies then retire, by common accord, from the two sides of a frontier-limit accepted by both camps with or without treaty, and in any case observed with more rigor than with us, where it is a matter of mere 'scraps of paper.' For the ants of both states halt strictly at the limit defined, and do not pass beyond it.

But what may be of even greater interest to us is to observe in what manner the instinct of war makes its appearance in our brothers the insects; how it develops, and whether or not it is irrevocable or subject to change. Here Forel's experiments lead to most remarkable observations.

J. H. Fabre, in a celebrated passage of his *Vie des Insectes*, writes that 'brigandage is the law in the mêlée of the living. . . . In nature, murder is everywhere; everything encounters a fang, a dagger, a dart, a tooth, pincers, claws, a saw, atrocious snapping machines, etc.' But he exaggerates. He sees wonderfully the facts of inter-killing and inter-eating; he fails to see those of mutual aid and association. In a fine book by Kropotkin these are pointed out, in nature viewed as a whole. And Forel's very precise observations show that, with the ants, the instinct of war and rapine encounters contrary instincts on its way, which can successfully arrest or modify it.

Forel establishes, in the first place, that the instinct of war is not fundamental: it is not found at the dawn of the ant's existence. Placing together freshly hatched ants of three different species, and giving them cocoons of six different species to take care of, Forel obtains a mixed ant-family living together in perfect harmony. The only primordial instinct of the newly hatched is domestic labor and the care of larvæ. It is only later that the ants learn to distinguish a friend from an enemy, to realize, that is, that they are members of an ant-hill and must fight for it.

The second remark, still more surprising, is that the intensity of the fighting instinct is in direct proportion to the collectivity. Two ants of enemy species, meeting alone on a road at a great distance from their nest and from their people, avoid each other and pass on, each by a different way. Even should you take them from the midst of a general battle, in the very act of fighting, and place them together in a small box, they would not do each other the slightest harm. If, instead of only two, you should shut up a larger number of enemy ants in a small space together, they will make a beginning of a fight, without vigor or continuity, and very often end by becoming allies. Moreover, adds Forel, the alliance once made cannot be unmade.

But replace the same ants in the midst of their people, separate carefully the two tribes, place between them a reasonable distance, permitting them to live in peace, apart: they will hurl themselves upon each other, and the individuals who avoided each other with repugnance or fear a moment before, now kill each other with fury.

This epidemic sometimes takes on a strictly pathological character, as with the *Polyergus rufescens*. In proportion as it spreads and the conflict continues, the combative fury becomes a frenzy.

The same ant that might show itself timid at the beginning is possessed by a sort of frantic madness. It recognizes nothing, throws itself upon its companions, kills its slaves who strive to calm it, bites everything it touches, including bits of wood, and seems unable to recover its senses. The others, generally the slaves, are obliged to gather about it in groups of twos and threes, to take hold of its feet and caress it with their antennæ, until it has regained — shall I say its reason? Why not? Had it not lost it?

Up to this point we have dealt only with general phenomena, obeying more or less fixed laws. But here we are confronted with the appearance of individual phenomena whose initiative will curiously run counter to the instinct of the species, and, more curiously still, make it deviate from its route, or destroy it.

Forel places a number of ants of enemy species, *sanguinea* and *pratensis*, in a glass bowl together. After several days of war, followed by a sullen and suspicious armistice, he introduces among them a tiny, extremely hungry new-born *pratensis*. It runs to those of its own species, asking for food. The *pratenses* repulse it. The innocent one then turns toward the enemies of its race, the *sanguineæ*, and, according to the custom of the ants, licks the mouth of two of them. The two *sanguineæ* are so seized by this gesture, which upsets their instinct, that they disgorge the honey to the little enemy. From then on all is said, and forever. An offensive and defensive alliance is concluded between the little *pratensis* and the *sanguineæ*, against those of its race. And this alliance is irrevocable.

Another example: a common danger. Forel places in a sack together a swarm of *sanguineæ* and a swarm of *pratenses*, shakes them up, and leaves them for an hour; after which he opens the sack,

placing it in direct communication with an artificial nest. For the first few seconds there is general bewilderment, frenzied terror; the ants no longer recognize each other, threaten with their mandibles, and flee from each other in distracted side-rushes. Then, gradually, calm is reëstablished. The *sanguineæ* are the first to move the cocoons, *all* the cocoons, of both species. Certain *pratenses* imitate them. A few fights still occur here and there, but they are isolated, and more and more rare. From the following day on, all work together. Four days later, the alliance is complete — the *pratenses* disgorge nourishment to the *sanguineæ*. At the end of the week, Forel carries them near an abandoned ant-hill. They take possession, helping each other in the moving, carrying each other. Only a few isolated individuals of both species, irreducible old nationalists, doubtless, keep their sacred hate, and end by destroying each other. A fortnight later, the mixed ant-hill is flourishing, the communion perfect; the dome, usually covered with *pratenses*, is now red with martial *sanguineæ*, the moment danger threatens the common state.

Continuing the experiment, Forel goes the following month to the old *pratensis* hill, takes another handful of *pratenses* and places them in front of the mixed ant-hill. The newcomers throw themselves upon the *sanguineæ*. But these respond without violence; they are content to roll the others on the ground and let them go again. The *pratenses* do not understand it. As for the other *pratenses*, those of the mixed hill, they avoid their former sisters, do not fight them, but transport their cocoons to the new home. It is the newcomers who are violent. The following day, however, part of them have been admitted into the mixed hill; and peace soon comes to stay. In no case does one see the *pratenses* of the mixed ant-

hill ally themselves with their newly arrived sisters against the *sanguineæ*. The friendly alliance is stronger than fraternity of race; between the two enemy species, hate is henceforth vanquished.

Such examples suffice to indicate the fatal error of those who believe in the quasi-sacred immutability of instinct, and who, having placed in this category the instinct of war, see there an enforced fatality, from the bottom to the top of the chain of beings. In the first place, instinct admits of all degrees of command, inflexible or flexible, absolute or relative, durable or transient, not only from one genus to another, but in the same genus from one species to another,¹ and in the same species from one group to another. Instinct is not a starting-point, but already a product, of evolution; and with the latter, is always progressing. The most fixed instinct is merely the oldest one.

One must admit, then, after the preceding examples, that the warring instinct is not so profoundly rooted, so primitive, as it is said to be, since it may be combatted, modified, curbed, in certain species of ants which are nevertheless warring species.

And if these poor insects are capable of reacting against it, of transforming their nature, of following up a war of

conquest by peaceful coöperation, a period of state enmity by that of state alliance, nay more, of mixed and united states — if this is possible, will man admit himself to be more bound by his worst instincts, and less able to master them? 'War abases us to the level of the beast,' wrote Madame L. Kufferath (in the *Revue mensuelle* for July, 1918). War abases us still further if we show ourselves less capable of disengaging ourselves from it than certain animal societies. It would be somewhat humiliating to admit their superiority. But who knows?

For my part, I am not so sure at bottom that man is, as he says, the king of nature: he is far more its devastating tyrant. I believe he has many things to learn from these animal societies, older than his own, and of infinite variety. But it is not a matter of prophesying here whether mankind will ever succeed (any more than the ant-world) in completely dominating its blind instincts. What strikes me in reading Dr. Forel, however, is that there would seem to be for the ants, as well as for men, no radical, absolute, definite impossibility of such a conquest. And that progress is not impossible, — even if it should not be realized, — is to me a less distressing thought than to know that, no matter what one does, one knocks against a stone wall. It is the closed window, well choked up with dirt, behind which is the luminous air. It will perhaps never be opened. But there is only a pane to shatter. One free action would suffice.

¹ One of the chief causes of error when pretending to judge insects is that one generalizes from the observation of one or several species to the entire genus; whereas the species are excessively numerous. Among the ants alone, according to Dr. Forel, there are 7500 known species. And these offer all shades, all degrees of instinct. — THE AUTHOR.

HIGHLAND ANNALS

I. ABOUT GRANPAP AND TREES

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

GRANPAP accrued to me along with a farm in the Unakas. When I learned that my inheritance lay, or rather rose, in the Unakas, it at once passed from prose to poetry. My hundred hills became tipped with song, bloom calling to bloom from Three-Pine Point to Sunrise Spur, and Blackcap answering from his hemlock shroud with a melodious shake that did no harm to his hidden acres of anemone and trillium. The laurel, polished as by the glance of a god, drew a richer green from its storehouse a trillion of miles away in the sun. The great chestnuts leafily defied the blight that was creeping to their hearts. And where the gray rocks pushed through the quivering emerald of the mountain walls, they seemed listening-alive, as if in wait for the key-word that would swing them open on Persia magnificent; though they needed to borrow no glamour of age from any part of the world. Unakas! Spenser, under English beeches, rustled his threefold coverlet of centuries, and began another dream—dream of a region that was old to God before Helvellyn rose or the Himalayas shone as the planet's crest.

In the wake of a Muse so airily light of foot, I entered my forest a little stumbingly. The first cabin was Granpap Merlin's. His welcoming 'Howdy' only slightly interrupted his dinner of corn-pone and pickled beans. But

Poesy kept on tip-toe, swiftly picturing me fields like blowing seas; gallant stalks with waving green arms, and tassels flowing, silver, gold, and rose, in the breath of July dawns. With a thrust into memory, she brought up a rock maize-mill of my childhood, left by the Indians in a Kentucky cave; and chanted the one magic line of Lanier's poem. As for beans, I had seen them in blossom, hiding their pinkness under round, hugging leaves, and not even their passage through a brine barrel could convert them into mere pabulum. It was a fitting meal for a mountain seer.

'Did you grow the corn that made the meal that made that pone?' I asked, building Jack's house in the excitement of getting back to the land.

'It growed itself. I planted it.'

'And you ploughed the field that grew the corn, and so forth?'

'My mule, Tim, ploughed it. I ploughed Tim.'

His face, like the broken corner of a boulder, did not tell me whether he was simply, or contemptuously, laconical.

'This seems rather high for cornland,' I said, in the tone of ownership. He must at least know that I had read the Farmers' Bulletins.

'Wait till you see it growin'. The corn gets so onhandy big and shady in Hawk Wing Cove, you can see the lightnin' bugs in thar by daylight. But 'tain't easy ploughin'. Twenty-five acres of straight up and down.'

'Oh, I've heard of that cove. From the head of it one can see seven curves of the river.'

'If you look from the door thar, you can see the top of the ridge 'tween them two peaks.'

I looked.

'It must be glorious to make one's bread up there.'

'I never made bread up thar but once. I baked hoe-cakes on a rock one day when Syn sent me meal and water for my dinner. I had n't left her any stove-wood, an' she had proper spirit, Syn had,' he added, as if his wife's memory must be kept clear of blemish. 'But thar wa'n't no glory in it, as I see.'

'I must go there the first thing. I don't suppose there are any snakes.'

'No, I don't see more 'n two or three rattlers a year now. Not much killin'.'

His voice, like a retired general's, was bored but tolerant.

'Rattlesnakes! In those pastures of heaven! Did you ever kill one there?'

'One? If they'd been fence-rails I could 'a' put a mule-proof fence around that field with all I've killed in it.'

I looked again at the line of pallid gold just showing between two pointed barriers. It ebbed away, more like a bridge to faith, or some such unsubstantiality, than the trampled ground where man had battled for his overlordship. I would go there, come tomorrow. And I did. But what happens in aerial gardens must have its own chapter and aureole.

II

Granpap's toleration of me passed into liking very slowly. His stolidity often brought my imagination down as if it had struck a wall; and while I gathered up the pieces, the wall would become human and wonder why I had given such an invidious thrust. Naturally the essence of comradeship eluded

us for some time. But finally he understood that my assaults were harmless; that he merely happened to be on the horizon when my enthusiasm was spraying the skies; and I began to see that he was too much a part of Nature to become conspicuously her notebook. He wore externality as a tree wears its bark, receiving all winds with passionless impartiality; but those winds of change were his breath of life.

One day I asked him if he did not sometimes feel that he would like to live in a city.

'No,' he said, 'I have to stay whar thar's somethin' happenin'.'

Not an eyelash of me betrayed my glee. The least sign of emotion, and the gates of confidence would be snapped and sealed.

'In a city,' he said, 'you don't have seasons — jest weather.'

In the cabin with him, lived his son Sam, Sam's wife, Coretta, and their children. Once he returned home after a night away, and was much puzzled on learning of their 'goins-on' in his absence. Cecil having the ear-ache, the father and mother had risen in the dead of night, built a fire, and administered the usual remedy — warm rabbit's oil poured into the ear. So far granpap understood.

'But how,' said he, 'could they think the roosters were crowin' for daylight when it was only midnight — an' git breakfast too?'

'But, granpap,' explained Coretta, 'we had been asleep for hours, and how could you 'a' knowed the time, with the night cloudy-gray, an' no stars, an' the clock stopped?'

'Kain't you *feel* the time?' he asked, in concerned surprise, as if she were pathetically deformed. And later he said to me, 'K'rettie kain't feel the time at all.' (She might have been a deaf mute.) 'I hope the little feller ain't goin' to take arter her.'

'Cecil? Oh, no! He's a Merlin. You can count on that. Don't you like the boy's name, granpap?'

He slowly cut a twig from the nearest dogwood and peeled it carefully.

'You noticed I never handle his name?'

'I've noticed.'

'K'rettie ain't high-stocked with brains, but she's got enough fer a woman; an' she's not great on housekeepin', but 't ain't every man can git hold of a woman like Syn was. I ain't got nothin' agin K'rettie but her namin' the boy like that. He might as well be a furriner. I counted on his bein' named Dick, — Richard Merlin, — like my father an' grandfather, an' my oldest brother who was killed in the war. But this sissy name, it's bitterer 'n this dogwood. I jest ain't a-goin' to say it.'

He cut the twig into inch-long pieces and dropped them into his pocket to be used as a substitute for tobacco.

That afternoon I remembered that I wanted to see Coretta about making me a mattress of new splintered shucks. I did not often seek Coretta. Married at fifteen, at twenty-two she was the mother of four. If she had taken her maternal honors lightly, as a child should, I could have gone happily to and from her presence. But she was determined 'to do right by the Lord's gifts,' and her soft scramble for any crumbs of wisdom that I inadvertently dropped usually hurried my departure to a spot more suitable for meditation, where I could wonder what I had said anyhow. I should have liked to carry off Coretta's children and free her petunia-blue eyes from clouds; but I remembered that I had once impulsively taken a broom from a child who was struggling to use it, and then found that I could not stay to do the child's work. I really had to be going. And four children might prove more embarrassing than a broom. Four futures billowing to seas, and my life

already pinched for room! No; better the hurried step and remote gaze as I passed.

In the least matter of business, the Unakasian expects to be approached by polite indirection. The more you curve and circle, softly as an Indian in the enemy's woods, casually as a sparrow hops, the surer you may be of attaining your object. A straight march to the point, and you will find yourself gesturing to empty air, so swiftly will he withdraw from negotiations; so surely your breach of manners will be punished.

In half an hour's talk with Coretta, I came somewhat hastily to the mattress, and she sat troubled. I could safely begin on my home curve.

'His name is Richard Cecil, is n't it? Richard is a fine old name. I suppose you'll call him that when he is older.'

Hersurprised eyes swam in the gauze-light of pathos that I had learned to ignore.

'Cecil is good enough for a little boy. But so many famous men have been named Richard.'

'What men?'

'There was Richard Lovelace.'

'What did he do?'

'He wrote poetry.'

'Like you write?'

'Yes — no — not exactly,' I hastened. 'And there was Richard Burbage, a great actor.'

'One o' them movie men?'

'No, he played in great plays — not like you see nowadays. And Richard Lion-Heart, a mighty king. They buried him in that place I showed you the picture of — Westminster Abbey,' I ventured, though I had visions of his death in the arms of Saladin somewhere beyond the Balkans.

She was impressed, and I thrust on.

'And Dick Turpin, — Richard Turpin, — who was afraid of nothing.'

'Did they bury him in the Abbey, too?'

'No, but he died famously. Half of London went to his — er — funeral.'

She was silent a moment, and then said, 'I'll shore fix that bed for you as soon as Sam can shuck out the corn.'

With this grateful stab in my heart I left her; and Katy went with me to relate a story her papa had brought home. She pronounced 'papa,' as did all the mountain children, like the flower, poppy, with a soft trail at the end, making a dear word more dear. Katy was eleven, the daughter of Sam's first wife.

When war stretched a hand into the Unakas, and one by one, then dozen by dozen, the young men began to disappear, the people wondered more and more what it was about. As a rule, they were not reached by the daily papers which feed us truth and bathe us in illumination; and Katy's story showed how they had adapted the chief argument that had sifted to them.

'There was a cripple, and he was a German. He was going over to Briartown, and stopped at a man's house. The man and woman were gone to the store. The children were cookin' some beans for dinner. The cripple ast to stir the beans. An' he put something into the pot. Some powder or something. The woman come home and the children told her. The man come home and the woman told him. They took up the dinner and ast the German to set to the table. He took a chair and passed the beans. Nobody took any. Then the man said, "Have some beans yourself." But the German said he would n't choose any. Then the man got his gun, and said, "You will eat them beans or die." The German took some of the beans. And in an hour his tongue was swelled out of his head.'

She paused, lifting anxious eyes, to know if I thought the story was true.

'Yes, Katy,' I answered unflinchingly. Could such a climax be chance invention? A mere accident of art?

'Papa says it is true, for he found a cripple on the Briartown road one day an' let him ride his horse for a mile. He couldn't speak plain like papa, an' he knows it was that German, but he don't see how Abraham Ludd and Jim Dow let him git by.'

She was speaking of two neighbor boys in the service. One had risen to a captaincy, the other had been decorated.

'Jim Dow —'

'Captain Dow, Katy,' said I.

'He don't write to Nellie Ludd any more.'

'Did Nellie tell you?'

'No, but she's quit goin' to the post office. She's ashamed to ast an' git nothin' every time.'

I wondered if that was why Nellie flitted so ghost-like about the hills, as difficult to capture as a bird fearing human hurt.

About supper-time I again called at the cabin, and as I sat by the superfluous fire, I heard Coretta say, 'Granpap, please pass the sorghum to little Dick.'

And granpap, like a stone image with a movable arm, passed the sorghum.

The full Southern moon was savagely vivid that evening, devouring dreams as easily as it did the clouds that saluted too familiarly; so I left the house by what Sam called the stovewood trail, a rear way softened by a lane of shadows. What trips the eye will hang the foot; and mine was halted in mid-air for a second or less by the sight of a hemlock bough like laced jet against the moon; as if Night, in defense, had thrown a torn bit of her garment over the face of the usurper. When I touched earth again, I was on new, mysterious ground, so quickly are worlds created for us, the ramblers of the universe, tenants insatiable. The mountains sat about me, cloaked sages waiting my indiscretions. Like the roll of a gentle, hidden sea,

the valleys whispered upward with the life that stirs by night, the smaller wings, that dart fearlessly when the birds are asleep; and the lithe, furry dwellers in secret that come out of the earth to thread, more graceful than swimmers, the channels of shadow. But that purring wave was only the foam-flower of a vastly bedded silence; silence in which Nature dreamed of a way to reconquer man and rule alone, laughter enthroned; while, against that dream, Beauty everywhere uncovered her soul. In behalf of man, the first to divine her, the first to adore, she arrayed her magic, invincible if so was his love. Everywhere she shone; on the laurel shedding a vapor of light, on the laps of the orange fungi with their creamy apron cascades; on the roots of trees, and the rocks that fed them endurance. Blue mosses, pale lichens, grasses with heads of mauve and pearl, gleamed in the unsubdued strips of golden light. The world of minute things pressed as hugely significant as the solar system. And as the sea, never hushed, the valley whisper appealed — an ecstatic ache. High above me there was escape by way of a blue eternity, where two walls of cloud parted to show a chasm of sky. Lower down a mist wound reverently about a star, then crept elfishly to the most portentous peak, hanging there like a comic beard. While I waited its whim, a voice, too fervently human, came through the clump of bushes at my side. A second later, a tall figure bearing an armful of fagots was checkered disappearingly along the path toward the cabin.

The next morning when I recalled the sounds I had heard, and put them together understandingly, I had this: 'K'rettie can make 'most as good head-cheese as ever Syn could.' And I knew that in Merlin language granpap had said, 'My son's wife, please God, is my daughter.'

III

If tree-worship was ever the religion of any tribe, I know that I am ancestrally bound to that folk. Once an artist told me of his happy method of protecting his wife, children, and friends from the outbursts incidental to genius. He would go to the woods and beat a tree until his symptomatic rage was exhausted. As if a tree-beater and a wife-beater were not cousins-german in crime! And now I was going to steep my soul more heinously. The oak boards of my cabin roof had to be reinforced. I could not spend another winter with the snows driving in on me. A 'board-tree' had to be felled before the sap was up; and on one of those days which are claimed by both spring and winter, but belong to neither, I set out with granpap, the most skilful board-maker in the Unakas, to select a victim.

'Now this white oak,' said granpap, pausing by a giant that gazed reflectively over the valley, 'will make as good boards as you'd want to sleep under.'

'But, granpap, don't you see — we are interrupting him.'

His eyes narrowed in the suspicious way of our first acquaintance.

'I mean he is sort of on duty here, as if the spirit of the woods needed a sentry just at this place.'

His glance became a cold squint, and I plunged for a practical argument.

'White oaks make good mast. We must think of the hogs. There'll be three new litters to feed next winter.'

'I reckon you're right,' he said, instantly at home. 'And yander at the head of Flume Cove is a black oak that will make tollable boards if it don't do better.'

'A black oak! With all that green moss on it? And look at the first branch. It has an elbow crooked round a bellwood. Would you divorce such a pair? What God hath joined, granpap.'

'Well, it would n't make prize boards anyhow,' he said, moving on unregretfully.

Suddenly a fear gripped me. We were nearing a glen at whose door stood a tree which for me symbolized the perfect life. I had often wondered why no human being could achieve maturity so unblemished, and I never passed it without a wave of happy solemnity rolling over me. I began to talk about beetroots, the only subject on which granpap was excitable. Thickly, hurriedly, I developed a rapacious interest in the wild bee and its hidden ways. And at the precise moment when we passed the pride of my woods, granpap was singsonging the lines which an old, old man had taught his grandfather when a boy:

'A swarm in May,
Count a dollar a day;
A swarm in June,
A silver spoon;
A swarm in July,
Not worth a house-fly.'

I had lured him safely by, and we neared the road again. His eye was on a tree with a long, perfect trunk, but which slanted from the root up, leaning over the road.

'I might do with that,' said he. 'It's dangerous thar anyway.'

'Dangerous! Don't you see how strong it is, and how gently it leans over the road, like a great arm of blessing? I'm so used to that tree I should feel sure of accident overtaking me before I reached the village if I did n't pass under it.'

Granpap halted. 'I ain't got time to waste corks'n' around like this. I'll go to the new ground and do some grubbin'. Then to-morr' I'll git up early and find a tree.'

I was dismissed, conscience-free.

Two warm days followed. On the second, I left my desk, feeling sure that I could find a sourwood in bloom on the south side of High Point. My path lay

through the glen. Nearing it, I heard alarming sounds of activity, and running past the last obscuring half-acre of rhododendrons, I looked ahead. The pride of my woods measured two full rods on the ground, half of his broken arms digging helplessly into the earth, the other half appealing to the winds, birds, and skies that had loved him for some mitigation of his doom. Granpap's beaming face shone above the bleeding stump.

'You oughter seen him fall! Just ate up those little chestnuts and poplars as he went down.'

And I had thought I heard thunder! Had even speculated on the peculiar crackling quality of the vibrations.

'I don't know how I happened to miss it when we were lookin' around. Now we'll get some *boards*.'

A tightness of the throat kept me silent. Moreover, I could not rebuke him. He was too happy. Here was material worthy of his skill.

'Sam is going to help me saw the cuts and make the bolts,' he said. 'Here he comes now.'

I turned away. I was the primary cause of the murder, but I could not stay to see the victim drawn and quartered.

A day or two later I had to carry a message to the board-maker. I found him a little sad.

'I'm gittin' old,' he said. 'These here boards are the sorriest I ever made.'

'But you've got a good pile of them, granpap.'

'Them's my splinters,' he said, with high contempt, both for me and the boards. 'That was the desaptivest tree I ever cut. I bumbled on it as fur as I could reach and it was plumb sound. But in choosin' a board-tree you've got to 'low so much for what you don't see.'

He sat down. Speech was coming on the tide of injury.

'A shore desaptive tree. Look at

them cuts me and Sam made. Half a day's work wasted in 'em.'

I looked at the great blocks and wondered how they had cunningly escaped further mutilation. And though I saw myself roofless for the next winter, I could not repress an inward bubble over the tree's revenge.

'It had lost so many limbs when it was young and pushin' up, that it was jest the snirliest tree I ever saw.'

'Snirly, granpap?'

'Ay, it must 'a' been an awful thrifty tree. Every time a limb broke off it plumb healed up, an' thar's eight and ten rings over some of the scars. Here I've cut it down an' split into it jest to find a lot of knot-holes spilin' my best boards. And it looked so purty and straight.'

Alas, I knew!

He got up, adjusted his brake, which was the strong fork of a limb chained to a log, fixed his bolt upright, set his adze carefully, and with precise restraint evenly separated a smooth, shining three-foot board from the rest of the bolt. From the splitting wood came an odor that must have been the essence of the forest condensed for generations into its living vase.

But granpap was not pleased with his work.

'Did you see how tough that was? When I do git a good board I have to tear it out. But it's nateral for the south side of a tree to be tough.'

'Don't you mean the north side, granpap?'

'No,' he said patiently. 'It's the sun that toughens wood. You'll see them bolts from the north side are brickle.'

He balanced the board disapprovingly.

'Look how narr' it is. By the time I've sapped this there won't be enough of it left to turn a rain-drop.'

He began to chip off the inch of white sap-wood along the edge of the board.

'I could 'a' cast out the snirly blocks, but it was the wind-shake that finally ruined me. I never counted on a wind-shake in a tree as proud as that.'

'Show me the wind-shake, granpap.'

'Look at this block, here in the cross-cut, an' you'll see it. A wind-shake starts at the heart an' twists round and round, gettin' bigger and bigger an' breakin' the wood as it goes, till thar's only enough left for a little narr' board 'tween the shake-rings and the bark. Then sometimes, when the tree weaves in the wind, you can hear it cry. If I'd 'a' listened at this tree in a high wind it could n't 'a' fooled me. But they never make no sign on the outside.'

'Granpap,' I began slowly.

He looked up, met my eyes, and laid down his axe.

'Don't you think some people are like that?'

I could feel myself trembling. If he failed me now, the line of Merlin would be extinct. There would be no more seers in the Unakas, or anywhere.

'Ay,' he said. He still used the 'ay' of Westmoreland and the hills of Malvern. 'Ay, Syn was like that after Ben got killed.'

He thought my silence was the silence of sympathy, and in alarm took up his axe.

'T ain't no use to —'

The axe finished the sentence, slicing a curl of white sap-bark. But his face was a shade grayer. The tree was avenged.

I started on, thinking of all the Syns and Bens I had known; and of a gay friend, now fallen, who liked to assure me that 'A heart is known by the autopsy.' My foot turned up a boss of sweet turf. A broken heart makes as good loam as a sound one, I thought. And I would have gone down the slope singing in the face of a looming tomorrow, if only granpap had not been standing so still.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE. II

BY GEORGE W. PURYEAR

I

It was in the afternoon of September 15 that we arrived at Villingen. The camp was n't at all attractive from the outside, but it proved much better and more comfortable than it looked. It covered an area of about 1000 metres by 250. Barracks were built around the outer edges, with an open court in the centre, in which were a tennis-court, volley-ball court, library, reading-room, and assembly hall. Around these, inside the line of barracks, was room for us to walk or run for exercise. This had been a Russian officers' camp, but it was being vacated for American officers. There were still two hundred Russians there, and at that time seventy Americans.

The American Red Cross had bulk supplies, both of food and clothing, at Villingen. Food was issued every Monday. The German food here was nothing but the old vegetable compound. Once a week we got a little slice of very poor meat. The Russians, who had to live largely on this food, looked awfully pale and underfed. We were not bothered with any formal breakfast at all. Instead, they issued us twenty lumps of sugar a week, which pleased us much better. I never ate any of my sugar, but saved every piece of it for rations on my escape.

The Germans took a picture of each of us, after which we could, if we chose, go out of camp for walks, on our word of honor.

We could not walk about at our pleas-

ure, of course, but were allowed to go out at a certain time every other day (the weather and convenience of the Germans permitting), in a group of not less than ten, or more than fifty. A German non-commissioned officer went with us as a guide, and we were subject to his orders. We would be out an hour or two. As we went out we would give our written word of honor not to try to escape, accompanied with our picture; and when we returned, we would take it up again.

The defenses of the camps were as follows. The outer windows of the barracks were barred. Where the barracks did not join, a blind fence with wire on top connected them. A few feet outside the line of barracks and fence came the main barrier, which went all around. This was, first, a low barbed-wire fence; just outside that, a ditch about four feet wide, filled with barbed-wire entanglement; and at the outer edge of this came the main fence, of woven barbed wire, about nine feet high, with steel arms on top of the posts, curving toward the interior about two feet, thus making the top of the fence lean toward the inside, so that it was impossible to climb from that direction, even with nothing else to bother you. Just outside this was the outer guard patrol. This patrol was doubled before dark every night. There was also a line of electric lights a few feet outside, which burned all night.

The Germans boasted of this as one of the safest camps, and so far as having but one weak point went, I suppose they

were justified. To maintain the camp, counting all guard-shifts, officials, and so forth, they used over a hundred men, — to hold the 270 of us. Practically all of these men, however, were old and unfit for service on the front.

After I had been at Villingen for a few days, the interpreter came round while distributing mail one day, and said that he had good news for me. I asked him what it was, hoping that I had at last got a letter; and he told me that I had to go to jail again. He reminded me that I had been sentenced to fourteen days' confinement at Rastatt, and having served only five days, I would have to serve the remaining nine days here. That night, which was the twenty-first of September, I was locked up again. The same night Rhodes was brought in and locked up for twenty days in a neighboring cell. The following day, though I was the only one aware of it, it happened to be my twenty-fourth birthday. I shall never forget that birthday party, locked up in my cell. The boys with whom I messed were to send my meals in to me. They sent them all right, but the guards somehow got mixed up, and all my meals were taken in to Rhodes. Thus I fasted on my twenty-fourth birthday, while 'Dusty' feasted on my meals in addition to his own. He had just been caught, however, and I suppose he needed filling up.

I was released from solitary confinement on the night of September 30. Seven more fliers had come in from Landshut, making a total of 77 Americans in camp. From them we learned that, a few nights after we left Landshut, four of the fellows had escaped. They had all been caught, however, four or five days later. They made fifteen American officers, who, to my personal knowledge, had escaped, and all had been recaptured. This was a bad average, but none had made the attempt

when as near the border as Villingen is.

The weather was already growing cold, and I realized that the time for making the attempt, without hazarding the winter weather, was getting short. In spite of my effort to keep myself in condition, I found that my confinement had softened as well as delayed me. I walked miles and miles inside the camp in order to harden myself. After a few rainy days it cleared, and I went out on the first honor walk. I learned from the Russians that a few weeks of good weather might be expected. The moon was dark. It would be much more dangerous to go in moonlight, and it would be winter before the next dark of the moon. All these things indicated that now was the time.

I talked to Lieutenant H. C. Tichenor, better known among us as 'Tich,' and found him of my mind, willing to go any length to try it. We shook hands on it and went to work. It was then Thursday, October 3. Monday we would get a new food-issue, and we determined to be ready to break Monday night. We proposed to go right out of our window and over that barrier some way; get as good a start on the guard as possible, and chance the rest.

The bottoms of our beds were made of planks running lengthwise. These were strong boards one inch thick, eight inches wide, and seven feet long. From these I thought that we should be able to construct some means of scaling the barrier. Tich was a good engineer. We could not drive nails, of course, nor could we make any large show of work — for the interpreter dropped in on us every hour or two, and his eye was keen; therefore we worked out and drew our design on paper. We took the boards out one at a time, while some one stood watch for us; bored the necessary holes and did the necessary cutting on each; and replaced them under the beds, where they remained until the

last moment, when we took them out and quietly put them together with wire, like putting up ready-made wooden barracks. Albertson, who was good at map-drawing, drew the map I used. From a Russian officer I bought a Russian overcoat and cap. I considered this a fair disguise, as well as necessary cover, because the silhouette at night would be the same as that of the German uniform. Also, if I should accidentally be seen in the daytime, a Russian prisoner at liberty is common enough in Germany not to attract suspicion if he does not act suspiciously. Again, in the guise of a Russian prisoner I would not be expected to speak German.

There was in camp a Russian who, by ways and means known only to himself, could produce anything you wanted if you had the price. I went to him for a compass. Tich had a good one, but I thought that we should both be fully equipped. I also bought a big spring-back knife and a twenty-mark bill. For the twenty marks in German money I gave thirty marks canteen money.

There were several other men who were planning to escape, and knowing that, when one escaped, there would be an inspection which would catch those preparing, we determined to make our break all together. Willis and Isaacs had discovered a means to short-circuit all the lights of the camp. We planned to put them all out, and as this was done, to break at once at our different points. They certainly could not stop all of us. Isaacs, Battle, and Tucker were to break out of one window, Tichenor and I another, and a third bunch still another. All three of the windows were along the southern side of the camp. Willis, Wardle, Chalmers, and some others, disguised as Germans, were to slip into the quarters of the guard and await the alarm raised by our escape, and then, as these guards were turned out to chase us, they

would rush out the open gate with the Huns.

Almost all the Americans had a hand in it in some way. The men who were to put out the lights were not going to try to escape themselves. As a means of short-circuiting the lights, chains of wire were made, with a weight on both ends. These were to be thrown over the uninsulated wires where they came into camp. It was rather a long throw, but several chains were made in case of a miss. Some other fellows were to raise false alarms at other parts of the camp, to distract the guards.

Sunday morning we learned that all the Russians would be sent away Monday. We knew that this would cause an inspection of quarters and our plans would be discovered. We therefore determined to make the break Sunday night. Having expected to leave Monday night after the food-issue, several of us were short of food-supplies. I had traded off so much of mine for my compass and other equipment, that I had practically none. We could not wait, however, and as it turned out, it was probably a good thing that I was no more heavily loaded, even with food. I had my sugar, however, and from the other boys I got four boxes of hard-tack and one opened can of hash. The lights inside our barracks were turned out every night at ten-thirty. Our plan was to short-circuit the others a few moments after that; and the putting out of the outside lights would be the signal to go.

Sunday night, before ten-thirty, Tich and I had cut loose the bars in our window, had taken the prepared slats from our beds and put them together, making a strong and solid run-board fourteen feet long, and were ready.

At ten-thirty the lights in our quarters went out. I put on my Russian cap and overcoat, pinning up the tail to prevent its catching on the wire, and

slung on my haversack with my small food-supply and so forth. Tich and I took our run-board to the window. A messenger came to ask if we were ready. We told him we were. I was to go out of the window first, with the head of the run-board. Tich was to feed it out the window to me, coming out himself as the back end came out. I was to put the end on the fence and go over, Tich coming over behind me. We had selected a rendezvous outside in case we became separated.

About ten minutes elapsed before anything happened. This time we spent, quite nervously, of course, right at the window. Then the outer lights began to sputter and went out. We pulled the curtain down from the window, bent back the bars, which, though remaining in place, had been cut loose during the night, and the window was cleared for the go. The guard, who appeared to have noticed something suspicious about our window during the evening, was standing directly in front. When he saw the lights go out, he knew, of course, that something was up, and uttering a little exclamation plainly audible to us, who were so near him, pulled his rifle down from his back and got it ready for action. With the lights out, things were not clearly visible, but the outline of a man was easily distinguishable within fifty yards or less.

Seeing that the guard stood right in front, I thought it advisable to wait and see what he would do on hearing the noise of the other parties, who I knew would then start out, hoping that he would move from his position of such advantage. In a few seconds I heard the wire screech, and the guard below shoot off his gun and blow his whistle. This guard, however, did not move. I knew then that the time had come to go, or we would soon be caught. I shoved the ladder partially out of the window and jumped out myself. The ground

was about seven feet below the window. Tichenor fed the ladder out to me, and came out with the rear end. I threw it against the fence, and immediately started over.

The guard standing directly in front saw me, of course, and the instant that I started over the fence challenged me. I paid no attention to him, and he challenged me a second time just as I reached the top of the fence. I jumped down on the outside. I thus stood just outside the fence, the guard about fifteen feet in front of me and facing me. At an angle to my left, and about half-way between us, stood a large tree. I jumped behind this tree. The guard saw me go behind it and waited. I looked back and saw Tichenor then outside the barracks and inside the fence. I saw the other guard on this beat coming from about thirty yards to the left of me. I knew that I could not keep one tree between me and two guards very long, and that the only chance that Tichenor possibly had of getting out was to come over while I had the guard occupied.

I did not intend to give myself up, so after a few seconds I jumped out from behind the tree and dashed past the guard. I passed within about three steps of the nearest and about twenty of the other. The nearest guard challenged me just as I dashed by him. I did not heed him, but tried to run in as much of a zig-zag course as I could without losing forward speed. He challenged a second time. By that time I had got probably six or seven steps farther, and he fired. The other guard, who had said nothing, also fired at me at the same time. The bullets passed quite near me, but neither touched me. Just as quickly as they could breach their guns, they fired again. Of course, I was not standing round waiting for them to breach those guns. Just as the second shots were fired, both at the same time again, I stumbled into a

ditch and fell. I was familiar with the whereabouts of this ditch, but under the circumstances naturally forgot it. I fell just at the time of the shots. Probably one or both of them might have hit me, had I not fallen. Also the guard nearest, seeing me fall, evidently thought he had shot me and turned his attention back to the ladder. When I scrambled up, he apparently did not see me. The other guard shot at me twice more; by that time I was out of sight.

I ran only a short distance before I was out of breath, being loaded down with the heavy Russian overcoat, two woolen suits of underwear and two woolen shirts, and my food-parcel. I sat down just out of sight, in order to catch my breath. At this time, all kinds of disturbances and shots were heard, for a dozen men were trying to escape at once. I then got up, but being too tired to run, began walking in the direction of the place where Tichenor and I had arranged to meet. After I had walked about a thousand yards away, my silhouette evidently rose above the sky-line, and one of the guards took a pot-shot at me at this long range. Finding that I was seen, I stooped down, so as not to silhouette myself, and ran on to the place where I was to meet Tichenor. I waited for him fifteen or twenty minutes, according to our agreement. While there, I heard some seventy-five or a hundred shots fired down at the camp. At the end of that time I heard the bugle blown for assembly, and knew that he was not coming. I prayed to the Lord and started for the Swiss border alone.

II

The trip to the Swiss border was accomplished in five nights' walking. As soon as I was out of the neighborhood of Villingen, I took to the roads. Before the tramp was done, I had acquired the

ability to walk at reasonably good speed over a gravel-road with my hob-nail shoes, making no more noise than one ordinarily would with rubber heels on a plush carpet.

At first I traveled almost directly west. My compass, being made by hand, was not as convenient and easy to use as an ordinary compass, but it was a good one and never failed me. The compass-needle itself was made of a small flat piece of steel about an inch long, tapered at each end. It was pivoted on a sharpened brass peg screwed into the bottom of a little wooden box. Though large when assembled, it was ideal to pass inspection in prison, because, when disassembled, it bore no resemblance to a compass. To make it visible at night, I had taken some of the phosphorus from the face of my wrist-watch and stuck it to the north end of the compass, balancing the other end with a little mucilage.

Morning found me about fifteen kilometres on my way, west by a little south from Villingen. Toward morning, having walked a little late, though it was not yet light in the forest, I met two wood-cutters on their way to work. My tactics of noiselessness, however, saved me, and I observed their approach before they saw me and easily avoided them. After a little I came out to seek a better hiding-place for the day. Just as I rose, I saw, and was seen by, the only human who ever saw me by daylight during my whole trip. He was a civilian, about three hundred yards away, and was looking straight at me. I feigned indifference to him, adjusted my clothes leisurely, and strode away as if he meant nothing to me. Thanks to my Russian costume, he was not suspicious and did not follow.

As soon as the trees hid me, I went faster, but still maintained an indifferent manner in case another eye should see me. In a few minutes I found a good

place, and taking off my shoes and putting on a pair of heavy wool socks, which I had brought for that purpose, settled down for the day. The weather was kind to me, and after a few hours the sun brought to me the possibility of food and sleep. During this first day I ate all my hash, because, being opened, it would not keep. It made a reasonably good day's rations. Realizing the swim which was before me, and not having swum in two years, I began the exercises which I used several hours each day from then on.

As evening came on, I was restless to be on my way, and started as soon as it was dark enough to venture it. Soon after starting, while circling a little village, where there was a crowd of people in the street, I came upon what seemed to be a narrow strip of water. When I attempted to jump across it, what appeared to be the other bank proved to be only long grass, and I went into water up to my waist. I was more afraid that the splash I had made would attract attention than I was worried by my wetting. I clambered to the other side and resumed my journey with the water sloshing in my shoes.

I raided my first garden about midnight, filling my little bag. I ate some during the night, and kept a supply to eat during the day, when it would be impossible to search for anything. For the remainder of my journey I lived more upon these raw foods than upon my scanty rations. Each morning, a little before time to hide for the day, I would collect my day's supply. My dry food I ate mostly when I rested during the night. When I was exhausted, I could feel the immediate stimulating effect of a lump of sugar, just like a hot cup of coffee to the tired man.

A few hours after I started, the sky became covered with clouds, and a little after midnight it began to drizzle on me. About four in the morning,

while it was still raining, I found the only barn that I ever saw in Germany which was not either partially inhabited by the people themselves, or so near their house as to be useless as a hiding-place. It stood in a pasture, by itself, and looked inviting.

The finding of this barn was but one of the many instances where Providence helped me on my journey. It rained continually until about four of the following afternoon. By this time, as I had walked all the way with wet feet, they were beginning to trouble me, and to have a dry place for the day was a great advantage. Inside the barn I had hopes of finding some hay, but in this I was disappointed. I had, however, a dry floor, and lying down in my wet clothes, immediately fell asleep from exhaustion, but soon woke and found it too cold to sleep any more. When I woke it was getting light. I kept myself warm during the day, taking my swimming exercises, and my clothes soon dried on me, except my shoes, which I had taken off immediately upon stopping. No one came near the barn during the rain, but in the evening the farmers came, and I could hear them talking outside. Once they opened the door of the shed below and came in. For a while I thought it was all up with me; but they never came into the loft where I was hiding, and all was well. As darkness came on, I put on my shoes and started out again.

I was feeling fine, and after a few hours on the road which was winding down into a mountain valley, I saw before me a town of considerable size. It was the town of Neustadt, the largest through which I passed during my journey. All roads led through the town. I therefore decided to trust to the similarity of my costume to the German uniform and bluff my way through. It was about 10.30 P.M., and though the streets were already mostly deserted, it

was not late enough for a wayfarer to be looked upon with particular suspicion. The town was electrically lighted and the factories were running.

I buttoned my Russian military coat, which, by the way, was far from shoddy, being of a material that would have cost well over one hundred dollars, even in that dear land of plenty across the seas. I set my military cap in a very severe position on the forward part of my head, and assuming a very dignified and forbidding manner, I walked through this town a rival to the most military Prussian officer ever seen. As I entered, I met a group of four soldiers. I gauged my steps so as to pass them when the light shone in their faces and at my back, thus giving them a view of my outline only. When I came up to them, they stood at attention, giving me fully half the sidewalk. I saluted them as a German officer would, and passed by.

I next met a lone woman, who spoke to me; but my bearing was so haughty as not to encourage familiarity. I next passed a hotel, through the windows of which I could see many soldiers in uniform. No one was outside as I passed in front of the brightly lighted door; but after I had gone beyond about twenty-five steps, the door opened and a German officer, or someone who appeared to me to be one, stepped out and started down the street behind me. In all my experience I have never seen a German walk so fast as he did. I almost had to drop my dignity, in order to prevent him shortening the distance between us. I tried to make speed and hold an external appearance of indifference, while internally all was in a turmoil. Thus pressed, I marched across an overhead bridge spanning both river and railroad, and though it was nip and tuck, I think we came over with the distance between us lengthened a little. I don't think anyone could have out-

walked me under those circumstances. Once over, the German soon relieved me from the ever-increasing fear that he was following me by turning into another street. Then I met five women coming from their work. These, I fear, had a pretty good look at me, but I passed the inspection. I then heard a noisy party of five or six, but by turning down a dark street, allowed them to pass and returned to my route behind them.

Just at the edge of the town, the road began to climb again into the mountain forest. Here I came up behind an old man carrying a heavy burden on his back. His progress was very slow and appearance quite harmless, so I determined to pass him. As I approached within about five steps, he lowered his burden to the ground, to rest, which caused him to turn and face me. I was by this time beyond the lights, and I passed him without difficulty, grunting, 'Guten Nacht.'

The road soon began to wind, and after about an hour's walk, climbing all the while, I came out in a clearing on the side of the mountain, overlooking the town, within a stone's throw below. I stopped and rested, realizing that I had used a lot of my strength and gained very little distance on my journey. The lights and hum of the mills coming up through the fog from the town in the valley below held a weird attraction, and I seated myself on a fallen tree and watched.

While I was sitting here, it began to drizzle again. A clock in the town below chimed the hour of midnight. I turned again into the forest. Though I never had any very definite belief in anything on the subject, my experience during this journey almost made me a believer in guardian angels. Never did I feel lonesome, or even alone, during all that trip. Several times I waked to hear someone speaking. During the

next hour or so, I had much need for the assistance of my Guardian Angel. My road, still climbing the mountain, led south. After a little it began to grow narrower and narrower, until it vanished in the forest. I could not, however, force myself to turn and retrace my steps. With my compass I labored my way on through the forest in a constant rain, hoping soon to hit another road leading down on the other side. I realized the danger of my blind groping; often an unseen hand seemed to halt me just on the verge of danger, and I would be more and more cautious without knowing what I had really avoided. Once I stepped into space and down I went. My fall was short, and with only a few scratches I came to a stop on a ledge covered with low underbrush. I could only feel my way along. When looking straight up, I could sometimes see the dim glow of the cloud-covered sky above the tree-tops.

I realize now that it would have been better to retrace my steps and try to avoid the mountain, which still towered above and before me. But the road, even to return, was lost now, and I had no alternative. I pressed on as best as I could. Soon I felt that the rain had turned into snow. Finally, I came out on the flat top of the mountain. Here the forest ended, and I found myself cold and exhausted, and faced by ground grown up with thick underbrush, absolutely impassable. At each step I was deluged with melting snow.

Though I did not know it at that time, my hand-made map not being absolutely accurate, I was then on the top of Hohfurst Mountain, an altitude about as high as I could have found on my route. It was not a snow-capped mountain, by any means, but was so high (1150 metres) that it was snowing up there on that particular night of October when it was raining down below.

I stepped back into the uncut forest, where, because of the absence of underbrush, I could make my way, and repeatedly tried to skirt this barrier. At every turn it faced me. I would stumble and fall, often lying where I fell, almost dropping off to sleep. Always I would wake with a start, thinking that I had just heard a companion calling to me not to weaken. Finally, I just stumbled into another road which, though not going in my direction, I unhesitatingly took and started down the mountain. This road conducted me to a highway going in the proper direction, and with what strength I had left I struck out to make as much progress as possible for the rest of the night. After this experience I tried to stick to roads which appeared to be big highways, and a telephone line along them gave me great assurance.

I walked very late that morning, trying to make up for some of my lost time; and finally, after exposing myself to great danger, had to drop in a little wet wood, where I spent a very uncomfortable day. That night (the night of the 9th and 10th), I made my longest stage. I passed through Hausern about 11 o'clock, where, from the road-crossing signboard, I found the main highway to Waldshut. This I followed for the remainder of the night, stopping for the day within a few kilometres of Waldshut. After waking from my first sleep of exhaustion, I found that, where I was lying, I was exposed to the cold mountain wind, and though it was getting light, I walked on for a little distance, in order to find a more protected place to spend the day.

Realizing that, if nothing happened, I would come to the passage of the last ditch — the Rhine — that night, I ate heavily of my reserve dry strength-producing food. In fact, I had left, when I started that night, only one box of hard-tack biscuits and three lumps of

my precious sugar. Sugar I found to be the very best ration for such a journey. Its stimulating effect was quickly felt and heated me better than any food.

Before starting that night, I took off all my clothes and put on first those in which I intended to make the swim, adjusting them very snugly and tightly, taking up all slack with strings. Over these I put my other clothing, to keep me warm till the time came.

III

About eleven o'clock that night of the tenth of October I came to the Rhine at Waldshut. In order to make sure that I was not mistaken in my location, or misled by the signboards along the road, I climbed up on a hill overlooking the city and carefully compared the country below with my map.

Having satisfied myself that the country which I saw before me, across the river, was Switzerland, I began to plan to make the swim. In the drawing of our many and various maps, some of the boys would use different means of designating Switzerland. I had labeled the Swiss territory on my map 'The Promised Land,' and I wondered, while standing on this mountain looking over into Switzerland, if I, like Moses, would only be allowed thus to look into it. Though I do not think it an admirable trait in a man to expect the Lord to help him out of all tight places, and then not live up to his teachings after he has safely come through, I guess there are not many who have not at some time called upon the assistance of the Lord. Here I thanked Him for having taken care of me thus far, and prayed for his further assistance.

From the hill I could get a favorable view of the river for some distance. I risked a place where, because of the bend in the river, I knew that the current after hitting this bank would bound

back toward the other bank. I determined to undertake the crossing here, just below the bend, because I knew that at this place near the bank I would find an eddy of comparatively still water, and that as soon as I hit the current it would have a tendency at first to carry me toward the other bank. About a mile downstream, the river took a reverse curve, and here I knew the current would be hard against the opposite bank. I hoped to make the other shore before, or at least by the time, I reached this curve, thus taking the benefit of every possible advantage.

When I approached this place, I found that the descent to the water would be comparatively easy, also. It was well after midnight by now. I ate the last lumps of my sugar and part of the box of crackers. I was nervous to be off, but wanted to make sure. I lay there and watched for about three hours, and during that time no guard appeared near the spot where I intended to start my swim. The only sound that came up to me was the constant voice of the river. The swift current kept up a ceaseless little roar, punctuated by the noise of the whirlpools which came and went here and yonder. It was not such a comfortable sound when one of them would form in front of and near me. As it reached its climax, and the surrounding water filled up the hole made in the centre by the whirlpool, it would send up quite a loud gurgling noise.

I did not underestimate the crossing of this last ditch, in the impassableness of which the Germans had so much confidence that they considered no other barrier necessary to protect the frontier. I knew that its swift and treacherous current was made up from the melting snow of the mountains above, and that its temperature was so low that no ordinary constitution was strong enough to withstand it more than a few minutes. I had heard in camp of a little

cemetery near Basel, filled with the dead bodies of Russian prisoners who had attempted to swim the river. I had known and considered these things from the beginning, however, and they did not disturb me now.

Once, during the time that I lay there, from up the river a big searchlight shot its rays over the water for an instant and was gone again. It was by now about four o'clock in the morning. I took off all my clothes, except those in which I intended to try to make the swim, and one O.D. shirt, which I kept on, to hide the whiteness of my undershirt, but all unbuttoned and ready to throw off very quickly. I put my compass, map, and German pictures, which I wished to carry over with me, in my pocket. I opened in my hand my big knife and started to creep down to the water's edge. I had not bought this knife with the intention of using it as a means of violence, because violence generally would not pay, and would get one in great difficulty if captured afterwards. I felt, however, that if anyone attempted to stop me just on the border of the Promised Land, I would stop at nothing rather than be taken.

So slow and careful was my progress that it took me about an hour to cover the few yards down to the water's edge. I had to cross a railroad and a road which ran parallel to the river. As I lay just at the edge of the water, like a lizard, with eyes and ears alert ready to slip in, I heard a clock strike five. It was thus that I knew the exact time of crossing the river; I knew also that I did not have much time to spare, for soon the day would begin to break. After that, all was quiet but the river before me, whose voice was never silent as it tumbled on, with a current in the centre of seven kilometres an hour. I got to my feet and, still crouching low, stepped into the water. As I had expected, near the bank it was practically still.

The bank went down steeply, and I saw that I could make no distance wading. I stripped off my O.D. shirt, dropping it, with my knife, in the water, set my eyes on the opposite bank, and uttering a short, silent prayer, shoved out into the stream. I knew then that I had my liberty. The chance of recapture was past. Either I would soon be on neutral soil and a free citizen, or I would have a place in the little cemetery at Basel.

After a few strokes, I saw that my shoes about my neck would be too great a hindrance, and I cast them off into the river. For a while I swam quietly but swiftly, expecting any moment to hear an alarm given and to become the target, under the rays of a searchlight, for the German sentries who were sure to be not far away. But nothing of the kind happened, and after a little I felt myself pass from the eddying waters into the swift current, which picked me up and hurled me on at a tremendous rate. I knew then that the time for my utmost effort was at hand. I knew that the treacherous current, which was now kindly assisting me out toward the centre, would, after I reached that point, have a similar tendency to hold me in the centre. I laid aside my caution, and raising my arms out of the water, put forth my best effort.

By this time I began to be affected by the temperature of the water, my head became dizzy, and for a while I thought I was about to lose my grip on myself. All was confusion about me. I feared that I might mistake the bank I had left for the bank I was going toward. I struggled hard to right things in my head and eyes and maintain control of my body. In the background of my mind, I remember, I began to wonder whether, if I were drowned, I would be put in the little cemetery with the Russians, or whether they would start an American one.

After a few moments, however, I

felt better and my head cleared. I threw every ounce of my strength into the effort. Though I had won one attack, I felt the temperature taking a firmer hold on me. Also, I knew that at any moment I might strike a whirlpool. So I swam as fast as I could. When within about twenty-five feet of the other bank, which was shooting by like scenery out of any express-train window, my hand touched the bottom. I immediately attempted to land, but, though the water was not waist-deep, I could not stand against it, and my feet not taking firm hold on the bottom, I was thrown full length down the stream. There I got my first ducking. I soon recovered myself, however, and allowing myself to go down freely with the current, kicked toward the bank with one foot on the bottom. With every step I went downstream fifteen or twenty feet. After a few steps, and when very close, the bottom again disappeared, and I had to swim. I was in the bend of the river which I had seen from the mountain on the other side, and the bank, being steep and well washed, was passing me like an express train. At first my grasp at the bank was futile; but I scratched and clawed along for a good many feet, and finally succeeded in stopping the bank.

When I pulled myself out, I was not able to stand up. I was very much afraid of falling back in the river in my dizziness. My physical distress was too great, and my danger still too apparent, to enjoy at first the fact that I had reached the neutral shore. I kept on all fours, working my muscles as hard as I could, to stimulate circulation. After a little I was able to crawl up the bank, where I ran around on all fours like a dog, until I was able to stand up. I then took off my wet clothes, wrung them out, and put them on again.

On both the Swiss and German sides, the course of the river is here followed

by a national highway and a railroad. About 500 yards from where I came out I saw a small railroad house, in which lived the man whose duty it is to raise and lower the gates for the regulation of the traffic at the crossing. I made haste to this house and threw myself on the hospitality of the old man, who met me at his gate.

I can never forget the hospitality of this old peasant. He certainly 'came through' with all that could have been expected of him. In fact, the same is true of every Swiss with whom I came in contact.

He took one look at me and knew my story. Paying not the slightest attention to my chattering mixture of French and English, he led me into his house. As he entered, he took off his overcoat and put it around me. He drew a chair before his fire and brought a big pair of wooden-bottom shoes. While doing these things for my comfort, he said nothing and, as he did not stop to try to understand, I too fell silent. Turning to his stove, he poured out a bowl of hot goat's milk and brought it to me.

I took a few big swallows, and as the warm milk went down, I looked up at him standing there with the pitcher ready to refill my bowl. Then it was that thankfulness and happiness flowed over me. I will not attempt to say how I felt. From my expression he again saw my feeling. Then it was that he spoke. It was the first time that he had said a word, and although he still looked on me with his kindly expression, his words were German. I had thought that the Swiss all spoke French. Instantly a cold dread seized me. My mind flew back to the time, two and a half months ago, when I had first heard that accent. I had been mistaken then as to where I was, and like a ghost the idea seized me that perhaps I was again in the same error. I almost dropped the bowl of milk as that idea

stung me. With an effort, I asked him if he were Swiss. Reading my consternation, he assured me that he was Swiss, this was Switzerland, and I was all right.

Life again flowed back into me. I drank the hot milk, and while he refilled my bowl I told him that I was a Kriegsgefangener American escaped from Germany. This he already knew, except that I was an American. That knowledge increased his interest in me. I asked him for a telephone, that I might telephone Berne. He said that he did not have one, but after breakfast he would take me to the military post nearby, where I could find one. He told me that his wife was away and he was doing the cooking for himself and his two little boys, who, appearing to be about seven and nine years of age, were displaying great interest in me. Of course, I could not speak his Swiss German, but, with a few words and my experience, I can converse on simple and apparent subjects with almost anyone.

I warmed myself before his fire while he busied himself with his household duties. In a few minutes breakfast was prepared. He placed a large bowl in the centre of the table, and he and his two boys and I sat about it. Each had a large spoon, and all ate out of the common bowl. That I consider true hospitality, if I ever saw it, and I assure you that I ate my full share. The bowl contained a kind of fried pastry or dumplings, fixed in gravy. To complete the meal, we had bread, a big pitcher of hot goat's milk, and a pitcher of hot coffee. I filled and refilled my cup, mostly of milk, with a little coffee. The old man urged me to drink all that I wanted. The hot food was to me like water to a man perishing in a desert. It helped to drive out the chill of the river, and I only hope that I was not greedy.

Breakfast over, we started out for the military post — rather a long walk. There a Swiss soldier who spoke Eng-

lish took charge of me. He brought me a complete outfit of dry clothes. The old peasant was given back his overcoat and shoes, and I was soon dry-clad in a Swiss uniform from shoes to hat. I was again fed. Though I had just had one big breakfast, I felt equal to two, or even more.

This post was just across the river from Waldshut. From the windows I could look right over into the German town, and could see the guard at both ends of the railroad bridge.

I was informed that, there being only a non-commissioned officer in charge of this post, I would have to be taken to Zurich. While waiting, we went into a café, where the soldier bought me a drink of cognac, as I still felt chilled.

We got to Zurich about eleven o'clock, after quite an interesting trip. My guard, guide, or companion, whatever you might call him, would explain my identity to people at the different places where we stopped. Once our road ran along the Rhine, and I could look over and see the German guards along the other bank. At Zurich I went before the commandant. I had to pass a physical examination, and after I had proved myself to have excellent health, he gave a little note to my guard, and sent me out to buy an outfit of clothes.

I had dinner here, and at two o'clock was sent by train to Reinfelden, to the commanding general of the frontier. For this trip I was given a new guard. Before parting from the soldier who had been so nice to me, however, seeing that the Swiss government was paying my bills and that I needed no money, I gave him the twenty-mark bill, which was all the real money I had, and asked him to give half of it to the old peasant who had taken me in, and keep the other half for the use of his clothes.

I was then sent out to —, where I again found my credit unlimited. I ate a fine dinner, had a bath, and hopped

into a good feather-bed. I had said to the landlord during dinner that I had been unable to get entirely warm since coming out of the river. My chill had been so great that I had never got my blood to circulating right. Every now and then a cold shiver would run over me, though there was no reason for my being cold. When I got into this bed, I found the biggest hot-water bottle in there that I ever saw. The landlord meant to see that I got 'thawed out.' It had been two and a half months since I had been in a comfortable bed, and five nights since I had been in any. You may imagine from that how I felt when I crawled into this one. I sank down in it, and if ever a man was happy, I was. With this perfect physical comfort was combined the knowledge that I had won my freedom. I thanked the Lord for my deliverance, and went to sleep. The warm bed, with the big hot-water bottle, did the work.

I got so warm that night that I have n't felt cold since.

The next morning a Swiss officer called for me and we went to Berne. The American military attaché had been notified, and Captain Davis, assistant military attaché, met us at the train. He did not recognize me, however, in my rustic civilian clothing, as the man he came to meet, and we missed him. The Swiss officer and I went on to the Swiss headquarters. We were just going in when Captain Davis caught us.

I was in hopes that others of the bunch had come through, and, having taken an unnecessarily long time myself to avoid danger of recapture, I expected to find them there ahead of me. None, however, had arrived. Captain Davis told me that I was the first American army officer to escape, and almost the first soldier. One doughboy, Frank Soviki, had come into Switzerland two days before, and was then in Berne.

(The End)

BOOKS AND THOSE WHO MAKE THEM

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I

THE books published in America which casually reached the Russian bookshops always seemed to me a rare kind of treasure. They were printed on such a fine paper, with wonderful multicolored illustrations! I looked at them with deep respect and was very happy to buy one; this happened not often, as the prices of the American books were too high for us. The Russian book is

the cheapest in the world. Even the French editions are more expensive.

Many of our book-lovers would buy American books, even if they could not read them; I knew a Russian who kept in his library all the works of Edgar Allan Poe, side by side with the French translation of them. 'I love to look at these books,' he would say; 'I enjoy turning the pages.'

It is true that only the best of American editions reached us; we had a very

one-sided idea about your publishing conditions: we used to think that every American printed page was an article of luxury.

When I came here, I found that it is not always so; but still, many of your books look as rich as the dresses of your women. Sometimes the luxurious covers show bad taste, sometimes the inside is not so good as the appearance. But very often one can find among them real beauty in an exquisite gown — I mean books as well as women.

They were so tempting to me (now I mean only books), especially these little 'cosey,' intimate editions of poems. I would stop before the windows of the fashionable book-shops on Fifth Avenue and look at the beautiful leather covers as if I were a hungry bookworm, in the direct sense of the word.

I remember how I got frozen fingers in the extreme cold days of last winter: I bought the nicest little copy of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, instead of buying warm gloves. And I am not a collector of books. I can imagine how the American publishing houses influence a real bibliophile! They may ruin him, drive him to crime!

Yes, they know how to publish books. But they don't always know what to publish. The amount of novels written on the theme 'How they married each other' is simply distressing! It gives me an impression that all the American girls and young men live only on love. And the eternal happy endings! And the dozens and dozens of girls — secretaries — who reform their wealthy chiefs! And the fortunes made in a fortnight!

Who first told the black lie, that books of this kind are cheerful? Suppose an unfortunate old maid read about all those happy marriages, would it not drive her to despair? And a young man who has struggled for a few years, trying to make a tiny flower-shop pay —

he would commit suicide, seeing all the prosperous millionaires in fiction!

The pictures of success are as tormenting for the unhappy as the mirages in the desert for the lost travelers. I am talking from my own experience.

When I came here, I had no friends, save books. And I read day and night, in order to acquire good English and — to save myself from loneliness.

I started with easy novels, because this was the only thing I could easily understand. But very soon I found out that my feeling of loneliness grew rapidly. No wonder, they all were so happy inside, behind the fence of the colored cover! They had dear old mothers and brave sweethearts who shelter them from danger! And they would never perish, never! Once I read a really good story about a girl who caught tuberculosis, working in a dark, unhealthy basement of a big department store. She was on the verge of despair and her sweetheart had deserted her, fearing infection, but — you can easily guess, there was another generous boy, and a good charity institution which cured poor working-people.

Oh, how bitterly I wept after I read that cheerful story! Even she was saved, that humble, helpless girl on the verge of despair and death! And I, a well-trained journalist, with all my courage and readiness to fight for life and happiness, sit here, in New York, in such a rich city with so many opportunities, and my life is so hard, only because I don't know English! Why does nobody teach me? Why does nobody save me, when it is so easy? Oh, how unhappy I felt, how envious I was of that shop-girl with tuberculosis!

Finally, I persuaded myself that it was only fiction, and that many people of New York are probably as unhappy as I am — I am not a tragical exception. And then I stopped crying. But if I were really naïve enough to believe

that all these silly, optimistic stories are true, I would have gone to the Battery and thrown myself into the ocean long ago.

Don't you think that it is dangerous to show too many good meals to the hungry? No doubt all the happy novels were created to keep people contented, to give them hope. But the last war took away the best hopes from many and many. You can preach in your novels: 'Send him away with a smile'; but what can your optimistic novelists say to a mother who has learned that her boy is dead? I foresee that your after-the-war novels will be full of the boys who returned happily home, and the faithful brides who lead a virtuous life awaiting them. But those who wear the black clothes of mourning will not read them. And it is safer for the present system of society that those people do not read them.

Your 'optimistic' literature, which is intended to make people hopeful, may fill their hearts with bitterness, if they believe it, or with indignation, if they do not. And the masses are ceasing to believe it! It is dangerous to play on the credulity of people.

Certainly, only a part (although the largest part) of your books consists of such sentimentally optimistic mush. You have your great literature, which we used to admire from abroad. Don't believe in your best critics, who talk with the best intentions about the decadence of the American magazines. When my internationalized American friends say with bitterness, 'We have no real literature in America!' it reminds me of our clever but gloomy Russian critics, who would always complain, 'Nobody writes a decent thing nowadays.'

I would like to bring all these Russian literary undertakers to America and show them all the translations, poor as they are, of Gorky, Andreev, Korolenko

(they are all living Russian writers), and make the critics read all the articles praising Russian literature. Perhaps they would feel a bit ashamed of their growling.

The same pessimistic voices I hear in your country: 'We have no literature! We have no literature!' Why, have you not Mark Twain, Jack London, O. Henry? What do you expect from your country — to bear you a genius every month? Of course, great writers are rare! We have only one Tolstoi. And we, exactly like you, complained that we did not have a dozen of them.

You praise our literature because you see only the best samples of it. The works of our daily literary failures do not reach you. It is a case of 'natural selection.' Nobody translates the mediocre, and, fortunately, only a very few of you know Russian! In Russia we praise your literature for the same reason: we see only the best part of it.

Nevertheless, those of your critics who blame your literature do it little or no harm: they love art and want to see more of it in their own country; this is the reason of their severe judgment. It was our radicals who blamed our country under the old régime. They did it because they wanted things to be improved.

The worst enemies of American literature are those critics who unrestrainedly praise it. They are like the extreme patriots of Mr. Roosevelt's kind who say, 'Everything American is good.' They create false geniuses by advertising mediocrities. The pseudogreat books are sometimes translated into other languages by the credulous and unintelligent foreigners, and thus lower your literary reputation abroad.

I have never seen so many manufactured geniuses as in America! Your natural gift of advertising shows itself in all its splendor, when you advertise a writer. A second Dante, second

Shakespeare, second Milton — you let us believe that there are hundreds of them here! Very often these highly praised people are just second-rate writers; and I am afraid that your honey-tongued critics are in danger that nobody would believe them if they should happen to discover a real new great writer.

II

Of course, you have in America the good old respectable magazines and publishing houses which shrink from the counterfeited geniuses and the monstrous advertising.

When I started to write in English, I wanted to see my things printed in these fine magazines; I always believed that one must begin everything from the top; that idea of mine worked well in Russia, so I tried to apply it in America, too. I wrote an article and sent it to a well-known monthly. The editors did not accept it, but asked me to come and talk with them about my future plans; they were seemingly interested in my work and wanted me to write for them.

With a beating heart I approached the huge old building, which was visited by Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot; the building where Edgar Allan Poe recited his poems and Mark Twain smoked his pipe. (I am not quite sure whether all of these famous people actually visited the building, but I liked to imagine they did, because I read that they all contributed to the hundred-years-old magazine, which was born there.)

The first impression of it was as bad as could be. It was simply hopeless! The building stands on the dirtiest and gloomiest street of New York, and the street is darkened by the Elevated and is full of noise. I learned, later on, that there was no Elevated when this house was built, and the street looked

decent then. The editor informed me with pride that it was the first fireproof building erected in this city. But I did n't see any reason why they don't move from this place now, when it is no longer comfortable. Its famous past does n't make it any more attractive to live in.

Well, perhaps I am too democratic, but I must confess that I prefer good air and cleanliness and quietude to beautiful traditions.

This house, filled with traditions, has no good air and quietude at all; it looks like a dusty and noisy factory; dozens of people work together in the two large halls; the editors have no privacy at all, their writing-tables are so near to each other. I, a poor foreigner, would never consent to work under such primitive conditions.

And it was such a contrast to meet in this huge, dusty, cold-looking factory the friendly, kind, attentive people, who greeted me as if they knew me long ago.

There were two ladies with whom I talked first. On almost every one of your big magazines there are elderly, white-haired, well-preserved, kindly, sweet-voiced ladies who talk with you as if you were their daughter.

I don't understand how the publishing companies can obtain so many distinguished, good-natured elderly women to work in their 'book factories' under the present conditions.

Those two lady editors, whom I met first, gave me an exceptionally good impression; I learned, later on, that the younger of them was the so-called 'talking editor'; her mission was to talk with writers. Not an easy job, I must admit! I personally would rather be a missionary in Hawaii than deal with conceited young poets or capricious novelists, or — green foreign journalists who cannot accustom themselves to the habits of a new country.

I believe my talking editor would be a capable missionary: she created an atmosphere of perfect confidence around a newcomer. My heart was warm when I talked with her, and I left the office in a rosy, hopeful mood.

I wrote a short story, which they accepted, and showered many compliments upon me. Another woman editor, a well-known poet, praised me and my country so much that I blushed — I, a sophisticated newspaper woman! I felt a great joy.

I need praise like the auto needs gasoline; I must get a big dose of compliments from time to time, otherwise I cannot work.

A few more of my articles were accepted a little later in other first-rate magazines. It was a glorious day for me when I saw one of them printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It all looked like success, but it was not so wonderful as it seemed to me the first time. Life did not become easy yet.

I love English and, remembering that I am a foreigner, I always fear that I may spoil your beautiful language. I think that, in order to write decently, I ought to work very hard over every little sentence. The result is, that I write one article while an average American journalist writes five or ten. As I work so slowly and live only on my writings, I must sell everything that I write: one large unsold manuscript means bankruptcy to me.

Well, even a good American novelist cannot sell everything he creates. So it was natural that very soon I fell into trouble.

I wrote a story and sent it to the first magazine. It was refused. I felt depressed, because I spent on this thing two months of work, and thought it very good; and I waited for the answer three weeks. When I got it, I was out of money; only thirty cents laid lonely in my old Russian purse.

The letter which accompanied the refusal was very sweet. It assured me that I have an unusual talent for writing fiction, and so on. Among a few reasons for rejection was: 'Don't think us hopeless optimists, but really we cannot print more stories with an unhappy ending, especially in these sad war times.'

The letter invited me to write something more cheerful.

I would gladly write something cheerful. I have a soft heart and don't like to make people sad, even on the pages of books. I do it only when the natural developing of the theme does not permit me to end the story happily. And I see plenty of sunshine in life, not only its dark corners. But it was pretty hard to think about a new happy story with thirty cents in my pocket and the unpaid rent.

I braced myself up and went to the editor. I had a little cheerful theme in my head; I had nursed it for a long time; I told it to her and she liked it very much.

'Yes, that sounds very interesting! Write it! I think we will accept it.'

I gathered all my courage and explained to her that I could not write anything because of 'circumstances.' I asked a little money in advance.

She looked shocked and surprised.

'No, I don't think our business manager would do it for you. It is not our custom — to give money in advance to new writers. If you were well known —'

I smiled. 'If I were well known and successful, I would not ask money! I ask it because I need it!'

'I am sorry, Miss Moravsky, but it is not a business proposition. We hope your next story may suit us, but we are not sure of it.'

'But you assured me that I can write well! You proved your good opinion of my writing by accepting my first story; you said I have a bright future

before me. I have reasons to believe it, because I was a successful writer in my own country. Then why cannot your publishers help me? It is a question of death or life to me. To-day I broke my last dollar.'

I picked up a silver paper-knife and started to examine it, in order to hide the expression on my face. I felt that I was on the verge of tears, and it would be so degrading to cry before the foreigner! But my hands trembled and the paper-knife vibrated like a tuning fork. She glanced at this trembling knife and understood. She rose quickly and went to the next office-cage.

A moment later she returned, saying, 'I am very sorry, but, as I expected, our business manager does n't find it possible. Then she added sympathetically, 'Why don't you undertake any other occupation besides writing?'

'Because it is the only one thing which I know. I have no other profession.'

'You may learn something. It is almost impossible for a young writer in this country to live entirely on writing! And you are here for such a short time! Wait until you become better known, and in the meantime undertake some office work. I would gladly assist you to get it. I may give you some letters of introduction.'

'Thank you very much, but I hate regular work! It is a prison! I would never write anything good if I consent to it.'

The friendly manners and voice of the editor changed abruptly.

'Well, if you don't want to work — Nobody likes everyday work, I assure you, but we all are doing it just the same. Do you think I would not prefer to write in my room instead of reading manuscripts all day long?'

'But — they would fire me out the next day.' I tried to excuse myself: 'I cannot typewrite more than two

pages an hour. Here in America you need specialists. And every professional stenographer would beat me. I will not give my best to society if I start to work in a new field which I dislike. I would be a very poor everyday worker; society can get more out of me if I have an opportunity to write.'

And I tried to prove as eloquently as I could how important it is to have some more voices from abroad, in order to unite the two great countries, Russia and America, to establish international friendship, and so on.

She listened darkly, without the slightest sympathy, and interrupted me at last: —

'Society is not interested to get the best out of you; society wants you to work.'

'But it *is* my work! My profession! To write articles is as good as to make shoes. Why, a shoemaker can live on his profession, and you want me to write only in my spare time, after I have finished another day's work. It would be rotten writing!'

'I don't understand why you discuss it with me. This is a publishing house, and it is not our business to save writers.'

'It *is* your business! Do you think this magazine will be prosperous if you never help any new writer to stand on his feet?'

'We are not anxious to have more contributors, we have always plenty of material.'

'Oh, it is heartless, heartless!' I repeated, and rose to leave the office.

She shook hands with me and said in the old sympathetic manner, —

'I cannot change the customs of our house, but I am very sorry for you, and if you allow me to help you personally —'

I refused with thanks, and went out, trying to be cheerful; but my pride left me as soon as I passed the door of the

inhospitable magazine. I stopped at the corner, leaned against the wall, and stood there for a long time; I was incapable of moving; I gazed thoughtlessly before me and saw nothing, because my eyes were full of tears. The Elevated roared above my head; I shuddered — it awakened me. I started to think again; and, as I looked once more at the huge, fireproof building, I ardently wished it to be burnt, together with all its 'business system.'

III

A few minutes later I sat at Battery Place and thought it all over. I always used to go to this lonely place at the harbor when I felt depressed. The waves remind me that America is not the only place to live in; that the world is great, and is going to be free and happy, and 'let us hope that I will return home to Russia.'

I dreamed now more ardently than ever that I would return to Russia, where there are no 'impersonal publishing companies,' and the kind old editors, who publish their papers themselves, understand the moral and material needs of the writers.

Then I reconsidered my talk with the talking editor and felt ashamed of myself. If the publishing company was heartless to me (how can one expect a business trust to have a heart?), then I was heartless to her: it was so tactless, so cruel, to complain to this woman about my troubles, to her who had spent many years working in that 'factory,' instead of writing books in her own cosy home. And I said to her that I hate the steady hours of work and think it to be a prison, and will never consent to it! How could she sympathize with me, she who was in that prison already? Nine years at the desk of the noisy office, on that gloomy street! — no wonder that she writes so little.

I remembered her beautiful book for children, and thought with regret about all the other, unborn books, killed by the hard editorial work. And I recalled the other editor, too, the noble-looking, white-haired lady poet, who resembles a white faded rose. She, too, spent many years gazing at the smoky walls of the old dull building, instead of walking along the avenues of maple trees, which she likes so much. Is it just? She writes exquisite poems; they were published by the best publishers and praised by the best critics of America, and her country could not give her anything better than everyday work in the office. In Poland, in the unhappy country which was not the 'land of the free,' which was never half as rich as the United States — in Poland, we would give to our poets homes to live in, and land to plant gardens and flowers. A splendid estate was given as a birth-gift to Maria Konopnicka; Sienkiewicz received a similar present; our society understood that a poet cannot live by selling his poems — it is as uncertain as selling flowers. But beauty is important for every society, and our society rewarded beauty. Here it is so businesslike! — 'We have no market for poems!'

And to these two women, oppressed by the American publishing system, I dared to come for sympathy! And they *were* sympathetic! Oh, the people who create books in America have great hearts, but those who trade in them have not.

Who is to be blamed? I don't know any person whom I would blame. The publishing company has no personality; we all remember the recent 'accident of one hundred deaths' which happened in the subway. The judges could not find for a long time the responsible person! The trust company is impersonal, heartless, soulless. And such an institution helps books to be

born! One could expect the same results from a business company in bringing up children or saving our eternal souls!

Can you imagine a real Christian church, established with the main purpose of bringing profit? Well, in Europe we consider art to be a temple. Sacred art, we call it — and we mean it. Can sacred art and business live happily together? Never; it is the worst kind of misalliance! The stronger party, business, will always make art compromise, to serve it for its profit; poets must live and suffer and create beautiful things for profit; and if the flowers of their souls are not marketable, let them fade!

And nobody, nobody on the earth cares under what circumstances they write, until they bring a completed 'marketable thing' to the publisher. And then, as a rule, they must wait long before they are paid. If a shoemaker brings a pair of shoes to a shop and wants to sell them, he is paid at once. The merchant does not tell him, 'Wait until I find a customer who will buy your shoes; then I will pay you.' But your brain-workers must wait until a magazine, or a book, is published and sold. It takes months—sometimes a year. The labor conditions of the writers are in many respects worse than those of the poorest laborers. The publishers treat them even worse than the other tradesmen treat Huns.

I don't exaggerate a bit: Americans are willing to feed starving Germany before trading with her. Your capitalists understand that no exchange of work and goods is possible with a hungry country. They are ready to create the conditions under which it would be convenient to sell American goods to Germany and to buy the German ones. But nobody cares about the conditions under which your own native writers can create their goods. They are left en-

tirely to themselves: if they can stand years of individual struggle and misery, they are welcomed and famous and well-paid, but sometimes it comes at the end of their life. And many of them broke their wings before they started to fly.

No wonder that your best critics state: 'American literature is miserable.' I don't think it is miserable, but it might be far more rich if your publishers were more far-sighted and cared for the writer at least as much as the ordinary workingman is cared for.

Of course, that is just the minimum demand of justice: the demand that the publishers care less for profit and more for the people who make beauty. The solution lies in another direction.

I claim that the free development of art under the present work-and-profit system is utterly impossible. And every thinking person has to agree with me.

To be prosperous, a publishing company must publish books in large quantities and at reasonable prices. Now, everybody knows that a new, original, very unusual piece of art rarely appeals to the masses at once: people must be slowly brought up to it. Only a very few geniuses won the hearts of the everyday readers at once.

And when the publishing company lives for profit, it cannot afford to print 'non-marketable books,' no matter how beautiful they may be.

'Useful literature,' — books of popular science, books which describe trades, textbooks, cook-books, 'novels for ladies' — all these they can produce splendidly: the useful book in America is the best result of to-day's industry. But the books of art — oh, I am positively sure that it is easier to have them under the darkest despotism than under the present system of society.

I will prove it. In the gloomy epochs of despotism, there were princes and emperors who loved art for art's sake.

All the great art of the Renaissance was supported by the aristocrats of Italy. Even in 'Russia of the past' we had wonderful editions of books, highly artistic and amazingly cheap; for example, the above-mentioned folk-tales, with the drawings of Bilibin, which are now sold in New York for tenfold prices. We had schools of art, cheap, good theatres, an artistic press, established by the government. And our art and literature became famous, not only in spite of despotism, but as much because of it.

One must not accuse me of the slightest sympathy with the Russian old régime. I knew the inside of the Russian prisons as well as the inside of the Russian schools of art. Our despotism was not a good nursery for writers. But now, when it is dead, we must give it the little justice which it deserves. I assure you that the conditions of Russian life, being far from good, were still more favorable to art than present conditions in America.

Your millionaires are too badly educated to support the arts, and your publishers have too good a business education for it: they know perfectly well that great art rarely means great profit. Of course, there are striking exceptions among them; but they are so rare!

The only solution of these unbearable conditions is that society itself must

take care of art. You Americans have made a few wonderful steps toward it already: your best museums of art are founded on private donations; you have splendid symphony societies, singing societies, the society of ethical culture. Why have you not publishing societies which would publish just good books, no matter what is their 'market value?' It would be still better if the government of every city included it in their duties. Your municipalities take good care of pavements and public order; why do they not take care of beauty? Are poetry and art less important for the American people than good pavements? If it is really so, then how dare you talk about leading the peoples of the world toward happiness? And you do talk of it louder and louder since the last war.

I believe in America. I believe in the future American literature. I have very little personal grievance toward your country — I was comparatively well met, my case is the easiest case. But have some sympathy and pity for your own young writers; have respect and gratitude for the old American poets who created beauty all their lives and now are compelled to earn their living by unloved work. And show in practice this respect, sympathy, and gratitude! No country which does not care for people of talent can be called a great country.

DRIED MARJORAM

BY AMY LOWELL

OVER the moor the wind blew chill,
And cold it blew on the rounded hill
With a gibbet starting up from its crest,
The great arm pointing into the West
Where something hung
And clanked and swung.

Churchyard carrion, caged four-square
To every wind that furrows the air;
A poor, unburied, unquiet thing,
The weighted end of a constant swing.
It clanged and jangled,
But always dangled.

Lonely travelers riding by
Would check their horses suddenly,
As out of the wind arose a cry
Hoarse as a horn in the weather-eye
Of sleet at sea
Blown desperately.

It would rise and fall, and the dissonance
As it struck the shrill of the wind would lance
The cold of ice-drops down the spine
And turn the blood to a clotted brine.
Then only the hum
Of the wind would come.

Never a sound but rasping heather
For minute after minute together.
Till once again a wail, long-drawn,
Would slice the night as though it were sawn,
Cleaving through
The mist and dew.

.

Rotted and blackened in its cage,
 Anchored in permanent harborage,
 Breeding its worms, with no decent clod
 To weave it an apron of grassy sod.

But this is no grief:

The man was a thief.

.

‘To be hanged by the neck until you are dead.’

That was the verdict, the judge had said.

A sheep had died, so why not a man?

The sheep had an owner, but no one can

Claim to own

A man full-grown.

Nobody’s property, no one to care,

But someone is sobbing over there.

‘Most distressing, I declare,’

Says the judge, ‘take the woman out on the stair,

And give her a crown

To buy a new gown.’

A gown for a son, such a simple exchange!

But the clerk of the court finds it hard to arrange

This matter of sobbing, the fact is the sheep

Was stolen for her, and the woman will weep.

It is most unreasonable,

Indeed, well-nigh treasonable.

Slowly, slowly, his hands tied with rope,

The cart winds up the market slope.

Slowly, slowly, the knot is adjusted.

The tackle-pulleys whine, they are rusted,

But free at a kick —

Run — and hold with a click.

.

Nothing more but a jolting ride.

An ox-cart with a corpse inside,

Creaking through the shiny sheen

Of heather-stalks melted and bathed in green

From a high-set moon.

The heather-bells croon.

DRIED MARJORAM

Heather below, and moon overhead,
 And iron bars clasping a man who is dead.
 Shadows of gorse-bushes under him bite
 The shimmering moor like a spotted blight.
 The low wind chirrs
 Over the furze.

Slowly, slowly, panting and weak,
 Someone wanders and seems to seek,
 Bursting her eyes in the green, vague glare,
 For an object she does not know quite where.
 Ah, what is that?
 A wild moor-cat?

It scratches and cries above her head;
 But here is no tree, and overspread
 With clouds and moon the waste recedes,
 And the heather flows like bent sea-weeds
 Pushed by an ebb
 To an arching web.

Black and uncertain, it rises before
 Her dim old eyes, and the glossy floor
 At its feet is undulant and specked
 With a rhythmic wavering, and flecked
 By a reddish smudge
 Which does not budge.

Woman, that bundle is your son;
 This is the goal your steps have won.
 Over the length of the jeweled moor
 You have traveled at last to the high-hung door
 Of his airy grave,
 Which does nothing but wave.

Iron-shrouded, flapping the air,
 Sepulchred without a prayer,
 Denied the comfort of bell and book,
 Her tortured eyes do nothing but look.
 And from flower to flower
 The moon sinks lower.

Silver-gray, lavender, lilac-blue,
 East of the moor the sun breaks through;
 Cracking a bank of orange mist,
 It shoulders up with a ruddy twist,
 And spears the spires
 Of heath with its fires.

Then a lark shoots up like a popgun ball,
 And turns to a spark and a song, and all
 The thrushes and sparrows twitter and fly,
 And the dew on the heather and gorse is dry.
 But brutal and clear
 The gibbet is here.

Slowly, slowly, worn and flagging,
 With the grasshoppers jumping in front of her dragging
 Feet, the old woman returns to the town.
 But the seed of a thought has been deeply sown
 In her aching mind,
 Where she holds it enshrined.

Nights of moon and nights of dark,
 Over the moor-path footsteps. Hark!
 It is the old woman whose son is rotting
 Above, on the gallows. That shadow blotting
 The Western sky
 Will be hers by-and-by.

Morning, and evening, and sun, and snow,
 Months of weather come and go.
 The flesh falls away from the withering bones,
 The bones grow loose and scatter like stones.
 For the gallows-tree
 Shakes windily.

.

Bit by bit, on the ferns and furze,
 Drop the bones which now are hers.
 Bit by bit, she gathers them up
 And carries them home in an old cracked cup.
 But the head remains
 Although its brains

DRIED MARJORAM

Nourish the harebells and mullein-stalks.
 Blow the wind high, the head still balks;
 It rolls like an ivory billiard-ball,
 But the bars are too close to let it fall.
 Still, God is just,
 And iron may rust.

November comes, this one after ten,
 And the stiff bush-branches grate on the fen,
 The gibbet jars to the sharp wind-strokes,
 And the frazzled iron snarls and croaks.
 It blows a gale,
 With snow and hail.

Two days, three nights, the storm goes on,
 And the cage is tossed like a gonfalon
 Above a castle, crumpled and slit,
 And the frail joints are shattered apart and split.
 The fissure gapes,
 And the skull escapes.

An ostrich-egg on a bed of fern,
 Restlessly rolled by the streams which churn
 The leaves, thrust under and forced into
 The roots and the mud which oozes through
 The empty pockets
 Of wide eye-sockets.

.

Hers at last, all, all of hers,
 And past her tears the red sun blurs,
 Bursting out of the sleeve of the storm.
 She brushes a busy, wriggling worm
 Away from the head
 Of her dearest dead.

The uprooted gibbet, all awry,
 Crooks behind her against the sky.
 Startled rabbits flee from her feet;
 The stems of the bracken smell ripe and sweet.
 She pays no heed,
 But quickens her speed.

In the quiet evening, the church-bell tolls;
 Fishermen wind up their fishing-poles;
 Sheep-bells clink in farmstead closes;
 A cat in a kitchen window dozes;
 And doors are white
 With candlelight.

In the old woman's house there is much to do.
 Her windows are shuttered, no gleam comes through,
 But inside, the lamp-shine strikes on a tub;
 She washes, it seems, and her old hands rub
 And polish with care
 The thing that is there.

Gently, gently, sorting and sifting,
 With a little psalm-tune shakily drifting
 Across her lips, she works and watches,
 Stealing moments in sundry snatches
 To note the tick-tock
 Of the hanging clock.

Decently, reverently, all displayed
 Upon a cloth, the bones are laid.
 Oh, the loving, lingering touch
 Tenderly pausing on such and such!
 A cuckoo flings
 From the clock, and sings.

'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' Eight times over.
 Wrap them up in a linen cover.
 Take the spade and snuff the lamp.
 Put on a cloak for the night is damp.
 The door creaks wide,
 She steps outside.

All tottering, solemn, eager, slow,
 She crawls along. The moon is low
 And creeps beside her through the hedge,
 Rising at last to peer over the edge
 Of the churchyard wall
 And brighten her shawl.

.

DRIED MARJORAM

Blind in the moon the windows shine,
Colorless, glinting, line and line,
The leaded panes are facets and squares
Of dazzle, arched in carven pairs.

Ivy rustles.

A yew tree justles.

The corner last on the farthest side
Where the church, foreshortened, is heavy-eyed,
For only the chancel lancets pierce
The lichened mullions, designed in tierce,
Whence the sun comes through
Ruby and blue.

This corner is strangled in overgrowth:
Dock-leaves waver like elephants loath
To move but willing to flap their ears,
And huge stone blocks like unshaped biers
Are sprawled among
Clumps of adder's-tongue.

A bat swoops down and flitters away;
An owl whimpers like a child astray;
The slanting gravestones, all askew,
Cock themselves obscenely, two and two.
She stoops and pushes
Between the bushes.

She lays her bundle on a stone.
Her bleeding hands are cut to the bone
And torn by the spines of thorn and brier.
Her shoulders ache. Her spade in the mire
Sucks and slimes
These many times.

Slowly she clears an open space,
Screened behind hollies, where wild vines lace
Their tendrils in angles and fractured turns.
But water is flooding the stems of the ferns.
Alas for the dead
Who lie in this bed!

But hanged men have no business where
The ground has been hallowed by chant and prayer.
Even to lie in the putrid seeping
Of consecrate mud is to be in God's keeping,
And He will forget
His judgment debt.

Poor lone soul, all palsied and dim,
As she lifts the bones, she quavers a hymn.
Then, as for years she laid him to sleep
In his crib, she sets the bundle deep
In the watery hole,
And prays for his soul.

.
They found her dead on a sunny noon,
Clasping the ground, and overstrewn
With decent leaves which had dropped a shroud
All about her. The parson allowed
Custom to waive
In making her grave.

Even the sexton said no word
When something under his shovel stirred;
And the parson read the burial prayer.
He seemed rather husky, but then the air
Was bitter cold.
There was frost on the mould.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LABORER

BY CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL

It is some years since I read *John Halifax, Gentleman*, but I think that it is Miss Mulock who speaks of the 'always foolish and sometimes harmful habit of keeping a diary.' Nevertheless, I am not sorry that I did keep a diary somewhat conscientiously during the years that I was an unskilled laborer in Colorado. Cut off by the impish trick of some brain-cell from the memory of a time when I had been anything else, forced to earn my living by the sweat of my brow, and unable to count with any certainty on ever raising my status except by my own efforts, I felt that my daily chronicle of obscure doings made for sanity and helped toward constructive planning for the future.

There are gaps, indeed, and many of the entries are exceedingly brief. But now and then, in intervals of leisure, I would amuse myself by describing my little world with considerable detail, and would set down such a description of my work and environment as might preserve a first-hand reaction to the situation. Occasionally I even put into writing my reflections, trying to make my problem clearer to myself by reducing it to pitiless words as I searched for some solution.

And I am glad now that I did so. For already the atmosphere and conventions of the academic world are making curiously unreal, not the facts, but the thoughts and mental attitude of those two years. It is my diary that awakens again the dormant recollections of the ease and naturalness with which I wore

mountain boots and pig-skin gloves; of the willingness with which I shoveled ice for three hours overtime after a ten-hour day, in order to earn an extra fifty-three cents; of the curious scorn that I felt for the frills and fixings of 'well-dressed' people, after I had associated for a time with flannel shirts, corduroys, bronzed faces, and hardened muscles; of the repulsion that I came to feel for the complacency that I saw in faces which showed to others only prosperity and benignant optimism of the 'God's in his Heaven, all's well with the world' type. Not that I had anything against Pippa's song and its message; but it seemed to me unnecessary and irritating that men and women should be so blinded by externals as they seemed to be, or so willing to believe that all was well because their own little worlds were at peace. Faith, with many of them, I saw as an evil compound of materialism, selfishness, placid conventionalism, and moral laziness.

Perhaps the most difficult thing in my experience to convey to others is this feeling of rebellion. It was never heated, indeed; it never inspired me to soap-box oratory; but it was very real, nevertheless, and it was very far removed from envy or covetousness. I am not sure that my attitude toward the well-to-do was not a kind of superciliousness. So when I tell clerical friends that I rarely attended church in Colorado because I rarely had presentable clothes or a contribution for the collection-plate, I tell only half the truth. The other half is that the conventional round

of life and thought which the average minister and congregation stood for was artificial and repellent to me, and that I preferred to stay away. It was not a matter of hostility to Christianity at all: only repugnance to the social, economic, and spiritual world that the conventional church seemed to represent.

Not all laborers feel as I did about this and kindred things; but many do, and they are apt to become reckless cynics, anarchists, or — the best of them — revolutionary Socialists. Personally I do not wonder in the least. There are those, I know, who gaze upon the present domination of the Social Democracy in Germany and of the wilder Bolshevik Socialism in Russia with the detached attitude of the psychopathologist. And Americans at large seem to look upon Bolshevism as mere madness, a madness that is dangerous even in Petrograd, a three-thousand-mile leap being an uncomfortably easy matter for the spiritual microbe. When we hear of agitations in Chicago regarding the display of the red flag, we have somewhat the same horror that we might feel if we should hear of an epidemic of leprosy on Commonwealth Avenue; not merely the millionaires, but the many who belong to the 'comfortable' classes, who own their shops and their homes, who are sure of three meals a day, who have a settled and stable existence, and whose worries have little to do with the daily necessities of life, tend to regard with dread anything that looks like a disturbance of the existing order. So, I admit, do I. But there are many, who are by no means mad, to whom disturbance of the existing order is the one thing that can redeem society.

My Socialist friends may be wrong in thinking that they have read rightly the riddle of social life. But they are not nearly so wrong as those who deny that the riddle exists; and to me the surpris-

ing thing is, not the existence of radicalism, but its restraint. I was constantly amazed at the moderation of my fellows, the intelligence and patience with which some of them would discuss economic and social problems. And if it be true that most accepted life as they found it, with little resentment, I am not at all sure that their good-natured apathy was to be commended. It was inertia, not rational contentment. Those whose minds were really alive were for the most part rebels, yet rebels of singular temperance and breadth of view. It was the wilder spirits who were the exceptions.

As a matter of fact, those who feel irritated at the rebellious radicalism that is so frequent among workingmen, and who regard it simply as a base envy or a dangerous madness, quite fail to understand the situation. Rather is it a sign of life, a promise for the future. I did not become a Socialist myself, because — among other things — I could not subscribe to the Marxian theory of capital; I did not become an anarchist, because I believe that, bad as the present condition of society might be, anarchism would be infinitely worse; but I saw no reason to scoff at either Socialism or anarchism. To me, standing face to face with the crude facts of life, even the most radical reformer seemed safer and saner than the satisfied believer in things as they are.

My diary shows, it is true, a regretful realization of the levity and irresponsibility of most of my laborer friends. But I liked them; in a measure I saw life through their eyes; and the vision shook my confidence in much that is deemed stable and respectable. Now, alas, I grow less sure of my radicalism. Surrounded by an apparently unshaken world, I am perplexed by the disappearance of rents and cracks, by the solidity of pillars once seen as undermined and tottering. I am fain

to believe that the victories of class-revolutions abroad, the red light in the skies over Petrograd and Berlin, are due solely to the reaction against Kaiserism and Tsarism, and that here in America we are happy in our democracy. Perhaps I shall find myself in time cultivating the shocked frown and the pitying smile. For I am no longer one of the sons of manual toil. The gates of the world I roamed in have closed behind me. Nor do I even wish to reënter them. Yet as I walk the street in the garb of my 'class,' or sedately make my way from study to lecture-room, I seem to see, in the eyes of an occasional horny-handed one, a twinkle of derision.

COLORADO SPRINGS, *January 27, 1914.* — To-morrow I start in on a new job, — loading ice at Lake George, — and it comes none too soon. I am down to my last dime. At the same time I wish I had shared that dime with Stanley this morning. He is a man I have seen several times in Hull's Employment Agency — a pleasant chap, alert, good-natured, apparently intelligent, always keen on landing a job and taking what he could get without grumbling. But lately there has been nothing to be had for any of us. One gets selfish, I am afraid, when it is a case of looking anxiously at every nickel that has to be spent, and when a job is very literally a lifeline. I have been so preoccupied with my own problem that I have forgotten to be sorry for others in the same fix, — Stanley for one, — though his dilemma turns out to be many times worse than mine.

This morning I happened to meet him as we were both heading for the employment office. In reply to the usual question as to how things were going, he told me that his wife went to the hospital yesterday morning with appendicitis, and they operated in the afternoon,

and that he simply had got to get a job.

I had exactly a dime left, and no job. But I should have split it, I know. I could have got along on the nickel well enough, for I had some food in my room and my rent is paid up to to-morrow noon. Yet I presume the charity experts would say that my nickel would have pauperized him, just as it would pauperize a man, doubtless, to help him out of an actual hole instead of a metaphorical one. Just so! It sounds like a combination of Nietzsche and foolishness. Perhaps if said experts could go hungry for a day, hungry and broke, they might see a light.

This is the end of my fifth day at Lake George. I have been too tired the other evenings to make an entry, but now it is not so bad. I see that I can stand the grind all right.

I came up on the Colorado Midland, right up the Ute Pass and over the Divide, forty miles from Colorado Springs. I got off the train at a little station from which neither lake nor any sign of civilization was visible except the railway; nothing but pink and gray cliffs and snowy mountain-slopes dotted and patched with fir and scrub-pine. I shouldered my pack and tramped along a track that presumably led somewhere. In a moment, as I rounded a giant elbow of granite, I had my first view of Lake George — a small sheet of white, girdled by pine-clad mountains, with a group of unpainted ice-houses scarring the east shore and men and horses dotting one end of the frozen plain. There was a primitive-looking little village not far away at the north end of the lake; but village and ice-plant looked insignificant in that first view — mere specks in a world of rugged, majestic desolation.

Another chap got off the train with me, also bound for the ice-house. He joined me and we found our way over

together. He seemed badly in need of a job — at any rate he had no overcoat, no blankets, no overshoes, and not a cent in his pocket. But he knew he was safe once he reached the lake, and his poverty seemed to rest easily on him as if it were an accustomed burden. We found our way to the office, were received most courteously by a young German time-keeper, and immediately put to work, the other man at 'floating' and I at shoveling refuse ice, to my disgust. Shoveling ice is work for which I have a profound dislike. As one of my co-laborers remarked, 'All it takes is a strong back and a weak mind.'

It did not take long to get an idea of the general character of the work. The ice is ploughed and sawed out on the deepest part of the lake. Sections are broken off as they are ready — sections consisting of from twenty-eight to thirty-two blocks, already cut by the ice-plough in six- or eight-inch furrows, checker-board fashion, so that they would break easily and evenly. These sections are shoved by the floaters along the narrow channel connecting the field with the ice-house, and broken there into even blocks by rapid and skillful strokes with a heavy pointed bar, a 'spud-bar' as they call it. Then an ever-running chain seizes them and pulls them up to the gallery, where they are distributed as they are needed.

During my first and second days I was one of a crew engaged in keeping the tracks clear of the chips of ice that were scraped and broken from the blocks in their passage from water to car; for we are not filling the ice-houses just now, but loading cars, five at a time for the Santa Fé Railroad.

The men are an interesting lot, good workers and good companions. I have a real sense of pride in working with them and in trying to reach their standard of efficiency. No one could say that the work itself is particularly agreeable,

but mine is not so bad just now, and we all take it as it comes. This morning, after two days of 'floating,' — a welcome change from the shoveling, — I was made a 'snagger,' that is, I stood at the entrance of a car with a short pike, and as the blocks of ice rumbled by, carried by a chain along the runway, I had to 'snag' them with my pike and pull them with a swift jerk to the chute that sent them crashing into the car. Four men — mere boys they were — received them at imminent hazard to life and limb. I could hear the leap and rush of the car-men as they seized the great blocks with tongs and pikes, seized them often even as they sped down the chute, and swung them to their place, barely dodging the next block that came thundering down. And they keep this up all day, resting only when the machinery stops for occasional repairs, or when the whistle blows. The day means ten hours and usually one or two more overtime. Yet the men emerge, tired, indeed, but with spirits undampened, undiscouraged, perfectly ready to eat, play, sleep, and work again when the morning whistle blows.

Likable and even admirable as I have found them, they are irresponsible to a degree that often amazes me. As I see them taking their ease in the bunk-house, sitting by the fire, playing cards at our one table, it seems to me that the curling wreaths of heavy smoke, the care-free talk, the lazy unconcern of glance, of laugh, of attitude, carry with their satisfying effect of rest and comfort just a little suggestion of a willingness to face no effort greater than the day's work. Willingly and efficiently as they do their work, too, they are tied to it by a singularly loose bond. They drop out on the least occasion, or on no occasion at all. Of course, some of these fellows may have been born with a restless streak in them. Some of them seem to have been nomads for years. But I

am not sure that either irresponsibility or restlessness is wholly, or even largely, their own fault.

I wonder whether I shall ever really understand them. Here is Dummy, asleep now in his bunk. He lost his hearing in a mine explosion a few years ago, the men tell me, and while he can talk, he rarely tries — perhaps because he cannot hear his own voice. Yet he is one of the most cheerful souls in camp, and we all like him. He troubles himself as little as his mates about the future. I, in my ignorance, look before and after, think of the tears in mortal things, and try to pierce the darkness ahead; Dummy and his mates think of the present and worry not at all. Well, for the present I must do likewise. At any rate, another day's work is done, and I am in the mood to thank Heaven for the gift of sleep. The whistle will blow at 6 A.M., and we shall have to roll out by starlight.

The Lake George episode is over. Yesterday we were told that we were nearing the end of the last order, and that we could either work overtime until we were through, or stop as usual at six o'clock and finish up this morning. We chose to go ahead, and the last piece of ice was stacked in its car a few minutes after midnight. This morning a Kansas boy and I decided to walk to Colorado Springs instead of going down by rail, and we are here at Woodland Park for the night. A twenty-mile walk following a fifteen-hour day is something that I should have hardly dared to attempt a month ago.

We knew on Thursday that the works were soon to be closed down, and I wish I could transcribe the talk of that evening in our bunk-house. The time had come when the future had to be faced, willy-nilly. The theories as to where work would be most likely to be had were many and various. Some were

for Cripple Creek, some for Denver, some for Pueblo, a few for Colorado Springs — this last a tourist city, nearby and pleasant, but dead in the winter from the workingman's point of view. All had a few dollars coming to them and felt no pressure from immediate poverty. To their cheerful souls the certainty of food and shelter for three or four days forbade anything like gloom. That they could find some kind of work within that time they took for granted.

The whole discussion confirmed the impression I set down here a couple of weeks ago. With these chaps the present is the real thing. As to the future, it is a matter for speculation, for rosy dreams, for castle-building, not for fears or for solid planning. They would buy a tin of tobacco or a glass of beer if it left in their pockets a solitary two bits, or, for that matter, a solitary nickel. If they have from one to five dollars in hand, care is non-existent. If there is a larger amount, Rockefeller and Carnegie combined could not have more of the *feeling* of wealth. If one job comes to an end, the problem of getting another presents itself perforce, and is debated with seriousness but without worry. Again and again at the Lake a little tiff with the boss, a little discomfort from a cold snowstorm across the lake, a little attack of wanderlust, made a sufficient reason for quitting on the impulse of the moment, and hiking for the city with just enough money to keep things going for two days or a week. I have found discontent now and then among the men, but pessimism never.

It is easy enough to see the trouble. But to be quite candid with my own soul, I am not at all sure that I might not develop the same irresponsible optimism myself, if I were not intent on being something other than an unskilled laborer. It is, perhaps, less optimism

than reckless resignation, refusal to worry over what cannot be helped. For we are all in a sort of trap, — not the device of any malevolent brain, but the result of a social system, — a trap from which not one in thousands can escape. Within limits we have freedom, and the temptation is to enjoy such liberty as we have and forego the struggle for anything more. I feel the temptation so keenly that I cannot greatly blame those who yield to it. A low wage, the eternal living within a few dollars of starvation, is bound to develop in a few a dogged, unwavering ambition, in a greater number restlessness and rebellion, in the vast majority carelessness and improvidence.

The laborers I have seen are probably typical ones, handy at a dozen things, but not highly skilled in anything, and without the opportunity ever to become highly skilled. Exceptional ability, exceptional determination, does sometimes overcome the handicap, no doubt. But here at Lake George were men and boys, naturally neither stupid nor bad, who had to go to work in early life from simple necessity, who had taken whatever job offered itself, had gone from one job to another, never learning anything that required a high grade of skill, until a life-habit was acquired. A dollar and a half a day was better than nothing; two dollars was a competence; two dollars and a half, affluence; three dollars, a cinch; permanence in any job was not to be looked for, often not to be desired; for change becomes a habit, like anything else.

There have been times, as they talked and played in the bunk-house, when these mates of mine seemed the actors in something like a tragedy. To me they were wasting the flower of their youth, and I saw ahead for them the bitterness of a desolate old age — as I see it for myself unless I can find what they are not even seeking, *a way out*.

Yet 'no soul,' says the philosopher, 'willfully misses truth.'

Certainly it seems futile to blame the men. Perhaps I am too close to the problem just now to see the solution. Only I cannot help wondering how many of our wise men see even the problem.

It is about six months now since I left Toledo. The future is not much clearer now than it was then, and I have made little headway toward anything like economic safety, but still I have much to be thankful for. I am in a little cabin almost under the shadow of the mountains. My rent is paid in terms of labor—mowing lawns, spading gardens, pruning trees, and otherwise making myself useful. My fuel I gather from a near-by bit of woods. My small housekeeping expenses are paid by odds and ends of work for the neighbors. It takes some close calculating to make ends meet, for these two months represent Colorado's rainy season, and there are many days when I can earn nothing. Certainly, while experiments in economy doubtless have their value, and while my daily entries may give me some interesting reading at some future time, just now the figures would look much more joyous if they could be multiplied a little.

My income seems to average rather less than thirty-five cents a day, and naturally that also represents my expenditure. But both vary. Sometimes I have to tighten my belt; at other times I am extravagant even to the extent of a pie or some fruit. For one lean period of ten days last month I had exactly one cent in my pocket, and my entries of that time indicate a simplicity of life that a hermit might approve. Fortunately I had some food in the cabin, milk coming every morning, a friendly grocer who permitted me to run a bill of ninety cents, and a neigh-

bor who keeps chickens and who, while she frugally postpones paying me for work as long as possible, yet allows me eggs on a contra account. Finally, my good landlady, discovering my poverty, lent me a large round dollar, and a windfall in the shape of a day's work at two dollars put me on my feet again. Lately I have been more fortunate, but there are times when I yearn for a regular pay-day, much as I like my cabin and the cheery little creek that runs beside it. I fear that I am not a very efficient disciple of Thoreau.

I notice one feeling growing on me which must be watched and held in check. As I changed my books in the library yesterday, I stood near a clergyman, and I found myself looking at his face, his manner, and his attire, with a comprehensive sweep of irritated repulsion. His every glance and movement spoke of inner peace, the peace which comes from excellent dinners, the praise of the multitude, sure possession of the truth, and a deceptively pleasant gift of tongues. He was returning a volume of Maeterlinck, and he made a remark so hopelessly complacent and so entirely superficial (concerning the symbolism of *The Blind*), that I yearned to open up and confound him utterly. But what was the use? It is entirely likely that I was just as blind, just as pleased with myself, just as encased in academic and 'genteel' superiority as any of them, two years ago.

I had a lesson to-day in the true inwardness of the word 'unskilled' as applied to labor. The neighbor who grows my eggs and dislikes parting with real money called me in to assist a carpenter who was mending her washing-machine. I was repairing a fence, but I put aside my hammer and went in. I found the carpenter disconsolately pawing over a heap of wreckage and muttering objections. He looked up at me with a gleam of hope, as if there might be an

off chance that I knew something about tubs which had fallen apart, but I quickly undeceived him. For ten minutes or so we struggled against Fate, but finally he left, advising the good lady with some vigor to buy a new machine. As a last resort, however, she appealed to a man who often does odd jobs in this neighborhood at two bits an hour — a pleasant, capable chap, with whom I have worked more than once and who taught me the other day how to dig a post-hole and plant a post therein. I was not there when he came to the rescue; I had returned to my fence; but when I saw him an hour later, he had the job almost done. By the time he had finished with it, the machine seemed as good as new; and when I expressed amazed admiration, he scoffed. Yet he would be classed as an unskilled laborer!

Two weeks ago I was in my little cabin by Cheyenne Creek. Now I am gorgeously housed in the Castle at Glen Eyrie, — five miles or so from Colorado Springs, — with Persian rugs for my honorable feet and a private bath at my lordly disposal. Such are the twists of fate.

Looking back over the last two months, I am compelled to believe, either that I was never intended to be a gardener, or that long disuse has atrophied that part of my inheritance. Not that I disliked it, but I was slow and lacking in the proper instincts. Also, the question of income was troublesome.

Well, that is done with now. When I heard that Romaine Fielding was in Colorado Springs to take pictures for the Lubin Moving-Picture Company, I decided to try my luck with him. One evening I had an interview with Fielding, and he announced that he would send me out to Glen Eyrie at a dollar a day with room and board — wealth

undreamed of. Next morning one of his men drove me out in a most excellent car by the Mesa Road; and as we passed the lodge and sped up the Glen and halted at the door of the castle, the conviction seized my awed mind that my guardian angel was giving me a taste of Fairyland. I had not believed that a place so wonderful existed. A white-haired old lady met me at the door and summoned 'Jake' to show me to my room, a noble apartment with a tiled bathroom attached. Through the window I saw a wide prospect of glen and mountain, with a great cliff of up-ended sandstone such as one sees in the Garden of the Gods.

My good fortune was incredible, but happily real, nevertheless. I am here, apparently, more to keep 'Mother' — as they all call the housekeeper — from being alone than because there is much work to be done. Usually my time is practically my own after nine or ten o'clock. Except when Fielding himself is out here, 'Mother,' Jake, Annie, — our little German maid, — and I have the great house to ourselves. Sometimes Annie and I are alone from early morning until evening, when the others are working in a picture; and then there is little to do but read and roam in the garden, while at intervals I practise my German on Annie and she her English on me. We are neither of us experts and conversation is difficult, but she is an agreeable youngster and we get along together very well.

Altogether this is an interlude. I am sitting now on a rustic seat in the rose-garden. Near by rises the great gateway of Queen's Cañon, red granite topped by giant masonry of Silurian strata, and around the top of a cliff five eagles are circling. The mountains surround us. Except for the screams of the eagles far aloft, the silence is absolute, and at night we hear nothing but the distant howls of the coyotes. How long

this is to last I do not know, but the utter peace of this lovely place is blessedness beyond words.

For five days I have been learning how to plant trees, in the United States Forest Service. From eight o'clock to half-past four we are climbing up and down the mountain slopes in companies, every man eight feet from his neighbor. We dig a hole with our mattock, call for a tree, place it carefully so that the roots hang straight down, fill in the hole, stamp it down, and go on eight feet to repeat the process. The tree-passer, with a bundle of trees under his arm, stands ready to throw us a tree as we call for it. The boss ranges up and down the line, to see that we judge our distances accurately, and now and then he pulls inquiringly at a tree to see that it is firmly planted. The trees are little things, about eight inches long on an average, and it requires some faith to believe that they will take root and grow. Yet the superintendent tells me that eighty per cent or more do grow, and fifty or a hundred years from now these hillsides should be clothed with a magnificent forest of Douglas fir instead of a light growth of aspen.

We sleep four in a tent, on straw, and the tent is heated by a queer but effective little cone-shaped stove, whose smoke-pipe curves down, passes underground, and comes up outside the tent. We supply our own blankets and cut our own wood, but the rest of the equipment belongs to Uncle Sam. On Sundays and on snowy days we do as we like, and get our meals, but no pay. Other days we climb and plant for eight hours at about the rate of a tree a minute, breathing the purest of air, and now and then feasting our eyes on a landscape which impresses even the old-timers.

It is strange how working at this altitude affects the men. Some who are

much stronger than I, men who have been laborers for years, have had to give it up after a day or two, and others have dropped out with the first climb. These latter could not believe us when we told them that this first climb—right after a heavy breakfast of meat and flapjacks, when we had to go straight up the mountain for perhaps a thousand feet, to the place where we had stopped the day before—was the hardest of the day. None of us find it easy. But after the first half hour we settle down to business, and while I should never be as speedy and tireless as many of the others, it is encouraging to find that it is only my muscles that feel the strain, not lungs or heart, and that I can even join some of my mates in an occasional pipe—a thing which is by no means recommended in mountain work.

The men are a mixed lot, of about the same type as those with whom I have worked before. My bunkie is a University of Missouri man; he gives as the reason for his present employment an interest in forestry and a desire to make it his life-work; but whether that is his real reason is his own affair. In the next tent to ours are a Canadian, an Englishman, a German, and an Arkansas man, good fellows all of them. Notwithstanding the war, they get along together famously. When an occasional paper comes along, the three who are pro-Ally and the one who is on the other side read the news and comment on it without heat and without argument, the Canadian and the Englishman keeping their feelings to themselves until the German is absent, and the German showing no bias at all.

The man here who interests me most is Bill Ronayne, one of my tent-mates. His job is to take the trees as they arrive from the nursery at Monument, hill them in, keep them watered, and make them up into bundles for the

tree-passers. Unlike most of the men, he does consider the future, and he is trying to decide whether to go in for forestry as a permanent thing or revert to a former ambition, the saving-up of enough capital to start a dairy-lunch business. He is without education, has had no better start in life than any of the rest; but he has steady eyes and a clear head, and I have little doubt that he will succeed in raising himself above the precarious position of an unskilled laborer before many years.

Most of the men, like those at Lake George, have neither ambition nor initiative, but they are a cheerful, good-hearted lot and good workers. Only one of them is an exception on the score of good-nature, a foreman or 'straw-boss' (in the dialect of the camp). He has earned the distinctive title of 'Grouchy,' but I half suspect that his disposition is due to the fact that he is over fifty, and sees the years coming with the inexorable terror of old age.

All of us are Americans or Northern Europeans, and there is a curious pride of race that makes the boys resent the intrusion of Mexicans or 'dagoes.' Some Greeks came up last night, and the boss sent them back this morning in deference to the feelings of the camp. It struck me as an odd, somewhat unintelligent prejudice. Personally, I should no more mind working beside a Sicilian or a Greek than with a Norwegian or a Californian. Indeed, these despised 'dagoes' interest me as an important element in the American melting-pot. But apparently the feeling of class is as potent among the laborers as among their social superiors, and I suppose it is just about as reasonable.

I have just come back from my first venture in prospecting. It was a failure, as might have been expected, but it has given me a new idea and a new hope. Two weeks ago I was one of a

mixed bunch who were posing as miners and cowboys in a Pike's Peak Film Company play. Between scenes we were talking ores and minerals, and in feeling for a match in my pocket I came upon a piece of ore that I had picked up in the hills. To me it was only a pretty fragment of stone with gleams of iridescence, and I had meant to have it identified out of mere curiosity. It was duly submitted to the group and pronounced by a miner good copper ore, bornite. He advised me to go back to the spot where I had found it and investigate. Deeply interested, I took the specimen to an assayer to make sure, and found that at the present price of copper my sample was worth about thirty-five dollars to the ton. If I could find a reasonably good vein, there would obviously be money in it.

I was almost sure that I had picked up that piece of ore the last time I had been at Lake George. A neighbor of Jake's — to whom I told the story — offered to grub-stake me for the trip up and to finance the undertaking if I should find the vein. But the only outcome was a pleasant walk to Lake George and back — an eighty-mile hike; for the hill that I went to explore turned out to be a mass of giant boulders quite evidently deposited by a glacier, and my specimen was only a 'float' — a piece of ore separated from its parent vein, and quite valueless except as indicating that somewhere in the region there is hidden a possible fortune in copper.

But the whole experience has given me an idea. For these two years I have screwed the lid down on certain kinds of emotion. I have had to. But it is still true that for terrible fleeting instants my heart seems sometimes to stop its beat, as I realize in what deep waters I am struggling, how hard it is to reach the surface or to attain solid ground. It has been increasingly hard

to see how I could get far enough ahead to find a way of escape from my present way of living. Not that I have any absolute quarrel with it, if there were no such things as sickness and old age: I am earning my daily bread and learning much that I value. But I am a soul in Limbo nevertheless, and certainly I have no desire to remain an unskilled laborer indefinitely. Just as certainly, no way out of the difficulty has yet been visible. I have remained optimistic because despair is the one unpardonable thing.

Now, at last, I think I see a very real possibility, the gleam of light for which I have been searching. I must save every cent that I can spare, learn all that I can pick up about minerals, and then plunge into prospecting and mining. After all, this is a mining state. Gold, silver, zinc, lead, and copper are in these mountains, waiting to be found, and even the search itself is worth while. Hereafter, until the wall that separates me from my old life is broken down, — if that should ever happen, — I shall follow the one road that I can now see toward higher ground. I shall never make a good laborer with my hands alone. But here is a field in which head and muscles may work together, and we shall see.

Whether my plan would have worked out or not, I shall never know; for it was decreed that I had wandered in my *selva oscura* long enough, and one morning, after I had written for a while in our little kitchen, and had settled down to a game of chess with my chum, a friend of mine who had worked with me in the 'movies' and hobnobbed with me many a time in Jake's little workroom, came to the door and, with a message of a dozen words, pushed down the invisible barrier of over two years. That game of chess was never finished. My exile was over.

I have been turning over, in meditative mood, the pages of the two little books of diary notes which I carried with me wherever I went. Two impressions are clear. One is that of rebellion, none the less intense because it was without emotional heat and without any dogmatic adoption of a remedy — the rebellion of one thrown suddenly into a prison, in which I joined millions of others in enforced labor, while we looked through bars at a callous, satisfied, cheerful world; a rebellion which made me sympathize with the Socialist diatribes against the bourgeoisie, even while my reason rejected them as unjust.

One must be fair to the Pharisee: by his standards — and ours — he was very probably a better man than the publican; yet his attitude was irritating none the less. And if our comfortable citizens should ever fall before the wrath of the proletariat, if the menace now facing their brethren in Central and Eastern Europe should ever become formidable in America, it will be less on account of capitalistic misdeeds than on account of economic and social Pharisaism. Even now, when many of my friends are 'bourgeois,' and when I have less hostility than ever to capitalism, I retain something of my old resentment. I might find it possible to forget how heavy was the bondage that crushed us, but not how hard it was to look amiably on those who talked with lofty benevolence of the 'poor,' and who regarded our unvalled prison with smug arrogance as part of a well-ordered society.

But the other impression is quite different — the progressive discovery that the prison itself was full of unsuspected virtues. I intended to effect an escape, but even as I bent thought and energy to that end and slowly achieved a working adjustment to my environment, in

order to conquer it, I realized that I was looking at it with more and more appreciation and interest. My initial admiration for the laborer lost its element of surprise and externality, and became at once more sympathetic and more rational, as I slowly realized that the class of which I was a working member had a real contribution to life, a valid if unconscious message.

So that I am tempted to make a suggestion to the younger, more adventurous spirits among our students of social conditions. The life of the laborers cannot be studied from the outside. He who would learn the truth about the lower levels of our social structure and at the same time learn something of life in its simplest elements, must put aside luxury and prejudice, steel his pampered mind against monotony, and earn his daily bread by the work of his hands. And one who has tried it, albeit without intention, may add a word of encouragement.

The student of this little-explored country will find that it is not so bad as it looks. To balance the hardships of the laborer's life, there are real compensations. There is at least a suggestion of Antæus's contact with Mother Earth. A thousand conventions, harmless in themselves, but distorting to the mental vision when unconsciously regarded as vital, drop away. A thousand preoccupations that worry the soul of the well-to-do are as meaningless to the workingman as heraldic terms to the Hottentot. And there are moments when he who has exchanged the pen for the mattock, the book of reference for the talk of the tent or bunk-house, the quarterly check for the weekly pay-envelope, will feel a curious mental and physical exhilaration, a purgation of soul, as if he had stepped from the enervating atmosphere of a ballroom to the windy crags of Pike's Peak.

THE BRITISH AT WAR

BY JOHN FORTESCUE

I

THE British at war are invariably a puzzle to their neighbors, whether friendly or hostile, and not a little of a puzzle even to themselves. Ever since the happy loss of Calais forbade to them further dreams of conquest on the Continent of Europe, they have been essentially a peace-loving folk, content for the most part to see other European powers tear each other to pieces, and to dwell at home, congratulating themselves that they were not as other nations were. But almost simultaneously with the closing of the old world to them, the new world was opened; and they gradually woke to the fact that, by their geographical position, they held the gate to the northern waterways of Europe. Thenceforward the key to their purely European policy was the principle that no great power must ever be mistress of the mouths of the Scheldt. That policy, indeed, may be summed up in one word, Antwerp.

Since the sixteenth century three great powers have striven to hold Antwerp permanently: first Spain, then France under Louis XIV, and under the Republic and Empire, and lastly, Germany. In every case Britain has battled against them long, bitterly, and successfully. Queen Mary Tudor declared, in her anguish over the loss of Calais, that after her death the name of Calais would be found graven upon her heart. Antwerp is the name which, consciously or unconsciously, has for three centuries been written on the heart of

every British statesman who has held the direction of foreign affairs. So Antwerp be in safe hands, the rest of Europe may in great measure be ignored.

But the British, albeit essentially insular and self-satisfied, have always been restless and enterprising. A ring of salt water tempts men abroad no less surely than it confines them at home; and the British wandered away and founded commercial settlements — at the outset these were all built upon a commercial basis — in the East Indies, in the West Indies, on the West Coast of Africa, and in North America, little dreaming that they were adding to themselves fresh Antwerps all over the world. In India they fortunately received one such Antwerp for themselves as the dowry of an English Queen¹ — the island of Bombay. In North America there were two Antwerps, — both at first in the hands of rival powers, — New Amsterdam and Quebec. It was a matter of no great difficulty to convert New Amsterdam into New York, and by presents of laced coats, duffles, full-bottomed wigs, and rum, to turn the Five Nations into a buffer against the French neighbor. But there the French neighbor was, at Quebec, active, well-organized, and aggressive. In the East Indies the same neighbor was present, equally ambitious and busy; and finally, in the West Indies, the French held St. Nicholas Mole, the

¹ Catherine de Braganza, Queen of Charles II. She was a Portuguese princess, and Bombay, previously a Portuguese possession, was ceded to England in 1661. — THE EDITORS.

key of the passage by which, in the days of masts and sails, all homeward-bound vessels must make their way to Europe. Moreover, the Spaniards claimed the Caribbean Sea as in a sense their own, though they trusted to the British to provide them with negro labor. Altogether, the prospects of building up an empire were not, in the seventeenth century, very promising.

They were the less so because the British at large were resolutely opposed to the maintenance of a standing army. Each of the two principal political parties had suffered in turn from oppression at the hands of such a force; and both viewed the institution with impartial loathing. Possessions beyond sea were supposed to look after themselves, whether in India, or in North America, or in the West Indies; and for a time, after a fashion, they did so. But together with Bombay, Queen Catherine of Braganza brought Tangier as part of her dowry; and Tangier demanded a garrison of white troops. This garrison, together with a small bodyguard for the protection of the sovereign's person, was the nucleus from which has grown the present British army.

It would, perhaps, be little beyond the truth to say that, out of the original struggle with France for the safety of Antwerp on the Scheldt, there has grown up the present British Empire. The fight with the French in the Low Countries led to fighting with them all over the world. At the close of the first stage of the contest, England had little to show for more than twenty years of war; for the Peace of Utrecht gave her not much more than Gibraltar, the key of the Southern waterways of Europe, and Minorca, an advanced post in the Mediterranean. But both of these places required garrisons; and therefore, when Marlborough's fighting army was disbanded, a few battalions

were perforce reserved for this purpose. The nation hated a standing army as bitterly as ever, but was obliged, in spite of herself, to maintain one; and the people avenged themselves upon the little band of detested soldiers by heaping upon them every kind of task. They abjured the national duty of defending their country, and saddled it on the back of the red coats, who were thus expected to be the police of the British Isles, the police of the Empire, the first line in offensive operations abroad, and the first line of defense at home. None the less, before the eighteenth century was more than half spent, the fight for Canada and India had been decided in England's favor. The Empire had been won; the next question was, how it was to be defended.

It is too often forgotten that the problem of imperial defense was the proximate cause of the quarrel between England and her American Colonies. The ultimate cause, curiously enough, was the commercial regulations, best known as the Acts of Trade and Navigation, which were the one statutory bond that purported to hold the Empire together. No sooner, therefore, had the Empire been built up than it fell to pieces; and the British agreed to fasten the whole blame for the disaster upon the King, and to have nothing more to do with empires.

The first of the resolutions they have kept. It is still the fashion to charge George III with the entire responsibility for the loss of the American Colonies, which is both morally unjust and historically incorrect. But the second was beyond their power to keep. After all, they still had Canada, and it was only a question of time before they would take over practically the whole of India; for it was impossible to hold even a part of it while the rest was in a state of anarchy. Moreover, in the brief interval of peace between 1783 and the

French Revolution, they had formed a settlement in the huge island of Australia. Lastly, the Seven Years' War had compelled them to reimpose upon themselves the duty of national service in defense of their own shores.

Then came the war of the French Revolution and Empire, and a long and bitter struggle, primarily (as usual) for the security of Antwerp on the Scheldt, and later, to avert the domination of all Europe by France. It was in one respect a different war from those of 1689-1713 and 1756-1763. A Polish revolution, breaking out simultaneously with the French Revolution, turned the eyes of the Central Powers of Europe as much to the East as to the West; and England was consequently left for considerable periods almost or quite alone in her struggle with France. Of course, she had no army ready, and she took a very long time to create one. In fact, it was not until 1806 that Lord Castlereagh discovered a method by which an army of 40,000 men could be maintained more or less permanently for active service on the Continent of Europe; and the acts of parliament passed for the levying and organization of the British military force between 1803 and 1814 numbered over seventy.

However, the British had at least a navy; and Pitt endeavored to crush France by sweeping her trade off the seas and mastering the whole of her colonial possessions, so as to bring her to financial ruin. He failed in his ultimate object; but France was actually left in 1814 without an acre of territory outside the Continent of Europe; and Britain ended the war with a new empire. In the course of the struggle she had, through sheer force of circumstances, immensely increased her territory in India, and she had strengthened her hold also upon the approaches to it by taking Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, and Mauritius

from the French. She had secured at Malta a new advanced post in the Mediterranean, and incidentally she had sent an expedition to Egypt, and, while temporarily occupying that country, had realized its importance as the gate to India by way of the Red Sea.

In the matter of military experience she had learned that, having command of the sea, she could wield great military power by holding a comparatively small force in readiness to be thrown at any moment upon a hostile coast. She had not, it is true, made good use of this power; indeed, she had thrown away many opportunities of turning it to great account. But she had at last kept an army permanently in Spain, thereby making the safe occupation of that country by the French impossible; and that army had ended by driving the French across the Pyrenees.

The Peninsular War was a long and tedious business, demanding the extremity of patience alike in the general and in the government which employed him; but the general was, as it happened, a true military genius, who saw his way from the first through a very difficult problem, and adhered to his methods of solution until they were finally vindicated by triumphant success. Strategically, perhaps the most striking feat of the British was the dispatch of troops from India and from Malta simultaneously to Egypt in 1801, and the march of the Indian contingent across the desert to the Nile, where it joined hands with the troops which had landed at the Mediterranean port of Alexandria. This signified once for all that the British had now two bases of military operations — India in the East and the British Isles in the West.

II

The nineteenth century was occupied, at least, so far as imperial matters

were concerned, chiefly with the consolidation of India and South Africa, with the development of Canada and Australia, and with the settlement of New Zealand. The opening of the overland route to India, superseded some fifty years ago by the Suez Canal, gave Egypt and the Red Sea new importance; and steam-navigation dictated as essential the occupation of coaling stations at Aden and Perim, at Singapore, the gate of the China seas, and at Hong Kong. On account of internal troubles in Egypt, Great Britain was obliged to intervene in 1882, inviting France to join her in proof of her honest intention. But France refused; and the task of rescuing the country from invasion by savage tribes was left to Britain. After long friction between the two nations, an amicable settlement was at last arrived at, and Britain was left in predominant control of Egypt and the Soudan, or, in other words, of the Southern gate from Europe into Asia. This was the more important to her, looking not only to the rapid rise of Australia and New Zealand in wealth and importance, but to the development of Central Africa. It was the scramble for this vast territory, from thirty to forty years ago, which first revealed Germany to Great Britain in the light of a serious rival. However, the British took their share in the partition by annexing the tract now known as British East Africa.

It is hardly surprising under the circumstances that England should have gained a reputation for rapacity. She has emerged from all great wars with something to the good, and after the war of 1793-1815, with a great deal. All of her neighbors and allies were more or less ruined — indeed, the allies could never have taken the field without British subsidies; but England, though burdened by an enormous debt, had absorbed most of the carrying

trade and much of the commerce of the world. Yet it is the simple truth that, for a full century after the Declaration of American Independence, British statesmen fairly groaned over the extension of the Empire. The East India Company deplored the cost of the wars that made her borders secure. West Indian islands were of no great importance one way or the other; but extensive white settlements, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, were simply a thankless burden. It was (such was the current presumption) only a matter of time before they would cut themselves adrift; and meanwhile their wars against native tribes were troublesome and costly. The best that could be hoped for was that they would take their leave speedily and in friendly terms. Imperial Defense was a problem which baffled and perplexed administration after administration, and was perpetually set aside in the hope that it might solve itself when the self-governing colonies should proclaim their independence.

At last, the overwhelming triumph of Germany over France in 1870-71 warned Great Britain to set her military house in order; and the reorganization of the army was seriously taken in hand. Then a generation arose which suggested that, in spite of our failure in North America in 1775, we might yet keep an empire together, and look upon it as a source of pride and power instead of a mere incumbrance. The growth of the German navy also caused the British navy to be steadily increased; and after many experiments and a great many failures, Mr Haldane, now Lord Haldane, in 1906-07 reorganized the British army, copying (though unconsciously) the principles of Castlereagh, and persuaded the self-governing colonies to accept the same organization for their local forces. Lord Haldane's scheme allowed for the

mobilization and dispatch of six divisions — say 20,000 men — as a striking force to any quarter of the world; and it was thought that, by the help of the navy, these numbers would gain, in any war, time sufficient to organize Britain as a nation in arms. The margin of security was thus cut down to the very narrowest limit; but it was thought marvelous at the time that the House of Commons did not cut it down still further. Moreover, no corresponding effort was made to increase the efficiency of the Indian army. On the contrary, the arrangement of a friendly understanding with Russia — the only dangerous neighbor of India — encouraged the Indian Government to truncate military expenditure to the utmost. A thousand warnings had been given as to the evil designs of Germany; but these, though seconded by men of the highest military authority, were unheeded. The British are a gambling race, and, under cover of a specious unwillingness to believe ill of human nature, are prone to ignore all unwelcome facts. So the six divisions were barely tolerated in England; and India, the second base of the Empire, was left wholly unprepared for serious war.

III

In August, 1914, came the crash. Germany, innocent, smooth-speaking Germany, who had for years abused the hospitality of her neighbors in order to compass their destruction, flung off the mask, and threw the best of her strength against France, in the hope of crushing her at a blow, and using her territory as a base for attack on England. Four of the six British divisions, pursuant to an informal agreement with France, were at once sent out to join the French army, and in a few days were joined by a fifth. This was the force which the Kaiser is said to

have dubbed the 'contemptible little army'; but he knew well enough that, in the language of a German publicist, it was 'of quite extraordinary fighting value.' And so it proved itself to be. Compelled at the very outset to undergo the supreme test of an army's merit or demerit, — a rapid and prolonged retreat, — it emerged from the ordeal with incomparable splendor. I write with no idle prejudice in favor of my own countrymen. I have followed the fortunes of the British army since its first creation, recording its failures and disgraces as candidly as its successes; and I say deliberately that it has done nothing greater in the whole of its history than the retreat from Mons. Being an army of longer service and of higher training than any other in Europe, it would have failed if it had not shown itself superior — so far as its numbers went — to any troops in the field; but its moral strength in adversity was the amazement even of its own officers. It is hard to overestimate the value to the Allied armies of this tiny body of men, who believed themselves to be better than any number of Germans, and whom no amount of fatigue, hardships, and hunger could persuade to the contrary.

The retreat was brought to an end by a brilliant counter-stroke of General Joffre. The Germans retreated to the line which, with a few insignificant fluctuations, they held till the autumn of 1918. A deadlock followed; and then both sides raced to outflank each other in the north. By this time the sixth of the six British divisions had joined its comrades; a seventh had been gathered in from garrisons over-seas; and two more, composed for the most part of Indian troops, had been brought over from India. The Germans won the race to the sea, though by too short a length to give them the advantage that they required; and then, summoning every

man that they could raise, they made a desperate effort to break through the Allied line to the ports of the Channel.

In the struggle that followed, it is hard to decide whether the French marine battalions at Dixmude, or the British immediately to the south of them, deserve the greater praise. The British array has been truly described by a highly distinguished general officer as 'a thin fighting line, no supports, and no reserves except scattered groups of excited generals.' Yet that thin fighting line held its own unbroken, though it perished in the effort. The six divisions were designed to hold the field for six months. They, and three more, hastily called from over-seas, had with difficulty brought the Germans to a standstill from exhaustion; and after four months of desperate fighting, every one of them was reduced to a mere wreck. But their spirit was not broken, as the following instance will prove. The 1st battalion of the Grenadier Guards is the senior battalion of the British infantry, and its senior company has since 1660 been the King's Company. When withdrawn from the first battle of Ypres, this battalion (which had already been repeatedly refilled by drafts) numbered one officer and eighty-five men. Its first proceeding upon leaving the line of battle was to reconstitute the King's Company and to do an hour's steady drill. This example is only typical of many; but the fact remained that the British regular army had been practically destroyed within four months of the outbreak of war; and not the British army only, but also a good part of the flower of the Indian army.

This was a more serious matter than at first sight appears. One of Germany's most effective blows against the British was the gaining of Turkey outwardly for her ally, inwardly for her servile and obedient tool. Turkey held one of the gates of Asia at Con-

stantinople, and directly threatened the other, Egypt, which was in British hands. More than that, she dominated in Mesopotamia a route by which German agents could penetrate to the shores of the Red Sea and of the Persian Gulf, to Persia, to Afghanistan, and to the northwest frontier of India, to stir up Arabs and mountain tribes against the British, and to make mischief everywhere. British interests in the Persian Gulf had been established far back in the seventeenth century; in the Delta of the Euphrates they had recently been much augmented by the acquisition of certain Persian oil-fields, and by the laying of a line of oil-pipes from these fields to oil-factories in the delta.

The Arabs loathe the Turks, but they also fear them; and if the Turks should succeed in persuading the Arabs to join them in a holy war, there was the prospect of trouble along the whole line, from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, and possibly even in East Africa. In ordinary times the military force of India would have sufficed to counter any blow that Turkey might attempt in the Far East; but two divisions of the Indian army had been drawn away to France; other important forces had been transferred to Egypt; and the result was that remarkably little was left in India. Yet India was responsible for the safety of all posts in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and also, in some measure, for the security of British East Africa, to say nothing of her troublesome neighbors in the mountainous marches of the northwest. It cannot be gainsaid that, by first drawing away British forces from India to the West by its tremendous onslaught upon the French and British in France, and by then inciting Turkey to war in the East, the German General Staff had laid its plans shrewdly and well.

To remain passive, and to give the

Turks a free hand in the East, was absolutely impossible. Their entry into the war practically compelled the British to initiate important military operations against them in some quarter. The Indian Government very early sent a small force to cover the oil-pipes and oil-factories in the Delta of the Euphrates; and these troops, acting skillfully and successfully by surprise, seized the posts of Basra and Kurna, which covered the Delta from the north, almost before the Turks were aware that an enemy was before them. This was well done, for the supply of oil was of the greatest importance to the British Admiralty, alike for fuel and for the manufacture of high explosives; but it was not to be supposed that the Turks would allow a few thousand men to remain on the Euphrates unmolested. They had a considerable army of their own, and little to do with it except to molest Russia, whose hands were already full with operations on her western frontier and in the Caucasus.

The situation called for close coöperation between Great Britain and Russia in the Near East of Europe, where a successful stroke might rally the whole of the Balkan States to the side of the Allies against the Central Powers. The point at which the blow should be struck was one for careful consideration. If Greece should throw in her lot against the Central Powers, there was Salonica as a port and as a base; but the geographical situation of Greece was not, owing to the lack of railways, favorable for military operations on a large scale. Alexandretta offered a good harbor and the prospect of severing, at Aleppo, all railway communication between the Ægean on one side and Mesopotamia and Syria on the other. Lastly, the occupation of the Dardanelles, menacing the very heart and head of the Turkish Empire, promised the greatest results of all.

Unfortunately there was little coördination of effort between Russia, Britain, and France during the first year of the war. Unfortunately also the British Government appears not to have realized the true significance of Turkey's entry into the lists against her. The breathless effort to stop the advance of the Germans in the West seems to have left them with little leisure to devote to the East; and they were seriously embarrassed by the dearth of troops. In fact, they were paying the penalty for the persistent unwillingness of the British nation to make provision for war in time of peace. It was easy for strategists, even of the most ordinary ability, to urge that Germany was the real enemy, that her allies would soon fall away if she were crushed, and that therefore every soldier must be employed against Germany and Germany only. But the Turkish forces were practically an auxiliary army to the German, their operations being dictated by Germany, and directed by Germans for German objects. The Kaiser's armies might take long to crush; and meanwhile the peace of three hundred millions of people in India and the security of their communications with Europe were at stake. Moreover, there was, and is, in India military material of the highest value among the fighting peoples of the North; and to risk the waste of this material through internal trouble would have been, not only a political, but a military blunder. Come what might, no matter what critics might say about wasting men upon secondary objects and the British greed of territorial aggrandizement, it was imperatively necessary for the British to initiate military operations on a more or less grand scale against some quarter of the Turkish Empire.

This the British Government, so far as can be judged at present, did not at first perceive. The expedition to the

Delta of the Euphrates was left to the Indian Government, as a purely Indian matter, with which England had, militarily and strategically, no concern. That expedition was very soon in trouble, for the Turks moved reinforcements down the Tigris and Euphrates. The very rumor of their coming sufficed to turn many Arab tribes against the British; and for a few weeks the situation was extremely serious. However, by reducing the garrison of India itself to dangerous weakness, sufficient troops were scraped together to reinforce the little army in Mesopotamia, and a brilliant attack drove the Turks back in headlong flight, which the treacherous Arabs, turning against their former friends, converted into a disastrous rout. This was well done; but, though it eased the situation temporarily, it left matters in the main unchanged. The Turks were already menacing Egypt, in the hope of keeping large bodies of British troops idle there; and unless the Sultan's forces could be distracted at some other point, it was only a question of time before they would move in greater force than before down the Tigris and Euphrates, in order to drive the British into the Persian Gulf.

Curiously enough, that distraction or diversion was forthcoming, though without the slightest reference to Mesopotamia or to any general scheme of operations in the East. Impatient of the deadlock on the Western Front, a party in the British Cabinet began, toward the end of 1914, to advocate an attack in the Near East, with the general idea of saving Serbia and of preventing the extension of the Central Powers' array in an uninterrupted line to Constantinople.

The bare fact that this proposal emanated from a party sufficiently shows that there was another party which was opposed to it; but in truth the oppo-

sition was perhaps due less to disapproval of the scheme on principle than to the difficulty of finding the means to execute it. The First Lord of the Admiralty, however, suggested that it might be within the powers of the fleet, without the help of an army, to force the passage of the Dardanelles, steam up the Bosphorus, and overawe Constantinople. Troops would, of course, be needed to hold the Peninsula of Gallipoli and occupy Constantinople; but there need not be many, nor, probably, need they be long detained. Practically, therefore, a great object might be achieved without weakening seriously or permanently the British force on the Western Front.

This solution of a tough problem seems to have been so acceptable that it was embraced with rather remarkable eagerness, first, as a mere experiment, which might be abandoned if it should prove impracticable, and next, by slow degrees, as an operation which must be carried through at all costs. It was this transitional character, this uncertainty whether the attack upon the Dardanelles was to be an experiment or a serious venture, which wrecked the entire enterprise. The fleet tried to force the passage of the Straits unaided, but failed; and then, when the enemy had been fully warned and had received ample time for preparation, troops were hurriedly collected, and what had been a naval became a military expedition. As such, it suffered from all the evils of haste, imperfect provision, and still more imperfect equipment. The whole affair, instead of being carefully thought out and prepared to the very last detail, was improvised in the bad old English fashion. The military force, though absurdly small in numbers, might have sufficed for the work if it had been steadily kept up to strength of men, guns, and ammunition: for its quality was superb, and its

feats of hardihood, courage, and endurance almost incredible. But as fast as it beat one Turkish army, it was confronted by another, until it had fought itself to a standstill. Reinforcements were sent out; but in the form of fresh battalions, which arrived in dribblets, and very soon fought themselves to a standstill likewise. The whole of them massed together at one time, as one army, might well have mastered the defenses of the Straits in the face of all difficulties, and have opened the passage to the fleet; but doled out, as they were, in small portions, by the government, they were doomed to destruction in detail. All this was the result of the infirmity of purpose of the administration, an infirmity due to various causes but chiefly to the failure to realize from the first that serious operations against the Turks, no less than against the Germans, were imperatively dictated by the military requirements of the Empire.

After desperate fighting to no purpose, the military expedition was withdrawn from the Dardanelles; and the first great enterprise against the Turk ended in acknowledged failure. It had, as a matter of fact, weakened the Turkish army far more than was realized at the time; but for the moment there was nothing to show for it. Shortly afterwards, through a combination of civil and military blunders, things began to go wrong in Mesopotamia, and culminated in a bad mishap to the British arms. Then, at last, it seems to have dawned upon the government that operations against Turkey were a serious business and must be treated as such. The resources of India in the matter of fighting men were at length turned to real account; and two armies, the one in Mesopotamia and the other in Palestine, took the field. In Mesopotamia brilliant success soon effaced all previous disgraces; and all seemed to be go-

ing well, when the collapse of Russia and the disappearance of her armies from the Caucasus gave the Turk a respite. It was only a respite, however, for in the autumn of 1918 General Allenby won his stupendous victory of Esdraelon; and after one more small but finishing stroke in Mesopotamia, the Turk collapsed. No doubt, after so crushing a defeat he will be easier to deal with when the day comes for settling the final account; but it has cost much delay, with untold effort and treasure, to accomplish this end. Had the enterprise against Constantinople in 1915 been conducted, as it might have been, with due forethought and preparation, it might almost certainly have been carried to a successful issue; then the Balkan States might have been united against Germany, the war would have been greatly shortened, and incalculable evils would have been averted from Eastern Europe.

As it is, the British armies are practically in possession of Asiatic Turkey; and, as usual, Britain seems to have seized a vast territory for her own selfish ends; whereas she has simply been forced into these conquests because at the outset she took too little thought of the defense of her Eastern Empire. If, upon Turkey's declaration of war, anyone had predicted that within four years Asiatic Turkey would be everywhere overshadowed by British bayonets, responsible British statesmen, one and all, would have stood aghast. They would have said with one voice, 'For heaven's sake, no more territory, no more responsibility. We will fight Germany to the death, but we only ask to live, not to make profit.' And this would have been the truth, uttered from their inmost hearts.

So it has been from the beginning. From Robert Clive onward, the administrators of India strove in vain to set bounds to the Indian Empire. Many

shrank from transgressing the limits assigned to it, until their shrinking became, not merely a danger, but almost a crime. When Braddock marched to the Ohio in 1755, no one dreamed that the expedition would lead to the conquest of Canada in 1760. Even when Canada had been conquered, the nation was half terrified at what it had done, and cowered before the burden of defending so vast a territory. So strange

a people are we who have planted the Union flag all over the world, so indolent, so easy-going, so slow to wrath, so unconscious of our strength, so hard to set in motion; yet so dangerous when roused, so irresistible when once moving, so resolute not to stop short of the goal. At the beginning of the present war it was the fashion to speak of Russia as 'the steam-roller'; but the true steam-roller of Europe is Great Britain.

THE THREE R'S AT FOUR YEARS OLD

BY IVY KELLERMAN REED

ABILITY to read easily and rapidly, a knowledge of arithmetic and geography roughly equivalent to the work of the third and even higher grades in the public schools, and an attitude toward intellectual pursuits which will make learning and study a pleasurable pursuit instead of a task during the rest of his life — these are the achievement of little Erik, aged four years and three months. The saving in actual years of schooling, and the immediate capacity for increased enjoyment, as well as tangible information possessed, are almost too great to estimate in any comparison with school grades. Subtracting the first year and a half of his life, which were occupied with learning to walk, to talk, to manage a spoon, to avoid hot radiators, mercilessly hard corners of tables and chairs, and the like, we can speculate interestingly upon the proportion of gain by the time the boy is twenty years old. We see, at any rate, that it pays to begin *early* to take advantage of the child's desire

and ability to learn, which are manifest in infancy, which increase or languish according to the encouragement or rebuffs received, and which diminish from childhood on through youth, maturity, middle age, and senility.

By heeding the curiosity which Erik, like most other children, showed concerning the meaning of letters on his alphabet blocks and in large headlines of newspapers, by helping him to learn a new letter daily, then combinations into words, and finally by introducing him to those words in primers, until he had learned to read as naturally — and far more easily — than he had learned to talk, we took the first and most important step. It was a long process, demanding infinite time and patience on the part of his parents; for we had always to remember that it must remain for the child a pleasure, a game, a thing of interest, and never a task or an occupation to which he must be driven.

Before the first primer was too familiar, I bought another, and, later, still

others. Then we began our fortnightly trips to the public library. Erik exhausted that supply of primers, first readers, and second readers, and now can read and enjoy the books provided for supplementary reading in schools, such as those describing race-types and home or travel in foreign lands, data of natural science, and even a few elementary arithmetics. Of course, I seek books whose intrinsic interest makes them attractive, for I would no more urge or compel the child to read than I would urge or compel him to play with his beloved toy aeroplane. He reads many times a day, never for very long at a time; sometimes curled up in a morris chair, more often stretched at full length on the floor. Occasionally he reads to me a story or sentence which takes his fancy; but usually he prefers to read in absorbed silence.

Just as he never had to finish one book before receiving another, or to read any one volume straight through, he has never been asked to read in a certain book, or in a certain sequence in any book, or to read a certain amount at once, or to read at any specified time. The desire to read is as normal with him as is the desire on the part of adults to read the latest magazine or an interesting book. The chief difference is that Erik has never in his whole brief existence suspected that reading could be anything but enjoyable, whereas his elders went through a process of learning which was conscious, compulsory, and usually unpleasant, because it came too late and was long-drawn-out.

From his reading and the questions he asks in consequence, Erik has a stock of information far beyond his actual experience. He constantly adds to his vocabulary, adopting such words as 'portable,' 'tremendous,' 'amazing,' 'swiftly,' 'giant,' 'pyramid,' and so forth, sometimes proving their literary source by mispronunciation, such as

sounding the *s* in 'island,' making the *g* hard in 'giant' or 'angel,' or the *e* short in 'demon.' Generally his pronunciation is correct, and the length of a word seems to make no difference whatever. Meeting new words in reading inclines him to accept the more readily new words he hears used, or which are suggested to him as expressing an idea he wishes to convey, such as 'edible,' 'combination,' 'purpose,' 'represent,' and others. He asks questions like, 'What do kings do?' 'Do the queens help them?' 'If we should go to Italy or Belgium, would we see the kings?' 'Was Abraham Lincoln president just like Mr. Wilson?' 'Why is n't he president now?' 'What is a prisoner?' 'What is a captive?' 'Is the Kaiser imaginary?' Finally, the books containing folk-tales and animal stories have furnished him with words, phrases, and ideas for telling stories, so that he now improvises fluently, although his plots are very rudimentary, and he is likely to abandon each previously mentioned animal to follow the fortunes of the ones later introduced, with a climax consisting of '— and that's the end!'

Soon after Erik had progressed a little in his reading, he noticed the Arabic figures in his books, in magazine and newspaper advertisements, and on calendars. The principle of combination into sums of two or more digits was easily grasped, and after learning to count to 100, he began to comprehend larger numbers. A start had already been made in the process of addition, through a game of questions alternately put and answered by Erik and his father or myself, such as, 'How much are one and two?' 'How much are three and one?' The totals were kept below ten, so that we could use fingers for calculation. By accompanying the questions and answers with laughter and applause, we were able to familiarize Erik with many combinations, and to increase them as

he realized that $20+20$ is analogous to $2+2$, that $57+1$ is analogous to $17+1$, and so forth.

The reading of these sums, and the writing of them, were introduced as 'a quieter game,' proposed as compromise for the hilarious romp Erik expects of his father after dinner. After a few minutes of 'bear,' a special pencil and new tablet of paper were produced, different from those which Erik uses for his daily amusement of drawing and cutting. These were laid on the floor, — the child's domain in contrast to the chairs his elders prefer, — and Erik's father disposed himself there, quite as prone as Erik himself. This left no doubt of the genuine 'play' character of the proceeding. A row of sums, such as $1+2=3$, $2+2=4$, was put down, Erik soon doing his share of them, or writing only the answers. The plus and equality signs were accepted at once, and the whole lesson took some five or ten minutes. It was ended by my summoning Erik to go to bed — for we never risk continuing any subject long enough for him to lose interest or tire of it.

During the next day I repeated various sums orally, as opportunity offered, in connection with the number of cookies to be received for dessert, and the like; and in the evening his request to play was greeted with the reply, 'We'll play bear first and arithmetic afterward.' The minus sign and operation of subtraction were soon given, then the multiplication sign. Division is reserved for a still later date, as being more difficult, although the writing and understanding of fractions has not offered trouble.

With this process under way, and an interest in arithmetic fairly well inculcated, another step seemed possible. We proposed adding a new game, called geography, and produced the big book of maps. Erik had previously looked at

it, and had a glimmering of its significance. But the colored plates took on a new interest when his small toy boats were to be sailed to one country from another on the intervening bodies of water. After two evenings of this sort, the boats were omitted, and the game consisted in alternate requests to find this or that country, ocean, sea, or even larger mountain chain, river, or city, with appropriate jubilation over each discovery.

Considering that each evening's lesson lasts but five or ten or fifteen minutes, and that the lessons — always called a game, of course — alternate with arithmetic, or sometimes have to be omitted entirely, the amount of geographical knowledge acquired thus far is very great. Of course, the data given can be reviewed incidentally during the day, and story-telling is an especially valuable aid. Erik listens with pleasure to improvisations about 'a little boy and his dog,' or 'a man and his little boy,' who take trips to this or that country or city, by rail or water, passing other specified cities and countries, collect the chief product or export of their destination, observe the language spoken there, and return home by the same or a different route. His own attempts to tell stories of this character are often surprisingly successful.

In teaching these subjects to Erik, as well as in helping him to learn to draw and to master cursive script, we are careful to refrain absolutely from the routine, system, or compulsion necessary in schools. The acquiring of skill and information are to be pleasurable pursuits, not tasks or drudgery. They are to be acquired in the method and the order suggested by the child's own volition and progress. We do not insist that he make his toy trains go in a certain way, or put them in this or that spot, or that he build his block-houses according to our ideas instead of his

own. Nor do we stipulate that he shall play with them at certain hours of the day, or for so many minutes at a time. Therefore, when he turns to occupations for which we wish him to have equal zeal, we do not block him at the start by forcing him to drop all initiative of his own and yield to arbitrary interference — as it would seem to him to be.

In this connection I may quote a question put to me: 'How do you stimulate your son's interest in reading? My boys like to play out of doors.' My reply to this is the counter-question, how do we stimulate a child's interest in out-of-door play? The child will like what he sees his parents like and genuinely expect him to like. Erik delights in long walks, picnics, and out-of-door amusement of any sort; but he has also had opened to him the equally precious world of the printed page. His efforts to enter that world were noted, appreciated, and encouraged; we did not do what I have seen other parents do — that is, ignore or rebuff the child's inquiry as to what the letters are on his blocks, what certain combinations of letters mean, or what the words are under favorite pictures in books.

Another point worth mentioning is, that it has seemed successful to begin each subject at the earliest possible opportunity. As soon as Erik observed and began to distinguish letters of the alphabet, we began to aid him in this. As soon as he could count at all, we helped him forward toward the goal of mathematics. As soon as he asked the location of cities he heard mentioned, or of countries named in war headlines, we seized the opportunity to prepare for geographical teaching. As soon as he enjoyed scrawling with a pencil, I dignified it by the name of drawing, and gave him every chance I could to acquire the utmost possible skill. I mention this specifically because parents

are prone to set a certain — and distant — date for anything which entails effort on their own part as well as that of the child. For instance, a friend wrote, 'I intend to begin teaching our own child to read next fall.' I could not resist asking, 'Did you set a certain date on which you would begin teaching her to talk, and make a formal beginning on that date, or did you not seize any and all opportunities to teach her as soon as she showed the least capability for learning?' This resembles the course of another friend, who intends — later — to make a musician of her child; but now, when the little one is 'banging' at the piano-keys, and begging to have the mysterious marks of sheet-music explained to her, this shortsighted mother is 'too busy,' and is inevitably extinguishing the spark she hopes to kindle later on.

One reason is, that teaching is unfairly assumed to be a difficult and disagreeable operation, which a mother hires other persons to do, like scrubbing or surgical operations! When it comes to reading or writing, they say, 'I don't like to teach,' although they were perfectly willing to perform the longer and more tedious task of teaching talking and walking. A neighbor, watching Erik noisily reading aloud sentences from a book belonging to her own child, several months older, turned to him with the question, 'Son, are you going to study with Mother some time and learn to read like Erik?' Her sigh and her emphasis of 'study,' as well as the invidious comparison with a younger child, probably implanted in 'Son' his first unconscious protest against the process he would later be forced to go through. She was taking it for granted that he would not like to learn; and of course he will not.

To those who might hint that system and discipline deserve attention, I would reply that mental achievements

are too precious to be dragged from their high place and made to serve for training in other things, at least in the case of very young children. Erik has made his present progress, and has assumed the proper attitude toward the subjects he has begun to learn something of, because he has been permitted to have a natural and sensible introduction to them, and has never been compelled to learn any of it. The proposition, 'Learn to do what you don't wish to do at a time when you don't wish to do it,' can be applied, if necessary, to the conquering of buttons and button-holes, garter-clasps, belts, and shoes; and disciplinary tragedies can be indulged in *ad libitum* over the putting away of toys and other operations in

the routine of daily existence. At any rate, Erik seems, notwithstanding his undisciplinatory way of learning, to be as well-behaved as any child in the neighborhood, and I believe that he is more amenable to reason than if he were taught the school subjects in the usual stern and systematic method.

Lastly, one does not need infinite leisure, or a house full of servants, in order to be able to teach a child as Erik has been taught. The actual amount of time we have given him is probably but little more than is given to any child except those who are turned loose on the streets in the hazardous care of older children; and the teaching has been done in a household which boasts of no servants at all.

VAGRANCY

BY G. O. WARREN

THE storm lies black upon the sky,
The lonely wood is gray with snow,
And footprints on a spring-time path
Are vanished long ago.

She is a vagrant now, with Death;
Her careless shade flits past my door.
She will not tarry here, nor speak,
Nor lead me as before.

I too will wander o'er the world,
And by the chart she made for me
Will find the cross upon the hill,
The shrine beyond the sea.

SHIPBUILDERS

BY ROBERT L. RAYMOND

I

'It reminds me of the tapir story,' observed Peter Carton thoughtfully, as he paused in his labors to lean back and light a cigarette.

'What's the tapir story?' queried Jones, chief assistant in the Division of Passenger Transportation. 'Tell it.'

'Oh, it's long and needs a Down-East accent, and has n't any point anyhow,' objected Carton. After a moment's pause he went on, 'A Down-East sailor-man, just returned, stiff with brine, from a two years' voyage, met up with the proprietor of a menagerie at the boarding-house to which he repaired, and the two at once became friends. The menagerie man confided that he had two tapirs stored away in the cellar of the boarding-house at that moment, and asked the sailor-man to come down with him and hold a lamp while he fed them. But when the two got to the cellar, it appeared that the tapirs had broken loose, and the menagerie man besought his new friend to aid in returning them to captivity. The latter gave one terrified look at the long snout and generally unlovely aspect of the nearest tapir, who was rapidly proceeding in his direction and, dropping the lamp with a crash, made for the cellar-stairs. "I signed on to hold a lamp," he called back. "I did n't sign on to hunt tapirs."' "

'Well?' queried Jones, patiently.

'Oh, that is n't the story,' admitted Carton. 'At least it's only one small end of it; but somehow it reminded

me of myself. When I gave up my law business to come down here with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, I expected Mr. Schwab would call me in to his office once or twice a day and say, "Mr. Carton, kindly prepare a contract for the construction of this twenty-thousand-ton troopship"; and I would answer, "Leave it to me, Mr. Schwab; that troopship is as good as built." Then I would dash back to my office, summon a stenographer, and remark, "In consideration of the mutual promises and agreements herein contained, it is mutually promised and agreed by the parties hereto as follows: *One.* The Blank Company, hereinafter called the Contractor, shall build a twenty-thousand-ton troopship, according to the following specifications, to wit: Quality, A1; time, P.D.Q. *Two.* The United States shall pay for the same if, as, and when it sees fit," — or words to that effect. Of course, Mr. Schwab or Mr. Hurley would get the credit, but I would have the satisfaction of knowing I had really done the job.'

'I wish you lawyers would draw contracts like that,' said Jones longingly; 'then someone could tell what you mean.'

'Tell what we mean!' repeated Carton indignantly. 'What would become of you capable business men without lawyers, I'd like to know? You run around, very busy, like a lot of chickens with their heads chopped off, and get things in a pretty tangle; then we come in and smooth them out, and before you

know it everything goes like clock-work.'

'Lawyers are a fine lot, no doubt,' conceded Jones. He paused a moment and added, 'I've always thought that there was only one trouble with them: they ought to be put to work.'

Carton did not deign to notice the implication, but resumed his previous train of thought.

'As a matter of fact,' he continued, 'I've hardly heard the word "ship" mentioned since I've been here. What have I been doing, for instance, for the last three months? Wrangling about car-fares on street-railways, discussing feeders, power-houses, loops, 3A copper-wire, voltage, and what not. I did n't know I had signed on to hunt tapers.'

'It all helps,' observed Jones encouragingly.

'I suppose it does,' admitted Carton; 'but the house that Jack built was nothing to it.' He tapped himself on the breast and recited: 'This is the man that drew the agreement that called for the tracks that carried the cars that ran to the house that sheltered the man that drove the rivets that held together the wonderful ship that Schwab built.'

'You're leaving out a good deal at that,' observed Jones. 'How about sewerage, water, electric lights, and the other things?'

'I know,' agreed Carton. 'I was only touching on my personal endeavors. Have you been out to the National Shipbuilding Company's plant at Camden lately?'

'Not for four weeks.'

'A lot can happen in four weeks nowadays. I spent yesterday morning there. I did n't pay much attention to the eight new ways they are putting in, because my job took me out to the housing development. They're building a complete city two miles back in the country. It is great: the neatest

little brick houses you ever saw, a church, a community centre, and a movie theatre. It was an eye-opener to me.'

'There is nothing picayune about the way the U.S. is going into the ship-building business certainly,' agreed Jones. 'Go out to Hog Island the first chance you get.'

'I mean to if I ever get your street-railway messes straightened out. Is Barker coming in this morning?'

Jones nodded. 'That's what I'm here for; he's due now.'

'That is the worst crowd we've run up against yet,' observed Carton. 'I'm afraid we shall have to take over that road and run it.'

'It will mean a lot of lost time,' said Jones regretfully; 'but I suppose there is no help for it. They won't agree to anything.'

'Of course, the road is in the hands of a receiver, and that does make a difference,' said Carton. 'Technically, at least, they have got to get the court's consent to anything they do.'

'Have one more try this morning, at any rate,' urged Jones. 'If we have to run the road ourselves, it will delay matters three or four months at least.'

II

There was a knock at the door, followed by the appearance of a wide-awake-looking office-boy, who said, 'Mr. Barker and Mr. Meekin say they have an appointment with you, sir.'

'Bring them up,' remarked Carton.

He gazed out of the window, down to where the City Hall of Philadelphia, surmounted by the monster statue of William Penn, sprawls over Broad Street like some uncouth creation of a mind distraught. To Carton it suggested an illustration by Doré of a scene in Dante's *Inferno*, and a sigh of gloom escaped his lips before he turned to Jones

and said, 'We'll give it to them straight this morning, and get it settled one way or the other.'

'Mr. Barker, Mr. Meekin,' announced the office-boy, throwing open the door.

A tall, thin, red-haired man, with a thick red moustache and snapping bright blue eyes, entered the room, accompanied by a small, ferret-faced, gray-haired individual. They were the Receiver of the United Service Street Railway Company of New York and his counsel.

'I wish it could be arranged,' said the latter tartly, 'so that we did n't have to wait downstairs twenty minutes when we have an appointment here.'

'I'm sorry, Mr. Meekin,' said Carton politely, 'but I am afraid the rules of the Emergency Fleet Corporation can't be altered to suit individuals.'

The two men sat down and looked at Carton with expressions of aggressive obstinacy.

'Well, what have we got to do?' asked Barker finally, calling to his aid the most disagreeable tones of which he was capable. 'Tell us the worst and get it over with. If the government desires to impose such conditions on the United Service Street Railway that it can never get on its feet again, I suppose we've got to submit.'

'It's a funny thing,' remarked Mr. Meekin, his little eyes gleaming maliciously. 'The country was told we went into this war as a protest against autocracy, and here's our own government giving orders and doing things never heard of in a free country. A man can't call his soul his own, much less his business.'

'And most of the orders are being given by green men, amateurs, who have had no experience, and don't know what they are talking about,' said Mr. Barker with meaning.

Carton smiled pleasantly. 'I don't wonder you gentlemen are a trifle up-

set this morning,' he said. 'You've had a surprise, have n't you? You thought you could go right over the heads of the Passenger Transportation Division and myself, and work something with Mr. Schwab directly. You tried that yesterday, and he refused to have anything to do with you, and sent you back to us. That's a fact, is n't it?'

'We are doing our best to keep a valuable property committed to our charge by the court from being ruined,' said Mr. Meekin savagely.

'Stop this buncombe and hot air, Meekin,' said Carton sharply; 'we have had enough of it and are n't going to waste time listening to any more. We offer you a trade that is a benefit to your road, and you know it as well as I do. What you want is to get more out of the United States than you are entitled to. You can't do it, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for wanting to do it.'

'Look here,' said Mr. Barker, start-up, 'I won't listen to this kind of talk!'

'Oh, yes, you will,' went on Carton, a hard glint coming into his eyes. 'You would listen to anything rather than have that street railway of yours taken out of your hands. I know you. You're bluffing. Now, unless we reach an agreement this morning the Emergency Fleet Corporation is going to take the United Service Railway Company and operate it under the authority of Section 28 of the Emergency Deficiency Act.'

'Perhaps the court will have something to say to that,' suggested Mr. Meekin with a sneer.

'You know more law than that, Mr. Meekin,' said Carton genially. 'The court won't lift a finger if we decide to take the road. But you've both made up your minds that you don't want that done, and are going to reach an agreement pleasantly and then urge the court to confirm it.'

Barker and Meekin sat silent.

'Why can't you be nice and friendly about it, the way everyone else is?' continued Carton. 'I've put through agreements with twenty other roads, and you are the only people who have n't been anxious to coöperate.'

'What do you want us to do?' repeated Mr. Barker querulously. 'As I said before, tell us the worst.'

'Oh, the worst, as you call it,' said Carton, 'is good; really very good, indeed. The Blackstone Ship-Building Company, the Brevoort Windlass Company, and the Naylor Construction Company, all located at Holbrook, New York, and all building ships for the government, have taken on — how many new men, Mr. Jones?'

'Roughly, five thousand,' said Jones; 'not less, at any rate.'

'Have taken on five thousand new men,' repeated Carton. 'There are no accommodations for them in Holbrook; the town is full, — chock-a-block, — and they have to go to and from Stoughton, Brookfield, and Rockbridge, places reached by the United Service Railway. The men have been threatening to strike for the last two weeks, because the car-service is intolerable. You know how bad it is better than I can tell you. Our experts, not amateurs as you call them, but some of the best street-railway men in America, have been over the ground and decided what is needed. We want you to put on twenty-four new-style cars, equipped so they can be operated in trains; to build turn-outs at specified places, so you can run more cars; to increase your power-plant and put in new transmission lines, and — well, those are the principal things, but it's all in this contract which I have prepared.'

'Where is the money coming from?' inquired Mr. Meekin.

'Don't play ignorance,' said Carton. 'The money is coming from the United

States, by way of the Emergency Fleet Corporation; and you are going to pay back only a part of it — seventy-five per cent. The other quarter is a clear gift. You have got to give us security, receiver's certificates, for the amount you are to return, but the United Service Company is getting increased facilities over the bargain counter.'

'We would rather not add to the road's obligation, even for a bargain,' began Mr. Barker.

Carton ignored the remark entirely. 'Are you ready to sign?' he asked, indicating certain papers on his desk.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Meekin consulted apart.

'We will sign,' said the latter, after an interval of five minutes. 'But it's no good unless the court confirms it.'

'Oh, we can take care of the court between us, I fancy,' observed Carton optimistically.

'I'm not so sure of that,' said Mr. Meekin. As a busy street-railway lawyer, he had engaged in too many controversies to find joy in prolonging one after it was settled, and he spoke pleasantly and in good faith. 'You don't know Judge Hayselden; the receiver-ship is in his court. He is old and fussy and fidgety, and he hates to take the responsibility of letting a receiver do anything. I don't think he will take kindly to such an increase in indebtedness, and I know he won't stand for the issue of receiver's certificates.'

'Is his consent really necessary?' queried Jones.

'I am afraid it is,' admitted Carton. 'Look here, Meekin, are you going to do your best to get the agreement confirmed?'

Mr. Meekin drew out his watch. 'I've given my word,' he said. 'We've just got time to catch the twelve o'clock train back to New York. Come with me, and we'll see him in Chambers this afternoon.'

III

Carton got back to Philadelphia at six o'clock that afternoon and went directly to the office of Mr. Hodges, Chief of the Passenger Transportation Division of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The big twelve-story building was still humming with the industry of a beehive, although under the rules employees were permitted to call it a day's work when the hour of five o'clock struck. Mr. Hodges and his principal assistant, Mr. Jones, were sitting at opposite sides of the large desk-table, hard at work on a plan for bettering transportation by ferry to a ship-building plant on the Great Lakes.

'Hullo, what's the good word?' asked Mr. Hodges, looking up on Carton's entrance.

Carton flung his hat viciously into a chair, plumped down in another himself, raised his clenched fists and uttered the monosyllable, 'Damn!'

'Take it easy, old man,' remarked Mr. Hodges genially, losing none of his imperturbability. 'What's the matter? Did Meekin squeal on his agreement?'

'No; Meekin was all right, but that old devil-bird of a judge!'

'Would n't he confirm the agreement?' asked Jones.

Carton gazed at the speaker, incredulous that he could ask such a question.

'Confirm the agreement?' he repeated. 'He almost committed me for contempt of court. Said he never heard of such a proposition as permitting a road that could n't pay its present debts to pile up more. Said there was no use bringing such nonsense before him. When I told him these were war-times, he asked me if I thought he was going to write himself down in his court records as an ass, just because a war was going on.' Carton paused, and then added indignantly, 'I could n't budge the old scoundrel.'

'Did you tell him we could take the road over?' suggested Mr. Jones.

Carton laughed. 'I tried that for all it was worth,' he answered, 'and it was n't worth a cent. He said that was the best thing we could do; that it would relieve him of all responsibility; in short, that it would suit him right down to the ground.'

'It must be that he does n't understand that this country is actually in the war,' suggested Mr. Hodges thoughtfully. 'He does n't realize it.'

'The only way to make him realize it,' said Carton with conviction, 'would be to ram him into a ten-inch gun and fire him off on the Western front.'

'How did you leave matters with Meekin?' queried Jones.

'After Judge Hayselden had warned me that I must n't continue my current line of conversation, I asked for an order of notice so that the matter could come up in open court, and he would have to go on record. He gave me one for to-morrow at eleven; but the last thing he did was to order Meekin to bring in all the cases he could collect, showing that courts had refused to authorize agreements such as the one we submitted.'

'They say there is no sense in throwing good money after bad, and I don't see any in wasting precious time when it won't do any good,' observed Mr. Hodges. 'Why not drop the matter, and start on the other tack? Taking the road over, I mean. It's hardly worth while for you to make another trip to New York.'

'You are n't beaten until you know you are licked,' said Carton stubbornly. 'I shall go to that hearing to-morrow. There is n't any law on the matter; not on our side, at least. But I shall do something; probably argue on the facts and broad grounds of public policy.' He smiled, and added, 'And you be ready to bail me out in case of need.'

'Just as you like,' agreed Mr. Hodges. He turned to his chief assistant. 'Courts are a great help in business matters, are n't they, Jones? Who was the genius who spoke of "old Father Antic the Law"?'

After dinner that evening, at the small house in the country out on 'the main line,' where he lived with two other Fleet workers, Carton took his customary stroll around the grounds of Bryn Mawr College. The long, low-lying gray-stone buildings, with mulioned windows and covered with ivy, were as lovely as the finest that Oxford could produce. Carton sat for an hour on a stone bench overlooking acres of velvet lawn, deep in thought. He was not engaged in the preparation of his address to the Court on the morrow, but picturing in his mind's eye scenes called up by a letter which he had found on his return home — a letter from a young friend somewhere in France.

'The Court!' announced the crier in stentorian tones.

Counsel sitting at the table inside the bar below the clerk's desk rose and stood respectfully as Judge Hayselden, clad in his black robe of office, preceded by a red-faced court officer in blue frock coat with brass buttons and carrying a white staff, entered and took his seat. He was a very old man, very tall and very thin. His white hair was brushed straight back from his high forehead. His keen eyes still burned brightly under shaggy eyebrows. His manner was peremptory and his voice sharp and clear as he said, 'In the matter of this petition asking for confirmation of an agreement between the United States and the Receiver of the United Service Railway Company, I desire counsel to submit authorities. Mr. Meekin, I will hear from you.'

Mr. Meekin rose. He was a little terrier of a man, with many of a terrier's

propensities; but his word once given was as good as his bond.

'Your Honor,' he said, 'representing the Receiver, I assent to confirmation of the agreement.'

'Have you any cases where such agreements have been sanctioned?'

'I have not, Your Honor.'

'Have you any authorities where the court has refused to sanction such agreements?'

Mr. Meekin looked at Carton.

'Go ahead,' consented the latter in a whisper; 'let him have them.'

Meekin read a list of twenty or more cases, giving citations and brief abstracts as he went along. As the weight of the law piled up against him, Carton became slightly restive. The argument he had carefully been thinking out on the train from Philadelphia began to seem too weak even for utterance. Unconsciously his hand slipped into the side pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed on the letter he had received the previous evening.

'Mr. Carton,' said his Honor, 'if you have any authorities to submit, you may do so.'

'I have something to submit, Your Honor,' said Carton, rising.

'What is the citation?' asked the Judge, as he dipped his pen in the ink before him.

'It is not in the books, Your Honor.'

'Some decision not yet reported?' demanded the Judge.

'It is not a decision, Your Honor. It is a letter which I received last night from a young friend of mine now in France.'

The Judge looked at Carton sternly. 'I allow great latitude to counsel in this court,' he remarked, 'but —' He paused, then threw himself back in his chair and added, 'Proceed.'

'The letter is dated June 10,' said Carton. 'It is as follows.' He read slowly: —

DEAR MR. CARTON, —

Please pardon this paper — it's all I have just now. How time slips by in an unbelievable way! It seems hardly possible that it was over a year ago that you recommended me for the training camp. I confess things have moved with startling rapidity; much quicker than any of us anticipated.

I got your good letter, and mighty glad I was to hear from you. You don't know what it means to get news from home. I am glad you have gone in for war-work and think the Shipping Board must be very interesting. I was talking with my colonel the other day, and he said Gen. Pershing declared at a meeting of officers recently, that we would be able to walk right through the Germans next year if we could get enough men and supplies across the water, and that the great need of the war now was ships, and more ships. So you see you can feel you've got a hand in what over here is regarded as of perhaps first importance.

But, speaking generally, I can't help feeling that not all the people at home realize the true state of affairs or understand what is going on. I often wonder just what there is that will get it across to the folks in the States. Beyond a depression in business, some inconvenience, and a few personal links here and there, what does it mean? I don't know. And I'm searching every scrap of information I can get to find out. All of us are. So are the French.

The Germans are not beaten. Do you realize that? And do all the people at home realize it? They must before we can come out of this war victorious. The power of Germany's military machine, the strength of its organization, is something you have got to see and feel before you can grasp the terror of it. I don't mean we are afraid, not even I am that. But I've just come back to a rest-camp from two weeks in the front trenches, and the threat of the Hun hordes won't let me sleep at night. We were in a sector where the German trenches were very close to ours. We could feel them there all the time, like some evil presence, and one day they came over the top at us, wave after wave of silent gray-clad men. It was not like anything human. It was a miasma, a mist, a noxious vapor let loose to corrupt and destroy the world. We managed to hold

our ground, but it was truly some job. Tom Meany was killed, blown to pieces in the preliminary barrage; and Bill Simpkins — you know them both. Simpkins was bayoneted through the breast, after he had done for three of the Fritzes. I got out without a scratch. I can't wait to go back again — honestly. I want to live as much as anyone, but I'd die a thousand times rather than have that wicked nightmare of German militarism impose its rule on the world. That has got to be stopped; and nothing else matters, nothing else in the world. I'm afraid you'll think I am talking heroics, but you would n't if you were here. It is merely the way every one of us feels. I have lived for a long while in all this. For some months I have really never been out of earshot of the guns, and have been in a part of France where one never sees a smile. Nothing exists but war, not one smallest detail of life is free from the blight of it. It is tremendously depressing and all very pitiful; crops ripening and being burnt up by shells and killed by gas; villages shot to pieces and melting away into pits of filth and rubbish; old people carrying a few possessions and wandering from village to village, without any special hope or plan.

I like to think that nothing that can speed up the machinery and grease the wheels is being left undone. Occasionally one reads of strikes, and I've often wished that the promoters of same could be here, just for a few days, just long enough to know what it means and long enough to see and appreciate the infinite possibilities of being thrown away through a slip of the cogs at home.

Write me again soon, and I'll answer it — if I can.

Yours as always,

HENRY LYALL.

P.S. Hurry up those ships, old man.

There was a moment's silence in the court-room.

'Mr. Carton,' said the Judge, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, where hung the arms of the United States, 'have you prepared a decree?'

'I have, Your Honor,' said Carton.

'Mr. Meekin,' continued the Court,

'do you wish to examine the decree before I allow it?'

Meekin rose and blew his nose violently. 'As counsel for the Receiver, Your Honor,' he said, in a voice which broke a little, 'I urge the allowance of any decree in behalf of the United States which Mr. Carton has prepared.'

'That is well,' said the Judge.

He took the paper passed up to him, and the pen scratched as his trembling old fingers affixed his signature.

'Mr. Clerk, that is entered as of to-day.'

The old Judge rose from his chair and stood erect, gathering the folds of his

gown around his spare figure. 'Mr. Carton,' he said, with eyes still fixed on the seal of his country, 'when you answer that letter —' He paused, and the thin old lips trembled so that for the moment he could not go on. 'When you answer the letter,' he resumed, 'tell that boy that the people over here, even the worn-out old fossils, are beginning to understand.'

The Judge stood silent for a moment. He lowered his gaze from the opposite wall and his eyes, flashing, sought those of Carton. He smiled whimsically.

'Hurry up those ships, old man,' he said. 'Mr. Crier, adjourn the court.'

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

I

My acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt began back in the eighties. At that time I was editor of a weekly paper in New York, and we had some correspondence on social and literary subjects. Everything he said was interesting, very much to the point; and — what was very flattering to me, from a man of his strong convictions — he was most deferential in considering my opinions, especially on literary matters. I found afterwards that this attitude was largely due to his having read two sonnets of mine, 'Theocritus' and 'Maurice de Guérin,' which he did not pretend to understand. Even at that time, when the mists that obscure the future of every young man were just beginning to part and to show the land-

scape to him, he seemed to find time to read almost everything.

Through Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the most generous and sympathetic men of his time, I had come in contact with President Cleveland, and there was talk of a diplomatic appointment to Athens. President Cleveland at that time was desirous of obtaining certain information about Near-Eastern affairs, with regard to which Mr. Gilder thought I might be useful. It was through Mr. Gilder that my acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt ripened into a warm and ever-growing friendship. As a friend, no man could be more understanding or more tolerant — more desirous to bind one to him with hoops of steel.

When the question of the disposition of the friars' land in the Philippines

came up, Mr. Roosevelt was Vice-President. President McKinley, through the late Senator Thomas H. Carter, asked various opinions as to what was to be done. It was an unpleasant tangle, for there were persons about the President who seemed to think that these friars, who had just as much right under the law to their land as the Corporation of Trinity Church in New York has to its possessions, could be thrown out of the islands, body and bones. President McKinley hesitated: he seemed to know very little about the position of the friars under the laws which had governed the Spanish possessions. This was natural enough: canon law, in its relation to civil law, in a country where Church and State had been united, was a matter to the understanding of which his previous experience had not helped him. One thing became evident: that if a broad and unparochial view were not taken of the question, the government would be justly accused of the rankest injustice, and, consequently, ecclesiastical, religious, political animosities would be revived in the United States.

President McKinley was desirous of doing the righteous thing, but the righteous thing at one moment seemed to be the deportation of the friars, whose position as pioneers, as educators, as civilizers of the mixed population in those parts of the Philippine Islands that were at all civilized, could hardly be understood by the average American. President McKinley — and he could hardly be blamed for it — confounded the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the other Spanish religious orders, who were mostly gentlemen and scholars, with the native Filipino clergy, who were not, to say the least, with some exceptions, altogether what they should be. The discipline of Rome was far off; the ideals of the natives in remote villages were not high; it was pos-

sible for a parish priest, who sprang from a hybrid race in which the lower qualities as a rule blur the higher, to do almost as he pleased.

There were, indeed, parishes in the more distant regions into which young and clever Filipinos had intruded themselves without even the ceremony of ordination. To be a priest of this kind was a good job. This condition of affairs was pointed out and exaggerated by the opponents of the Catholic Church in the islands. It was forgotten that there was the greatest distinction between these low types of men and the members of the religious orders who were responsible for the beginning of whatever progress had been made in the Philippines, by virtue of the hardest kind of work and constant self-sacrifice. The friars were Spanish; they had practically been part of the Spanish government; they were to the native priests what the Norman bishops of the type of Saint Anselm were to the ignorant Saxon clergy, who had retained their customs in England until the alien prelates began to institute a new order of things. It was necessary that President McKinley should be made to understand the situation; a more difficult matter was to induce the Catholics of the United States to accept an explanation of corrupt morals which was not at all obvious to them.

While negotiations and *pourparlers* were going on, President McKinley was murdered. Theodore Roosevelt was obliged at once to shoulder all the difficulties of this situation, and many others as well.

One night Mr. Gilder called at my house on Capitol Hill, Washington.

‘What do you think of Theodore Roosevelt?’ he asked.

‘He is a man of letters in love with life,’ I answered.

Mr. Gilder laughed. ‘He is more than that; he is about to make an epoch, and

he wants to talk literature with you, by the way. There are other things he wants to consider. I am leaving town, but I promised to tell you this. Telephone to the White House to-morrow and find out when he wants to see you; I think he would like you to lunch with him on Wednesday.'

The meeting was arranged. There were ten or twelve people at the luncheon, which was very informal. Mrs. Roosevelt sat behind the urn and made us all feel the presence of courtesy and graciousness. The conversation was fast and furious. The President did not conceal his opinions on any subject, and, as I remember, he fought violently every inch of the ground which Speaker Cannon was occupying on some fiscal question.

The President evidently enjoyed both the luncheon and the conversation fully. After a while he smiled, and said to me, 'I do not know much about the sonnet; Edith understands all that; and I have a superstitious veneration for everything she understands and I do not. Stay after luncheon; I want to speak to you.'

I waited and went to his office. As usual, there was an immense bunch of heliotrope on his desk. 'I like it,' he said.

'You ought to,' I answered; 'it is the emblem of a happy marriage.'

'I am happy,' he said, 'very happy; the only fly in the amber is that I am an accidental president; but I intend to be President of *all* the people.'

We skirmished a little on the frontiers of literature. He seemed to have read everything, from Miss Edgeworth's *Rosamond* and *The Purple Jar* to *Beowulf* and the 'Bollandists.' Then we came to the question of the Philippines. The legal aspect, he believed, might safely be left to the care of Secretary Taft, with some help from the 'sharps' in canon law. He was very desirous

that there should be no injustice done, and, above all, no revival of theological animosity. He agreed that the friars' lands should be bought by the United States, in order that their owners, being Spanish and associated with Spanish rule, might leave the islands. He saw at once the absurdity of attempting to treat them as Henry VIII treated the English monks. 'You are right,' he said; 'we might just as well try to seize the property of my wife's church in New York; I am a dissenter myself,' — he laughed, — 'thoroughly Dutch Reformed; but I should object to that!'

Talk after talk and luncheon after luncheon followed each other. It was thoroughly delightful. We might begin with George Borrow's *Lavengro*, apropos of which he would trace the derivation of an Italian folk-tale, analyze *Sandford and Merton*, discover that we had both been fed a horrible concoction termed 'cambric tea' in our youth, drop into long quotations from 'Mr. Dooley,' and return to the Philippines. It was a lucky arrangement for me, that, as most of the politicians looked on me as merely a literary person, I escaped the dangers of being even remotely in the confidence of the President. The main question with him was always how to do the right thing, to avoid religious antagonisms and to crush all kinds of unreasonable prejudices with a firm hand.

'I believe,' he said, 'that the Catholic Church has done whatever could be done in the way of progress in the Philippines; and I believe, if the ecclesiastical system is reconstructed on a plan devised by, let us say, Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Ireland, the future religious and social progress will be admirable: but we must first induce the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic people to admit that there are crying abuses among the clergy in the islands which must be eradicated before the

complaints of the opponents of the Catholic Church can be made groundless. The Catholic Church in the Philippines cannot attempt to drive out ethical-culture societies, or to suppress an honest agnosticism, which might easily turn into rabid infidelity, if the old-fashioned ecclesiastical methods against it were used. The Protestant denominations, which, to be honest, I hardly think will ever really meet the spiritual needs of the Latins, must, too, have a fair chance; and the Catholic press ought to see that the union of Church and State in the Philippines disappeared the very moment they were assimilated by the United States.'

Nothing could be more reasonable than this. But, owing to the outcries of narrow-minded sectarians, who wanted to extirpate the Scarlet Lady, and the equally narrow opinion among certain Catholics that no clerical abuses could really exist in the islands, and that to point them out, even in order to destroy them, was a sin against the Holy Ghost, President Roosevelt's position was very difficult. However, a most admirable army chaplain, Father Vatman, was recommended to the President. He was implicitly trusted by the Catholic hierarchy in the United States; while the report of a Baptist or Methodist minister might be exaggerated in the theological heat of the moment, it was quite certain that Father Vatman would not be. He went to the Philippines; he saw, he reported; and the Catholics of the United States were made to feel that the salvation of the Catholic religion in the Philippines depended largely on the methods of American reconstruction.

To tell of our private conversations, to give a real impression of the furious opposition which President Roosevelt's plan aroused, involving as it did the sending of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop O'Gorman, and Secretary Taft to the

Philippines, might only revive half-forgotten animosities.

'My God!' he said to me one day, almost in despair, before the mission had started; 'the Catholics themselves are against it.'

'Don't trouble yourself about that,' I answered. 'You are right; the people who are protesting against the only reasonable settlement, which is to induce the Holy Father to insist that the friars shall sell their lands, are of the same type as those of your own church who are constantly advising you to take Smyrna.'

He laughed heartily. 'Yes,' he said, 'the honest preacher is always wanting me to separate Smyrna from the Turks; but when I say that we should be obliged to *fight* the Turks, they at once declare for peace.'

II

It was during these delightful conversations that I came to know Theodore Roosevelt well, and to feel more and more the depths of his spiritual nature, his love for righteousness; his sane power of making compromises not ignoble when a good end required it; his plasticity of mind, his versatility and concentration, his power of using all that was valuable in other men, and his indomitable energy and courage.

There seems to be a wide-spread impression that he was uncontrollably impetuous, fixed in his opinions, unmanageable even by those persons whose opinions he ought to respect. Nothing can be more untrue than this. It is impossible to conceive of a man more willing to give up his opinions when those opinions were proved to be unfounded, or when the objection to those opinions was put in a way which attracted or pleased him. He loved a good phrase and he was charmed by an apt literary allusion — it could not be

too recondite or involved or pedantic; but if one opposed him and could put one's opinions into a compact sentence, he was always likely to accept the new point of view heartily, and even enthusiastically. All his friends knew this very well.

I remember one occasion when he had asked me to meet a group of men from California to talk about Bret Harte and Kipling. Bret Harte and Kipling were, however, never mentioned. He said suddenly, turning with the air of ferocious earnestness which he sometimes assumed to one of these gentlemen, who was recommending to him a San Francisco friend, 'No, sir! Your man is a French Revolutionist.'

The three Californians were evidently shocked. They were men of cultivation and influence. As a friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, I thought it was my duty to see that he did not offend them, so I tried the 'phrase.'

'You mean,' I said, 'Mr. Roosevelt, that he is of the type of Camille Desmoulins, not of the type of Marat or Robespierre.'

I knew the name would catch him. 'Certainly,' he said. And he dashed into a sketch of Camille Desmoulins, bringing in a quotation from Hilaire Belloc's *Danton*, which pleased everybody.

After they had gone, he roared with laughter. 'Your phrase,' he said, 'saved that situation for me and drew me off the track. I am not sure at all that their man is n't a mixture of Marat and Robespierre.' But he bore no malice, and chuckled several times afterwards at the effect of the interpolation.

One felt that one of his best gifts was in adapting the experience of his friends to any crisis in which he was interested. He would have been entirely useless if he had not been a politician. Not even the most altruistic statesman could swim above the currents of the whirl-

pool of political life in a republic, without taking into account the value of opportune compromises. But Theodore Roosevelt, in my experience, never compromised for a base motive. He had learned very early in life, in the New York Legislature, the points of view of the professional politician; he had learned how to deal with these men, but he never professed to them that he had any illusions as to the influences that govern them or as to their objects in a political game. He was accustomed to threats; in our country, where there are still so many parts not yet melted into a whole, it is easy enough for the self-styled representative of any part of the population to threaten a president, elected by popular vote, with political annihilation. The professional Protestant, the professional Catholic, the professional Jew, in the great cities, have always their threats ready, if a president refuses to fall in with those special idiosyncrasies which make these people figureheads for the attraction of votes.

It was a delight to be behind the scenes, and to observe how Mr. Roosevelt dealt with these people; and he always knew just where to find the safest counsel: he depended on his friends, not considering political affiliations, to discover counselors for him. An invitation to lunch meant, as a rule, for the recipient, not only a pleasant hour, but the giving up of whatever was valuable in his mind for the good of the nation at the moment. In my long acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of all differences of opinion, which he not only welcomed in private, but invited, I never for a moment discovered that he did not put the good of the nation, the moral and social improvement of the people, before everything else. Brought up in the rather cynical school of politics that preceded the advent of Theodore Roosevelt, I judged that an at-

tack on the money-power simply meant a great flurry, the annihilation of the crusader, and the relapse of the people into contentment and corruption. I told him this.

He laughed. 'Observe,' he said, 'I am attacking only the pernicious trusts, and you may be sure that I know the world too well to try my fists against any trust that is not too rotten to stand.'

When it came to the furious row with Wall Street, he did not depend on hearsay evidence, or on abstract meditations. At this time one found at luncheon, or in his office, the best experts from New York, who were either so honest as to see the need of reform, or who felt that it was a question between reform and destruction. During the coal-famine, to be near him, to be in his circle, was to feel that you were in the presence of a man who had the heart of Lincoln and the virtue and the common sense of Washington.

He sent for me early one morning. 'I could n't sleep,' he said; 'it is a horror to think that a great number of our people, mothers and little children, are starving with cold.'

He showed me some communications from the high-exalted barons of capital. No aristocrat of the old French régime, no farmer-general under Louis XV, could have been more regardless of the sufferings of their fellow countrymen than these men. Their property, in their opinion, belonged to them absolutely; they had no duties except to this property; it must be conserved at all hazards; and their insolence and unconscious arrogance made the President grind his teeth.

'I must have men,' he said, 'on the commission — men, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, but men.' And so the commission, which included Carroll Wright and Archbishop Spalding, Charles P. Neill and, I think, John

Mitchell, was formed. 'It is not a question,' he said, 'of politics or religion or race; it is not a question of affronting wealth or conquering capital, or of preserving the rights of the people; it is a question of justice and mercy, and I intend to get the best results.' And he did.

After the Booker Washington incident, when the South was aflame, and thoughtful persons of the colored race feared everywhere the result of the episode on their less intelligent brethren, he asked me to luncheon.

'I have one consolation,' he said; 'I read in the papers this morning that *tout Paris* is with me. The truth is, if I had known the consequences of what seems to me to be an unreasonable outburst of prejudice, I should not have done it in that way. The fact is that I heard of some very unpleasant work among the negroes in the South. You know we can always depend on Booker Washington's opinion. I sent for him. He came straight all the way from Georgia, like a flash. I might have known that I was not doing quite the right thing when he showed such timidity and doubt as to accepting my invitation to lunch. It seemed to me that to ask him to my table was only a decent and courteous thing; and when he came, he talked so well that in five minutes we had forgotten whether he was black or white.'

His sense of humor seldom deserted him. I have gone to the White House on his summons, — I never went without his summons, — oppressed with the weight of a problem on which I felt I could throw little light; and after a word or two with that most sympathetic and charming and astute of men, William Loeb, who kept the outer gate, have found the President ready to discuss the last chapter of the *Sea Wolf*, by Jack London, or to talk of a new poem by Bliss Carman; and then he

would pose the question. The question was not usually for me, but for the man whom I might suggest, to answer. I can honestly say that I have never known President Roosevelt to make a really impetuous statement until he had consulted all the prudent and imprudent people who had any knowledge of the matter at hand!

After one of the cabinet meetings, when I was waiting for him, he came in chuckling. 'My friend,' he said very solemnly, 'I have used real cuss words to-day, and perhaps committed sacrilege.' He added that he had been obliged by etiquette to write an official letter to the new Pope, and that one of the members of the Cabinet had said, 'Do you think the American people will stand for your calling the Pope "His Holiness"?' 'Very well,' he replied, 'do you think they would like me to call him "You ——— fool"?''

'But,' he added, 'I said worse than that; I won't repeat it; and the member of the Cabinet agreed that the American people would hardly expect me to use such language to the venerable gentleman at Rome.'

If President Roosevelt considered the suggestion constantly urged on him by a number of Protestant Senators and distinguished laymen, supported by certain Catholics, that he should ask that Archbishop Ireland be made a cardinal, it was because the Vatican encouraged it. He understood perfectly that, if Americans as a rule understood the real significance of the Cardinalate, and knew that it would have meant for Archbishop Ireland a complete approval of his Americanism by the authority he so deeply revered, there would have been no objection except on the part of those of our compatriots whose education has never been completed.

Archbishop Ireland had stood more firmly than any other man in the country against bitter religious persecu-

tion. Again, to be frank, he had always been a staunch Republican, and he had always been fervent and outspoken on the great issues dividing the two political parties on the eve of campaigns. It was just as natural for Archbishop Ireland, who had been calumniated, maligned, and badly treated, to wish for this high honor, as for an honest follower of Saint Paul to desire a bishopric, or for Dr. Newman to want the red hat as a token that he was not the heretic that the very ultra-ultramontanes asserted him to be. But he never requested any interference on the part of Roosevelt. Logically believing that any mixture of politics and religion in this country was an evil thing, I advised against any such interference.

One took very little responsibility in advising President Roosevelt honestly, as one knew that several other people also would be asked for their opinions. I was amazed, however, when one morning a communication came, during the illness of Leo XIII, announcing that Cardinal Satolli, who was all-powerful in Rome, would guarantee the creation of John Ireland as a cardinal if the President would only notify his approval.

The President hesitated. 'Ireland,' he said, 'is the greatest of all your prelates; he is thoroughly American, he is a standing refutation of the assertions made against the un-Americanism of the Catholic Church. Just as I should like to see the admirable Bishop Satterlee get all the honors possible, I should like Archbishop Ireland to have the red hat; but what do you advise?'

It was a difficult position. 'I am entirely against it,' I said; 'but we will leave it to Archbishop Ireland; he will refuse when I state the case.'

He did refuse; but President Roosevelt, in the goodness of his heart, no more realized how disastrous this step, if taken, would have been than he saw the consequences of his social courte-

sies to Booker Washington. Archbishop Ireland, to his honor, declined to take advantage of his ardent admiration and friendship.

III

President Roosevelt loved a good book, and it made no difference whether the book was old or new. In a letter he wrote me just before his death, he rejoiced over the fact that Kermit had written a poem in praise of Camoens, whose ancient volume he had cherished in many voyages. He would actually pounce on a good thing in literature. He was constantly recommending books to me, and I returned the compliment. Once, when he was going West, he asked me to send him something I liked. It was almost hopeless to find anything he had not read; but I made up a packet of Lady Gregory's plays, William Yeats's poems, some verses by Tom Daly, and, I think, Douglas Hyde's *Songs of Connaught*.

When he came back, his mind was full of the Celtic sagas; he had, as it were, torn the essence of the Celtic spirit from its body. 'I find,' he said, 'in the pagan Celtic literature an ideal of romantic love which I supposed had only come in with Christianity.'

As an amateur in Celtic literature I was soon left behind in President Roosevelt's rapid advance in his Gallic studies. One day I said to him, 'You must concentrate your ideas of Celtic literature in an article, which I shall ask you to publish in the *Century Magazine*.'

He promised. Time passed; there was a period of political turmoil; tremendous rows in the Senate, — I think Senator Chandler was leading a revolt there, — and one day at lunch, he said to me, 'I will give you your article to-day; it is for the *Century*. Look it over.'

'But, Mr. President,' I said, 'how could you find the quietness of mind to write a paper like this when you and

the Senate seemed to be on the verge of an open war?'

'It was just the time for quiet and interesting work,' he replied; 'it took my mind off that caterwauling.'

When the article came out, splendidly illustrated by Lyndecker, he sent me, on Washington's birthday, the original of the beautiful picture of Queen Meave, with an inscription.

He was very desirous of meeting William Yeats, the poet; but Yeats, who wandered in fairyland, was very hard to bring down to an exact date. The President hoped to arrange an appropriate party for him; but Yeats, lost in darkest Washington, did not appear at my club until very late on the night preceding the luncheon; consequently there was no great party. The children, however, were there, with Mrs. Roosevelt — Archie apparently the most anxious to hear about the Irish fairies.

The Celtic poet seemed very happy, but he was silent. President Roosevelt beamed through his glasses, and tried to draw him out.

Suddenly Yeats said, 'It's the Little People we must consider.'

'Oh, yes,' the President rejoined, rather surprised, 'I believe with all my heart in the preservation of the little nations.'

Yeats looked astonished, and I said, 'By the "Little People" he means the Irish fairies.'

It was President Roosevelt's turn to look astonished. 'Mr. Yeats, have you ever seen an Irish fairy?' he asked, with a glint in his eye.

'Many times,' Yeats said solemnly. 'Sure, not only I, but every Irishman, especially the old ones that mow the hay in the twilight, have seen the Little People many and many a time; but they are not small insignificant creatures, like the English fairies; they are giants, the old gods come back again.'

The President was bowled out, but

the children found themselves on congenial ground.

President Roosevelt was the most considerate of friends. He never forgot the slightest detail of one's family life, and one's children seemed to take a great place in his heart. When my son Gerald, now in France, was presented to him, by his request, he was only prevented, he said, by the presence of older and more formal people from trying a bout at jiu-jitsu with him on the floor of the Cabinet room. 'The only game that I can't play,' said the President, 'is baseball. I must wear glasses, and I think I am afraid of only one thing — a baseball coming at me in the dark.'

'What a pity,' said the very young Freshman; 'you don't know what you miss, Mr. President. I will not believe,' this artless youth added, to Mrs. Roosevelt, 'that the President is the kind of man that keeps a valet.'

'There's always Alice,' the President said; 'she's the best valet I know.'

In all our long intercourse, during which there were some hot arguments, the President was really irritated with me only once, and that was when I deliberately, while he was talking, cut the pages of a new book which he had not yet read. I could not resist the temptation. I saw fire in his eyes, and I sympathized with him. The book was, I think, Eckstein's *Relations of Literature and History*.

In May, 1910, Mr. Roosevelt came to Copenhagen. Scandinavia had not at first been included in his itinerary, but I explained to him that the Nobel Prize people would be greatly offended, and probably refuse to give the prize to another American, if he did not make the required speech at Christiania. This brought him, as I knew it would. Denmark was aflame with enthusiasm; to the Scandinavians, he was the one great figure in the world. King Frederick

VIII was obliged to be away from his palace; but he arranged that every honor should be shown to the ex-President. The fact that Mrs. Roosevelt and the two young people, Ethel and Kermit, were to be in the party, added to everybody's pleasure.

But how was he to be ranked? The papers called him 'Colonel.' Now a colonel in the army, at an official dinner at the Danish Court, might rank somewhere near the end of the table. The Marshal of the Court, most anxious to carry out the wishes of the King and Crown Prince, was puzzled. I had to solve the problem quickly. I do not know what Colonel Roosevelt would have done if he had known my method, because, while carefully guarding all reasonable forms and ceremonies, he was intensely democratic. When the Foreign Office asked me how an ex-President ranked at home, I answered simply that in Denmark I expected that he, his wife and children, would be ranked as royal highnesses, and that he would have the same honors that might have been given the late Prince Consort of Great Britain and Ireland, or the present Prince Consort of the Queen of Holland. It worked.

On going away, Colonel Roosevelt said, 'The monarchs treated me well everywhere, but I seemed to be in wrong with the court people; but here everything went as smooth as glass. If we had been royalties ourselves, the formalities could not have gone more smoothly; I love these Danes.'

I found it safer to be silent as to my methods.

The difficulties with Cardinal Merry del Val as to Mr. Roosevelt's presentation to the Pope had somewhat puzzled him. Pius X had expressed an ardent desire to see him; but Colonel Roosevelt had evidently forgotten the rather artificial point of view of courts in arranging for his visit to the Vatican.

The matter might have been easily arranged without unnecessary fracas, if etiquette had been carefully observed, and the Papal Secretary of State had been willing to stretch a point in favor of the ex-President of a Republic. Colonel Roosevelt was consoled by the assurance that a mere lapse in etiquette would not seriously injure him in the opinion of people whose respect and affection he had gained; and nobody regretted the incident more sincerely than the Pope himself.

On the day of Mr. Roosevelt's arrival at Copenhagen, the extreme Radicals and the Socialists were on the *qui vive*. Colonel Roosevelt had fought capitalism; he was one of them. And when, as the Crown Prince in uniform, with his chamberlains and equerries, waited solemnly, Colonel Roosevelt suddenly descended from the train, he wore a wide-brimmed hat and old army overcoat, and carried a red book under his arm. He saluted my wife, clasped my hand very warmly, and said, 'Old chap, I have lost my luggage.'

'All right,' I said; 'we'll find it. — Your Royal Highness, I have the honor to present to you His Excellency the late President of the United States of America.'

'Delighted, Prince,' Roosevelt said.

'Now,' the Crown Prince said, laughing, 'you must let me help you find your luggage.' And he took Colonel Roosevelt's arm.

It was the beginning of a warm friendship.

The luggage did not arrive in time for the Court dinner that evening; but Mrs. Roosevelt earned the regard of everybody at Court by appearing very simply, and without apology, in her traveling gown.

When Colonel Roosevelt made his speech at the City Hall, the ultra-Radicals and the Socialists were deeply disappointed. He was more conservative than the Danish Conservatives, they said; but his speech resulted in making the advanced theories of some of these people seem very unreasonable, and for this he received the enthusiastic applause of the Danes who stood for law and order, liberty and not license.

After we had said good-bye at the station, in 1910, I saw him only once until May, 1918, when we lunched at the Harvard Club, and I heard his speech to the 'Blue Devils,' who sang their favorite songs for him. After that I was too ill to see him, but our exchange of notes was rapid.

He is gone. We cannot recall him; the thought of his loss is to those who knew him a gnawing pain. To try to console one's self by the remembrance of the great things he did, is useless. Other men have done great things, but there was only one Roosevelt. 'He is a Man,' the young King of Denmark said, and I can say no more. May eternal Light shine upon him!

THE NORTH DAKOTA IDEA

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE farmers of North Dakota have embarked upon an experiment in public ownership and control more radical than any yet attempted by any American state. Organized as members of the National Non-Partisan League, and controlling the legislative machinery of the state, they have amended their constitution and passed a long programme of bills.

This legislation permits the state to engage in any kind of business. It provides for state-owned terminal elevators and flour-mills; a state bank, to finance these and other enterprises; an industrial commission, to organize and direct such businesses, consisting of the Governor, the Attorney-General, and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor.

The state is to build homes and buy farms, within certain price-limits, for groups of citizens who put up twenty per cent of the cost and engage to pay the remainder, at a low rate of interest, within a period of twenty years. There is provision for state hail-insurance, for reducing discriminatory freight-rates, for various revenue measures intended to put the burden of taxation on those best able — in the opinion of the farmers — to bear it. In other words, the citizens of a purely agricultural community, — about eighty-five per cent of the population of North Dakota is 'rural,' — using political weapons found effective elsewhere, have set about remoulding their neighborhood according to what they fancy is their heart's desire.

There are two opinions of this phenomenon.

(1) The farmers themselves feel that they are fighting a battle for the people; and in the enthusiasm which accompanies any such movement in its beginnings, they look on themselves as skirmishers in a sort of holy war.

(2) Their opponents, who include not only those whose immediate interests may be affected, but also a considerable portion, probably the majority, of the substantial non-farming citizens, both within and without the state, honestly opposed to what they regard as a 'menace,' attack the Leaguers furiously as 'Socialists,' 'Anarchists,' and 'Bolsheviki.'

In North Dakota itself, in St. Paul and Minneapolis and the neighborhood, the fight has reached a bitterness which entirely obscures the essential issues in a cloud of abuse and recrimination. If the Leaguers authorize the governor to investigate the feasibility of establishing a state publishing-plant, to supply school-books, the opposition promptly roars that the 'Red Fingers of Socialism are Closing on the Entire School System of North Dakota.' The Leaguers, on the other hand, refer to their critics as 'relics of the Stone Age,' slaves of 'Big Biz,' the 'Kept Press,' in their calmer moments; or, more whole-heartedly, as 'liars,' 'assassins,' 'journalistic harlots,' and 'black-hearted skunks.'

Having dodged through this bombardment, and been to North Dakota and back again; having read some thousands of words of propaganda on both

sides; having seen the North Dakota Legislature at work, and observed and talked with Non-Partisan leaders, and the rank and file, I propose to set down here a statement of some of the more essential facts; and, with the indulgence of those to whom it is an old story, to tell how the North Dakota Idea originated, what it has done, and where it seems to be going.

I

North Dakota is a big open place, with tiny specks of houses, like period marks on a blank sheet of paper, punctuating its endless plains. It is as large as New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut put together, and has only some 700,000 people — more than Buffalo, New York, but less than Brooklyn.

The largest town, Fargo, — which is very citified for its size, like the great majority of such Western towns, — has only about 20,000. Fargo is almost on the eastern state-line. Five hours westward, across the prairie, is the capital, Bismarck, from any corner in which you can see the open country at the end of the street.

Nearly all these people are farmers, — not 'gentlemen farmers,' but regular frontier farmers (there is still plenty of unploughed land in North Dakota), — fighting drought, hail, cold, loneliness, and all the diseases crops are heir to, and, more often than not, a mortgage held by some more gentleman-like person farther east. You or I get a Western loan, and are charmed with our six per cent. The agent who finds us the loan takes his commission, the local Dakota agent takes his, and the man who needs the money most, takes the real risk, and stakes everything on his season's crop, pays, perhaps, ten, or even twelve, per cent. One of the bills passed by the North Dakota Legislature makes an

interest rate higher than nine per cent usurious.

It is a great wheat-country — so flat sometimes, that you could plough a straight furrow a mile long, and turn water into it at one end, and the water would run right down the furrow to the other end, without spreading. In a good year North Dakota rolls up a hundred million bushels of wheat and another hundred million bushels of other grain — several hundred million dollars' worth of the realest sort of wealth, out of this so-called 'debtor state.' There is, perhaps, no state in the Union which produces, per man, so much real wealth.

The wheat goes out of the state at wholesale prices, and everything the farmer needs comes in at retail prices — even the flour made out of his own wheat. And although his farm may be only a few hundred miles away from the mill, the local price for flour is often higher than the price somebody in Norfolk, Virginia, more than a thousand miles away, is paying for the same flour. The reason for this, of course, is that the big millers, making vastly more flour than they can sell in any one neighborhood, get as good a price as they can close by; and they meet distant competition and sell the rest, at a lower profit, perhaps, but still a profit, in neighborhoods farther away. In the same way American steel rails have been sold cheaper in Europe than at home.

Inequalities of this sort are not peculiar to North Dakota, but they stand out more clearly in the empty prairie air. The New York City equivalent of the Dakota farmer, jammed in his subway train with thousands like himself, is so enmeshed in a complex economic machine that it is not easy for him to tell who really pays his weekly salary, and to whom, really, the money goes which he gives the clerk in the grocery

or department store. He growls a little, and goes right on hanging to his strap. Anyhow, he says, 'What's the use?' Or he goes to a show. Or a sort of neighborhood feeling, made up of countless indefinable human elements, gathers round him rather pleasantly, like a sort of warm mist, and he says, 'After all, little old New York is good enough for me.'

It is different in North Dakota. There are no storied urns in sight. The prairie is bare of all those warm accumulated humanities which make city folks forget. Life is almost as simple and understandable as it was for Robinson Crusoe.

The bank that the city man goes to is a great stone pile which seems embedded in the general scheme of things. He pays his money to or gets it from a clerk as little and unimportant as himself, and goes his way. When the Dakota farmer drives in from the prairie to the station or the water-tank, and a little group of weatherbeaten shacks which make the town, he finds, perhaps, a general store, and, across from it, a little building labeled 'Bank.' And whatever contrasts there may be, favorable or otherwise, between the wheat-grower in the sheep-lined overcoat, who drives in through the twenty-below-zero weather, and the man in a white collar who sits in the warm bank, will be clearly felt. His relations with the banker and the store-keeper and the elevator-man and the freight-agent will be as concrete and simple almost as if he were an Indian bringing in a lot of beaver-skins, to trade for the white man's jack-knives and fire-water.

II

Now, recalling these things about the farmer himself, imagine yourself a farmer-legislator in Bismarck, on one of those crystal-clear, dry, cold North

Dakota days, when the smoke rises straight from the little white frame houses, and you can see in any direction any number of miles.

The Capitol, an ugly, square brick structure at the top of the slope on the edge of town, is the last thing between the city and a prairie which is almost as it was when buffalo roamed over it. The little town below, with its one- and two-story houses, seems, in the immensity around it, less like a city, in the smoky Eastern sense of the word, than like a sort of moss or lichen, wistfully spreading over the prairie grass. Turning away from it, you look out across rolling billows of country as over a sort of ocean — you might be on the Arctic or the Russian steppes.

I went up there by the water-tank, after a long afternoon in the legislature, just as a red sun was going down behind the low, gaunt hills that mark the course of the Missouri. That sun had swung across the sky, as unobstructed as the sun at sea. In the still, dry, crystal-clear air one could see any number of miles. A light snow had dusted the short prairie grass, until it looked as if covered with alkali, and had given to this empty world a curious air of austerity and almost of desolation. Far in the distance one saw a lonely silo or windmill; and once an automobile drew a dot across the white, miles away, with the look of some curious bit of stage-management.

The long deep-sea prairie swells, not a stone to break the soft grass carpet, seemed made for the unshod feet of Indian ponies. One felt like jumping on a pony and streaking over them, westward, to catch the sun. It was beautiful to anyone who had grown up in prairie country, with that austere, yet lifting beauty of the desert, and the ocean, and cities, and all that goes with them seemed far away, trifling, and tame.

One could well imagine that, if one lived in one of those far-off specks of houses, and had, or thought one had, any grievance against that remote city world, and one's neighbor five miles away felt the same, and the next neighbor, five miles farther on, the same, this grievance would stand out like a searchlight, undimmed by the big city's distractions and boredom and collective skepticism. And plainly, if all of you, having practically the same interests, got together to right it, you might go breezing on, unchecked by the city man's necessity, or compromise with somebody across the street whose interests were quite different.

This is what happened in North Dakota. The farmers had long felt that they had a grievance. That is the heart of the North Dakota Idea.

A good many things went to make up this sense of grievance. Some were what might be called psychological — the distrust often felt by isolated, unorganized, hard-working men for the far-off organized forces largely controlling their income and expenditure. Interest rates in pioneer neighborhoods may be no higher than the business sense of the lender demands; yet this does not prevent the ultimate borrower from feeling somehow 'done' when he pays his ten per cent. There were legislators who seemed to have less interest in the people they were supposed to represent than in interests farther off. People seem to agree that a certain amount of 'rough stuff' was 'put over' in North Dakota, as in other new states. Setting aside these things, and the complaints about unjust freight-rates and extortionate middlemen, which are similar everywhere, the special North Dakota grievance gathered about wheat.

The farmers did not feel that out of the hundreds of millions of dollars of wealth they produced each year, they

got what was coming to them. There were many items in their complaint, including freight- and interest-rates and the price of the flour that came back to them: some things comparatively casual, like grain grades; some comparatively inevitable, like the loss to the soil of the thousands of tons of mineral matter sifted out each year and sold as feed or otherwise by out-of-the-state millers. Among the more concrete dissatisfactions are those which have to do with grain grades.

The price which a farmer receives for any particular lot of wheat is determined by two factors — *grading*, that is to say, whether it is A No. 1 wheat, or belongs in class 2, 3, 4, or 5; and *dock-age*, the amount subtracted for the estimated amount of dirt, chaff, seeds not wheat, and other foreign matter.

If a load of No. 1 wheat has 14 per cent moisture in it, it still sells as No. 1 wheat. If it has 14.5 per cent, it becomes, under the Federal grain-grading system, No. 2 wheat; if 15 per cent, No. 3; and so on. There are various other tests for grade, not — so Dr. Ladd, the wheat expert at the North Dakota Agricultural School would tell you — based on the food-value of the grain (the values people have learned since the war), so much as on the predilection of the American public for a certain kind of white bread. A few years ago, for instance, the North Dakota wheat-crop was shriveled, and a large part of it was sold as very low grade 'feed-wheat.' Dr. Ladd experimented on some of this same wheat in his own mill and bakery, and found, he says, that the real difference in flour-value between this so-called feed-wheat and first-class No. 1 wheat was only about 11 cents a bushel, while the difference in the price the farmers actually received was over a dollar.

The farmers get nothing for the dock-age. That is simply subtracted in a

lump, and the millers or elevator-men afterward sift it out and sell it. Dr. Ladd has estimated that the farmers lose over \$2,000,000 in dockage and screenage alone on a 100,000,000 bushel wheat-crop.

Now, the North Dakota wheat is sold mostly through the Twin Cities and Duluth. The great Minneapolis flour-mills suck it up by hundreds of millions of bushels, and strew it forth again, in the form of flour, over the wide world. They control the Northwestern wheat-market just as the Chicago packers control the market for cattle.

The farmers were not satisfied with the Minnesota grain grading—they are not satisfied even with the new Federal grain grades, and maintain that they are too complicated to be applied in the average country elevator. They did not like losing the dockage, which, they thought, might be saved if they had big elevators of their own. But they had, according to their own story, still further cause for complaint. Taking the figures used by Dr. Ladd and others, they found that between September, 1910, and August, 1912, the terminal elevators received 15,571,575 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat; and while they had no wheat of this grade on hand, and only about 100,000 bushels at the end of the period, they nevertheless shipped out of the elevators, 19,978,727 bushels of No. 1 wheat. In other words, here were 4,500,000 bushels of No. 1 wheat for which the farmers say they had been paid the price of lower grades. There was a similar loss, they say, of 2,000,000 bushels on No. 2 wheat.

Of course, some of this wheat may have come in damp, been dried in the elevator, and thus raised to a higher grade; or the small amount of foreign matter which reduced its grade may have been sifted out, and the bulk thus raised in grade. That is one of the argu-

ments for big elevators owned by the farmers themselves. What may happen is illustrated by a little episode related by Mr. John Hagin, the North Dakota Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture. Last autumn Mr. Hagin went back to his farm from Bismarck, to help market his wheat. He drove the first wagon-load to the elevator himself, and saw it weighed and graded. It was the best No. 1 wheat. On the way back, he met the second wagon, changed seats, and drove this one to the elevator. It was wheat from the same field, and, so far as he knew, of exactly the same value; but the elevator-man found a few grains of rye in it, and graded it down as No. 2. The field had been sown to rye a couple of years before, and a little self-sown rye-seed had got in near one of the old stacks.

'Now I knew the elevator-man,' said Mr. Hagin, 'and I knew the elevator, and that the first load had gone into No. 7 bin. And I said, "Joe, where are you going to put this second lot?"

"Oh, in No. 7," he said.

"But," I told him, "you'll only get No. 2 grade then, on the whole lot."

"Oh, no!" he said; "there'll be enough No. 1 in before it goes out, so it won't show. It'll all go out as No. 1."

When this happens between friends who call each other by their first names, it is not hard to conceive that an even less satisfactory disposition of consignments might be made, when big terminal elevators are handling wheat for farmers hundreds of miles away. The farmers tried to improve matters by building coöperative elevators, — some of the Canadian farmers who have had similar difficulties are said to have done this very successfully, — but they finally decided that the only satisfactory solution was for the state itself to build terminal elevators, in which they could do their own grading, mixing, and docking.

After several years of agitation the people voted for state-owned elevators, by a large majority. They did this twice. Both times the legislature, controlled, as the Leaguers now put it, by the 'old gang,' turned them down; and the second time, when they sent a delegation to protest, they were told by one of the opposition, to 'go home and slop the hogs.'

The phrase was not a happy one. It was one of those things which get remembered. It became a sort of war-cry in North Dakota; and though it was spoken several years ago, I saw it in print and heard it repeated over and over again while I was in Bismarck this winter.

III

It was at this psychological moment, after a lot of smouldering discontent, and after the legislators had thrown them down, that A. C. Townley, of Beach, North Dakota, appeared on the scene.

Townley — of whose personality I shall speak more in detail later — is a young man of imagination and great natural ability. With no initial capital except his own energy and a borrowed Ford, he started a movement which, in four years, has built up a fighting organization controlling the political machinery of one state, and reaching out into several others, and the members of which swear by their leader as if he combined all the admirable qualities of Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

The bitter criticisms of Mr. Townley as a leader of farmers, on the ground that he failed in his two wild plunges into farming, seem rather beside the mark. Each man to his job. There are men who make things for the pleasure of making them, and men whose pleasure it is to direct the making of things, and both are needed in a complex world.

At the same time, in measuring the depth of Mr. Townley's convictions, and the soundness of his agitation, it is no more than just to recall that he is no North Dakota Cincinnatus, reluctantly called from the plough, — the Non-Partisan Governor, Lynn Frazier, is more in that line, — but a dynamic person, more in his element leading an army of farmers than being a farmer himself. In 1911, Townley tried wheat-farming on a large scale, near Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, and failed, it is said, with a loss of some \$70,000. He next tried flax, near Beach, North Dakota, with the notion, so his opponents say, of winning the title of 'Flax King.' Frost caught the crop, and the judgments against Townley and his brother are said to have been in the neighborhood of \$400,000. In bankruptcy proceedings last year at Bismarck, there were liabilities of \$79,000, and assets of \$479.

Townley's ingenuity in turning even such episodes to his advantage was shown one evening during my stay in Bismarck, when he spoke at a meeting called primarily to discuss the new State Bank. It was the first time, I believe, that he had spoken in Bismarck, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Looking down at the crowd, nearly every one of whom had probably at some time in his life had a mortgage hanging over him, he drawled out an ironical, 'Yes, I'm famous as the only man who ever went broke in North Dakota . . . and had recourse to the same laws which rich men made to protect themselves.' The soundness of this comment on bankruptcy laws might be open to argument, but the crowd applauded.

Well, Townley started out with his Ford and his idea. A substantial farmer, F. B. Wood, of Deering, North Dakota, who had been active for years in the Farmers' Equity Society, joined Townley and became the League's first

vice-president. The idea caught on; new recruits themselves became organizers, each taking along with him, into a strange neighborhood, some farmer known in the locality to back him up.

The original volunteers soon grew into an organization which could hire canvassers on a commission basis. A state paper was started in the fall of 1915, and in 1916 a full state ticket was nominated. At the election that fall all the state officials but one were elected, as were a majority of the House members, and eighteen out of the twenty-five men sent that year to the Senate. In 1918, the League won a majority in both houses, and elected its candidates for Governor, Attorney-General, Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture, — the present Industrial Commission, — and the Supreme Court.

The story of this fight, — the adventures of motor-car canvassers, the big picnics, the building up of a chain of newspapers, the mob attacks on League organizers last summer, on charges of disloyalty, especially in Minnesota, — all this is too long to go into here. The essential point, the difference between this and most other farmer organizations, was that it started out toward the definite goal of a fighting political machine, with money, newspapers, and brains behind it.

Money was one essential. It was needed to work with, and it was needed to help make the farmers — notorious individualists — 'stick.' Men who had paid real money would want to follow it up. The dues, first set at \$2.50, were raised to \$16 for fixed two-year periods. That is to say, whether you join in the first or in the last month of the twenty-four, you pay your \$16 just the same. If the figures for League memberships are accurate, here, right away, is more than \$3,000,000 to work with.

Another essential was a machine which the enemy could not smash or

creep into unawares; and up to the present, the Non-Partisan League has been air-tight. At the top, as President and Chairman of the National Executive Committee, is Townley himself. The three members of the Executive Committee hold office in such a way that the term of only one expires every two years, and the other two nominate his successor. Townley's term expired this year; and although millions of fiery words have been written against him, and he has been called everything, from autocrat to traitor, he was returned as president by a vote of more than a hundred to one.

The executive officers of each group, beginning with the precinct, elect one of their number to the group next above it; so that the men on top must be elected several times over 'by those who know them, who must work with them, and whose economic interests are the same as their own,' making it impossible, as a League publicist explains, 'for any enemy to run the gauntlet, and get into a position where he can betray the organization into the hands of its enemies.'

The same advocate, after pointing out the difference between a 'democratic army' and an army 'fighting for democracy,' asks if the Non-Partisan League is now a democratic organization, in the sense that it is governed by its own members in the same manner in which it proposes that the state and nation shall be governed by their citizens, after the League programme has been adopted.

'The answer is, that it is not. The battle is on now; there must be a commander . . . the great monopolies now fighting the Non-Partisan League are not and do not pretend to be democratic, and in order to attain democracy, these great political machines, which now act as the servants of the great private monopolies, must be beaten and

destroyed in a political battle. This can be done only by another machine, with all the money required and more solidarity, more compactness, more men, more votes, more courage, and a better generalship. The Non-Partisan League is trying to build and be that kind of a fighting machine.'

Publicity was another essential; so they started, in St. Paul, the *National Non-Partisan Leader*, an illustrated weekly, going practically to every member of the League. In North Dakota there are now two daily papers, and little weeklies in every county in the state.

So much for the League's general outline. Its coöperative stores and various other activities can scarcely, for the moment, be considered here.

IV

No outsider could drop into Bismarck for even a day or two, without being impressed by the very different elements included in the League. On the one hand are the farmers themselves, thinking a good deal of concrete grievances and concrete remedies affecting the day-to-day lives of themselves and neighbors, and very little of phrases and theories. On the other hand are the non-farming theorists, attracted to the movement from without, and doing more or less to direct it.

I talked with a number of the farmers, and found their point of view much the same. They all had the same story of unjust grain grades, freight- and interest-rates, and what they described as the financial tyranny of the Twin Cities. They admitted that they might make mistakes, that they did not like all the people attracted to the organization, but believed that they were going to do good. Their notions of legislative and judicial responsibility were sometimes rather naïve. Some seemed to

take it as rather a matter of course that the Supreme Court judges elected by them would decide questions as they wished them decided; and the attempt two years ago to amend the state Constitution by passing amendments in the form of bills — the famous 'House Bill 44' — did not disturb them. It only saved time, they said; the people would have endorsed the legislation later if it had passed; a point of view perhaps not unnatural in states brought up under the initiative and referendum. Any references to the opposition's talk about 'Bolshevism' they impatiently brushed aside.

'Call it anything you want to,' they would say: 'never mind the names. *This is what the people want!*'

This idea was fixed, and no suggestion that they were being misled by dangerous agitators could shake it out of them. They began to get bored as soon as talk turned that way, and soon brushed it aside, with 'That's all cammyflage.' Several added the rather startling suggestion, that they believed it better to bring about a revolution peacefully with the ballot than in some other way.

The League floor-leader in the House, Representative Dell Patterson, a substantial-looking middle-aged farmer, whose tall, spectacled wife looked down on him from the gallery every afternoon, while she crocheted busily, was one of those who made this observation. He spoke feelingly of their splendid wheatland and the great crops they rolled up every year, and it troubled him that there should be '\$310,000,000 in first farm-mortgages' in North Dakota, and the amount growing, he said, by a million every year. They had no fears of Townley: he was 'one of the country's great men.'

I saw a good deal of young Mr. Maddock, assistant floor-leader — a characteristic prairie Webster, with a lofty

pompadour of curly brown hair, and a statesman-like solemnity, which broke every now and then into an engaging boyishness. He took his work with great seriousness, and one evening, when we happened to sit at the same table at dinner, ordered only milk toast and tea. I asked if he were under the weather. No, he said, but when he was off the farm and not working out of doors he found it better not to eat much. 'I find it reduces my efficiency,' he explained; and then added, 'as they say,' with his bashful smile.

He went on to talk about the farmer-legislators. 'I used to have misgivings about us farmers too,' he said, 'and feel afraid that we lacked experience; but after two years in the House, I believe we're just as broad-minded as any other class of people — as lawyers, for instance. Of course, we'll make mistakes, and it is discouraging to find here and there men who would sacrifice the cause for their own selfish ends. But I don't believe you will find anywhere in the country a legislature more sincere and serious than this one is, in trying to do the best thing for the people.'

No protest of this sort could be made at any time, without attracting a certain number of local ne'er-do-wells, and it could not be made at this particular time without drawing into it clever non-resident theorists, who hitch themselves to the movement with the hope of working out their theories vicariously, at any rate. Nearly every day someone dropped off the overland train to take a look at the legislature, and, as Professor Max Eastman expressed it, 'to get a breath of free air.' In other words, although the core of the North Dakota Idea is simple enough, its periphery is a good deal more complicated.

I am not considering, in this doubtful fringe, questions of loyalty, about which perhaps enough was said and

done in the Northwest last summer; but the present issue of public *versus* private ownership, and the social and political ideas of the theoretical people who have been drawn toward the movement, and what may be their ultimate ends and aims.

One of the exotic figures, for instance, with which the stranger in Bismarck was immediately struck, was that of the League's principal spellbinder, Mr. Walter Thomas Mills. Mr. Mills is a speaker and writer instead of a farmer, the author of *The Struggle for Existence* and *Democracy or Despotism*. He is a pleasant little gentleman, with white side-whiskers and jolly blue eyes, and suggests a sort of domesticated Ibsen. He was born in New England, educated at Oberlin, and was for many years interested in temperance agitation. A socialistic administration in Milwaukee once sent him on a five-year trip around the world, to investigate municipal and other questions. He knows all about Denmark and the farmers' coöperative work there, the British Labor Party, and what has been done along socialistic lines in Australia and New Zealand. Ingratiating to talk with, very popular with the farmers' wives in the Non-Partisan Woman's Auxiliary, he becomes a veritable little giant on the platform, and one of the most effective agitators in the country. He is employed by the League at a good salary as a writer and speaker.

In a pamphlet written as an answer to the criticisms against Townley and the League, and setting forth its purposes, he says, —

To vote once in four years, to elect someone to office, who will afterwards appoint a postmaster . . . and then to work for four years with no voice in fixing the prices received when labor and the products of labor are sold, and with no voice in fixing prices when the means of life are brought out of the market, may be universal [suffrage] as to

the number of people who vote, but it is not universal as related to the matters of most vital concern to all the people.

In discussing the question of 'regulation,' as opposed to public ownership, he says, —

There is a general pretension that the functions of the government shall be restricted to the work of protection only. . . . It is agreed that the government shall protect 'shopkeepers' from 'shoplifters,' who pilfer goods; but what is the government to do when 'shopkeepers' become, themselves, 'shoplifters,' and by unfair prices rob the public, in an afternoon, of greater values than all the nimble-fingered thieves together could smuggle from the market in a half-century?

The older the world gets, and the better it is organized, the easier and more certain it ought to be for every useful person to be able early in life to become the owner of his own home or his own farm, or a proportionate share in the industry in which he is collectively employed with others.

The battle for democracy means more than admitting all the people into a share of the control of the government. It means also admitting the government into direct ownership organization and management of collective interests, in the means and processes by which we live, *so far, and only so far, as these must either be public enterprises or public monopolies.*

The Non-Partisan League is now the most democratic and most vital factor in the political life of this country. With its natural development, or as the result of the inevitable alliance, it offers to every useful citizen the opportunity for a greater social service than any other organization now in existence, or likely to come into existence during the life of this generation.

'Fall In! Attention, Squad! Eyes to the Front! Forward, March!'

Mr. Mills evidently is not thinking merely of North Dakota and improved methods of grading wheat. Here is another side-light. On February 9, Governor Frazier went down to Chicago to speak at a meeting of the new Labor

Party there. The Chicago Union Labor men have frankly gone into politics, have nominated a full city ticket, and established a well-edited paper, *The New Majority*.

The Governor told how James J. Hill once advised the North Dakota farmers to keep out of politics because 'politics were rotten.' The Governor said that, if they were, the farmers and city workmen were to blame. He told what they had done in North Dakota, and urged farmers and city workers to get together and 'through the intelligent use of political power make our nation a better place in which to live.'

Governor Frazier is not in the least like Mr. Mills. He is a regular farmer, and the movies, showing him driving a reaper and washing up in a tin basin outside his kitchen door, prove it. He is good-natured and heavy, speaks and thinks rather slowly, and a sarcastic critic has likened him to a homesick ox, dreaming in the Capitol's marble halls of his native pasture. Yet here he was, hobnobbing with Union labor men far away from North Dakota; and some of the more enthusiastic of the latter were assuring him that if the new North Dakota bank needed help, there was a lot of Chicago workingmen's savings which would be deposited there.

And here is another example. Early in the session, Townley pleaded one evening with his followers, and begged them not to waste time on foolish little bills.

Kill the six big league bills, and you could stay here sixty days and pass sixty bills a day, and you would be remembered only as the biggest bunch of fools who ever got under one roof in the history of the world. But if you forget all the other bills and pass those six, this North Dakota legislature will be known for five hundred years as the greatest gathering of men since the Revolutionary War.

I want you to come out of yourselves, to

remember that to put over this people's industrial programme is the biggest thing you will ever have an opportunity to do. . . . Believe me, if you will do that, I will agree, with the aid of organizers and speakers who will come here and help, to carry that message, in the next six or eight years, to a majority of the people in the United States, and the day will come when this programme *will be the programme of the United States. Then our work will be done.*

The Townley machine worked perfectly until the League programme had been passed and the Legislature had adjourned. Some murmurs of protest within the organization were heard a few weeks later — not against the gen-

eral industrial programme, but rather against two or three of the minor bills, especially one providing that the State printing should be given to but one paper instead of three in each county. This protest, loudly heralded by the opposition as an 'insurrection,' was attacked with equal vigor as 'treason' by Townley and the League press. The Governor, although not compelled to order a referendum unless there are 30,000 petitioners for it, stated that he would order one if there were 15,000 signers, reasonably well distributed. In that case, the disputed questions would be decided by a popular vote. And there the matter stands.

BED-ROCK

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN

It is no bad thing to see the deeper strata of one's being suddenly washed bare. When this happens, we get for once a clear picture of our substructure and foundations. We see whereon our house of life is built.

I know a woman, full of years and disabilities, who has just learned that she is, more than anything else whatsoever in past or present, in heaven or in hell, a middle-class American. It seems to her that she is this, even before she is an immortal soul. And she is satisfied therewith.

The shock of war crystallized the Americanism of us all; but even war did not pierce this woman so utterly as this recent self-revelation. Her husband is past fifty, and her grand-nephews still in rompers. So the great struggle did not take toll of her heart's blood. Be-

sides, she has the additional disadvantage of living in the Pacific Northwest. Out there they were a little ashamed of knowing themselves to be in one of the most comfortable and least inconvenienced sectors of the round globe during humanity's war. They worked, conserved, and gave all the more feverishly on that account; but all their sacrifices still left their advantages visible. With a mild climate, with fresh vegetables in their gardens the year round, sea-food at their doors, coal-mines ringing their cities, and even sugar more plentiful for weeks than in the East, their material testing seemed incomplete. War's menace was not a pistol held directly to their heads.

However, by just so much as these people are farther from Potsdam, by so much are they nearer Petrograd.

The other day there was staged in their chief city an attempted revolution. Its supreme result was to teach them the deeper values of their own civilization.

It is easy to say now that this attempt never had a chance of success, because the overwhelming majority of the citizens, including the permanent organized labor of the town, are sane, and as satisfied as it is healthy for Americans to become. This is true. It is also true that the mayor, of Norwegian ancestry, is a gritty American who loves a good fight, and the advisory committee of the incapacitated governor was notably strong. And the average citizen was fighting mad and keen for special police duty. Nevertheless, some anxiety about a projected dynamite explosion before the fuse is fired will always be justifiable. So many things may happen! The Seattle situation had, and still has, dangerous elements. It is always possible to mislead the weak and uninstructed. Then, too, organized labor is no more and no less inert and indolent in a perilous hour than the great mass of unorganized Americans.

We are unused to such perils, God be praised! We have not learned the game of meeting them. To the radicals, conservative labor showed itself reluctant and sullen. One heard denunciation on the street, wherever workmen talked together. 'It's the foreigners are pushing it. If they don't like this country, I say let 'em get out!' was the generally expressed feeling. Nevertheless, conservative labor allowed a small but noisy minority to play bear-leader, to make it dance to their tunes and lead it whither it would not, finally, go.

As for the radicals themselves, a dishonored few were perverted Americans; others, and these the shrewdest, aliens, unnaturalized Russians sent over by

the Terrorist quasi-government for the ends of anarchy — also, incidentally, for the ends of graft; still others, — a considerable body of these, — rowdies brought from Eastern cities to 'start something' and to howl down speakers of opposite views at the union meetings; many were unrepentant pro-Germans; the remainder, that flotsam which is always at the mercy of the strident and determined.

These elements had leadership. A Russian gentleman of standing avers that Trotzky himself came over for that purpose, and divided some weeks between this and a near-by city, working up the movement. Russian money was known to have been brought in months before. About the same time, a newspaper was started, camouflaged at first as a legitimate labor-organ, but slyly growing bolder, until at last it approved openly the methods of 'our brothers in Russia.'

Probably the whole thing was as well organized for a revolution as the American circumstances permit. The arch-organizers looked the field well over. They selected the crucial hour of the world's unrest, and an overgrown Pacific seaport full of transient workers. If they could 'put it across' anywhere in America, this was the time and the place. A universal sympathetic strike was to be the signal — for what?

The woman whose experience I wish to record lives on the edge of an island looking across ten miles to the city whence her bread-and-butter comes. She is gray-haired, rheumatic, useless save in her home and garden. On the morning the Great Strike was called, she limped painfully down to the little grocery, to get a few pounds of rice, some lima beans, and salt pork. In case of long-continued interruption of transportation, or unprecedented disturbance, one could live for many days upon rice, lima beans, and salt pork.

Two men were in animated discussion by the roadside. She recognized a virulent pro-German and the blood-thirsty lad who had announced in her kitchen the day before, 'We don't care how *we* suffer, so we pull down the rich folks.' He was saying now excitedly, 'If we can only "get" that man —' The sentence hung unfinished in the air as she came nearer.

Her errand done, she took the trail homeward along the bluff, past thickets of madrones, underneath high-headed and high-hearted firs. It was close on ten o'clock, the hour set for the strike.

Like most women, this one was sometimes acutely sensitive to those unnamed etheric currents which we vaguely theorize about as transmitters of thought and feeling as well as of light, heat, and Hertzian waves. These currents assailed her now. She was keenly conscious of a strange thrill and tension; her nerves throbbed in response to unseen vibrations that hinted of fear and hate and horror. To her surprise she became aware of a singular nausea, such as comes after the shock of broken bones. Also, the solid ground actually heaved uncertainly as she trod it.

This woman had known the common lot. I do not claim for her much achieved wisdom, but assuredly she had said 'Yea' to all of life, the bitter and the bright alike, because from both *she learned*. She had worked, suffered, rejoiced. The world had looked to her at times beautiful, at times tragic and terrible. Never before had it moved like quicksand beneath her feet. That soft gray city across the Sound dreaming bloody revolution? Absurd!

Yet why absurd? In a world which had been flagrantly sick and insane for four weary years, nothing was impossible. Nothing at all! Doubtless Belgium would have said 'absurd' before the beasts in gray-green crossed her borders.

The woman stood motionless, arrested by the thrust of the question — suppose the incredible does take shape before your eyes, what account can you give of yourself in that hour?

This was her country. For ten long generations it had been the country of her fathers, law-abiding and God-seeking men. There came upon her with the vehemence of lightning one of those insights by which the human spirit elects to live and die.

'Either this is America or it is not,' she said. 'I would rather die than see America anything but America. *I reject life on any other terms.* I will die fighting — even I — for what we have of order and of liberty. And before death I will account for three of Law's enemies, which are America's. That shall be my share!'

Fierce resolutions these for gray hair, unsteady knees, and a leaking heart! But with them came quick, curious reassurance. The ground heaved no longer. The sickness passed. The world was suddenly normal and herself confident and calm.

'Don't you feel very — well, *queer* and trembly?' asked a neighbor whom she met on the trail.

And she responded equably, disregarding her recent alarms, 'Not a bit. Everything is going to be all right. I am sure of it.'

She made her way home as speedily as she might. Once there, she took out the huge, old-fashioned six-shooter, recently oiled and cleaned. In the last ditch one turns to such things as these. The prospect of demonstrating her Americanism with a gun was gravely reassuring! Soldiers, no doubt, can better the sensations, but for her they served. I literally cannot overstate the sweetness to this mild, middle-aged creature of the thought of dying out of an incredible world, in a fight for the best that world has achieved of liberty

and of law. It was as if she had found at last the very thing for which she had been born.

She saw as clearly as you the absurdity of the fact that willingness to deal death and to die before barricades — happily hypothetical as yet — should bring instant confidence and peace to one of her years and infirmities. She could picture her friends laughing until they cried at the suggestion. Pure farce, of course! But her instantaneous, passionate reaction to the insight vouchsafed her was as undisturbed by the thought of derision as by the thought of death.

One point remained to settle. Every man has his own America. What was hers? She had criticized America often and violently. She had scolded about its greed, its graceless materialism, its movies, its motors. Why was it now so precious that for its sake death looked desirable and dear?

Facing this issue, first of all she saw, and was glad to see, that the core of America's meaning to her had little to do with her own life, her own ease and wont. That life was nearly over; she had neither wealth nor power, and was not greatly interested in either. She had, it is true, her home, and that was vital. On a high bluff, in the eye of the sun and the arms of the wind, it lies, far beneath the fir-tops, small, intimate and dear, holding a little beauty and much peace. It was her heart's fortress, but not for it would she give or take life. Home might be heaven, but it was not, essentially, America. America was nothing that she possessed.

What, then? In answer there came a rush of cherished pictures to her consciousness. With surprise she realized that she had been collecting them all her life and storing them away against this hour when she should demand of herself justification for the faith that was in her. She saw innumerable vil-

lages, mile after mile of maple-shady streets and unassuming, comfortable homes. She saw very clearly the laundress's long, low white cottage with green vines, the new verandah added with a summer's savings, and the pretty, refined daughters bringing the heaped, snowy baskets home. She remembered one street where a budding genius, a German gardener, and a retired teacher lived side by side, each in his separate dream. She saw rolling, endless Northwestern prairies covered with Scandinavian settlers. A shack with a lean-to for cattle-shed meant one year's residence in America; a good barn, two years; a comfortable house, from three to five years. She saw a California town, rose-draped and radiant, which most people believe to be inhabited by millionaires; she happened to know that it contained a larger population, retired or semi-active, with incomes of two thousand dollars and *under*, than any other town in the round world! For each fine 'place' there were ten charming cottages, and even the 'colored quarter' was a delight to the eye.

But these pictures, of which her brain apparently held an endless procession, had to do with the material comfort possible to America's vast, industrious middle-class. She rejoiced in that comfort, but she knew that it was chiefly a symbol of America's real gift.

What that gift is, one picture sums up as well as a hundred. She recalled a freckle-faced little boy who lived forty years ago on one of those maple-shady streets, with his mother, a widow who sewed for their bread. Absolutely he was not talented, and yet he had the will-to-art definitely and consciously. To-day he is a painter whose work has been esteemed good for many years on two continents. 'Stunning,' it is not, nor bizarre, but it serves adequately the excellent ends of beauty, restraint,

and livelihood. From the moment he began work for those ends, his progress was steady. His purpose did more for him than genius does for most men. He moved toward his desire as a swimmer moves through clear water.

His case is typical. She could recall many, many more. What they all mean, these pictures, she said to herself, is the vital American middle-class thing, so easy to feel, so hard to describe. They illustrate and embroider the theme of liberty. They mean that our fathers lived, and we still live, *if and when we so desire*, in a land which is essentially mind-stuff. Our American world is a malleable one which the up-rushing will of youth can cleave and shape with a facility never elsewhere equaled. If youth is so foolish as to will only material goods, it will achieve only those; but in America youth is offered *all*.

A psychologist might put it that the structure of our society permits the largest possible response to the 'total will' of the individual. The subconscious self draws deeper breath, and will becomes deed with less friction here than elsewhere. America is the soul's chance, no less than the body's. It is Opportunity to the whole self. For this, the real, lovable America, elastic, vital, permeable for the spirit of man from

bottom to top, one might indeed profitably die.

Whatever America's faults, a country where the spirit can choose to be supreme is God's country. It has *in posse* the thing which the ages will. Revolution here can only turn back the wheels. 'An industrialized world,' with a 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' is, by comparison, as hell to heaven.

The woman patted the six-shooter, regarding it with benignity, yes, with affection. For the sake of middle-class America, she approved even its dark threat. Then she replaced the pistol in its case. She might need it or she might not. But in any event she was confident and serene. For the bed-rock of her nature had been laid bare before her eyes and she had found her Cause.

How do I know so well the way this gray-haired, rheumatic person responded to menacing revolution? Of course — she is myself. And because even I, a woman more than middle-aged and more than weary, reacted thus to the threat of revolution, I feel that America is still secure. Shall not even her dotards die for her gladly? Imperfect as she is, God be our witness, she is the only land where dreams keep faith with dauntless hearts, where men freely become the thing they truly will. And this, just this, is liberty.

MILITANT MINORITIES

BY ROLAND HUGINS

AMERICA bestirs herself to cope with the 'menace of Bolshevism.' Congress is about to pass laws forbidding the display of red flags, and putting ultra-radicals in their place — behind the bars. Our Vice-President and our ex-President declare that they are in favor of hanging dangerous malcontents. The Department of Justice deports alien agitators. When strikers become threatening, mayors and governors call in troops, and win national reputations. The loyal, law-abiding members of the state hear all about them a brazen assertion of the philosophy of force; and they have their answer ready — force, compulsion, repression.

In this instance, probably, coercion will succeed. We shall work through the readjustments that follow this war without revolution. The bulk of the country is conservative; and economic opportunities are plentiful. Furthermore, compulsion will be tempered with conciliation. The more sensible heads will insist on the removal of grievances. After a time political prisoners will be freed. The ferociously severe sentences of our war-time courts-martial will be scaled down. Labor exchanges and reclamation projects will mitigate unemployment. And, finally, we shall have a campaign of optimism: a continuous and uncompromising insistence that this is the freest, the most democratic, wealthiest, and most comfortable nation on the globe. This programme will succeed — for the time being.

We shall be deluded, however, if we imagine the ultimate victory for orderly

government so easily won. The United States, and, indeed, every democratic country, is in peril of misunderstanding the malady that has laid hold of it. There is something wrong with democratic government, and the disease must be comprehended before it can be cured. The most striking symptom in our time is the new militancy of minorities. Whether sectional or dispersed, minorities tend more and more to take up an irreconcilable attitude, and to appeal to violence rather than to persuasion. This is a new tendency, new, at least, to the democratic tradition of America and England, as maintained throughout the nineteenth century. Heretofore minorities — and every majority is first a minority — have worked to persuade the rest of the community of the worthiness of their causes. They have patiently persisted, year after year, and sometimes decade after decade, until they either have achieved their goal, or have weakened in conviction. But now minorities begin openly to discard all programmes of discussion. They are frankly intransigent. They place reliance on strikes, suspension of industry, public disorder, and armed revolt. They cultivate a definite philosophy of insurgency, a creed of rebellion. They have but one slogan, 'No compromise.'

This new intransigence has been most clearly illustrated, in recent months, by the operations of the extreme Left of the Socialists in Europe, by the Bolsheviks, and by the Spartacides. These groups prefer to pose as having the

majority with them; but if the majority, even the overwhelming majority, takes sides against them, they are not daunted. They then seize power, if possible, with machine-guns. They raid election booths, destroy ballots, disperse constituent assemblies. They believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat, or of that portion of the proletariat which they can rally. They are done with argument; they frankly put the issue to the test of might. They act on the theory that revolution is justified when successful. They scoff at moral condemnation, for they hold all bourgeois idealism inferior to their own.

Such a programme is abhorrent to those who retain their faith in government by discussion, and in the rule of majorities. These policies will, for the present, make little progress in America, for Americans are passionate adherents of democracy. But ultimately the dictatorship of irreconcilables may not seem so foreign to our thinking. Events intellectual, as well as historical, have marched faster in Europe than on this side of the ocean. We shall conquer this evil only if first we understand it. And in understanding it we must, at the beginning, guard against two possible misapprehensions.

First, we must not imagine that the philosophy of force has found favor only among working-class minorities. Trotzky, and Liebknecht's disciples, and the leaders of the I.W.W. have no monopoly of the tactics of violence. Every minority in our day tends to become truculent. The most ardent advocates of woman suffrage, in England before the war, and in the United States during and since the war, have carried on a campaign of violence and sabotage. Pitted as these women were against superior force, their defiance of law has necessarily been more spectacular than alarming. Ireland, again, furnishes a striking instance. Ulster, in 1914, arm-

ed and drilled to resist Home Rule. The South of Ireland, under the Sinn Fein, now rejects every compromise except independence, prepares to carry out its programme by economic and political obstruction, and is kept from rebellion only by lack of arms. All modern minorities, whatever their specific grievances, gravitate toward out-and-out insurrection.

The second possible misconception is akin to the first. We must not imagine that this dangerous fondness for revolution is merely a kind of political indigestion that has followed the war. It cannot be explained simply as an importation from Moscow or Berlin. This spirit has been developing for several decades; and observers who saw below the surface noticed the drift. For example the *Westminster Gazette* remarked on July 30, 1913,—

'If we were to ask what is the great difference between Parliament now and Parliament forty years ago, the difference which is at the root of all the so-called Parliamentary maladies of these times, it is that the minority seldom or never yields until all the forms of resistance have been exhausted. . . . It is now the practice of all minorities to say that they will concede nothing to the majority, and to threaten to carry on every controversy by violent and extra-constitutional means, when Parliament has decided against them.'

Democracy, whatever the devices it employs and whatever forms it takes, means essentially government by discussion. It is a gamble on the reasonableness of human nature. Under it, abuses are thought to yield, within a reasonable time, to reforms. When men and women lose faith in the progressiveness of society under democracy, they begin to lose faith in democracy itself. That is precisely what we are witnessing in our time—a crumbling, about the edges, of faith in democracy.

Of course, every minority, feeling strongly over its particular programme, grows angry if it finds itself continually thwarted. After a time it becomes bellicose. The Irish, a generation ago, were content to urge Home Rule by constitutional means. Their representatives sat at Westminster, and they leagued themselves with what political allies they could find. But no matter what victories they won, in the electorate or in the legislature, they always found themselves balked, in the end. Gladstone's defeat by the Lords, in 1893, and similar incidents in the struggle for Home Rule, must not be forgotten when Sinn Fein proclaims that parliamentary reform is a farce.

Earnest and exasperated men cannot be expected to look with patience on the indefinite postponement of their projects. Not much solace is to be wrung from the promise of reform in the next generation. Yet undoubtedly the heretics in democratic nations would brook a great deal of delay, if only they felt sure that, in the end, reason and justice would have a fair chance to prevail. That is precisely what they no longer believe. They feel that, whenever powerful interests oppose them, majority rule is likely to be abrogated. Democracy, as now practised, they maintain, carries no guaranty that, when the people have been fully and freely convinced, the will of the people will be done. Too many constitutional barriers of various sorts can be thrown up; too much legal cover can be found by those who want to stalk and kill a 'dangerous' proposal. The conviction of the majority can be misinterpreted by the legislature, slain by the courts, side-stepped by the executive; and there is no sure redress. And so political struggles appear to the doubters of democracy as grapples between minorities, with the advantage to the one that is concealed, intrenched, disillusioned.

These skeptics have a more serious charge to bring: they allege that to-day opinion itself is manipulated and manufactured. The government, the parties, the special interests keep going, through the newspapers and a thousand other channels, an open or secret propaganda. The electorate renders back to its masters the verdict that has been pumped down into it.

Here is an indictment that must be met candidly. Undoubtedly some of the professed friends of democracy talk in an amazing fashion about the people. They appear to think it possible to 'sell' any idea to the people, so long as it is advertised enough. To color the news, to suppress part of the facts, to play on the emotions, seems entirely legitimate, so long as the cause is good. In wartime, when passion runs high, there are groups of men in every country who would prosecute the struggle indefinitely, against growing popular opposition, and who would push the war-machine up to, and over, the brink of revolution, asserting to the last moment that the public is overwhelmingly behind them. Indeed, the maintenance of morale at home has come to be a definite part of war technique. The censor does more than suppress information sought by the enemy: he does our thinking for us. Modern war, which enlists the energies of vast populations, has given us this psychical development: this cool and cynical manufacture of morale by the skillful admixture of fact and deception, patriotism and hysteria.

Will this attitude carry over into peace? The control of opinion is not new; and, probably, tampering with public sentiment is one of the oldest tricks of statecraft. But the war has taught us much about the practice of propaganda, and now its possibilities are openly canvassed. The thinking of the democratic masses is under the sway of great newspapers, and of highly

organized news-gathering agencies — the strategic bridgeheads in any assault on popular sentiment; and they are more easily dominated, than heretofore, through collusion or purchase.

Do we not detect a note of cant in some of the latter-day appeals to the people? Certainly we have leaders among us whose minds can embrace this inconsistency: that they will lay claim to an overwhelming popular support, and at the same time denounce an invitation to submit their proposals to referendum as little short of treason. Possibly it is not only at the edges, where stand the disgruntled and often desperate minorities, that faith in democracy wanes. Do we find politicians in these days sportsmen, demanding only that their case be given a full hearing, an exhaustive discussion, and a fair vote? Or do we find numerous self-appointed saviors of the plain folk intent on ramming their remedies down the popular throat, without ever stopping to seek consent?

The solid soil of democratic faith is loosened, giving the seeds of Bolshevism an opportunity to take root. It is primarily this doubt at the heart of democracy, and not hunger, or exploitation, or inequality, that makes the doctrines of Lenin so dangerous. The liberal state may, by the exercise of intelligence, weather the storm; but there is a grave possibility that democracy will not outlast the twentieth century. Certainly the peril is not to be subdued by calling out the police reserves. It is not to be disarmed by softening, under threat of anarchy, the lot of the poor and the broken. It is not to be undermined by establishing in America a Prussian system of education which lauds every excellence in our institutions and glosses every defect. And, lastly, it is not to be dissolved by returning to some previous golden age of democracy that our fathers knew.

We are not called upon to restore, but to improve. Democracy has been upon the boards for a century, and it has disclosed faults both in structure and in practice. It has revealed many a gap between its professions and its procedure. We are called upon to close the gaps, to make first principles realities.

First of all, we must recognize, in fact as well as in theory, that the electorate is the ultimate forum of decision. Much confusion and much hypocrisy have marked our talk on this score. No honest line of distinction can be drawn between representative government and pure democracy. The government is always, professedly, responsible to the people; it must be made so in actuality. This means, without question, an occasional resort to a plebiscitum. The initiative and the referendum are clumsy instruments with which to shape the ordinary law-making of a state or nation. But when a crisis looms, or great innovations are proposed, the people have every right to be consulted directly. The health of democracy remains sound only so long as it is guided by the will of freely convinced majorities.

In the second place, those 'bourgeois legislative institutions,' of which Lenin speaks with such vast disrespect, must be improved and strengthened. A better class of men should be recruited into our legislatures, by removing the residential restrictions on candidates, by paying better salaries, and by giving securer tenure of office. Most vital of all, minorities should be insured seats through proportional representation. A minority with a voice in the legislature is likely to remain political. Every minority that wants our institutions revised, every minority that wants capitalism modified, or overthrown, should have an opportunity to push its schemes, openly, honestly, in our state and national assemblies. A socialism which pounds the table and demands

municipal markets, or the curbing of monopolies, or a tax on unearned increment, is not a dangerous socialism. It is a spur to progress.

And in the third place, we must invigorate, throughout the nation, the processes of discussion. This means, of course, the removal of all gag laws. Every suppression of newspapers, every political prison sentence, is a spade digging the grave of democracy. But this endeavor means more than the enforcement of free speech and free assembly. It means active aid and encouragement to debating and deliberation. The small meeting and the small newspaper, in particular, need to be promoted. The technique of national debate has scarcely been touched; it needs an intensive cultivation.

The foregoing are the sort of liberal measures that will save democracy from paralysis. The reactionaries who preach coercion are as much its enemies as the insurgents who preach organized revolt. A policy of intimidation will be met with terrorism. To-day force breeds force; for the new revolutionary idealism sanctifies riot and destruction. We can take our choice. We can abandon the struggle to stupid conservatism and exasperated discontent, to the spirit of domination and the spirit of rebellion. They are even now preparing to fight the issue through. Or we can create, if we have the courage to act boldly, a genuine democracy, and restore the faith that sustained our fathers. It is one or the other; we have no time to palter.

SOCIALIST AND BOURGEOIS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

DURING the first week of February, the interest of many of the professional correspondents and unattached observers gathered about the Peace Conference shifted from Paris to Berne. There was a lull on the Quai D'Orsay, consequent upon the launching of the League of Nations by Mr. Wilson in the plenary conference of January 25, and the President's preparations for his visit to Congress. In Berne the International Socialist Conference was assembling — the first convocation of the Internationale since the outbreak of the war.

Our preparations for the Socialist Conference were not confined to book-

ing a fairly uncomfortable seat on the Geneva express with Thos. Cook and Sons. We made mental preparations. We put ourselves into the proper state of mind for perceiving what we expected, or wanted, to see at Berne. Rare, indeed, is the observer who lands at the chosen spot with a suitcase and his mind a *tabula rasa* for impressions. The extreme radicals among us went to see what they described as the 'real show,' in contrast with the unreal or impotent spectacle in Paris. For them the Quai D'Orsay was simply staging the Follies of 1919; while at Berne the destinies of the world were to be decided. Those of quieter temperament among

us would not draw the sharp distinction; yet they, too, went prepared to find that something which is so precious to the heart of the advertising writer, something that was 'different.'

When the Berne Conference had adjourned, in the second week of February, radicals and moderates among us agreed that differences might be discovered between Berne and Paris, but that the something different had failed to come off. Again we reacted according to our temperaments. The freer spirits among us settled the matter by declaring that the International Socialist Conference was not so very Socialist after all; and the implication was that, instead of buying a ticket for Berne, one should have booked with Thos. Cook and Sons for the longer trip to Moscow.

Our moderates found, in the very fact of an International Socialist Conference which was but imperfectly Socialistic according to the accepted formulas, a notable phenomenon in itself. When, for instance, we saw a Socialist conference absorbed by the same problems that occupied the negotiators on the Quai D'Orsay — responsibility for the war, territorial delimitations, nationalist aspirations, a league of nations, and an international charter of labor; when we saw manifested in the debates on these questions many of the familiar human instincts which were so vocal in Paris; when, finally, we heard the Soviet régime in Russia condemned by the hundred-odd Socialist delegates by a vote of something like seven or eight to one, and heard men like Karl Kautsky, Hjalmar Branting, Arthur Henderson, Ramsay MacDonald, and Pierre Renaudel describe Bolshevism as the enemy of Socialism in particular and of human progress and culture in general — we once more gave interpretation according to our bent of mind. The Radical Left among our observers

at Berne declared that only a dying Socialism had made itself heard at Berne. Our Moderate Centre wondered whether it was a Socialism dying, or a Socialism evolving under the impact of forces let loose by the war.

The present article is an attempt to set down the impressions brought away from Berne by the writer, and collated with the activities at the 'bourgeois' conference on the Quai D'Orsay, and with the surge of activities — bourgeois, Socialist, Bolshevik — in Europe. At the time these impressions were taking shape, the editor of the *Atlantic* must already have had in hand Mr. Herbert Wilton Stanley's admirable study, 'Bolshevism: a Liberal View,' which appeared in the March number of this magazine. In much that I have to say I find myself compelled to repeat Mr. Stanley's argument — unless the editor's blue pencil says no. In several instances I may be able to confirm Mr. Stanley's analysis of general principles, by concrete data which were not at his disposal when he set down his interpretation before the meeting of the Berne Conference.

In one instance, namely Mr. Stanley's acceptance of Bolshevism as the embodiment of Internationalism, *versus* 'Liberalism' as the embodiment of Nationalism, I have to differ. The facts do not justify our conceding to the Soviet philosophy the credit of being the sole torch-bearers of the International spirit. On the other hand, if Internationalism be interpreted in its extreme sense, as complete emancipation from the Nationalist mould in which the thought of the vast majority of humanity to-day is cast, then justice to the Soviets requires that we recognize that they too are not as internationalistic as would appear; that Lenin is not altogether above or below the fundamental human instinct which we may call Nationalism.

Formulas

The Nationalist pulse ran high at Berne. The explanation and justification are found in the physiological parallel. In the human body the pulse mounts under the stress of excitement, and notably under the pressure of fear, and of the anger which comes from fear. The pulse mounts under the pressure of fever which accompanies illness. Finally, the doctors tell you that the normal pulse is exceedingly high in the new-born. At Berne these factors occurred, by themselves or in combination. It was in the new-born peoples, or in those striving to be born or reborn, that Nationalism spoke the loudest. It was at its height among the Czech delegates, from whose discourse it was not always easy to conclude whether they belonged in a Socialist conference at Berne or in the 'bourgeois' conference on the Quai D'Orsay. On the question of frontiers and of national self-determination, the Czech Socialists were at one with their bourgeoisie. They, too, wanted the coal-mines of Teschen. They, too, refused to read the principle of self-determination in such a manner as to permit the two-million-odd Germans of Bohemia to self-determine themselves out of the new Czecho-Slovakia and into the new Germany. It was the normal pulse of the new-born accentuated by ancient angers and future fears.

The Nationalist pulse ran high in the speeches from the reborn Alsace. It was high in the speeches from Armenia, from Georgia in the Caucasus, from the Jews. And this, in spite of the fact that the argument followed, more or less, the formulas of international Socialism as of before the war. There was sufficient reference, perhaps, to capitalistic exploitation, to class-war, to the unity of the working masses of all countries. But often the impression was inescapable, of an attempt to clothe new emo-

tions and appraisals into a familiar speech, and often with but indifferent success. When, for example, the Armenian delegate, having recited the tragic story of nearly a million of his people butchered by the Turks, went on to say, butchered by the Turks under the impulse of 'western capitalism,' the phrase sounded very much like a happy afterthought, required by the proprieties of the moment.

The Nationalist pulse ran high in the sick nations — Germany, for example. We cannot altogether explain away the 'hard' attitude of the German Majority Socialists at Berne as a sign of incurable perversity in the German mind. Something of that wondrous thing called German mentality certainly was present in the speeches of men like Wels and Müller, but something more than toughness of conscience will account for the reluctance of the Majority Socialists to acknowledge, in so many words, German guilt for the war, though the confession was implicit enough in their plea that the past might be forgotten in their offered guaranties for the future. In the speeches of the German Majority delegates there were plainly manifest the fears of a nation at bay against the judgment of the world, of a nation which thought itself threatened by dismemberment, decline, and the loss of the accumulated civilization of centuries. This was the spirit which lay behind the words of Wels's apology for the conduct of the German Majority Socialists during the war: —

'We would not take upon ourselves the reproach of the German people, that it was our guilt if Germany went down in ruin, and if there descended upon our people the frightful consequences which have now come to pass. We wished to live with our people and for our people among the peoples of the world.' And Wels ended his plea with

the accepted formula, 'Proletarians of the world, unite!'

The physiological parallel held true in the case of the French Socialists — France, which is the victor, but horribly wounded nevertheless in body and nerves. To the extent that France is the victor and, therefore, should not be afraid, her Majority Socialists, under the command of Jean Longuet, went far toward a policy of complete reconciliation and a complete restoration of the Internationale. To the extent that France is sorely wounded and is still, as a matter of fact, afraid, her Minority Socialists, under the leadership of Albert Thomas and Pierre Renaudel, stressed the Nationalist tone. The only delegate, among the more than one hundred, who refused to vote for the compromise resolution on responsibility for the war was a Frenchman, Milhaud. And Albert Thomas, in accepting the resolution, justified his action primarily as a debt he owed to the French Socialists who had died on the field of battle for the cause of a united world.

And Great Britain? Because of all the European nations she has emerged strongest from the war, because her security is established beyond question, her Socialist delegates at Berne were the least susceptible to anger or fear; and that is why, in the British delegation, the International note sounded above the Nationalist. To put it rather brutally, the British delegates could afford to take the wider view.

Socialism and Internationalism

On the record of the Berne Conference, its debates as well as its *agenda*, Bolshevik polemic has lost no time in stigmatizing the eighty-per-cent majority as renegade to Socialist teaching. Branting and Kautsky and Henderson and Macdonald and Renaudel — and Eisner, for he stood with Renaudel at

Berne — would thus be put into their proper place among the 'petty bourgeois.' And the Bolshevik case could be argued on the very tests which Mr. Stanley has set up for distinguishing between 'Liberalism' and Bolshevism. The great Socialist majority at Berne would stand with the 'Liberals' for democracy against proletarian dictatorship — the latter a dogma denounced at Berne in the most ardent debates of the Conference; with the 'Liberals' and against Bolshevism on the principle of evolution against cataclysmic revolution; and with the 'Liberals' for Nationalism as against Internationalism. So the Bolsheviks would argue. Wherefore, there is nothing discernible to distinguish Berne from the Quai D'Orsay, and the only true Socialism is in the Soviets — Q.E.D.

To the first count, the Socialists — we may call them that as against the Bolsheviks — would not even demur; they would accept it, not as an indictment, but as a tribute. They deny the righteousness as well as the expediency of imposing any gospel upon the majority by the minority. They would probably cite in their justification the fundamental lesson of their great teachers, that the class-war is not a pitched battle between armed forces, but primarily a war of conversion, and that the Socialist conquest would come when, by paradox, there was nobody left to conquer; when the opposition to Socialism had been educated out of existence by the remorseless march of economic evolution. A minority can dictate only for a little while. Bolshevism may win an isolated victory on the chess-board by a slashing attack that throws the superior player off his balance; in the end, the master will assert himself. Socialism looks to winning the tournament by educating the masses to mastership.

Thus the first point, democracy *versus* dictatorship, merges into the second

point, evolution *versus* revolution. To be sure, the Socialist dogma of evolution is not so simple as I have made it. Their conception of evolution does not exclude a sudden leap forward with opportunity. But the leap forward is to be guided by prudence, by the simple consideration whether the masses will leap forward only to fall back further. But — without pretending to put the case as correctly or as strongly as they would put it for themselves — I can imagine the Socialists continuing the argument in the following manner: If by revolution you mean the leap in the dark, the gamble which stakes the past conquests of the proletariat upon the throw of a dice, the policy of neck or nothing; if by revolution you mean a sudden slashing across fundamental human instincts and habits, across the lure of the native soil, across the pull of individual and national pieties, across the natural law which decrees that the future must grow out of the soil of the present, and cannot be wrenched forward and out by the roots, then we are evolutionists.

And this argument in turn would merge into the Socialist exposition of Nationalism and Internationalism as the problem lies to-day. To be sure, the pleading here will find itself hampered by the overstrain of the formula in Socialist thinking and speech before the war. In the quiet years preceding Tangiers, Algeciras, and Agadir, when the idea of world-war seemed a horror rather than a menace, the Socialist practice had been to minimize, if not altogether to slur, the meaning of national lines. Socialist economics — and, for that matter, much of radical 'bourgeois' economics — persisted in searching for the primal causes of a possible European war outside of Europe — in world-markets, in spheres of influence, in Morocco, Tripoli, Asia, anywhere; not recognizing that Morocco was only

a convenient challenge to a contest which had for its aim the mastery of Central and Eastern Europe preparatory to the establishment of *Weltmacht*. Socialists insisted on watching foreign markets and Morocco, and overlooking the heave and smoulder of Nationalist passions in the Balkans and the heart of Europe. War, if it was really brought home to the peoples of Europe, would be so easily identified as a 'capitalist' game for the conquest of world-markets that the judgment and conscience of the masses would reject it.

Only as the recurrent international crises over spheres and markets grew more frequent, and national passions began to boil up behind the diplomats, did Socialists find themselves compelled to take account of a force for mischief which they had hitherto discounted. The question of wars offensive and defensive came up in Socialist conferences. It was still assumed that war would be brought on by capitalist intrigue; but the doubt grew whether the masses in Europe were after all immune to the 'meretricious' appeal of 'patriotism.' The Socialists, under the pressure of reality, were learning.

They have learned the lesson fully under stress of the ultimately bitter reality. War came and burst the Internationale asunder. Socialists took up arms against each other, and not altogether under compulsion. Socialists discovered that, in the moment of urgency, they were exposed with the rest of their people to the call of homeland, language, culture, and mental habit. The 'sacred union' of all parties against the enemy came to all the belligerent countries. Ludwig Frank, a shining leader of the German Social Democracy, fell in Alsace in the first weeks of the war, a volunteer. Russian Socialists came back from exile to fight for the Tsar — because he was, for the time being, Russia.

Was this all the working of war-psychology? Or, when you have discounted the confusion which war may inject into men's minds and ideals, is there still left a vivid reality which the old Socialist dogma had undervalued? Socialists, to-day, would readily confess the fact, I imagine. They have seen, in the course of the war, the pull which country and language and culture exert upon the heart-strings of men; and now, in 'peace' they see the force at work in the new nationalities, the sick nationalities, and the threatened nationalities. And so again, I imagine, the Socialists to-day would readily admit that, if a clearer recognition of the force of Nationalism is a deviation from their earlier Internationalism, then they are less international than before the war.

In all probability, however, they would put it somewhat differently. They would make use of a fearfully hackneyed, but nevertheless true and just formula. They would call themselves now international; and let Lenin make the best of it.

Victory and Defeat

The Socialists might go further. They might counter-attack into Soviet territory, in order to discover how far and in what sense Bolshevism embodies the perfect international spirit. The attack would begin with the examination of a simple question, yet one that goes to the heart of the problem. Is Internationalism, as it has been developed in Socialist theory from the beginning, a means or an end in itself?

If Internationalism is an end in itself, Socialism cannot claim a monopoly in the ideal. The striving toward a world-unity has manifested itself in every form of human thought and endeavor: in religion, politics, science, art. The idea of the brotherhood of man antedates Socialism. The effort of every

church is toward catholicism, that is to say, toward universality. There is the history of world-empires, realized in Rome and haunting the Middle Ages. Science and art know no frontiers. Above all, in modern times, there is capitalism. Fluid, all-pervasive, supposedly immune to individual and local affections, capital is, by Socialist definition, the fullest development of 'Internationalism.'

It is, indeed, the internationalism of capital which, according to orthodox Socialist dogma, has created and justified the internationalism of the proletariat. The German worker or the French worker could not hope to wage successful war against German or French capitalists, because the latter had an ally across the frontier. The workers of the world were summoned to unite, because the capitalists of the world are united. The governed masses of the world were summoned to union, because, in the Socialist theory, the rulers of the world were united, in the final test, as against their own subjects. But if this interpretation of the Socialist philosophy be true, then Socialist Internationalism has been, after all, primarily the means to an end. That end, only a few years ago, would have been described as the emancipation of the working masses. To-day the formula would be enlarged to speak of the emancipation of the working masses for a freer and happier life within the sphere of their separate national being.

I have been long in getting to my point. It is this: how far is the Internationalism of Lenin really free from national preoccupations? How far are such victories as it has won conditioned by national factors, national forces, needs, demands? To what extent does Lenin think in terms of Russia, and to what extent in terms of the world? Or, — quite concretely, — to what extent is Lenin's concern for a world-revo-

lution shaped by the knowledge that, without a Bolshevized Europe, Bolshevism cannot permanently maintain itself in Russia?

In the commendable search for the 'fundamentals' of Bolshevism, we have too often overlooked an obvious but highly pertinent fact. This is the connection between Bolshevism and victory or defeat on the battlefield. Mr. Herbert Stanley is right, of course, in speaking of the spirit of Bolshevism as 'the eternal Anarch of revolution,' as an 'emotional explosive which performs miracles.' But, after all, human nature is the same in the Entente, in Central Europe, and in Russia. Why is the eternal Anarch busy to-day in Russia and Hungary, and wherever else despair has followed upon military defeat? Why is not the emotional explosive performing miracles to-day in France Great Britain, Italy?

The case of Italy is peculiarly instructive. After the disaster of Caporetto, in the fall of 1917, revolution in Italy appeared imminent. At Turin, it actually seemed to have arrived. The familiar reasons for Bolshevik revolution existed. The people lacked food and coal, and they were physically and psychically exhausted. Italy to-day is still short of coal and food, and her dead have not awakened. Yet to-day it is an Italy so passionately bound upon conquest, — or upon national self-realization, if we choose to call it so, — that her peace delegates dare not come home from Paris without Fiume, in addition to Trient and Trieste. Why was Italy after Caporetto so weary of national self-realization, and why is she so eager now? Because, in November, 1917, Italy had the enemy on the Piave, and to-day she has victory.

We search for the fundamentals of Bolshevism and overlook the obvious fact. Is there anyone who doubts that, if Ludendorff had reached Paris, and

the Austrians had reached Milan, there would be order to-day in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest, and Bolshevism in France, in Ireland, in Egypt and India, and possibly in London? The measure of a nation's suffering is no index to its susceptibility to revolution. In behalf of unhappy Russia's collapse, people cite her six million dead and crippled. Had Russia lost as heavily as France, her dead and crippled would be fifteen millions. France stood on the edge of a revolution in May of 1917, after the failure of the great hopes based on Nivelle's offensive. And last February I was told by a leader of the French Socialists, in temper pro-Bolshevist, that there was no chance of an immediate revolution in France; not for this reason and for that, but plainly because France is sustained by victory.

So, as I see it, the success of Lenin's Internationalism has for one of its main roots the sense of despair following upon national defeat. His Internationalism is built upon a Nationalism turning sick against itself. And precisely to the extent that Lenin has fastened his power upon Russia, to the extent that he has found himself facing the realities of constructive effort as opposed to destruction, we see Lenin, in his approaches toward the Entente, narrowing his policy toward a national standpoint. To obtain recognition from the Entente, he is ready (or was ready till the other day, since I am writing at the moment of the first news from Budapest) to validate Russia's foreign debt, to admit foreign capital, to grant immense timber concessions, in other words, to forswear his war against the 'capitalism and imperialism of the Western Powers,' in order to secure recognition for his régime. The Internationalism of Lenin, the world-revolution, is for him, too, a means to an end. If Europe can be won for Bolshevism, well and good, but primarily Russia must be kept for Bolshevism.

Paris and Berne

For one who stands outside the ranks of organized Socialism, it would be presumptuous to say just what would be the reply of the eighty-per-cent Socialist majority at Berne to the Bolshevik taunt that the International Socialist Conference has wandered away from the pure gospel in the direction of the Quai D'Orsay. The charge might be refuted, or accepted and explained. To the observer from the outside, the fact does emerge that Socialist Berne and 'bourgeois' Paris do stand closer together than would have been deemed possible before the war, for the representatives of the Socialist masses and the representatives of the governments. But in that very fact we find the hope and promise which the world so badly needs to-day.

If the conferences at Paris and Berne last February stood forth as complements to each other and not as antagonists, the reason is by no means entirely that Berne has gone all the way to meet Paris. The Quai D'Orsay, that popular synonym for so many things not at all nice, has gone forth to meet Berne. If in the Swiss capital the Socialist delegates have shown the influence of an intenser Nationalism, at Paris the delegates of the governments have obviously been caught in the force driving toward an intensified and purified international life. The lessons of the war have been learned in both capitals. The same problems have compelled the attention of the government and the masses, and the answer from both is the same in kind: an international charter of labor in Paris and Berne, and the two documents in the end showing probably no marked divergence; national self-determination affirmed in both places, and, in practice, with rather notable exceptions in both; responsibility for the war considered in both

places, and in the end rather academically in both; and, in both places, the League of Nations.

The League has been described in some quarters as an endeavor to head off Bolshevism. So be it. What is important is that the League is not being 'put over' by the governments on their peoples, but that it has the ardent support of the working masses of the world. If a detestation of Bolshevism is behind the League, then that feeling is shared by the Socialist masses represented at Berne. So many of our forward steps in civilization have been in response to the stimulus of fear or abhorrence, that, in the end, history may yet record as the chief attainment of Bolshevism this forcing of a closer union upon the nations of the world.

The resolution on the League of Nations which was adopted at Berne will repay study, not only for the close resemblance it bears to the Paris Covenant, but for its implications on a changing Socialist attitude toward other world-problems:—

'The war just terminated has brought civilization to the edge of the abyss. The next war would destroy it completely. This disaster can be prevented *only* by the creation of a League of Nations.'

Note the departure from the older Socialist formula, that wars are inherent in the structure of our capitalistic society, through acknowledgment of the fact that the machinery of a league can prevent war.

'The League of Nations shall be formed by the Parliaments of the different countries —'

At Paris the mode of selecting League representatives is made optional, and does not exclude a choice by Parliaments.

'— and must be based on a peace of justice which will not give rise to any future conflict.'

For that, the battle is now being fought in Paris.

'The League must create an international court, which, by means of mediation and arbitration,' etc.

The Covenant embodies the principle.

'This International Court must have competence, after consultation with the people concerned, to rectify frontiers when the necessity arises.

This is not in the Covenant, ought to be, and possibly may be.

'The League of Nations must abolish all standing armies and bring about complete disarmament.'

If the time element suggested in 'bring about' be considered, the difference between the Socialist demand and the Covenant is capable of adjustment.

'The League shall have at its disposal the means of economic pressure to induce and enforce its decisions when necessary.'

This is in the Covenant.

'The League of Nations must prevent all economic war by the establishment of free trade, free access to all countries, the open door to the colonies, and international control of world-thoroughfares. Where national tariffs exist, they shall require the approval of the League of Nations.'

This is an ideal toward which the Covenant tends, without as yet embodying it. Is it an exaggeration to say that, as to the conception of the perfect League, greater differences may be discovered in the ranks of its 'bourgeois' supporters than between the Socialist document and the Covenant?

Writing at a moment when the newspapers are aflame with headlines of a Hungary gone Bolshevik, of the 'Red tide' sweeping to the Rhine, it would be easy to surrender one's self to a view of the future as one of struggle between

the forces of social subversion and that dark reaction which so often in history has followed upon social upheaval. As in Russia the tyranny of Bolshevism has brought forth the counter tyranny of Kolchak, so Europe would be now facing the alternative triumph of Bolshevism or a vindictive Toryism. Under the spell of the December election in England, much has been written about the 'death' of the Liberal Party, and from that the transition has been fairly easy to the death of Liberalism in general, and so to the death of liberalism without the capital letter. In the clash of elemental forces let loose by the world-agony, there would seem to the pessimist to be no part or place for that liberal spirit whose purpose is social progress through coöperation as against the dictatorship of proletarian minorities and the bourbonism that never learns.

But it is impossible, after the revelation at Berne of what the great majority of the Socialists of Europe really want, and the revelation at Paris of what the enlightened sentiment of the 'bourgeois' world demands, to believe that either Bolshevik revolution or Tory reaction is more than a temporary menace to civilization. That inevitable return from anarchy to liberalism, from revolution to evolution, which Mr. Stanley so vividly pictures, has already been prepared for by the creation of a liberal *bloc* running across national lines. The left wing of our 'bourgeois' society and the right wing of Socialism in the broadest sense have broken away from old affiliations and approached each other. The one is bringing to the common cause a richer and juster view of social duty and international obligation; the other, a deeper recognition of existing national forces and national values. Their common ground is the reconstruction of a wounded world through justice based on human possibility.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AS A MAN DRESSES

At some time or other, I dare say, it is common experience for a man to feel indignant at the necessity of dressing himself. He wakes in the morning. Refreshed with sleep, ready and eager for his daily tasks and pleasures, he is just about to leap out of bed when the thought confronts him that he must put on his clothes. His leap is postponed indefinitely, and he gets up with customary reluctance. One after another, twelve articles — eleven, if two are joined in union one and inseparable — must be buttoned, tied, laced, and possibly safety-pinned to his person; a routine business, dull, wearisome with repetition. His face and hands must be washed, his hair and teeth brushed: many, indeed, will perform all over what Keats, thinking of the ocean eternally washing the land, has called a 'priestlike task of pure ablution'; but others, faithful to tradition and Saturday night, will dodge this as wasteful. Downstairs in summer is his hat; in winter, his hat, his overcoat, his muffler, and, if the weather compels, his galoshes and perhaps his ear-muffs or ear-bobs. Last thing of all, the Perfect Gentleman will put on his walking-stick; somewhere in this routine he will have shaved and powdered, buckled his wrist-watch, and adjusted his spats.

When we think of the shortness of life, and how, even so, we might improve our minds by study between getting up and breakfast, dressing, as educators are beginning to say of the long summer vacation, seems a sheer 'wastage of education'; yet the plain truth is that we would n't get up. Better, if we

can, to *think* while we dress, pausing to jot down our worth-while thoughts on a handy tablet. Once, I remember, — and perhaps the pleasant custom continues, — a lady might modestly express her kindly feeling for a gentleman (and her shy, half-humorous recognition of the difference between them) by giving him shaving-paper; why not a somewhat similar tablet, to record his dressing-thoughts?

'Clothes,' wrote Master Thomas Fuller, — and likely enough the idea occurred to him some morning while getting into his hose and doublet, — 'ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.' And so they are; for Adam must have bounded from bed to breakfast with an innocency that nowadays we can only envy.

Yet, in sober earnest, the first useful thing that ever this naked fellow set his hand to was the making of his own apron. The world, as we know and love it, began — your pardon, Mr. Kipling, but I cannot help it — when

Cross-legged our Father Adam sat and fastened
them one to one,
Till, leaf by leaf, with loving care he got his
apron done;
The first new suit the world had seen, and mightily
pleased with it,
Till the Devil chuckled behind the Tree, 'It's
pretty, but will it fit?'

From that historic moment everything a man does has been preceded by dressing, and almost immediately the process lost its convenient simplicity. Not since Adam's apron has any complete garment, or practical suit of clothes, been devised — except for sea-bathing — that a busy man could slip on in the morning and off again at night. All our

indignation to the contrary, we prefer the complicated and difficult: we enjoy our buttons; we are withheld only by our queer sex-pride from wearing garments that button up in the back — indeed, on what we frankly call our 'best clothes,' we *have the buttons* though we *dare not button* with them. The one costume that a man could slip on at night and off again in the morning has never, if he could help it, been worn in general society, and is now outmoded by a pretty little coat and pantaloons of soft material and becoming color. We come undressed; but behold! thousands of years before we were born, it was decided that we must be dressed as soon as possible afterward, and clothes were made for us while it was yet in doubt whether we would be a little gentleman or a little lady. And so a man's first clothes are cunningly fashioned to do for either; worse still, — a crying indignity that, oh, thank Heaven, he cannot remember in maturity, — he is forcibly valeted by a woman, very likely young and attractive, to whom he has never been formally introduced.

But with this nameless, speechless, and almost invertebrate thing that he once was — this little kicking Maeterlinck (if I may so call it) between the known and the unknown worlds — the mature self-dresser will hardly concern himself. Rather, it may be, will he contemplate the amazing revolution which, in hardly more than a quarter-century, has reversed public opinion, and created a free nation which, no longer regarding a best-dresser with fine democratic contempt, now seeks, with fine democratic unanimity, to be a best-dresser itself. Or perhaps, smiling, he will recall Dr. Jaeger, that brave and lonely spirit who sought to persuade us that no other garment is so comfortable, so hygienic, so convenient and so becoming to all figures, as the union suit — and that it should be worn externally, with cer-

tain modifications to avoid arrest. His photograph, thus attired, is stamped on memory: a sensible, bearded gentleman, inclining to stoutness, comfortably dressed in eye-glasses and a modified union suit. And then, almost at the same moment, the Clothing Industry, perhaps inspired by the doctor's courage and informed by his failure, started the revolution, since crowned by critical opinion, in a Sunday newspaper, that 'The American man, considering him in all the classes that constitute American society, is to-day the best-dressed, best-kept man in the world.'

Forty or fifty years ago no newspaper could plausibly have made that statement, and, if it had, its office would probably have been wrecked by a mob of insulted citizens; but the Clothing Industry knew us better than Dr. Jaeger, better even than we knew ourselves. Its ideal picture of a handsome, snappy young fellow, madly enjoying himself in exquisitely fitting ready-to-wear clothes, stirred imaginations that had been cold and unresponsive to the doctor's photograph. We admired the doctor for his courage, but we admired the handsome, snappy young fellow for his looks; nay, more, we jumped in multitudes to the conclusion, which has since been partly borne out, that ready-to-wear clothes would make us all look like him. And so, in all the classes that constitute American society (which I take to include everybody who wears a collar), the art of dressing, formerly restricted to the few, became popular with the many. Other important and necessary industries — the hatters, the shoemakers, the shirtmakers, the cravatters, the hosiers, even the makers of underwear — hurried out of hiding; and soon, whoever had eyes to look could study that handsome, snappy young fellow in every stage of costume, — for the soap-makers also saw their opportunity, — from the bath up.

The tailor survived, thanks probably to the inevitable presence of doubting Thomas in any new movement; but he, too, has at last seen the light. I read quite recently his announcement that in 1919 mens' clothes would be 'sprightly without conspicuousness; dashing without verging on extremes; youthful in temperament and inspirational.' Some of us, it appears, remain self-conscious and a little afraid to snap; and there the tailor catches us with his cunningly conceived 'sprightly without conspicuousness.' Unlike the *vers-libre* poetess who would fain 'go naked in the street and walk unclothed into people's parlors,' — leaving, one imagines, an idle but deeply interested gathering on the sidewalk, — we are timid about extremes. We wish to dash — but within reasonable limits. Nor, without forcing the note, would we willingly miss an opportunity to inspire others, or commit the affectation of concealing a still youthful temperament.

A thought for the tablet: *As a man dresses, so he is.*

Thirty or forty years ago there were born, and lived in a popular magazine, two gentlemen-heroes whose perfect friendship was unmarred by rivalry because, like Rosencranz and Guildenstern, they were of such different but equally engaging types of manly beauty. I forget whether they married sisters, but they live on in memory as ornamental symbols of a vanished past — a day when fiction-writers impressed it, with every means at their command, upon their readers that a hero was well-dressed, well-washed, and well-groomed. Such details have become unnecessary, and grumpy stand-patters no longer contemptuously mutter, 'Soap! Soap!' when a hero comes down to breakfast. Some of our older politicians, to be sure, still wear a standard costume of Prince Albert coat, pants (for so one must call them) that bag at the knee, and an im-

personal kind of black necktie, sleeping, I dare say, in what used jocularly to be called a 'nightie'; but our younger leaders go, to the eye, appropriately clad in exquisitely fitting ready-to-wear clothes. So, too, does the Correspondence-School graduate, rising like an escaped balloon from his once precarious place among the untrained workers to the comfortable security of general manager. Here and there, an echo of the past, persists the pretence that men are superior to any but practical considerations in respect to clothing; but if this were so, I need hardly point out that more would dress like Dr. Jaeger, and few waste precious moments fussing over the selection of prettily colored ribbons to wear round their necks.

Fortunately we need no valets, and a democracy of best-dressers is neither more nor less democratic than one of shirt-sleeves: the important thing in both cases is that the great majority of citizens all look alike. The alarm-clock awakens us, less politely than a James or Joseph, but we need never suspect it of uncomplimentary mental reservations, and neither its appetite nor its morals cause us uneasiness. Fellow-citizens of Greek extraction maintain parlors where we may sit, like so many statues on the Parthenon, while they polish our shoes. In all large cities are quiet retreats where it is quite conventional, and even *dégagé*, for the most perfect gentleman to wait in what still remains to him, while an obliging fellow creature swiftly presses his trousers; or, lacking this convenient retreat, there are shrewd inventions that crease while we sleep. Hangers, simulating our own breadth of shoulders, wear our coats and preserve their shape. Wooden feet, simulating our own honest trotters, wear our shoes and keep them from wrinkling. No valet could do more. And as for laying out our clothes, has not the kind Clothing Industry provided handy

manuals of instruction? With their assistance any man can lay out the garments proper to any function, be it a morning dig in the garden, a noon wedding at the White House, or (if you can conceive it) a midnight supper with Mrs. Carrie Nation.

And yet — sometimes, that indignation we feel at having to dress ourselves in the morning, we feel again at having to undress ourselves at night. Then indeed are our clothes a remembrancer of our lost innocency. We think only of Adam going to bed. We forget that, properly speaking, poor, innocent Adam had no bed to go to. And we forget also that in all the joys of Eden was none more innocent than ours when we have just put on a new suit.

AS BECOMETH SAINTS

Ever since the war began, a certain incident, which occurred one Sunday morning a few years ago, has repeatedly come to my mind. I had drifted into a stately old Colonial meeting-house, in the centre of a little city that had been my childhood home. It was very still in the church. The last late-comer had rustled into place, when the preacher rose to speak. He was a man with elements of greatness, grown old in the service of this particular congregation, and there was something like despair in his face as he looked over the church. There were very few present, but they represented the old families of the city, and they were all correctly attired in quiet and conventional clothes, and they were almost all women, and for the most part middle-aged or elderly.

He began abruptly; there was a new note in his voice, and we were all startled into quick attention.

'If the church-bells had rung an alarm this Sunday morning,' he said, 'for every citizen of our city to come forth to fight and to die for Christ, the

streets would be thronged — I have faith to believe that. But they rang for people to come to church, to hear his Gospel, to worship and to pray, and the pews are almost empty, and the streets.'

There was a moment's pause; then he took up his manuscript, and very quietly preached one of those intellectual and spiritual sermons which only he could write.

I seem to hear the preacher's voice again in that ringing challenge, whenever I see our boys in khaki, marching and counter-marching on the campus of the little city where I went to church that Sunday. I wonder now, as I wondered then, where the trouble lay, what was wrong. Here was a thoroughly sincere and able man, preaching in a New England city, where, less than a century before, every man, woman, and child came to church, — many of them in this very building, — and the preacher's despairing appeal reached only a handful. Were we too comfortable in that quiet place, too conservative and self-complacent? We were not living dangerously, — I could feel certain of that, as I glanced about me, — but there were faces that suggested a phrase I love well: 'As becometh saints.' For me, used to another form of worship, there was great charm in the place — the rest and peace and Sunday quiet; the intellectual treat in store; the spiritual help I was almost sure to carry home. But the young men of the city were not there, nor the young women. Why was it?

Is it a pathetic or an inspiring experience to live in two eras, as we, who were born in the latter part of the nineteenth century, are doing? So many things that happen to-day seem a challenge to our gentle, conservative, middle-aged thinking. We had an ideal of womanhood, — very beautiful and quite unalterable, we believed, — and behold!

the modern girl, to shatter all our old conceptions. We readjust our minds to accept the new woman. But there are surely spiritual values that are fixed and certain, and they include Sunday observances and sanctities, and then our splendid young people confuse and confound us by relentlessly staying at home from church. We conceive of sainthood in terms of the non-resistant, martyr type, and as pacifists hurl the whole calendar at our belligerent friends; and suddenly we remember Joan of Arc, clad in shining armor, leading armies.

Did it take the war to show us that we may have been limiting God terribly — we pious, church-going people? Certainly war demands all sorts of readjustments — mental, moral, spiritual. All great catastrophes do that. But war differs from most natural catastrophes, in that it is not over suddenly, but goes on and on, and gives us time to think our way into the heart of the thing. And to some of us a new idea of war and peace, of sanctities and Sunday observances, and of sundry other things, including saints, is slowly beginning to dawn. It is not a very clear idea as yet, but it has to do with the look in the eyes of our boys on their way to France (the very boys who stayed at home from church), serious, purposeful, a little sad. They were going forth to kill, and they did not like it; to be killed, perhaps, and they liked that even less; but they were eager to go. And we have to ask ourselves the question, — we pacifists, — what was wrong with our peace, that going forth to kill had somehow come to seem to the majority right and necessary while staying at home seemed inglorious and wrong?

And now that the war is over, can we ever be just pacifists again, or shall we have learned for the first time, through war, what Pacifism really means? Are all our foundations shaken? Have we nothing fixed or stable left?

There *is* something left, and at times we almost see what it is — as if a curtain were lifted, and then let down again suddenly. In that fleeting impression have we caught for a moment God's sense of duration and values? Does He hold human life cheap, and yet care supremely — strange paradox! — for personal life? Is the type of saint of little importance to Him, but the essence of sainthood precious beyond our thinking? Of one thing we may be very sure: 'God makes saints as He chooses,' and He will take care of what He really values. But for us here and now, we seem to be forever striving to comprehend the Infinite sense of humor of a mind which delights in paradox, and which shatters ruthlessly all our dear little limited ideals, to make room perhaps for his larger vision.

And now, after the war, do we hold this fleeting vision? Some of us, perhaps. And we shall go to church as of old; but we shall not worry over the empty pews. We may find a way of making church-going so dangerous that it will appeal even to our young people, and the gospel as thrilling as news from the front, and peace a great adventure. But if we do not, it will be because something holier will take the place of church, and something more significant will have come out of war, than peace as we have known it hitherto.

And we shall certainly enlarge our Calendar of Saints to include a new type — the British Tommy, who goes forth laughing and joking, but without one trace of hate in his heart, to kill or to be killed as God (he calls Him Chance, perhaps) wills it.

'As becometh saints.' The sweet-faced ladies in the old church and our British Tommies may not seem to have much in common, but the test of Sainthood is knowing how to die, as well as knowing how to live. From now on, my Calendar of Saints shall include both.

THE WISTFUL ARMY

When the first call to arms came in England, one body of Englishmen and gentlemen hurried out at the earliest note to offer themselves for service. Time after time they put themselves forward, and even to this day they hang about recruiting stations, urgent and importunate, but always they are ignored. Officers do not look aside for them; clerks do not raise their heads. The clumsiest and most reluctant of recruits can take place before them.

Yet they are the eternal population of England; they are more English than any one generation of English; they belong to every hour and every period; but they are laid aside in books. Clamor they ever so loudly for their patriotic chance, no one will hear them. And yet, they people England in such wise as does no living generation. We could dispense with any one hour of England, but we could never separate ourselves from them, and their eternal moment.

Most of them were created before any notion of pacifism, or even of international law, complicated patriotism or modified reasons for fighting on the side of one's country. All of English writing gives them birth, and they set forth all of English living. To look on them is to look on a nation. Chaucer's Knight has appeared daily, sober and ready, and the young Squire, freshly uniformed and debonair, but looking for a chance to be serviceable. The Bastard is blustering about; and Colonel Newcome, denying that years affect fighting force; and Tom Jones, untrained, but a natural fighter and longing to do for a few Germans, — for whom he has a worse name, — and a whole troop of Scott. The Black Knight has offered to raise a whole regiment out of the Waverley books, guaranteeing their fighting quality, from Lochinvar to Rob Roy. The

idle gentlemen of the Restoration drama have suddenly turned into vigorous men and forgotten all their philandering. Charles Surface has dashed in, demanding a hard post, — Joseph is a pacifist and stays at home, — and the Vicar wants to go along as chaplain, but to be allowed to wear a sword. Childe Harold is there; on second thoughts; and Romeo, since born in England, wants to enlist under the English flag. The Wife of Bath was discovered in man's dress, — though she really wore it with a good masculine air, — and was sent home in defiant disgrace. They have offered her Red Cross work, but she will none of it.

There are many more of them — no one can count the eager wistful hosts. One can hardly tell either, which Briton has created most of them. Scott elbows Shakespeare for high place, and that is but natural. But though they were not soldiers and Ben Jonson was, he has hardly an Englishman ready to go. How he would regret it now, could he know! Richardson sends a few, — not many, — full of moral reasons for enlisting; and Fielding has more, fine fellows when they really have something to do; and Smollett has a noisy swaggering lot, who would go, not especially to fight for England, but simply to fight — and Heaven help the company they get into and the officers who are over them!

The Soldiers Three are looking on at the recruiting, with a scornful eye on the new Tommies, and a wish that they might have the training of them. Stevenson has a bully lot, into whose former history recruiting officers had better not look too closely; Mallory's Knights have much in common with them. There is many another knight also. In their day there was no Prussia, they say; but when they hear the story of Belgium they see another crusade, and would ride forth.

Thackeray has almost an army himself — you would hardly believe how many: not only the Colonel and Clive, and the Major and his now serious nephew, but dozens of other colonels, and majors, and captains, and their club friends; and talking young artists and journalists, and all the Warringtons and Esmonds, first and last. I am not sure that Scott would have more, after all. Beside them, how meagre a lot Dickens sends! There is David, of course, and Nicholas; and the Cheeryble Brothers and Mr. Jarndyce are supporting families of men who are at the front; so, also, is Mr. Boffin. But Dickens has hardly a trained soldier ready, and, when you think of it, hardly an able-bodied man who can pass the examination. You may be sure that the Skimpoles and Heeps and Pecksniffs are finding some way out of it. Tom Pinch will be there, of course, in some capacity, and young Martin, to his soul's good, and Mark Tapley and John Harmon. But the Dickens forces come out stronger in the Red Cross section. Agnes would shine there, and brave Lizzie Hexam, and Esther Summerson; and Caddie Jellyby would find her place; and Betsy Trotwood would like to open her house to convalescents, since she can't get to the front herself; and Jennie Wren has thought of a way to do her bit if she will only be allowed. But it must be confessed that a good many Dickens ladies are quietly weeping at home.

Trollope, on the other hand, has the most fascinating, compensating, curing nurses that could possibly cross the Channel. Nobody more useful ever stepped into a hospital ward than Lily Dale, or Mary Thorne, or Lucy Roberts. But Barsetshire is rather to seek when it comes to soldiers — chaplains, yes, but warriors, no. It is said, however, that the Archdeacon wanted to go in the ranks.

One must wonder, though it is hardly safe to surmise, how many men recently born into fiction are in the pressing host. There must be some — you seem to see them; but when you look closely at the spot where you thought they were, apparently nothing is there. They have probably come up to enlist, but instead have gone away to think about themselves a while. Are there good fighters in modern novels, men who would dash into a cause without calculation or reconsideration? Would the self-considering egoists of recent invention be either fit to command as officers, or reliable under orders as men? The restless young women are, of course, glad to take their own motor-cars, and rush off to France with them. But what sort of soldiers will their lovers and tentative husbands make?

There is no way to test them, for the recruiting officers go on securing the mortal material men they see, and the longing eternal host importunes in vain.

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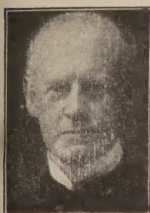
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The Atlantic Announces

FOR JUNE

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By Vernon Kellogg

Remembering his famous series, "Headquarters Nights," it is easy to imagine how interesting will be this new paper from Professor Kellogg, who as a principal coadjutor of Mr. Hoover has been studying conditions in Germany and Poland during the past few months. His paper is a study of present-day German psychology such as has not been and cannot be written elsewhere.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of the following trained judges: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield, Massachusetts, Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Books Selected This Month

Belgium (*Whitlock*). Ten Years near the German Frontier (*Egan*). The Grand Fleet (*Jellicoe*). Roll-Call (*Bennett*). Impressions of the Kaiser (*Hill*). Martin Schöler (*Wilson*). Yashka (*Botchkareva*). Clemenceau (*Hyndman*). Musings and Memories of a Musician (*Henschel*).

BELGIUM.

By BRAND WHITLOCK. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1919. 2 vols. 8vo. \$7.50.

THESE volumes are fourth in the series of reminiscences of our war-time ambassadors and ministers in Europe, but they are easily first in importance. They are a literary and diplomatic event.

In spite of all that has been written of Belgium, the cumulative effect of these leisurely, discursive volumes makes an old story seem like new. It is this effect, indeed, which is the merit of Mr. Whitlock's book: it finally presses upon the reader with the remorselessness of nightmare, as horror is piled on horror, with chapter and verse meticulously cited. The scale of the narrative is epic.

Yet this cannot wholly excuse the author for what seems complete indifference to his reader's patience. The preliminaries are much too long, and, it must be admitted, too personal. Quotations are plentiful and erudite. And every quotation from the French is given in French, and quotations from the Flemish in Flemish.

When the narrative is at its height; when the river is in flood, the lightning flashing and thunder rolling, and we are about to be swept over the dam, our pilot has a disconcerting habit of rising to his feet in the stern of the boat and quoting to us from Talleyrand (always in the original), or from Thomas Hardy's poems. Talleyrand's *bon mot*, for example, — *on peut militariser un civil, mais on ne peut pas civiliser un militaire*, — is brought into the story on six separate occasions, the last five of which add nothing to its original charm. Then, to those who know Mr. Whitlock's earlier work, there will be visible here some of the same faults of writing *in vacuo* which disfigured *Forty Years of It*.

Mr. Whitlock is not superior to sorrow, else he could never have written the story of Miss Cavell in terms which make it a classic. No man who is superior to sorrow could have written the chap-

ters on the Belgian and French deportations, or the full story of how Von Bissing divided the Belgian patrimony, so that Flemings and Walloons were made strangers in their own land. Mr. Whitlock is not trying to be superior to sorrow: he is only trying to avoid his *bête noire* — the dramatic in literature.

Mr. Whitlock is frankly disappointing in his treatment of the great Commission for Relief in Belgium, although he gives it plenty of space; but he tells more adequately the tale of an international friendship whose implications have reached far: the friendship of Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish Minister in Brussels, the Marquis of Villalobar.

The spirit of Villalobar pervades much of the story. He is more real than Mr. Whitlock's King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, Hoover, Von Bissing, Francqui, or Von der Lancken. His gallant, humorous, eminently skillful and diplomatic figure is in the foreground whenever the American Minister appears in public; and there is a grace, a generosity, and a devotion in the comradeship of the two men which convinces one of the beauty of life. They were allies as well as friends; there was complete 'unity of command' in the Brussels chancelleries long before Foch took charge on the Western front; and for this inestimable boon, we and Belgium should be grateful. Villalobar, like Mr. Whitlock, was a patron of the Relief Commission, and these books prove that his services were beyond praise.

E. E. H.

TEN YEARS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER: A RETROSPECT AND A WARNING.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, former United States Minister to Denmark. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1919. 8vo, 364 pages. Illustrations. \$3.00.

THE war has shown that the listening-post may be as important as the gun-emplacement. Minis-



Distinction, Merit and Popularity



—this ideal has been achieved in a number of our Spring publications. Notably in *ALFRED NOYES' THE NEW MORNING*. All of Mr. Noyes' verse since 1914 is collected here, including his great war poem, "The Avenue of the Allies," and such other well-liked poems as "Princeton 1917," "Kilmeny," "The Phantom Fleet," "The Vindictive," etc. These poems earn for their author anew William Lyon Phelps' recent praise, "He is one of the most melodious of modern poets, with a witchery in words that is irresistible."

¶ There is an irresistible charm and sympathy about the work of *OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY*, author of *The Star in the Window*, which makes it at once notable and popular. These qualities are more than ever present in her new volume of short stories, *GOOD SPORTS*, which records the intimate experiences of a few unrecognized Good Sports.

¶ A book of both immediate and permanent value is *ISAAC DON LEVINE'S THE RESURRECTED NATIONS*. It tells the histories of Poland, Arabia, Jugoslavia, Armenia and fourteen other nations freed by the Great War. Here are the essential facts, told briefly and interestingly.

¶ *CLEMENCEAU: The Man and His Time*, by *H. M. HYNDMAN*, is acclaimed by critics as the leading biography of the year, yet "there is danger," says the *N. Y. Times*, "that 'biography' may be too bare a word. It is a book of Clemenceau, a book of modern France, a book of the war and its intrigues."

¶ "A record so sensational in its incidents as almost to appear incredible," says the *N. Y. Evening Post* of *MARIA BOTCHKAREVA'S YASHKA: My Life as Peasant, Officer and Exile*, "this chronicle is remarkable alike as a human document and for the picture it paints of war-time Russia in the throes of Bolshevik propaganda."

¶ Captain *EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S FIGHTING THE FLYING CIRCUS* should be ready early in May. Everyone reading the manuscript expresses enthusiasm and delight. From Captain Rickenbacker's entrance into the Flying Service until his return to America as our Premier Ace, with twenty-six German aircraft to his credit, his exploits form the most thrilling chapter of America's air history. Aside from the book's immediate value as a record of the experiences of a Premier Ace, it has lasting worth as giving the essence of America's part in aerial warfare.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

ter Egan's term at Copenhagen, the 'whispering gallery of Europe,' extended from 1907 to 1917, until the transfer of the Danish Islands to the United States — his great achievement — and America's entry into the war. It was evidently a pleasure to him to associate with the Danes, whom he pronounces the most interesting people he has met, except the French, and the most civilized of all. But from the beginning his attention was fixed upon Germany; at first, incredulously, following the gaze of others; later, with the enforced conviction that she was only biding her time, and that the time would be short.

Mr. Egan traces and documents the growth of his own illumination as to Germany's twentieth-century purposes. We see through our minister's clear eyes the German propaganda in the three Scandinavian countries. We see the forces of Lutheranism exerted upon the clergy. Germany sought, particularly throughout Scandinavia, to win over the men of letters; and in this attempt she had an advantage not always realized in English countries. German translation was the door by which the Scandinavian reached a world-audience. His vogue depended upon German favor. This consideration apparently kept so great an author as Brandes from the attitude most natural to a Dane. It was to the great Swedish Liberal, Branting, and his followers that the Entente had to look for sympathy. Mr. Egan reminds us that 'Whatever progress Sweden has made toward democracy is not due to intelligent propaganda on the part of America or England.' On the sturdy democrats of Norway German propaganda could produce little effect; so the Germans resorted to coercion, in the vain hope of breaking the morale of that free-souled people.

As for the United States, we were in the eyes of Europe hopelessly ignorant of everything outside our own borders. Even our ambassadors were shifted as the pawns of home politics. We were utopians when we did act, and it was believed that, however great our provocation, we would not act. Our author lets out his own feelings when he says, after recording our declaration of war, 'Further patience would have been a crime.'

Beneath all the rumors and the actuality of war, Minister Egan carried his fixed purpose to secure the Danish Islands. He devotes two long chapters to the story, sometimes amusing, of this negotiation, which appears finally to have been carried through by virtue of his devotion to woman suffrage — how, let the reader discover.

The story ends suddenly with the author's acceptance of his well-earned retirement; but he does not take leave of us without enforcing the lesson of his experience: 'Let us not forget that Germany has not changed her ideals; all the forces of the civilized world have not succeeded in changing them. Of democracy, in the American sense

of the word, she has no more understanding than Russia — nor at present does she really want to have. . . . But we cannot change the aspirations or the hearts of the Germans. We can only take care that they keep the laws made by nations who have well-directed consciences — this lesson I have learned near to their border.' H. L. K.

THE GRAND FLEET, 1914-1916: ITS CREATION, DEVELOPMENT, AND WORK.

By ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELlicoe OF SCAPA.
New York: George H. Doran Company. 1919.
Large 8vo, xvi+510 pp. Illustrated by photographs, plans, and diagrams. \$6.00.

This fine book is an historical document of immense value; indeed, we can reach an idea of its importance only by imagining what it would have meant to us if Nelson, while still on active service, had written the epic of Trafalgar and the Nile. Yet the book — and this is one of its most admirable qualities — is no historical treatise, but a narrative as plain, modest, and straightforward as its author's mind. Nowhere is it polemic in tone; nowhere does the author, often the object of the bitterest personal attack, seek justification. No book has ever borne braver witness to the comradeship, gallantry, and simplicity born of the great traditions of the sea.

The book begins with Lord Jellicoe's appointment to the command of the home fleets; there follows a history of the preparations taken at the outbreak of the war, a survey of the condition of the Fleet, and certain chapters which the general reader is frankly warned against as being of a 'technical character' — a warning which the general reader, however, will do well to disregard.

The second half of the book contains a record of the Dogger Bank action, which, although interesting, sheds no fresh light on the battle; a history of the attempts made to entice the enemy to action; and four long chapters on the greatest action of all. The most significant matter dealt with in the first half of the book is the astounding condition of the great fleet; the point of the second being, of course, the Commander in Chief's own résumé of Jutland the disputed.

For the first time we learn that 'the Fleet, . . . the one and only factor vital to the existence of the Empire,' possessed, at the outbreak of the war, not a single port safe from submarine attack (the pictures of the battleships flurrying like frightened birds from Scapa to Lough Swilly would be a matter of sardonic jest were it not genuinely tragic); that there was a shortage of destroyers; that the arrangements for air-scouting were primitive; that the searchlight problem had been overlooked; and that in October, 1914, the German fleet of 15 dreadnoughts, 4 battle-

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cruisers, and 88 destroyers, if it had put to sea, would have found a British fleet of only 17 dreadnoughts, 5 battle cruisers, and 42 destroyers ready to give it battle. On so uncertain a superiority hung the future of the world!

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H. B. B.

THE ROLL-CALL.

By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1919. 12mo, 417 pp. \$1.50.

The Roll-Call is more a by-product than a rounding-out of the *Clayhanger* series. George Cannon, its central figure, is the son of Hilda Lessways by the bigamous marriage of which, as a girl, she was the innocent victim. Readers of *Clayhanger* will remember that the baffled, thwarted, and slightly inept young Five-Townsmen who is its hero burns with the secret ambition to be an architect. It is a notable, Bennetian, and true piece of irony that George Cannon, a lad not of Clayhanger's blood, should become that architect of youthful dreams, dreamed thirty years before. Why, one wonders at first, does not Mr. Bennett make more of this kindly stroke of irony, which could have integrated *The Roll-Call* with the three earlier books?

The answer is, of course, the war, which answers nowadays all the questions it does not ask. Cannon exists, not to be the fulfillment or *continuum* of his mother and his step-father, but to be any young Englishman of the professional or artistic class, in the months of 1914, when the war began calling the roll of individual consciences and requiring a decisive answer of each. Cannon is as deeply enmeshed in life as most men. There are projects, complications, an expensive wife, expensive children, all sorts of demands upon him. But he tears his life up by the roots, for the emotionally satisfying reason that he cannot possibly do anything else; and we see him last in the khaki of the Royal Field Artillery, trekking south across England to a Channel port. And — here seems to be the point — it turns out that all his affairs can somehow worry through very decently without him. The feeling of his indispensableness is nine tenths illusion.

All this is highly and finely representative. But surely it is an artistic blunder to relate the hero to the Clayhangers, and then leave the relationship functionless and without point in the development of the character.

H. T. F.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE KAISER.

By DAVID JAYNE HILL, Former American Ambassador to Germany. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1918. 8vo. 368 pp. \$2.00.

'I CAME to the throne too young. I found myself surrounded by old men. They regarded me as a boy. It was really insufferable. I determined to assert my power.' So speaks Herr Hohenzollern at Amerongen, according to Harold Begbie's recent report. The words might be taken as the text of the first half of Dr. Hill's admirable volume. As a resident at Berlin in 1888, at the Kaiser's accession, and twenty years later as American Ambassador to Germany, he was in an excellent position, with his keen insight into constitutional and international questions, to gauge the transformation which came over Germany during the Kaiser's reign. In the first period he saw William II as his own people saw him. In the second period his personal contacts with the Kaiser were more intimate than those which usually fall to the lot of an ambassador at Berlin. Nowhere have we seen an abler and juster appreciation of the subtle forces by which Germany was being Prussianized. Without the change of a syllable in the Imperial Constitution, constitutional government was nevertheless being altered in the direction of irresponsible personal government. In the Hague Peace Conferences, and in negotiations which Dr. Hill later had to conduct, it became clear that the Kaiser was opposed to any arbitration treaty. It would have based foreign policy on legal principles, and on a reasoned understanding of mutual interests, instead of leaving it to the Kaiser's royal visits, after-dinner toasts, and secret intrigues.

The second half of the volume is a very clear, simple, and convincing indictment of the Kaiser's responsibility for the Great War. By sweeping away all irrelevant matters, and by weaving into his narrative the significant implications of the later revelations of Lichnowsky, Mühlen, Von Jagow, and the Kaiser himself, Dr. Hill convicts the latter out of his own mouth of making flatly contradictory statements during July and August, 1914. He shows how easily William II could have preserved the peace and how willingly he entered upon what he anticipated would be a short, decisive war, with Great Britain neutral.

The volume is of much more real worth than its title might suggest. It is in no sense a mere garnering of the personal impressions of an ambassador at court. It is reflective rather than descriptive, solid rather than brilliant. It is all the more convincing because of its moderation. It is perhaps the most fair-minded and discriminating appreciation in English of William II as he was up to August, 1914.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

MARTIN SCHÜLER.

By ROMER WILSON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1919. 12mo. iv+313 pp. \$1.50.

THIS is understood to be a first novel by an Englishwoman; and it has enough distinction to give its author an indisputable place in a group of Englishwomen whose first pieces of fiction have recently made them known to connoisseurs on both sides of the Atlantic — Rebecca West (*The Return of the Soldier*), Clemence Dane (*Regiment of Women*), E. M. Delafield (*Zella Sees Herself*), and Dorothy Richardson (*Pilgrimage*). The theme of *Martin Schuler*, however, sets its author somewhat apart from this group; for, whereas the others have written the tragi-comedy of limitations, mostly feminine, Romer Wilson writes of nothing less than a surprising *volte-face* in a man of genius. Her subject is that aesthetic equivalent of religious conversion by which a creative musician betook himself from the husks which the swine did eat — in this instance, facile and pot-boiling light operas — and returned to his father's house, sinking the last years of his short life in the completion of a music-drama which he had first conceived as a youth. His career is traced from his earliest amateur successes in Heidelberg to the beginning of his public achievements in Leipsic; thence to his brilliant triumphs in Berlin; thence, by way of his revolt against the cheapening of himself, to a villa in the Black Forest, where he spends the next years in a fury of creative ardor. He emerges with his *magnum opus*, sees it through preparation for the stage, hears the first performance, and dies on the closing cadence — as though every tissue of his body were tenaciously aware of having existed for one end only, which, when it comes, is literally the end of everything.

What most inspires respect for this novel is the singleness with which the author focuses her attention on the complications of one kind of genius, refusing to be drawn into any other complications. The setting is Germany immediately before the war, and the personæ, men and women alike, are nothing if not German. Yet Schuler's struggle for his identity is precisely the conflict of artist against bourgeoisie, plutocracy, and himself, in any land or time, and it has less than nothing to do with any sort of patriotism or propaganda. Still more creditably, it has nothing to do with any sort of moralistic argument. Martin Schuler, gross, concupiscent, egoistic, faithless, mercenary, in some ways Teutonically obtuse, in no human way very admirable, is simply a young man who has little ability to care more than a hour at a time for anything except the fulfillment of his inexplicable need to create one special kind of beauty. This need is the beginning and the end of him. What precipitates his revolt

is no fine abstraction, but the infuriating sound of a hurdy-gurdy paying its crude respects to the catchiest of his tunes. It is toward his art alone that his life is revolutionized. But mark: his art is to him what truth is to the philosopher, dialectic to the logician, law to the jurist, God to the mystic. Thus genius, now and always — but the truth about it is not too commonly told. W. F.

YASHKA: MY LIFE AS PEASANT, OFFICER, AND EXILE.

By MARIA BOTCHKAREVA, Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death. As set down by ISAAC DON LEVINE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1919. 8vo. xii+340 pp. \$2.00.

STIRRING as the revelation of a woman's idealism and fortitude, absorbing as a recital of sheer adventure and hair's-breadth escape, Madame Botchkareva's book achieves its greatest importance as a document of Russia under the Provisional Government and during the first weeks of the Bolshevik régime. As the editor points out in his introduction, it contains the only extended and intimate view of the two revolutions in their effect on the masses of the Russian Army; at least, the only such view, equally authenticated, in English. We follow vividly and circumstantially, in the recital of a woman who had already been a soldier for two years, the beginnings of war-weariness among the troops, the undermining of morale, the growing tendency to inaction and fraternization with the enemy, the substitution of the soldiers' committees for official authority and discipline, and the final break-up of the army into a prodigious mass-meeting, dedicated with a furious intensity to the business of talk, and swayed senselessly from extreme to extreme as propaganda followed propaganda, while the military front became a fiction, and those who advocated fighting the enemy were trampled to death as friends of Tsarism. It is in these chapters, and in the succeeding glimpses of the reign of ghastliness under Bolshevism, that the book becomes history.

In one sense the account is all the more valuable because the author knows little of politics. She is no Tsarist; she is certainly no Bolshevik. She is as much against the government of Kerensky as against that of Lenin, and for the same reason: because it could not, or did not, hold the army together to prosecute the war. All her accounts of men, actions, and policies are colored, as her own actions are, by a belief, amounting almost to an *idée fixe*, that nothing could be done for Mother Russia until her soil was cleared of the foreign enemy. *Yashka* is propaganda as propaganda should be: with the bias easy to make allowance for, all the cards are on the table. W. F.



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CLEMENCEAU, THE MAN AND HIS TIME.

By H. M. HYNDMAN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1919. 8vo, xiv+338 pp. \$2.50.

THIS is the life of a great man, but not a great life. The time has not yet come for a real biography of Clemenceau. What we have here is a graphic sketch, a faithful study, and an honest portrait as far as it goes; interesting, moreover, and growing in interest, until we are shown in a mighty crisis how the hour and the man of the hour meet.

There is, perhaps, too much of the author, Mr. Hyndman, and not so much as we might wish of Clemenceau: an excessive emphasis on Socialism, a somewhat unnecessary reiteration of the reasons why the 'Tiger' has never been a Socialist. But the author is honest. He does not conceal the fact that, in the dark days of 1917, the French Socialists cared for party more than country, and voted against the man who was to save the cause of civilization.

When Clemenceau came into power in 1917, the fortunes of France were at the lowest ebb. The foes without were not more dangerous than the foes within. Moreover, the foes within were entrenched in such high places that no statesman dared to touch them.

Danger, however, meant nothing to the 'Grand Young Man of France.' This breaker-up of endless cabinets proceeded to build a cabinet to perform what appeared a hopeless task. A few months after Clemenceau was asked by Poincaré to form a cabinet, Malvy was an exile in disgrace, Caillaux in prison, Bolo had been placed against a wall and shot, and the French nation was itself again. To all questions he had but one answer, 'Je fais la guerre, je fais la guerre.'

All this is generally known. There are two significant features in Clemenceau's past, however, which are not so widely understood. He was one of those in France who saw clearly many years ago precisely what Germany was plotting; he saw and foretold with entire accuracy what eventually took place. More important still, perhaps, long before the war he was the unwavering friend of England. It was he, working with Edward VII, who built up the Entente.

The world owes much to Foch, but France owes most to Clemenceau. When victory came, the French Senate unanimously passed this resolution, which was ordered to be placed in a conspicuous position in every town hall in France:—

'Georges Clemenceau, President of the Council and Minister of War, and Marshal Foch, General-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, have well deserved the gratitude of the country.'

It is to be noticed that the civilian's name precedes the soldier's.

P. R. F.

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN.

By SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1919. 8vo, 400 pp.

SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL has had a long, varied, honorable career. As singer, composer, conductor, he has seen many cities and known many men and women. A shrewd observer, he is a man of native force and restless, almost aggressive, activity. No one has ever doubted the sincerity of his musical life. When it was stated that he was writing his memoirs, one had a right to expect much. The volume disappoints expectation, for it is chiefly anecdotal.

The unessential incidents of the singer's life — for it is as a singer that Sir George will be best remembered — are described at length. There are agreeable pages about his boyhood in Breslau, his student days at Leipsic, his sojourn in Boston, his journeyings in Europe and Africa. There is gossip about famous persons: how and what he ate and drank with them, for there is much of gastronomic interest in the volume. Brahms figures largely, — the lecture that Sir George read in Boston is substantially incorporated, — but one learns little about Brahms the composer. Whistler is introduced as serving buckwheat-cakes at breakfast and entertaining a passion for imported American oysters. Dukes and duchesses, crowned heads, are in the procession reviewed by Sir George, who, apparently, as was said of 'Tommy' Moore, 'dearly loves a lord.'

The egoism of Sir George is child-like, and not too disconcerting. His honesty in reprinting adverse criticism of his orchestral leadership in Boston is refreshing. When he is most garrulous about trifles, there is suddenly a burst of frankness that commands respect; and when, at the end, he exclaims, 'I have never betrayed the ideal of my art by consciously stooping to the unworthy, to the commonplace,' no one will contradict him.

With his wide acquaintanceship, with his long and rich experience, Sir George might have written an autobiography of abiding value. He might have pronounced judgment on composers, singers, other musicians, informing those to come, without annoying by technical speech, or by arguments supporting some theory, those who read merely for pleasure. He has compiled many more or less amusing anecdotes, a superficial volume from which little is to be learned about the music of even the last forty years; little or nothing about his own interior life, his reflections and conclusions concerning the art he undoubtedly cherishes. The book is for the easy chair, not for the student's desk; not for a carefully selected musical library.

P. H.

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CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — MAY ATLANTIC

Frank L. Schoell, a native of France, was engaged as a lecturer at the University of Chicago at the outbreak of the war, and returned at once to France, to join the colors. Wounded and made prisoner in January, 1915, while commanding a company in the Argonne, near Verdun, he passed several months at the Brüderhaus Hospital in Coblenz, and was finally interned at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, whence he sent to the *Atlantic* the vivid and fair-minded account of his experiences in Coblenz, which we published over his initials in April and May, 1917, under the title, 'At the Enemy's Mercy.' Professor Schoell has now returned to this country and resumed his teaching at Chicago. He writes: —

I do not think I need tell you what an extraordinarily interesting experience I had in being able to observe Ferdinand day after day, in all his moods, for about three months. Kings are getting scarcer and scarcer, and the sub-variety of tsars seems to be altogether extinct. That is precisely why I thought that the reading public of our two democracies — both interested in recent absolute monarchies because they have had so much to suffer from them — might find it entertaining, and even instructive, to pry into an ex-king's holiday pastimes. Those pastimes were, of course, always half-political, and that made Ferdinand's holiday travels so fascinating for me in 1910.

* * *

Our readers will welcome the return to our columns of **Mrs. Elinore Rupert Stewart**, whose earlier series of letters in the *Atlantic*, in 1913 and 1914, achieved immediate and unusual popularity. Both series, republished in book form, may be had of Houghton Mifflin Company. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** of Princeton, needs no introduction to the *Atlantic* constituency, which, for ten years, has known her well. **Romain Rolland**, known the world over as the author of the history of *Jean Christophe*, is living, like so many famous Frenchmen, in self-imposed exile in Switzerland. With respect to the subject of his present paper, he says: —

The name of August Forel is justly celebrated in European science; but he is not so popular in his own country as he deserves to be. One hears more particularly of the social activity of this great and good man, whose indefatigable energy and ardent conviction age and illness have been powerless to abate. But French Switzerland, which justly admires the works of the naturalist

J. H. Fabre, does not sufficiently realize that she has the good fortune to possess an observer of nature who is not less penetrating, and whose knowledge is perhaps more complete and accurate.

The paper was translated for the *Atlantic* by Mrs. Helena DeKay Vanbrugh.

* * *

Olive Tilford Dargan is an American poet of rare and delicate qualities, who has here set down a record of the mountain folk among whom she loves to live. **George W. Puryear**, the concluding portion of whose narrative of his escape from a German prison-camp we print in this number, was at last accounts still in the Aviation service, stationed at Rockwell Field, California. **Maria Moravsky** is a young Russian poetess and journalist, who came to America just before the war. In November last she contributed to the *Atlantic* 'The Greenhorn in America.'

* * *

Amy Lowell, poet and student of poetry, has chosen for her theme the stark and terrible story which a generation ago held the attention of Tennyson. Of his 'Rizpah' she writes: —

I had a queer experience about 'Dried Marjoram.' I came across the incident in an old book about Hampshire, as a true fact, and I promptly wrote the poem. After I had got it written and typed, somebody told me it was the same subject as Tennyson's 'Rizpah,' which I had never read. It was very funny to read it afterwards, and see how differently two generations treat the same idea.

But a still earlier generation has its own successful version. We refer Miss Lowell and others interested in literary tradition to the Second Book of Samuel, chapter 21. The voice of Rizpah has come down through the centuries, with that of Rachel weeping for her children.

* * *

Many of our readers will remember **Cecil F. Lavell's** earlier paper, 'The Man Who Lost Himself,' in the *Atlantic* for November, 1917, wherein the author tells of his complete loss of personality following a physical breakdown, and of its recovery after several years. Mr. Lavell is now Assistant Professor of History at Grinnell College, Iowa. He writes us of several experiences not unlike his own which came to the knowledge

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of those who were searching for him while he was lost.

Thus, a New England judge was finally located stolidly loading fruit on a freighter at a Southern port. In another case, a student of the University of Michigan disappeared from Ann Arbor and turned up on a California fruit ranch, perfectly well and enjoying his work.

Of this second paper he writes to the Editor:—

It is the reaction to an experience that matters in this case, not my present or normal attitude. One curious thing that may interest you is that the remarks in the paper regarding the fading in my mind of the laborer's attitude to life, and the regrowth of an academic attitude, are more than half true. When I sit back and think, think and remember, then the attitude of three years ago comes back. But the influence of convention and environment is a wonderfully powerful thing.

Thinking over my Colorado adventures again has made me realize afresh how enormously fortunate I have been. Three years ago I was still in Colorado. A year and a half ago I was still a convalescent, wondering whether my doctor's permission to return to work would be of any real value beyond the relief to my mind. Yet when I did reënter the profession it was under ideal conditions—even the subordinate rank in the department being an advantage, involving a minimum of responsibility. There are some signs now of a revival of professional ambition. . . . Last year I even found energy enough to write the greater part of a book since published by Macmillan, *Imperial England*, and this year I found myself hard at work on another on the basis of reconstruction in Europe, that has sprung from a side job as Director of the War-Issues course here. Not such a bad record after so bad a breakdown, is it? . . .

To some extent I have sympathy even with the Bolsheviks. But only in so far that the completeness and passion of the revolt seem to me perfectly intelligible. In the permanence and constructive value of the Marxian solution, however, I have no confidence whatever. The Socialists have my sympathy, but I think they are altogether on the wrong road. Up to date I am a convinced believer in straight democracy, as we know it, and in the cure of evils by education and reform. I do not mean simply education of the laborers, necessary as that is. I mean also education of the 'upper' classes.

* * *

The Honorable John Fortescue, son of the third Earl Fortescue, and brother of the present peer, has been Librarian at Windsor Castle since 1905. He is a recognized authority on military history, and is the official historian of the British Army. Ivy Kellerman Reed, a graduate of the

Ohio State University, and Ph.D. of the universities of Chicago and Berlin, is a member of the Washington, D.C., bar. She, together with her husband, has given much time and attention to the international language, Esperanto, and she is Director of the American School of Esperanto. Mrs. Fiske Warren is a poet not unfamiliar to our readers. Her volume, *Trackless Regions*, has been abundantly recognized on both sides of the water. Maurice Francis Egan, friend of all who know him, resigned last year, because of ill health, the difficult post of United States Minister to the neutral government of Denmark, which he had held since his appointment by President Roosevelt in 1907.

* * *

Arthur Ruhl, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1899, has been connected with *Collier's* since 1894. He has recently spent a number of weeks in the Middle West, investigating conditions which he here interestingly describes. The author of 'Bed-Rock' desires to have her name withheld. Roland Hugins, Fellow in Economics at Cornell University, has been during the war a member of the United States Bureau of Efficiency. A volume by Mr. Hugins, entitled *The Possible Peace*, was published by the Century Co. in 1916. Simeon Strunsky has recently returned from his sojourn in Paris and Berne.

* * *

A correspondent, who chooses not to sign his post-card, informs us somewhat curtly that 'further' is not the comparative of "far," and that 'there is no such form as *whomever*.' We venture to take exception to both of these *ex cathedra* assertions. As our correspondent does not refer us to the passage in which the word *further* occurs, we are unable to say whether we have (as is very possible) inadvertently departed from the *Atlantic* rule, which is to use the form *farther*, when actual physical distance is in question. But we may remark that there is abundant authority of the best usage for *further*, even in this sense. Says the *New English (Oxford) Dictionary*:—

"The primary sense of *further, farther*, is 'more forward, more onward'; but this sense is practically coincident with that of the comparative

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degree of 'far,' where the latter word refers to real or attributed motion in some particular direction. Hence *further*, *farther* came to be used as the comparative of 'far'; first in the special application just mentioned, and ultimately in all senses, displacing the regular comparative *farther*.

As to *whomever*, it is, of course, the regularly formed objective case of 'whoever.' As the *N.E.D.*, in its greatly retarded progress toward completion, has not yet reached the letter *W*, we cannot cite its authority; but the disputed form is recognized by the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, 'adapted from' the larger work, and by the authoritative *Century* and *Standard* dictionaries. We throw down the gauntlet to the unnamed challenger.

* * *

Perhaps *Atlantic* readers are friendly enough to enjoy these letters from unknown friends.

MY DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

You came into my father's house with your first number and came with me to the Middle West. You are more of a person to me than the people I meet on the street. It goes without saying that I approve and like you.

I write to thank you for the *loose binding* with which you are put together. You lie open when I knit Red Cross socks — you hold in one hand, folded back, when I lie down. Your binding makes a world of difference to a rheumatic old woman, and adds greatly to her comfort, and I have thought 'thank you' so many months that I am impelled to say it.

March 14, 1919.

The *Atlantic* has brought much into my life here in Shantung, at the outskirts of civilization. Its arrival is a red-letter day — a day on which it is hard to continue work till the evening shadows bring leisure for reading. It has accompanied me on many a wheelbarrow trip through the country, and has lightened many a weary hour when the Chinese were omnipresent. As the barrow stops to rest, the crowds gather six and seven deep around me, asking my age, why my feet are large, would n't I please open my mouth and show my gold teeth, etc., etc. Then I pull out the *Atlantic* and the questioning ceases instantly, and an awed whisper goes around: 'She can read; don't disturb her, she is going to read.' Finally the barrow-men bring me back from Africa or India with a 'Please, Miss R——, we are ready to go on now.' And at the next trip it is repeated. A week's trip finishes the magazine from cover to cover, and then there are three more weeks to wait for the next one. Please excuse me for bothering you with this, but it seems just plain lack of manners to enjoy a thing as I have enjoyed the *Atlantic Monthly*, and not say a 'Thank you' for it.

A pleasant note comes from the 'provinces,' on Franco-American literary relations:

Proceeds from the *Atlantic* essay 'Our Village' enable the writer to accept an election to the *Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale*, which otherwise would have been an unwarrantable luxury in the domestic budget.

* * *

It is not *Atlantic* readers alone who have their troubles. People who look like *Atlantic* readers have also to pay the penalty. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* thus unbosoms himself: —

SIR, — I remember once reading about a man in your home town who, you said, resembled a fish, I think it was a bullhead. I can recall another humorous and discerning spirit, Stevenson, who refrained from beating his balky little donkey because she looked like a lady who had been kind to him. Should I ever feel inclined to discipline a hippopotamus, I should have to desist for the same reason. And no doubt others would feel the same toward delinquent walruses and frogs. As for myself, I seem to have a different look, but quite as awful; in fact, an *Atlantic Monthly* expression. How do I know? Listen.

On the train I see the boy approaching with a leaning tower of magazines. I feel the lack of restraint of the traveling man away from home and resolve to do something rash. I will buy a movie magazine and ascertain the chest-measurement and color-scheme of my favorite screen-actor. But no — the boy tells me to be patient — he will find it in a minute. And then, from the depths of the gaudy pile at which I am so wistfully gazing, he finally extricates a worn, dog-eared *Atlantic*. Meekly I submit, and so, instead of the snappy story I had contemplated, I am soon following a more decorous path and am a suitable spectacle for the trolley-car at home.

When no magazines are sold on the train, you will usually find me under the seat. This is not so much to avoid paying increased fare as to escape the sure-to-be-proffered *Atlantic* of the kind lady across the aisle. News-stand men thrust it into my hand when I only want a paper; and when it is not in stock, they beg to be allowed to order it for me! Indeed, I have been known to buy as many as four copies in a single month. It is a great financial responsibility, looking like a thirty-five-cent magazine. How does one go about it to suggest an intelligent fifteen-center, say the *New Republic*?

F. W.

* * *

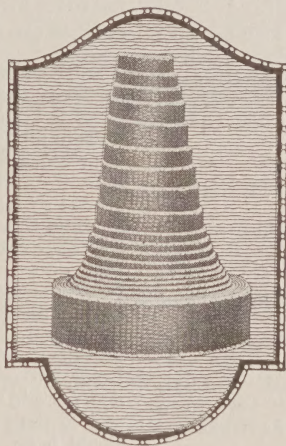
The tyranny of the younger brother, feelingly described by the author of 'Dar'st Thou, Cassius?' in the March number, has called forth other pleas for domestic enfranchisement.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR MOSES (See *Exodus*, xviii, 22, 23): — A very wonderful woman has written an article in



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your magazine about something she can't do. I always wanted to know a woman like that. We generally bear it in silence. Did she graduate from the lawn to the *Atlantic Monthly*, or did she try lecture halls first?

I've tried everything. I can't help trying, but I have a husband who pulls me out just as I am able to float a little. He dives in among the breakers, sets my feet upon a rock (just where I don't want them), and says, 'My dear, that lawn looks safe, but it is really many miles beyond your depth.'

When I get to heaven, I shan't stay there. I'll ask to be led to the Millionaires' Club where my husband gambols with the stocks, and there I shall watch his hand; and just as he is about to rope in another million, I'll say, 'That's dangerous, dear. These kind gentlemen will show you a safer deal.'

If I were not married I should look up your writer's younger brother; but the devil has united me with the other sort; and whom the devil hath joined, God cannot put asunder, if the League of Nations is to be run by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Yours in Truth,

PHOEBE McLEAN.

My husband's name is Peter. He likes to walk on the water when I am securely tied in the boat. Just now he's lost. If you find him, tell him I'm doing something exciting. That brings him home early.

He thinks God united us, but not firmly enough to keep me safe; so we recite the marriage ceremony every morning after breakfast, when he's home. We got a clergyman out of work for a butler, who is awfully convenient, *he* thinks

* * *

No puzzle column rewards *Atlantic* readers, but perhaps we may offer as an unpretentious substitute the earnest request of a lady who asks us to find for her a poem printed by the *Atlantic* 'forty-five years ago, on the left-hand page near the top of the first column.' The poem itself was a translation from the Greek, expressing in some twenty lines the grief of a mother over the death of her son, with touching mention of his empty garments.

The query stumps us, but perhaps somebody knows the *Atlantic* better than we do.

* * *

We have received an earnest communication from a gentleman describing himself as British by birth and nationality, who criticizes somewhat severely the *Atlantic's* 'treatment of the Balkan question,' on the ground that 'the articles concerning this important and rather ignored question have

all been decidedly pro-Bulgarian, and most of them very anti-Serbian and anti-Greek.' Further, he declares Mr. James D. Bouchier to be 'the more dangerous exponent of Bulgarian demands, because he knows his subject very thoroughly, and the statements in his article in your March issue are due . . . not to lack of correct data on the subject.'

Certainly Mr. Bouchier's data are correct. His reputation as a correspondent of the highest class has been secure for twenty years. His deductions, like anybody's else, are open to argument, and we are quite willing to let his pro-Greek and pro-Serbian critical state the case against him. He says, —

During the Balkan Wars the London press was decidedly Bulgarophil (and largely owing to the 'Jewish influence' which Mr. Bouchier mentions in his article); but while the Balkan Peace Conference was sitting in London (December 1912 to April 1913), the Bulgarian delegates proved so intractable — the Serbian, Montenegrin and Greek delegates were on the best terms with one another, and even the Turkish delegates were quite conciliatory — that they were distrusted and disliked by all the Englishmen, including Sir Edward Grey, who came in contact with them. Mr. Bouchier is correct in stating that the Entente could have at one time obtained Bulgarian support during the present war; but he does not add that this aid would have been at the cost of their valiant Serbian allies, and that it would have absolutely prevented Greece from joining them; and while the Greeks did not help the Entente at first, their later help was so efficient that they bore a most important part in utterly routing the Bulgarians, and thus hastening the end of the war on the Near Eastern and Western Fronts. But it is to Mr. Bouchier's Bulgarian claims that I take especial exception, and particularly to his suggestion that the Carnegie Commission should again report upon the Balkan question. Of course, all Balkan matters are now being equitably adjusted at the Paris Conference; it is rather that I wish your readers could have other views than these very Bulgarophil ones, and I trust that the *Atlantic* will soon publish something giving Serbian or Greek views on this interesting subject.

* * *

In reply to scores of inquiries we are glad to announce that Mrs. Cornelia Parker's life of her husband, the late Carleton H. Parker, of which less than half has been published in the *Atlantic*, will be ready in the latter part of May. The volume may then be had of the publishers, the Atlantic Monthly Press — price \$2.00. Orders will be filled in their sequence.



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1919

PORTRAIT OF A VILLAGE

BY A VILLAGER

I

SOME future social historian of America is going to be struck by the fact that our civilization has achieved decay — has even, in spots and patches, achieved ruin, squalid or picturesque — without ever having quite achieved maturity. He will not be able merely to describe the fact, and puzzle his head over it as a human being would: being a historian, he will hold himself obliged to put a theory to his fact, for the next historian to discard. And then there will be a zealously professional controversy; and it will be proved successively in the historical journals, with footnotes, that the cause was industrialism, that the cause was the war, that the cause was feminism, that the cause was immigration, prohibition, Christian Science, the automobile, the high cost of living, race-suicide, over-population. And in the end, the final and definitive historian will add up all these errors and calculate the average of them and call it the final and definitive truth; and history can then betake itself in peace to the fundamental causes of the war of 1938 between Czecho-Slovakia and the iniquitously compounded Polish Empire.

Anyway, the fact is so. It is so in our village of Chiswick — which is, I venture to say, a good nine tenths of all

America outside the cities, the larger manufacturing towns, and the places which, having been frontiers yesterday, have not yet lost the shine of their first varnish. I know — for I live here — that we are going down hills we have never got to the top of, burning bridges we have never crossed, discarding ideas we have never applied in practice, and generally doddering before we have grown up.

It is impossible to live here — and remember all the while that 'here' is a generous slice of the whole United States — without feeling that the community existed from its inception expressly to create something that has never got created, but nevertheless is to be sought back somewhere in the past; something that would have served, if only we could have brought it off, as our moral and æsthetic equivalent of a Golden Age, a Renaissance, a Cinquecento. We needed only to grow on in our pure rusticity to become urbane — for does not any homogeneous and uninterrupted tradition produce urbanity in the end? If we had gone a little deeper into the soil, we should have dug out the arts as well as the stones; if we had kept up the spelling-bee and the parlor melodeon, we should have evolved presently a decent and comely speech, a Choral Union, and a really first-rate two-manual organ; perhaps even a local

poet (though an editor is more needed, to tell the truth) and a creditable teacher of music; if we had hung on to our Georgian and Colonial houses, we should have given the new arrivals something to build up to, and found out ourselves how lucky we had been born; if we had kept our Sheraton and Heppelwhite, we might have understood it by this time, and it would in the natural course have outlasted the abominations of the haircloth and wax-garden-under-glass period.

None of these desirable consummations came to pass. Instead, we get what we deserve. Last week an Italian cobbler, eight years from Naples, bought the best surviving Colonial house on Main Street; he will ingeniously cut it up into three 'rents' at thirty dollars apiece, and then he will overhang it with a three-decker in the backyard — to do which he will destroy incidentally three elms planted by a one-time Governor of Connecticut in 1803, said Governor having been then in his eleventh year. (I happen to know that it cost his last surviving descendant eight hundred dollars to bring those elms, and their coevals in front, through the blight of 1910-12.) The Sheraton and Heppelwhite have gone to the city collectors; the haircloth and wax flowers remain, or have been replaced, for the wrong reasons, with worse things. The spelling-bee disintegrated into the fantastic zoölogical dances of a few years back — the various nondescript bunny-hugs and grizzly bears and their descendants. And as for comely speech, urbanity, and the arts —

We chew spearmint. The flavor lasts.

II

Consider, for example, the single matter of the church. The hierarchy of organized religion is seven times represented among us — or was until, lately,

the Baptists suspended operations because their membership of seven was reduced by death to six. The surviving six will continue to hold the property, tax-free, because that is getting something for nothing; but they will use it no more, and the parsonage will stand untenanted until it crumbles, because, if it were inhabited by another than the pastor, the entire property would cease to be tax-free. The Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Unitarians, and Presbyterians still continue — I will not say active, but — operative. Consider, then, for example, this single matter of the church.

Anybody with half a historical eye can see that the predestined function of the Christian church in the New England village was to destroy, by very gradual seepage and attrition, all that was deadening and corrosive in that spirit which the church itself had once generated and which it was long guilty of perpetuating — the outworn obscurantism of the Puritan. It was only historical and poetic justice that the church should atone for its own errors of misdirected influence, and fulfill itself in the lives of the people, by unteaching them dullness, sanctimoniousness, gloom, and religiosity, and teaching them open-mindedness, charity, laughter, and religion. It happens that I am able to supply a concrete enough example of just how it was to do this.

Oddly, perhaps, it is the Congregational church, and not the Episcopalian, which, in Chiswick, has the greatest prestige and social leverage. The newcomer's signal of wishing to be taken into 'society' — supposing him to be an informed newcomer — is a brisk attendance at the Sunday morning services of the Congregational church.

It so happened that, some seven or eight years ago, the Congregational church had a great man for its pastor; one of the few really interesting men

who have come out of Chiswick in the last generation. Vaughn grew up in Chiswick; then, after college and divinity school, he came back to it sufficiently a foreigner to be not altogether without honor; and he married, in Chiswick, — through no wish to make to himself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, — the daughter of the county boss. It was here also that he grew, together with his first flaxen moustache, two hobbies and a passion. His passion was the belief that public worship can and, for the future of civilization, must be made a deliberate and creative fine art.

One of his hobbies was American and rural applications of the principles of goodness in ecclesiastical architecture. Having a fine 1825 white church on the village green to start with, and a harmonious Colonial house beside it, he tore down the parsonage opposite, a ghastly bit of late Victorian jerry-building, and put up a new parsonage that subtly balanced, without exactly imitating, the Colonial house aforesaid. Chiswick has now the loveliest green in this part of the state.

Vaughn's other hobby was a row of tall trees (still non-existent) round the county insane asylum a mile up the state road. An asylum that is set on an hill cannot be hid — at least, not all in a moment. Vaughn thought that, if he could prevail on the (then) superintendent to start a row of saplings, that particular brick monstrosity might be hid from, say, the grand-children of his contemporary Chiswickians. This object seemed to him fine and worth working for. That is the kind of man he was. I shall always be convinced that it was the material failure of this hobby that in the end drove him away. If he could have seen the saplings, it might have been enough to sustain faith. But after all his years of persuasion, cajolery, strategic approaches and retreats, all his vast outpourings of ur-

banity and tact, the superintendent would do nothing. His reason was that he could not comprehend what dark political intrigue lay at the back of Vaughn's proposal. All acts fell, for him, into one of two categories: (1) those which he could immediately perceive and understand to be harmless or beneficial, and (2) those which were subtly contrived to get him out of office. He could not understand the simple truth that Vaughn wanted to make his insane asylum less ugly: therefore the idea remained to him inherently suspicious. And upon the rock of this suspicious obtuseness Vaughn's nerve eventually broke. Vaughn could see himself devoting years — ten, thirty, fifty years — to intermittent efforts to get the saplings planted; letting the project resolve itself into a match of competitive longevity between himself and the superintendent, a whole cycle of superintendents — and in the end perhaps failing. The thing became a sort of concrete symbol of the difference between success and failure in his whole work here — and perhaps he was afraid that his hobby might in time degenerate into an *idée fixe* and make him one more harmless crank. No: he could not devote himself to a whole life of it. Life was too short, and there were too many other things to be done. So he took his wife and children off to a great parish in Chicago, where there was a little more of the substance of things hoped for. His departure was one lamentable testimony to the stubborn inertia of Chiswickian human nature — But you perceive the kind of man he was.

And now accept — in approximately Vaughn's own words — his notion of what the church could be made to do to the community. 'The average man of my congregation,' he would say, — Chiswick congregations contained men in that high and far-off time, — 'is a small farmer living a mile or two or

three out, coming in to the post-office once a day or twice a week, subscribing to the county paper, attending the Grange, going to church on Sunday morning, and otherwise doing hard manual labor all the hours he can keep himself awake. Do you see what church means to this man? Worship, piety, doctrine — yes, if you like; but there is something else, whatever becomes of these. Church is his last lone forsaken contact, from year's beginning to year's end, with art, science, the world he lives in taken as a whole, its relation to the stellar universe, the history of races, civilizations, and religions, the rise and fall of empires, the literatures and philosophies — in fine, the best that is known and thought in the world.

'This is an age of print and of the consequent cheapening of knowledge; but for my farmer it is not that. Outside the treadmill of his narrow personal routine, he has literally nothing except what the church gives him. He thinks not one impersonal thought, catches not one gleam of anything supernally beautiful or true — and how, without knowing it, that man hungers and thirsts! After righteousness? Well — what *is* righteousness! Generally speaking, I find the man who knows most to be the most honest; yes, and the most reverent. Anything that can be taught these people comes out in the form of better living; that you can rely on. . . . What you see in these men is the old miraculous passion for learning, unhappily long departed from the universities, and departing from the schools. Learning, to them, is scarce, and valuable; and their spirit toward it, given half a chance, is the spirit that founded our common schools, the spirit that drew a motley of youths from the corners of Europe to the mediæval universities; the love that men had for learning before the supply of it was big enough to have a price in the market,

and when you risked your neck to get it.

'Why, I have talked to these men on Sunday morning about some simple incidental truism of geology or astronomy or physics: and it seemed to me that what was happening to them was exactly what happened to a whole generation, a whole world, in the Renaissance, when the New Learning multiplied the world lengthwise, in time, by creating the past, and exploration multiplied it breadthwise, in space, by creating continents. I used to think that no race of men could ever again live through such stupendous experiences, or regain the excitement of them — at least, not short of establishing communication with Mars. False, my boy — quite false! Not a smattering of all this wonder has ever recurred to my men since their common-school days — when, being boys, they breathed the air of miracle normally, and remained unimpressed. They have forgotten, just as Wordsworth describes; and their world has dwindled to the few poor acres they plough and harrow. There is nothing better worth living for, or easier to accomplish, than taking them of a Sunday morning to the top of some peak in Darien and letting them stare — *for the first time!* — at the Pacific.'

And again: 'Dogma? Oh, well — who knows what he believes, anyhow? I remember a little of the consensus of error we decided to agree on at divinity school. The very men who taught it then doubt parts of it now — in good bold eight-point type, too! Do you think I am going to spend my one pitiful little hour a week with these men — fifty-two hours a year for the best that is known and thought in the world! — telling them how the doctors disagree and call names about thirty-seven practically indistinguishable modern varieties of Arianism and Socinianism? The answer is, I am not, *tout court!*

'Here is the church: it exists; it is,

after a fashion, a going concern. The question that matters is, What is going to be done with it? Is it going to do what it can, what is needed, what counts — and live and be wanted? or is it going to persist in all its traditional ways of doing nothing in particular — and die, for form's sake, in a saintly attitude, with its innocuous arms folded on its bosom? It has its choice. For my part, I have my answer in the men. This particular church of mine has a rather sound tradition. You talk with some of the men who have been coming to it for twenty-five years past; and (thanks to that thirst for knowledge we were just speaking about) you'll find them better worth listening to, on any of the things you may happen to be interested in yourself, than all but a few of your university classmates — unless your classmates are very different from mine. No, I am not interested in putting up a fence, bull-strong, horse-high, and pig-tight, between religion and everything else. The men are what they are, unanswerably; and nothing under heaven but the church could have made them what they are. Think what two more generations of this can mean!

Thus Vaughn, in moments of confidential expansiveness — Vaughn, with what seems to me his remarkable genius for realities, the specific.

And after him? And after him, a quite correct and stereotyped and amiable and inoffensive and, in his blind fatuity, an altogether ruinous young man of the world, named Holgrave. Two notable consequences ensued within a year after the Holgraves occupied the parsonage. First, the attendance of the farming men dwindled and almost totally ceased. There is this important difference between the church attendance of Chiswick farmers and that of their wives and daughters: the farmers go home and talk about the sermon, the preacher's opinions, and the new ideas

they have heard or been disturbed at not hearing, so that even the stay-at-homes receive indirectly a considerable stimulation and profit; whereas the wives and daughters go home to report that Mrs. Dolliver ridiculously wore her new spring straw hat with her old winter fur coat, and that the Callisters, who always came in the buckboard before, appeared this week in a Ford. This loss of precisely those men for whom the church could do, and had done, most, is no light thing in its net effect on a civilization so exclusively provincial and self-dependent as that of our village. It is a loss 'distressing, bitter, afflicting, afflictive, affecting, cheerless, joyless, depressing, depressive, mournful, dreary, melancholy, grievous, pathetic, woful, disastrous, calamitous, tragical, deplorable, dreadful.' — I borrow this description of it from the invaluable work of the late Peter Mark Roget,¹ and am fascinated by the device: why has it never appeared among the recognized stylistic dodges?

The second consequence is even more distressing-to-dreadful, inclusive, than the first, with which it has perhaps something causally to do. I mean the evolution, within Holgrave's church, of a small aristocracy of which the Holgraves are the centre. An aristocracy, as everybody knows, is a social superstructure reared on a foundation of bestness. But — bestness in what? The answer in this one case is as simple as it is alliterative. It is certainly not bestness in family: Mrs. Amasa Wallingford, who is a D.A.R. in five several ways, and has in her veins enough American patrician blood to carry a whole county election if every drop were a vote, is not included; while Mrs. Burnett, who comes of white trash and used to be a milkmaid (my wife insists

¹ Our older readers will not need to be reminded that the author refers to the *Thesaurus: a Treasury of the English Words*. — THE EDITORS.

she was a barmaid, but I think that is only her sub-conscious deference to a sainted grandfather's maxim, 'When you tell a story, tell it *good*'), is next the throne, and arbitress of the elegancies for all the region hereabout. Have we not seen her reign, nay pour, at a tea, in the newest and tightest of white gloves? Nor has the desiderated bestness anything to do with money, or occupation, or intelligence, or motor-cars, or domestic architecture, or furniture, or clothes, or æsthetic taste, or political influence, or even respectability. No. It is neither more nor less than bestness in bridge.

The inner circle consists of the four childless couples who play bridge for a steady and permanent avocation; the outer circle comprises the few intermitents who are always ready to fill in. All others are outsiders and negligibles. Mrs. Holgrave and the other three women play bridge three afternoons a week by programme and the other three by understanding. The men join them at it on most evenings and, that no moment be wasted, foregather at the parsonage on Thursday after the prayer-meeting — Vaughn's parsonage. And Holgrave's sermons and pastoral calls are the sermons and calls of a man dreamily preoccupied with the ingenuities of minor tenaces and grand slams and discarding from strength. The bridge crowd professes to find his sermons inspiring. All I know is, some of

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

Holgrave is, as I have said, a very amiable young man, and the theology of his official utterances is certainly more orthodox than Vaughn's. But it is plainly to be seen from his use of time that to him there is no God but a Game, and Foster is his prophet. Vaughn held the farmers, and their children ran to meet him at the gate. Social cliques be-

came intensely self-conscious in the air he breathed, and dared not raise their heads. Holgrave has lost the farmers; all the urchins in the village hoot at him in derision when his runabout sticks in the mud (a little thing, but it counts); and his church, the church that Vaughn said had a rather sound tradition, is become an organized feud of the social *ins* against the social *outs*, and consequently an industrious hive of — as the dependable Roget has it — detraction, obloquy, scurrility, scandal, defamation, aspersion, traducement, slander, calumny, evil-speaking, back-biting; and few are those who have not some petty festering spite. The strongest force holding the congregation together, next to habit, is the universal expectancy of trouble, and curiosity as to when and how it will come.

Meanwhile, Holgrave loses no proper occasion to descant on the evil of needless sectarianism — a thought so strange to our denomination-infested air that it strikes us with a brilliantly epigrammatic force. But, whereas, Vaughn would have meant by it that he saw in everybody a human being, and not a member of this denomination or that, Holgrave merely means that he considers everybody free to come and unite with the Congregational church, to the glory of God and the diminishment of the other Protestant sects — which is doubtless the same thing.

Who will say that this church — it retains still, in its enfeebled condition, more than the prestige of the other five communions taken together — has fulfilled any great fraction of its potentially civilizing office among us? It belongs to those farmers — my mind keeps going forlornly back to them — whose great-grandfathers made it and left it in trust to a faithless future. It had no sooner edged out from under the leaden shadow of Puritan repressiveness and obscurantism than — click!

something went wrong in the mechanism of its spiritual functioning, and it was converted almost over-night into an organism essentially worldly and non-spiritual, dedicated to froth and frippery and bridge, and the maintenance of a taboo — not against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but against the social ineligible, within or without itself. Into such an organism our farmer does not fit.

And he will never come back. Let no illusion be hugged on that score. He is through. He knows he is through, and flaunts the fact. In the Saturday night conclave at the grocery-store, a stock form of wit — almost a weekly ritual of ribaldry that must be gone through — is the derisive questioning of all by each on the subject of the morrow's church attendance. Not one of them means to go; hardly one of them but always used to go; not one of them but scrupulously and with suppressed wistfulness excepts the memory of Vaughn from his hard and bitter satire on all things churchly. He is nobody's fool. He knows who is his friend, and who is not. He has his formula, too, of a ready homespun wit not accessible to the gentle Roget, for the Reverend Doctor Holgrave's patronizing manner. It is this: 'Holgrave? Oh, I dunno's I want him around every week or two, spitting on me to see if I can swim.'

In seven years the Chiswick farmer has got so out of the habit of church that his principal mood seems to be a kind of cold scorn of himself for ever having had the habit at all. I do not know how to convey any adequate sense of the importance of this change. This is the first generation of farmers in whom the tradition has been broken — and it is precisely the generation in which the church first undertook its true modern office in the farmer's life: to civilize, to refine, to educate, to mollify the old hard Puritan rigor, to flood

his granite Hebraism with sweetness and light. The beginnings were there — and no sooner were they there than the whole process stopped, disastrously and finally. The sons and grandsons of these farmers will have all the old hard narrowness without even the semblance of piety and love of learning. It will be an irreverent, cynical, and materialistic hardness, and it will take itself out in driving hard bargains, worship of the prepotent penny, mockery of any sort of idealism, a worse than industrial bondage for womenfolk, — wage-slavery without the wage, — and the shackling of childhood prematurely to the plough and the grindstone. Puritanism without purity. The hard head and the hard fist!

And these youngsters of the new generation will not even have the Bible. This is one respect in which their elders, even the poorest and meanest intellectually, can never be impoverished. You cannot say in their presence two consecutive words from the Old Testament or the New — but especially, I think, from the Old — without catching the gleam of instantaneous recognition. It was reported one Saturday night, in the grocery store, that Scissors, the store cat, had commemorated that day by the slaughter of four mice in ten minutes. I seized the occasion to remark that Scissors is a mighty hunter before the Lord. Yes, the gleam was there — a rippling and applausive murmur ran round the group. The same remark would have left the younger generation inappreciatively dumb. This difference denotes another loss which there is no very great danger of overestimating.

But enough of the church and its lost and irrecoverable opportunities. It is but a type — the crucial and crowning one, to be sure — of all our Chiswick institutions, which have one and all gone awry and aborted just in the hour when they were learning to consummate

themselves in serviceable ministry. It is almost as if there were something inherent in the self-development of organizations which necessitates their passing into decadence by the very process which improves them. Disheartened, one wonders whether achieved fitness for life may not, indeed, in this sorry scheme of things, be only the preface to inevitable desuetude and death.

III

I am going to venture, while I have the courage of my discouragement, a guess that the future of civilization and well-being on this continent is in the cities. There is, to be sure, no more in this than the city-minded have been saying aloud ever since the Civil War. But it is a bitter thought for a country-minded person to be forced to — the more so when his own origins are of the land, bucolic. Once, driven to a year of residence in a middling city, I sacrificed untold hours — and dollars — to live where there were suburban open fields, even a cow or two, and a small arc of horizon. And for rest between-whiles, my thought turned instinctively to an ancestral farm near a country village, — another Chiswick, — or to a little cabin on the more thinly settled shore of a Maine lake.

. . . Wisdom's self

Ofte seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

But it becomes less and less fantastic, further and further out of the province of caricature, to suppose a modern Milton sending the jaded villager to the nearest metropolis for a few restoring breaths of quietude and wholesomeness, urbanity and ease. I thoroughly understand at last, under protest and against the grain, the remark of a friend of mine,

the librarian of a small town library: 'When I am done up, and want the most utter rest that can be packed into one week, I camp in the highest room I can find in New York City, and spend the week riding on Fifth Avenue buses, lolling in Central Park, and going the rounds of the galleries and museums.' To parody the remark which Conrad quotes from one of his numerous sea-captains, '*Villages* are all right — it's the people in 'em!'

This disconsolate view of the comparative merits of town and country as purveyors of sweetness and light is occasioned, of course, by my recent researches here in Chiswick. For I, like Vaughn, went away for a long term just at the age of taking everything for granted; and all the old things are now intriguingly novel and provocative. I have wandered absorbedly at will up and down the sprawling length of North Chiswick, West Chiswick, Chiswick Centre, South Chiswick, Chiswick Village, and Chiswick Neighborhood, not to mention Mt. Valiant (which is in the township in spite of its name), and Chiswick Plain (which is in the adjoining township, in spite of *its* name); and invariably I have found that every detail which exactly matches my previous illusions of what Chiswick must and would be like, is either a spurious importation from the city, or otherwise remotely derived.

For example: I find the old Hackett homestead in new hands, the very charming hands of two young persons who obviously understand that the roof over their heads gives them a Governor or two, a United States Senator, a distinguished Professor of Divinity, and a Major of 1776, to live up to. Their furniture is all it should be; they know what they ought about rugs, brasses, screens; even pictures and hangings — the betrayal of many country-folk for a whole decade after they understand

most other things — in no wise baffle them. Though they do not pretend to be farmers, they have whole rows of yellow pumpkins and green squashes hanging from the hewn rafters, whole heaps of baking-beans on the floor under those same rafters, waiting to be shelled, whole vast closets lined from floor to ceiling with all conceivable preserves, jellies, cordials — and all of their own raising. Aha! say I, here is discovery, here is fulfillment; here is what Chiswick can do when it lays itself out. What farmer from down the valley can have done well enough to bring his son and heir, in one short generation, to *this*? It is all the rusticities and all the urbanities — honest-to-goodness, home-bred, indigenous urbanities, too — coalesced into one unexceptionable dream of what life can, after all, be!

And what I found was that my gracious host and my most graceful hostess were young reactionaries from — I mean against — Greenwich Village, a little bored with the new spring styles in morals, and inspired to snap up the Hackett homestead very much in the mood of Horace taking himself off to his Sabine farm. With the aid of collectors, restorers, manuals, they had created the whole thing out of the purely literary sense of atmosphere. They were acting, not living — and acting most wondrously in character. But it was as artificial as a piece of *vers de société*, and, to the thing I had dreamed, as hollow. Reaping where they had not sown! What right have they to all those things? What right have they, with their carefully bred self-consciousness, their dainty mastery of how things *ought* to be, to dash off this symphony of themes wrought together in a technique which it is for time and need and the turmoiling generations to evolve? All in a moment they have snatched and ravished this foster-child of silence and slow time. The harvest is theirs, though they have

not bedewed the ground with their sweat; they pluck the flower, but they never sowed the seed. I had once the impulse to send them Wordsworth's *Admonition to a Traveller*, in large gothic, framed. But they would have had the wit to hang it over the fireplace in the hall, as a sign that they saw through themselves — and after all they are nearly the best thing in Chiswick. I have no grudge against them except that they have lived twenty-eight years without finding it practicable to let Chiswick, our Chiswick, make them what they are.

So throughout. The admirable and most winning youth in Mr. Jenkinson's store, who, charmingly but inscrutably, elects to ask *me* his questions on diction and syntax, ought to be a local farmer's boy putting in his nights, over books of law and saving up his earnings for a year of Law School. But he is n't: he is straight from Cornwall, and his inconceivably gaudy name is Athelstan Trebarwith. And Mr. Jenkinson himself, a still youngish man who has the profile of Abraham Lincoln, and is of all men here the most gently lovable, Mr. Jenkinson is from Denver. Almost everybody that is best has come from somewhere else. Sometimes one wonders why they came. So do they, sometimes.

And the indigenes — they likewise reap where they have not sown. While the stranger within our gates has appropriated our country best, we have appropriated the city's worst and tawdriest. We are not, in an important or fundamental sense, an industrial population; the sprinkling of factory-workers among us is as nearly negligible as you would expect in a place twenty miles from the nearest manufacturing city, connected therewith by a moderately quick trolley express. Yet it is from the factory and the factory tenement that our life seems to have taken its color — or, shall I say, its drabness? Our library, except for the scattering

additions dictated by Vaughn, stops short at Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Stowe and Parkman and Fiske and Sir Walter Besant and E. P. Roe, and begins over again, after the hiatus, at Chambers, Owen Johnson, George Barr McCutcheon, the Williamsons, David Graham Phillips — in short, the cocktail-and-limousine novel, Bohemian and eternally triangular; the sort of thing a factory-girl reads for vicarious experience of that kind of life from which she is most hopelessly cut off, and would still be cut off even if it really existed. Swinburne, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, Bret Harte, Bierce, Mark Twain, Kipling, Stephen Crane, Mrs. Wharton, Synge, Yeats, Wells, Conrad — these and many another simply fell through the hiatus. The magazine we read is, of course, the *Cosmocratic*. Of three hundred and forty-one persons in the audience at the Christmas play given by the Grange, two hundred and sixty-eight, by actual count, were chewing gum.

It was a native daughter who put Chiswick journalistically on the map by dismounting from the trolley on Main Street wearing the first ankle-watch ever seen in Connecticut. Our women dress themselves from the covers of *Vogue*, and our youths wear waistcoats of a flashiness elsewhere confined to patrons of the nothing-down-and-a-dollar-a-week tailors, plays of college life, and the more fastidious sort of criminals. Our houses are vivid with green plush and red near-mahogany. Melodeon and square piano and 'Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still,' with Brinsley Richards's variations, have been replaced by the cheap phonograph and 'Oui, oui, Marie.' In fine, our atmosphere is that of the factory town. We have not evolved taste out of our provincial vulgarity: we have simply replaced it by a different sort of vulgarity, which has not even the poor merit of expressing our own native deficiencies.

It was our personal luck — for which, by the way, we are universally pitied — to get possession of a house on The Ridge, at the western edge of the village, and facing away from it. We are quite four minutes from Main Street and the trolley. Before us, the land falls away in bold cascades and terraces to the bottom of a three-mile-wide valley, beyond which rises the low range of forested mountains which makes our western sky-line. These mountains are eternal loveliness, eternal variety: merely to watch them an hour is to read a romance crammed with action. One sees them swimming in ethereal detachment against vermilion sunsets; painted the uniform cobalt blue of November afternoons; hooded in ink-wash clouds, with only their flanks showing; rising out of the valley mists, with only their crests showing; sometimes near and menacing as a thunder-cloud; sometimes as remote and unreal as the smoke of vast Northern forest fires. And always they are clothed with loveliness. Looking at them, and stirred thereby to the world-old and universal impulse to help guarantee the lastingness of beauty by helping to renew its audience, I cry inwardly, 'What an altogether unapproached and unapproachable place to beget and bear and rear children!'

And then, as likely as not, I stroll down past the school to the post-office; and hear the language of the children swarming on the playground; and notice how the boys cluster round young Jimmie Aitkins, who is a thief and degenerate at twelve; and pass, not Pharisically, by on the other side when I meet 'Elsie,' whose eternal pacing vigil is a source of ribald laughter to all. And then I go back to my hills, and sit down and wonder grotesquely why no law-court of Christendom judges complicity in the procreation of the species as the act of a dangerous madman, and a crime against humanity.

HIGHLAND ANNALS

II. CORETTA AND AUTUMN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

By pleasant gradations the families on my farm ceased to look upon me as a mere outsider occasionally invading my own territory. Their boundaries of courteous but impassable defense receded, until I could sit by their fires without feeling that invisible doors had been suddenly locked all about me. They welcomed me without the reserve of a key in the pocket. Coretta went so far as to say she did not care how long I 'stayed in'; and Coretta's opinions always echoed the hearth voice of the clan.

But it was because of Coretta that I sometimes looked at the horizon with the desire for flight upon me. One delight of my life in the highlands was a release from the clock. With prudent infrequency, I could make the night my own. If the soul made imperial clamor, it could be satisfied without damage to worldly schedules. But as surely as I made the star-pointed hours my mates of fortune, and saw them paling off toward dawn, dropping into a sleep that I meant should last until noon, just so surely an early daylight voice would bring me tumbling from bed, and down the crumpling and confining stairs, to unbar the door and find out whose barn was burning, or whose baby was 'bad off.' Sometimes Sam, more often Katy, would be smiling on the step. Coretta wanted to borrow such or such an

article for breakfast. It was always something without which no mountain breakfast could proceed, and the borrower, possessed of it, would go blithely off, leaving me to a broken day.

For months I tried to lead Coretta into the habit of doing her borrowing the day before. 'Come at midnight, if you wish, but leave me my mornings.'

She would promise; then it would happen again — the violent waking, with its sequence of futile hours. And she could not understand why her excuses, so confidently proffered, did not satisfy me.

'But I did n't know the salt was out till I looked on the shelf, an' we could n't eat biscuits 'thout salt in 'em.'

Or, 'That man come after supper to see about sellin' the cow, an' we talked so late I clean forgot we did n't have a speck o' coffee for breakfast.'

Or, 'I was sure there wassody enough to put in the bread, an' there was the box plumb empty.'

Or, 'Uncle Rann got in last night. We did n't have a dust o' flour, an' I could n't set him down to pone-bread an' him come all the way from Madison to see us.'

Once, after a particularly disastrous offense, she showed a slight exasperation over my failure to get her point of view.

'But Sam *had* to git to the ploughin' early, an' you only had to jest set an' write!'

That moment ended my vain rebellion. I accepted fate and Coretta; which done, it was an easy matter to become very fond of her. She had a bluebell prettiness that never failed in any light or under any stress. It seemed so fragile, that I was always expecting it to vanish, or break into a mosaic legend of itself; but it never did. One day, looking in at her kitchen door, I thought of her as the fairy slave of a witch, made to mix strange brews and perform rude incantations. She was kneeling on the floor, before a pan of hog's feet newly scalded. A sausage-mill, screwed to the table, betrayed its unfinished work. From the stove came the hiss of a kettle of fat in danger of burning. A tub in the corner held partly washed clothes, drab with grime. Children darted, dodged, and crawled. And Sam, no doubt, was momentarily expected in to a dinner yet uncooked. But Coretta lifted a face so unconsciously and incongruously pleasing in its boudoir daintiness, that I laughed aloud, and had to cover the discourtesy with sudden interest in the baby's attempt to eat a bit of shiny matter picked from her continent of discovery, the ashpan. Coretta snatched the baby and began to feed it in the way most fashionable where milk-bottles are unknown.

'If I could skip a year 'thout a baby, I b'lieve I could ketch up with my work,' she said.

But a cherishing squeeze of her offspring confessed immediate repentance; and I had to remain dumb before the sublimity of ignorance that accepted death and birth alike as the will of God.

Her own mind was making occult connections. 'Did you see the sign in the elements last night, Mis' Dolly?'

I had not seen.

'It was jest after the rain stopped, an' it was awful. There was a great white cloud with red streaks like blood runnin' through it, an' they 'most made

letters. Sam said he guessed it was He-brew, like the Bible was first wrote in, if we only had the preacher here to tell us. Nothin' 's goin' to keep me from meetin' next Sunday. I want to know if he read it an' what it said. It may have been a warnin' to them people to stop fightin' us; but I reckon we'd all better be a little more keeful about doin' the Lord's will.'

I decided to defer any unorthodox suggestions, and divagated with, 'What 's the matter with Irma's nose?'

'She fell out o' bed an' nearly broke it. I had a time stoppin' the blood. I was so scared at first I could n't remember the verse in the Bible that stops it right off, an' I run aroun' tryin' everything else first. Then I got the verse right, an' her nose never bled another drop.'

'What verse is that, Coretta?'

'The sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel. Irmie never fell out of bed 'fore this, an' it was time she did. I was right glad of it after I remembered the verse and got the blood stopped.'

'Why glad, Coretta?'

'You can't raise a child that never falls out o' bed. They die shore. Did n't you know that, Mis' Dolly?'

Her face was an eager flower, but what I saw was a glimpse of mediæval gates opening on time's mossy twilights. Was it possible to pass through with Coretta, and look at the world with the psychology of a vanished age? Hitherto she had turned to me for scant crumbs of wisdom. Now she was a-quiver with the reversal of our rôles.

'I've been afraid to tell you about such things,' she said. 'Some people jest laugh at 'em. I been so sorry for you sometimes, doin' things I knew were bad, an' I dasen't tell you.'

'What things, dear?'

'Oh, like sowin' that sage in the garden. You shore have trouble if you sow sage. You have to get the bunches an'

set 'em out, or else get some strange woman 'at's passin' to sow it for you.'

'But is n't that unfair to her?'

'No; she loses the trouble as soon as she crosses water. She'd only have to cross the branch by the spring an' it 'ud be gone.'

That was the beginning of my subversion, which was soon alarmingly complete. If I had given Coretta crumbs, she now spread me a banquet. Her store of folk-wisdom fell upon me in showers that sometimes took my breath. Many of her rituals were too complex for memory here to set down, but she had scores of briefer ones, such as her cure for a dog's tendency to vagabondage. With an auger greased with 'coon-oil made from a 'coon *the dog had caught*, you bore a hole in the gate-post. Then cut off a bit of the dog's tail and fasten it in the hole; but do not let him see you. If he runs away after that, you can be sure he was peekin' from somewheres.

She invited me to be present when granpap cured his mule of the swinney. Part one: we poured cold water on the mule's shoulder, then rubbed it with a flint-rock until it smoked. Part two: carefully directed by Coretta, we laid the rock back where we had found it, same side up, 'an' pine-blank the same way.' And we did indeed cure the mule.

But her remedy for fever was perhaps the gem of her store. You take fodder that has never been wet, grasp all you can in your hand, cut it squarely off above your hand, and squarely off below. Of the remainder left in your grasp make a tea. This tea is an unfailing cure for any kind of fever.

'Why didn't you make it for Sam last year, Coretta?' I asked.

'We didn't have any fodder that had n't been rained on. That's the trouble with that cure. You can't git fodder that has n't been wet. Every year I say I'll cure a bit in the dry, but I always forgit about it till it's too late.'

She was as learned in signs as in cures. 'There,' she might say, 'it's goin' to rain, an' I'd laid out to wash to-morrow!'

'But the sky is clear, and there's no wind from the west.'

'Did n't you hear that rooster crow when he was gettin' up into the cedar? If a rooster crows as he goes to his tree, his head'll be wet 'fore he comes down. But maybe,' she reflected, casting no doubt on the oracle, 'it'll clear by sun-up, an' I can wash anyhow.'

Her world of signs and portents and conjurations lay about her as familiar as her children's faces, or the grass before her door. It touched her at every point and turn of her daily life. And then one day I impulsively clashed through it and shook its foundations. I was passing Sam's cabin, when I saw, grouped at the roadside spring, Coretta, the children, and a young man who was holding the baby and lifting his shoe — yes, lifting his *shoe* to the baby's mouth!

'Wait!' I cried, with a suddenness that made the strange young man drop the shoe, though luckily he retained the baby.

Coretta began to explain. 'The baby's got the thrash, an' I ain't got time to take her all the way to old Uncle Dean Larky's for him to blow in her mouth.'

'Blow in her mouth? That toothless old man!'

'He's got the power in his breath. Jest blows in her mouth an' says the three highest words in the Bible. But I could n't go so fur, an' I've been watchin' for Zeb Austin to pass. He's black-eyed, you know.'

I saw that the young man was black-eyed — at that moment rather flashingly, hostilely black-eyed. Whether a magician benignly engaged, or a fool caught in his act, the interruption called for resentment.

Coretta was still explaining. 'If a baby's got the thrash, an' a black-eyed

male person gives her a drink out of his right shoe, it'll cure the worst case as ever was.'

'Give me the baby,' said I.

She was handed to me. I walked off, up the hill, where I could get a view of the broad valley and a sky clear with sunlight — as clear and welcome as the dry light of science. Coretta followed.

'What's the matter, Mis' Dolly?'

'Lies!'

'Don't you believe it'll cure her?'

'No.'

'Don't you believe — any o' them things?'

'No.'

'Give me my baby!'

The arrogant world of mind, for all its embattled glitter, surrendered to the physical fact of motherhood. I gave her the baby.

It was two weeks before I saw Coretta. The day was warm; I had been circling about a hot stove for hours, canning blueberries, and had thrown off my slippers for stocking comfort. Coretta came into the yard just as I stepped to the door.

'Don't move,' she called, beginning to run. 'Don't move till I git your shoes! Every step you take is a step in trouble.'

Aghast, I obeyed her. When the shoes were brought, and on my feet, she looked up triumphantly. 'I *knew* you was n't so unbelievin' as you let on.'

And my surprised and chastened soul agreed.

II

One summer, — it was a war summer, — I thought by personal effort and example to swell the national harvest. I had suggested, advised, and implored. Now I would dig and plant and water, hoping that a beneficent contagion would transform my land from a wasteful reproach to a prolific blessing. My ambitious programme was interrupted midway by one of those calls

that came in hurried battalions to those 'left behind,' and I had been a forgetful time away, when I realized, with aching insurrection, that Autumn must be in the Unakas. In my weariness I thought of her as a giant matron, seated amid her peaks, with hair flowing like rivers of copper, and arms stretched out with a vast tenderness to take even me to her bosom. And I fled toward her, my heart and mind exchanging jumbled murmurs of extenuation. Did not the country need all its farmers?

Coretta and her dancing youngsters did not meet me as usual under the white oak half-way up the mountain. I asked Serena, who joined me there, concerning the omission, and from her discreet evasion I surmised that a disclosure awaited me in Coretta's trepidant breast. It was several days in fledging. I ignored the mystery, and plunged into the ardors of conservation. It became quickly evident that my example was not to be the little candle that far illumines a wayward world. Coretta did not come near me; and one morning, when I saw Serena approaching, her radiance visible a hundred yards away, I knew that only one thing could give such a tinge of glory to her countenance. She was coming to announce one of her sudden journeys. Yes, Len had agreed for her to visit a sister who lived sixty miles distant.

'With everything to do?' I cried.

'I can work harder after I come back. A jaunt always helps me.'

That was true. She would look younger, by ten years, on her return.

'Can Len afford it now, Serena?'

'I told him I'd git the money from you, an' work it out when I got back. I can put in several days 'fore fodder-pullin'. I reckon you'll be wantin' some help by that time,' she added, with a glance at the beans and tomatoes in piles on the kitchen porch. By that time, indeed!

Her radiance began to fade. Was it possible I could hesitate?

'I told Len you'd never refused me *git*.'

With the money happily clutched, she turned a shining back upon me.

I started meekly to Coretta's. But so many evidences of neglect seen on the way brought me to her in remonstrative mood.

She was very busy sewing. The children were to have new dresses. And in harvest-time!

'I thought I should find you canning, Coretta.'

'I ain't got no heart this year,' she said.

I tried to recall some of the mottoes of the period. Every mouthful we save, and so forth. 'And your brother is over there, you know.'

She dropped her head.

'I see your beans are not picked yet.'

'I jest ain't got no heart.'

'Is that why you did n't keep the weeds out of my garden?'

'Yes, Mis' Dolly.'

'But I sent you the hat.'

Her head went lower. I had, while away, spent half of a much-needed day in search of a hat that would withstand mountain wear and weather, yet be pretty enough for Coretta's taste.

'And you let the pigs get to my potato patch.'

She turned to the machine. Well, it was my machine. I looked at the gay pieces of gingham scattered about and resolved to be drastic.

'I'm going to have the machine brought home, Coretta. You won't have any time for sewing until you get your fruit and vegetables put up.'

She was dismayed. 'Oh, I'll never git ready!'

'Ready for what?'

'To go to the mills.'

'The mills!'

'We're all goin' to Georgia. Sam

can git three dollars a day there. Katy can keep house an' tend to the young uns, an' I'm goin' to work, too. We can make 'tween five and six dollars a day. An' I've got to have the machine. How 'll I ever git their clo'es made?'

She ran on, but I shrank aside, looking about me and counting the curly heads. Our supreme judiciary had that year annulled the law of the people for the rescue of the child in the mills.

'Coretta, you can't take these babies—'

'Oh, I knew you'd talk that way, but please don't, for we've got to go. The tickets have come, an' we have to use 'em inside o' two weeks. I'm jest worn out workin' on the farm like a man, an' in the house, too. We'll never git a start here.'

I had no argument against the truth. Once I had thought of making Sam the legal owner of that part of the farm he was supposed to till, and had consulted the village wise man about it.

'Let me see,' he said: 'Sam gets the full product of his labor now, don't he?'

'Oh, you read the book?'

'Sure, I did! And you keep the place up? Pay for fencin', and the like?'

I admitted it.

'And the taxes?'

'Of course.'

'And he can't make ends meet?'

'No.'

'Well, if I was Sam, I'd injunct against any change that 'ud saddle me with taxes and improvements.'

So I had made no change. And I had no answer for Coretta. She was still talking.

'They'll give us a good house at the mill, an' furnish it too.'

'If you pay three times over in instalments.'

'When I git enough for my house, I mean to move back.'

'You'll never get it paid for, and if you leave they'll sell it to somebody

else. They count on getting pay from three families for every set of furniture they put out.'

'You need n't talk like that, Mis' Dolly,' she said, with her face all protest. 'I've got to go.'

'Very well.' I rose, and started out. Spying the hat that had cost me so much thought, I said, 'You did n't like the hat?'

Her face became an eager pink with satisfaction.

'Shore I liked it! Everybody says it jest suits me. I want everything *like that hat!*'

So my success had defeated me. She had been seduced by perfection. And I reflected, as I walked home, that even if one brought up in a morass, it was something to follow the twinkling of a very little star. I had seen in Coretta the flutter of a potentiality that would one day redeem life from squalor and give the planet an unquenchable glow.

The first shock over, I could not stifle the thought that the loss of Sam would be an excellent thing for me. I could replace him with a man whose ideas of farming were not inherited from his great-grandfather: some one who would not make me poorer every year, and keep my wits exercised on the problem of his family's support. And then, like the breaking of a soft light, the thought stole upon me that I need never again be roused from morning sleep to supply Coretta's breakfast omissions. Let her go her way. I would not expostulate; I would not persuade; I would not even be sad. My pillow should be mine henceforth.

But I took care to avoid the children. This seemed necessary to the anticipated enjoyment of that pillow. I kept away from Coretta's cabin, and when I saw bobbing curls nearing mine through the bushes, I had sudden errands elsewhere.

I had begun with the beans, fearing

an early frost, and remembering the many summer dawns I had preciousely invested in keeping the rows clean. They hung in green multiplicity, in spite of the choking weeds that had reared their heads high, unmolested by Coretta's hoe. In fact, there was a disconcerting abundance all about me. Having set out to be an example of thrift, opportunity hung from every bush.

In this hand-to-hand engagement, I lost sight of general aims and purposes. The fourteen points were laid by for later digestion. My New York daily, ordered for filing through a momentous period, served excellently for wrapping winter stores. I did not quite cease to look at the labor horizon for epochal phenomena; but one day, after talking with a farmer on the relative value of two varieties of sweet potatoes, the Texas White and Early Beauty, I found this penciled among my farm-notes: 'The Bisbee deportation is mealy for fall use, but the Soviets are the best winter keepers.' Then I began to have misgivings; but I crushed the seditious rumbling and kept on the path indicated by the Department.

Serena returned, but went at once, as I had known she must, to the fodder-pulling, and I had only an occasional friendly hand lent me for help. I had moved my typewriter into the kitchen, thinking that odd moments might go to the making of a masterpiece; but if genius gave a surviving flutter, its tremolo was drowned by the drums and tabors of conservation pomp. To Nature's tender surprises I became callous; and for her beauty that challenged obviously, I could say with Coretta that I had no heart.

Coretta, who knew of old that I rather liked sunsets, coming one day to borrow my last machine-needle, called my attention to an aggressively colored sky by saying it was like a pile of 'greenlins

an' 'maters.' (Greenlands and toma-toes — yes.) I assented so readily that Coretta flushed with the success of her venture in poetics.

When she was gone, I reflectively picked a letter from my batch of half-read mail. It began: 'Your last filled me with a veritable nostalgia for your mountain. The odor of ripened grains and fruits and new-cut wood overcomes me whenever I think of it. I see great white clouds rearing their domes against a deep, blue sky; and at my feet gentians star my way to you.'

I dropped the letter. Where was Autumn? How had I lost her? Like a spear-thrust the question kept recurring until the next day, when Aunt Janey Stiles came.

III

Aunt Janey lived over the mountain on Juniper Creek, three miles west of me, and carried all her supplies on her shoulder from the village two miles to the east. On her way out she would take eggs, butter, chickens, beans, — anything exchangeable at the village store, — and on her way in would carry flour, coffee, sugar, salt, soda, and lard. She had done this for forty years, and looked wiry and tenacious enough to do it for forty more. She sometimes paused for half a day, and once spent the night with me; but, unlike the neighborly highlanders, would never turn a hand to help me. She watched me work as she might have attended a play, and this did not make for the smoothness of my operations; but I was always glad to see Aunt Janey. Her attainments did not include a knowledge of the alphabet, but her mind sometimes revealed a glitter that made me think her brown, withered body held an old-world spirit, — Greek, perhaps, — a Periclesian favorite.

'I was n't meanin' to stop,' she said,

as her sack slid from her shoulders; 'but seein' the big kittle smokin' in the yard, I 'lowed you's makin' apple-butter, an' I like to watch it poppin'. Don't you quit stirrin'. I'll fetch me a cheer from the kitchen. The sun's as soft as a new blanket to-day.'

She returned with the chair, and continued, 'You've got to watch apple-butter closer'n a creepin' baby if anybody's goin' to eat it.'

Did she know that I had burned up one kettleful? Though I had tried to remove all trace of it, there might be a treacherous odor in the air.

'That's so, Aunt Janey,' I said; 'but I'm going to take time to empty this anyway.' And I took up a tub of apple-parings. I could utilize those parings in three ways, and for that triple reason I wished them to disappear quickly.

'They're tellin' all around that you're powerful agin wastin' stuff,' said Aunt Janey when I had returned, in a tone so intentionally colorless that I became suspicious and defensive.

'I am. And I could have carried those parings to Sam's hogs; but Sam would be lazier to-morrow than he is to-day. And I could have made vinegar out of them; but I'd have had to take Len from the field to bring back the barrel that Serena borrowed last year. And I could make jelly. But with all those fine jelly apples lying around in bushels on the ground, why should I save parings?'

'You forgot beer,' said Aunt Janey. 'Beer?' I faltered.

I had elderberry wine, and black-berry cordial, and peaches brandied in brown sugar as dietetic allurements — but beer!

'Best beer you ever drunk by a hickory fire in the dead o' Jinniuary. Stir, gal, stir!'

I stirred. 'But I don't drink beer,' said I brightening, 'and nobody ought to now.'

'You don't eat pickle either — to-mato-pickle, cabbage-pickle, beet-pickle, pickylilly, onion-pickle, pickle everything. An' you *kain't* eat much p'sarves, but I noticed you had 'most all sorts when I looked over your stock.'

'But the plain fruits and vegetables — everybody likes *them*.'

'You're a leetle short on some of 'em, ain't you? Had a nice lot o' beans to spile on you, did n't you?'

How had she heard? I had buried the contents of twelve large jars in the garden after dark, hoping that my influence as a conserver would not be diminished. How did she know? I looked up from my stirring and met a glance of Aspasian dubiety. She did n't know! She had been guessing. But my start had betrayed me. As soon as I was caught, she became sincerely consoling.

'Tut, gal, beans are always hard for a beginner. It was that run you took off at night, I reckon. I knowed when I passed you'd be in the night with it; an' I knowed they'd spile, you was so flustered. It takes a ca'm sperret to put up beans to stay. Leather breeches is safer.'

She took up her sack.

'There's a powerful lot o' wild grapes this year.'

'Is there?' I said, so dispiritedly that she put down her sack.

'Biggest and juiciest I ever seen. A body ought to put up a lot o' grapes. They're so tonic-y. An' they make the nicest jelly there is for the sick. Tarty like. Apple jelly's too tame for a stomach 'at's off a bit. Not speakin' agin youn, seein' you got such a power of it. An' namin' the sick, ain't you never thought o' puttin' up mullin? There's enough for Europe an' Ameriky too in your new ground, an' it'll shore cure that winter cough people has — cure it right now. If you don't mean to break off at all, if you ain't goin' to stop any-

wheres, if I's you I'd fix up some good yarb medicines. You can send *them* to the soldiers. There's shumake for a swelled throat, an' boneset for the ager, an' pokeweed for rheumatiz, an' spignet for consumption, an' a lot more I'll show you if you go home with me some time. Things to he'p folks, 'stead of a lot of stuff to chuck up the stomach an' make 'em sicker. S'pose you go home with me right now.'

'With so much to do?' I said. 'Oh, I could n't!'

'There'll always be something to do, gal. If we lived till we finished up, the world ud be full of Methuselys, an' no room for the young folks. Nobody finishes. They got to *break off*.'

She shouldered her sack and started, pausing a rod away for one more barb.

'You goin' to gether yer sunflower seed? I've hearn they eat 'em in Rooshia.'

Aunt Janey was right: I had the uncomfortable habit of hanging on for a finish that the gods would never uncover. And what could I do about it? There was one answer — Serena. She could break off without a qualm. She could sing the doxology while doing it, and give the Amen a sprightly reverberation.

Without daring to pause, I started off, stepping as briskly as Aunt Janey, but in the opposite direction. I would get Serena to come and clear away every sign of conservation, and I would walk on the mountains while she was doing it. If only I might find her in the disengaged period she would be sure to observe between fodder-pulling and sorghum-making!

As I neared Len's cabin the odor of boiling syrup told me I was too late. I arrived and looked drearily on the scene. A shouting boy was busily driving the oxen that turned the cane-mill, which was spouting with juice. More juice foamed in the boiler on the fur-

nace. Len, his seven children, three neighbors, and their children, were officiating in various or the same parts. Serena was skimming the boiling syrup. All the country round acknowledged her as the queen of 'lassy-makers.' She turned a heated face to me just long enough to say with the most cheerful of smiles, 'They don't give me time to make my beds.'

I was turning away, when Len stopped me.

'We've taken off one biler, an' I put a few 'lasses for you in that jug. Reenie, git the jug!'

'I don't want them,' I said, near to tears, and trapped in the vernacular.

Len was puzzled.

'But you're welcome to the 'lasses. I'll bring 'em up to you.'

'Not a spoonful, thank you, Len,' I called, already vanishing and hastening my steps unconsciously until I found myself running — running up hill. I did not turn on the trail toward home, but went out to Three Pine Point, where one could see the river miles away, smooth, effortless, winding to some hidden land, safe and far from the malefic spirit of industry. I dropped to the brown pine-needles. Quickly the woods set their magical currents flowing, and that sensation as of smiling veins crept over me.

Then I saw Nellie Ludd, or part of her. One could get only partial glimpses of Nellie in the woods — an upreaching arm, a strip of skirt, the sheen of her head. No, she was not golden-haired, or green-kirtled, and she did not lead the fancy back to Tempe and the vales of Arcady. Her dress was dingy brown in hue, and of cloth woven on her mother's loom, but fashioned by herself as fittingly to her grace as fur to the marten or feathers to the swallow. Her eyes, if ever you met them, you would find to be honey-brown, like the first falling leaves. Her hair was the color of

darkly shining smoke, and seemingly as loath to stay put. And the world she led the fancy to was a world which none of us have seen, but to which all secretly intend to go; a world whose picture every man holds in his heart, but will not look at in the light lest his neighbor come upon him suddenly. For, though we may have learned to love our neighbor as ourself, we have not yet learned to trust him.

It was a gracious chance that brought me to the Point just as Nellie was leaving it. 'Breaking off' was no longer difficult. That puttering kettle — how remote and absurd it seemed!

Descending late in the afternoon, my hills seemed to shine upon me, reflecting happy restoration. I passed by the pasture ridge where the silence was tapped by the falling chestnuts, and felt no impulse to defeat the squirrels and gophers of their prize. A bellwood crowned with purple bushels of grapes stirred no acquisitive instinct. I went calmly through the orchard, picking my way over the fallen fruit that no hand would rescue from decay; looked unwistfully at the pumpkins, cushaws, and 'candy-roasters' that would feed nothing but the frost; and from my cabin step smiled at the flaming wing of a young maple that was like a vivid aspiration airily detaching itself from the clutch of utility and the lures of bounty.

When I went in, Serena herself could not have cast a more contented eye about my kitchen, turbulent with unfinished tasks. The autumnal spirit had effectually bathed my lacerations. The box on which conveniently rested my little typewriter was invitingly near. I sank, a willing non-resistant, into a chair, and my hands mechanically sought the keys of the machine. For a few minutes I seemed to be having a pleasant time, with consciousness unaroused to the issue. Then I took out the sheet and read, —

Goodly Autumn comes again;
Fills my cupboard, fills my bin;
Piles the leaves beneath my shed
For my pony's winter bed.

Goodly Autumn comes again;
Mellows apples, mellows sin;
Drops the bars in every place;
All the world is out to gaze.

Goodly Autumn with her bread!
Surely now the poor are fed;
And in peace I may sit down
To my fill of white or brown.

Autumn is so good to me;
I will walk abroad and see
If the earth and if the sun
Sup as well as I have done.

'This is how they feel,' thought I, as
I drowned in placidity without a bubble
struggling overhead. 'This is why pro-
tracted meetings are held in autumn.
Ah, I will call my poem "The Season of
Piety."'

I began to feel like the good wife of a
deacon. Nay, I was the deacon himself,
and blushed in his elderly trousers.

With her usual ghostly suddenness,
Katy appeared.

'Mommy's got the milkweed in her
breast agin, an' the baby's all broke
out; she's afraid it's the measles an'
we'll all take 'em.'

I rose. Certainly they would all take
them. The season of piety was ended.

Both cases were happily light, and
when Coretta looked up from her pil-

low and said, 'We ain't goin' away.
I've been thinkin' what it ud be like to
git sick away from home an' everybody.'
I did not feel that a slight reproof would
be cruel.

'Stay? With nothing laid in for the
winter?'

'But you've put up such a lot.'

My heart, which had softened at
sight of her young cheek tracked red
with the whimsical fever, felt a Pharoic
relapse.

'You know, Coretta, I have had to
consider other plans.'

She was terrified, but unbelieving.
The heavens could not really fall.

'*You would n't let us stay?*'

'On one condition, perhaps.'

Her face shone with relief. She had
met conditions before, and melted
through them.

'What's that, Mis' Dolly?'

'You'll never wake me up again to
borrow something for breakfast?'

'No, I shore won't.'

'Cross your heart?'

'Cross my heart.'

'Swear to God?'

'Swear to God.'

I looked down at the lovely face, con-
tented with the thought of being sick
and *at home*, and my smile undid me.

'Swear to God,' she repeatedly feebl-
ly, 'unless, o' course, we're jest smack
out o' stuff.'

REFORMING THE LIQUOR TRADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A BRITISH LIBERAL

THE decision of the United States in favor of total prohibition, and the announcement that the British Government had arranged to increase the production of beer, were reported in the press during the same week. The one registered a great moral triumph; the other marked a humiliating defeat. During the war, the United States Government set an example by safeguarding its fighting men from the debilitating and demoralizing effects of drink, and the American people have carried that policy to a radical and logical conclusion. Great Britain, after a certain hesitation, imposed restrictions on the liquor traffic in the interest of national morals. It also began hopeful experiments in control; but no sooner had the fighting ceased than the government relaxed its grip on the trade, and we are now rapidly drifting back to pre-war conditions.

The first act of the new Food Minister, Mr. Roberts, a Labor Member, was to recommend the Cabinet to allow more and better beer to be made, and, as it happened, from American barley. At the same time, Sir George Roffey, a member of the Royal Commission on Wheat-Supply, wrote an apologetic letter about the inadequacy of the facilities for distributing wine and spirits, and also referred to the 'unwillingness of Mr. Hoover to ship barley to this country for the purpose of manufacturing alcohol,' which, said the worthy knight, 'has, in conjunction with other factors, reduced the supplies of barley for brewing to a figure which will only

allow of an increase of 25 per cent on the present barrelage.'

A few days later the government issued this statement:—

It is officially announced that the War Cabinet has decided to allow an increase of 25 per cent on the present permitted statutory barrelage, and an increase of two degrees in the permitted average gravity, to take effect as from January 1, 1919. The schedule of retail prices, which will come into force on February 24, brings within its scope all gravities on a scale ranging from the rate of threepence to eightpence a pint for draught beers in public bars. Bottled beers, hitherto uncontrolled, will be included, but on a separate scale.

The city of Carlisle, recently visited by the President of the United States, gave an encouraging object-lesson in state ownership of all breweries, hotels, and saloons. This city was selected for the demonstration in state ownership because it was near a great new munition township, where drunkenness was prevalent. Restrictions have now been relaxed, and the saloons are open on Sundays.

The contrast between what happened during the war and what is now taking place is all the more striking when we compare the indictment made against the drink trade with the achievement. Early in the war, the French Government, which had for many years carried on a campaign against alcoholism, prohibited the supply of alcohol—which does not, according to the French interpretation, include wine and beer—to soldiers, and restricted the supply to

civilians. Britain moved more slowly. The duties on liquors were increased, with the result that there was more revenue and also more drinking.

I

The first statesman to recognize the national dangers from an unrestricted drink trade during the war was Mr. David Lloyd George, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer. The little Welsh David, with all the ardor of his Celtic nature, declared war on the Goliath of Drink. In February, 1915, he threatened the monster with destruction. He said that drink was 'doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together.' When he started his tour, in the spring of 1915, to quicken production of munitions, he found evidence which still more convinced him that the Drink Demon must be put under restraint. 'Nothing but root-and-branch methods,' he told a deputation of shipbuilders in March, 1915, 'will be of the slightest avail in dealing with this evil. The feeling is that, if we are to settle German militarism, we must first of all settle with drink.' The next month, in putting new duties on drink, he said, 'The nation could afford perhaps a drink-bill of £160,000,000 before the war. What we could afford before the war, we certainly cannot afford after the war, and one of the things we cannot afford is a drink-bill of £160,000,000 a year.'

Yet every year of the war has seen the drink-bill grow. In 1917 it amounted to £259,000,000, and the estimate for the last year is still higher. Altogether, during the four years of war, Great Britain spent over £1,000,000,000 on drink. Economists and prohibitionists can speculate how much wealthier and stronger the nation would have been, if this vast expenditure on liquor had

been placed in war-bonds and productive industry. They could add other large sums spent on brewing-materials, barrels, coal, transportation; while the labor of thousands of people working for the traffic would have been diverted into more useful channels. Further than that, there would have been the additional saving to the nation which would have followed the suppression of the traffic. There would have been fewer accidents; less work for the police; more time for work, as none would have been wasted through drink; less lunacy, less disease, and many other benefits would have flowed from enforced temperance. Millions of tons of barley and sugar would have been saved for food.

All this presupposes that the British people would have accepted total prohibition. Mr. Lloyd George never contemplated prohibition, but he wanted drastic control and partial suppression. In another of his anti-drink speeches (March 25, 1915) he declared, 'We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink, and so far as I can see, the greatest of these deadly enemies is Drink.' And while Germany and Austria are down and out, Drink remains unconquered.

Speaking again on April 6, 1917, to a deputation on state purchase and prohibition, Mr. Lloyd George said if nothing were done now to 'acquire complete and absolute control over the trade,' he feared that, when demobilization came, there would be an 'irresistible demand to put the trade back practically where it had been before.' That would be a national disaster. He personally wanted the strong hand of the State to be there, instead of a powerful interest which had already beaten them in the past.

Well, nothing has been done to 'acquire complete and absolute control of the trade.' There is an 'irresistible demand to put the trade back practically where it was before the war,' and Mr. Lloyd George's government is a con-

senting party to the 'irresistible demand,' because it does not try to resist it.

The general feeling in Great Britain is that the government did not make the most of its opportunities. People in America may think that the reforms adopted only trifled with the problem, and that, while they did not expect to see Great Britain turn prohibitionist, even under the stress of war, they hoped that more radical methods, which would have prepared the way for greater achievements, would have been adopted. Public opinion in Great Britain admires America's thoroughgoing policy, but considers that total prohibition goes too far and will be difficult to enforce in a number of states.

II

When the increase of duties on drink did not check consumption, and after Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, failed to carry national purchase with the object of establishing a national monopoly, he proposed control. One of his first acts as Minister of Munitions was to set up the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic), in June, 1915. The chairman is Lord D'Abernon, who is identified chiefly with financial enterprises. The Board consists of Members of Parliament, large employers, several civil servants, a representative of Labor, a brewer, a caterer, and a doctor. I will give a brief account of its work as set out in its latest report. It describes itself as the authority for controlling the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor in naval, military, munition, or transport areas, where such control should be found expedient for the successful prosecution of the war. It has prescribed orders of varying degrees of stringency affecting nine tenths of the population of England and Scotland. The report says:—

The characteristic features of the Board's orders are the drastic restriction of the hours for the sale or supply of intoxicating liquor, the imposition of special restrictions on the sale of spirits, the prohibition of treating and of sales on credit, the curtailment of facilities for off-sales generally, and the application to clubs of the same restrictions as to licensed premises.

Other drastic provisions were applied in 'scheduled areas' then exclusively occupied by troops or munition-production. Prohibition of the sale of spirits has been enforced in a few areas, evening sale stopped in others. Hundreds of saloons have been closed. The Board is quite satisfied that its restrictive orders have diminished drunkenness, and has a sheaf of statistics to prove its claim. It encouraged the establishment of factory canteens as a feature of social welfare, and it made experiments in direct ownership. Its first excursion in the saloon business was at the government Small-Arms Factory at Enfield, near London. It was a successful example in the moralization of the drink trade. Next, it went to the north of Scotland, and catered for the men of the fleet in the small towns of Invergordon and Cromarty. Then it undertook a bolder experiment at Gretna—a small border-town known in more romantic days as a haven of refuge for eloping couples from England. Here a great number of munition factories had been built, and the Board bought the existing saloons, which undertook the supply of refreshment under reasonable conditions and in healthy surroundings. It also provided rival attractions to drink as a means of relaxation.

But the boldest experiment of all was the acquisition of all the breweries, hotels, restaurants, and saloons in the city of Carlisle and suburbs—a few miles from Gretna on the English side. The Board reduced the number of saloons by 37 per cent. Its policy was 'to

restrict facilities for the consumption of intoxicants, except with food, and to encourage the provision of food for consumption with intoxicants.' It set up 'Food Taverns' in place of drinking saloons. The report says:—

The Carlisle taverns exhibit considerable variety of detail in their internal arrangements and decoration, and the accommodation provided by each of them, and the meals and refreshments supplied have proved well suited to the several districts of the city which they are designed to serve. The extraordinary increase which has taken place in the population of Carlisle, and in the number of persons passing through it, together with the fact that there was previously in the city little, if any, provision of a like character, has, it is believed, prevented any case of hardship arising from competition between the State and existing private interests.

Sunday closing, which exists in Scotland, was applied in Carlisle, and the sale of spirits was prohibited on Saturday. No one under eighteen years of age was supplied with spirits, or with beer except to be consumed with meals. All advertisements of alcoholic drinks in the saloons were removed. As an experiment in state ownership, this Carlisle undertaking demonstrated the economic advantages of unity of management. The report says:—

The Carlisle undertaking is differentiated from the rest of the Board's direct-control schemes by the fact that the business side of it is not confined to the conduct of a retail trade. A large proportion of the licensed premises in the district were owned by the four Carlisle brewery firms, by the Maryport Brewery Company, and by firms of wine and spirit merchants carrying on a considerable trade in and round Carlisle. The acquisition of the manufacturing and wholesale business of these firms, besides being necessary in order to make the Board's control of the liquor traffic effective, was also expedient on financial grounds. From both points of view, the acquisition of these whole-

sale undertakings has been well justified by the results — great economies both of capital and of current expenditure have been secured, and the practical working of the Board's measures for the advancement of efficiency and sobriety has been facilitated. The Board have arranged a system for the control of the sale of liquor at the railway refreshment rooms, and they have had occasion to consider questions affecting the control of the liquor-supply in clubs within the area, and questions of the importation of liquor into the area. The management of hotels, commercial and residential, urban and rural, has also necessarily formed part of their work. The varied nature of the experience which they have thus acquired, and the substantial economies, not only in money, but also in man-power and transport, which the comprehensiveness of the scheme has enabled them to effect, are among the incidental advantages of the concentration in their own hands of the control of the manifold grades and branches of the liquor trade.

Judged by results, state ownership in Carlisle has been fairly successful. It diminished drunkenness. In the first quarter of 1916 there were 213 convictions for drunkenness in the city; in the first quarter of 1918, when the Board's scheme was in full operation, there were only 36 convictions, although the population had increased. If the trade had been thoroughly moralized, there would have been no drunkenness at all. From the commercial point of view, the Board policy paid. The cost of buying the liquor-trade interests exceeded £1,000,000, and the profit for the year ending March 31, 1918, after paying interest on the war-taxes, depreciation, and all expenses, was £167,915, which went toward the reduction of the capital account.

III

The credit for curtailing the production of beer and spirits as a war measure does not belong to the Central Control

Board, but to the Food Ministry. It was not until April, 1916, that the Food-Controller acted. The restriction, to begin with, was modest. The annual output of beer was reduced from 30,000,000 to 26,000,000 barrels, and there was a corresponding reduction in the clearance of wines and spirits from bond. The next cut was more drastic. In 1917, the annual output of beer was reduced to 10,000,000 barrels, and there was a further reduction in spirits and wine.

Then a strange thing happened. The government's courage failed. The War Cabinet overruled the Ministry of Food. There were numerous reports before the government showing that drink reduced the efficiency of the worker and lessened production. There was Mr. Lloyd George's ringing indictment against the country's greatest enemy — *Drink*. The supplies of food were not more plentiful, but the War Cabinet beat a humiliating retreat before the outraged enemy. Let the Control Board's report tell what happened.

During the greater part of April and May, 1917, the effect of the new restriction was not apparent, since there was a large carry-over from the previous year, and the rise in prices occasioned by the changed position helped in some degree to adjust demand to supply. These temporary factors, however, soon spent themselves, and it became apparent that the available supply of beer was falling very far short of the public demand. As early as May 8, the Minister of Munitions stated in the House of Commons that he was 'being confronted from a good many districts by demands for liquor and by representations and complaints in connection with the beer-shortage.'

These complaints increased in number and intensity, and, on July 5, the government announced their decision to allow an increase of the authorised output for the second quarter of 1917-18 (July to September) by 33½ per cent. In the discussion which took place on this decision in the House of Commons on the same day, the

Home Secretary stated that the increase was granted 'for reasons connected with the conduct of the war, and for no other reason.' He said: 'I want the House to consider for a few moments the grounds which induced the government to make this change. It is a fact — there is no doubt about it — that there is a serious shortage of beer in many parts of the country. Secondly, that shortage is causing serious unrest and is interfering with the output of munitions and with the position of the country in this war. In many of the great towns, in munition areas, and among harvesters, we know that the shortage exists, and there is unrest, discontent, loss of time, loss of work, and, in some cases, even strikes are threatened and indeed caused by the very fact that there is a shortage of beer. These are serious facts.'

These official statements show a lack of courage and resolution. The effects attributed to the shortage of drink are similar to the symptoms, according to scientific testimony, produced by the consumption of drink.

IV

What has been the effect of the control of the liquor traffic on the breweries and the saloon-keepers? When duties were increased as a war-revenue rather than a temperance measure, — in the expectation, however, that consumption would decrease, — the trade raised a cry of distress. It saw ruin ahead. Before it had recovered from the alarming prospect which it pictured to stockholders, it received a greater shock from national control and restrictions. This time it was quite certain of disaster. Nothing could save it from wholesale insolvency. Failing to secure public sympathy, the trade then decided to ease the fall which inevitably loomed ahead by more than doubling the price of the articles it supplied. Half a pint of mild ale, which cost a penny in 1914, was sold at three-pence ha'penny in 1917; so that the

trade left a large margin between the increase in the duty and the price charged to the public. Beer was heavily diluted, as was also whiskey, so that the difference in value was not fully represented by the 250 per cent increase in price.

The brewers resented the decision of the government to enter the beer business and produce a beverage at once healthy and harmless. But the brewers and their allies, the saloon-keepers, faced this new competition bravely. They bought government ale at 76 shillings a barrel and sold it at 120 shillings. Under the restrictions, the brewers were allowed to brew only one third of their former supply, and all beer and alcoholic liquors could be sold only five and a half hours a day instead of, as formerly, twelve and eighteen hours.

The government made a fatal error: while restricting facilities for consumption, it did not fix a reasonable selling price. One result was that a good deal of the discontent and dissatisfaction among beer-drinkers was due to the high prices they were charged for very inferior tippie. Another result was that the trade became gloriously prosperous — the pessimistic forebodings did not come true. Corporations which had long been non-paying concerns burst forth in an unprecedented boom of prosperity that pleasantly surprised the stockholders. To take one or two illustrations. One large combination of brewers, Watney, Coombe and Reid, was in a derelict condition. Its deferred stock of £600,000 was a drug in the money-market; now it stands at a premium and there is profit enough, after making all sorts of provisions for depreciation, excess-profit duties, and reserves, to pay a thirty-per-cent dividend. Or take Allsopp's. This corporation's gross profit in 1913 was £68,000; in 1917 it was £307,000. Before the war it made no provision for redemp-

tion and reserve. In 1918 it set aside £42,800 to a redemption fund, £50,000 to reserve, carried forward £21,000, and distributed £181,000 net profit. Like others, this concern had taken the opportunity to increase salaries, carry out renovations, and spend lavishly on maintenance out of revenue. And it should be observed that all these profits, amounts placed in reserve, and all other distributions of revenue, were paid after the excess-profits duty was met. This war-tax is payable on the profits over and above the average profits of any two of the three years before the war. First the duty was fifty per cent of the excess, and it has been increased until, including income tax, it is eighty-five per cent. So that the huge volume of war-profits brought into the coffers of the brewery trade comes out of the residuum of fifteen per cent.

The government assisted the brewers in another way. To save labor, it encouraged the concentration of brewing in fewer establishments. By its own experiments it showed the brewery trade how to economize in production, and paved the way for combines among the brewers after the war.

The brewers have invested part of their profits in politics and in publicity work, so that the end of the war sees the trade more firmly intrenched, more prosperous, more powerful in influencing public opinion, than it has been for many years. It played an important part in the General Election. Its agencies supported candidates pledged to protect trade interests. The chief organizer for the Coalition, the Chairman of the Lloyd George-Bonar Law Campaign Committee was Sir George Younger, a Scotch brewer. He selected candidates who received the Coalition 'coupon,' and he saw to it that most of those candidates were Unionists who were not hostile to the drink trade.

The election conspiracy was most successfully worked in Scotland, which had always been predominantly Liberal. Sir George Younger, in his capacity of caucus 'boss,' chose the candidates so wisely that for the first time in modern Parliamentary history the genuine Liberals elected for Scotland are in a minority. His success was facilitated because there was as a rule a Labor candidate, as well as the Lloyd George nominee, fighting the Liberal, and in many cases the successful candidate represents only a minority of the votes recorded.

v

The system of government control has won support from moderate temperance reformers. They have rejoiced for small mercies. It was the first real advance made in England in constructive work. In the past the liquor traffic had baffled the ingenuity of statesmen. The licensing system was simply a police system. It was negative. It restrained, but did not reform. Licenses for the sale of alcoholic liquor in saloons, hotels, and restaurants are issued by nominated and unrepresentative bodies of justices of the peace, who exercise jurisdiction over anomalous areas which have little relation to municipal boundaries. Licenses come up for review annually, and new applications are considered. Nominally the justices have great powers, but they exercise them with a sympathetic regard for the vested interests of the liquor trade. The majority of them are men of substance who have their own private wine-cellars. The whole system is thoroughly anti-democratic.

Under such a system the way of the reformer is hard. And things are so arranged that it is difficult for the trade to reform itself from within. Anyone attempting reform—improving saloons or transforming them from drinking-

dens into decent refreshment houses—is penalized. The only ray of hope has come to light through an institution called the 'Public House Trust,' run on almost philanthropic lines, under which the consumption of spirituous liquors is discouraged. It has been a successful demonstration in disinterested management. Temperance reformers in England have fought against any approximation to the continental beer-saloon and café. They have been against the revival of the old English inn, which was as much concerned in the supply of victuals as the supply of drink; hence the survival of the name which is the legal description of the saloon-keeper—'licensed victualler.' But the methods adopted to make drinking-places unattractive, in the hope of making drinking unpopular, did not succeed. On the contrary, they induced the worst possible drinking habits and encouraged consumption.

Two other demoralizing factors characterized the drink trade: the saloons fell into the hands of the brewery owners and became 'tied' houses, that is, bound to take supplies from the owners. Not only were they 'tied' for drink, but for every article consumed on the premises, including sawdust to sprinkle on the floors. There was a great boom in brewery shares, and the capital of the brewery corporations was inflated by the multitude of tied houses. By these means the drink trade increased its influence in local and national politics. The brewers ran election campaigns, and nothing was so dangerous to the success of the party as the hostility of the trade. Every saloon was a centre of influence and corruption. Candidates were supported irrespective of their party affiliations, so long as they were prepared to protect vested interests in drink.

Progress in public opinion, however, made some impression. A system of

reducing redundant licenses was introduced. A pool for compensating the owners of the saloons abolished was created, at the expense of the trade. But the reduction in the number of saloons did not mean a commensurate decrease in the consumption of drink: mostly the business simply passed on to the neighboring saloons. What had a greater influence in diminishing drunkenness was the rise of the popular tea and light-refreshment houses now to be found all over London, and in the big cities and sea-side resorts.

VI

A complaint by reformers is that the Board of Control did not take full advantage of its opportunities during the war. On various occasions official reports have been issued, demonstrating the deleterious effects of alcohol on the working classes. A report to the Central Control Board says, that 'to use alcohol as it is very commonly used by people who do not appreciate its limitations and drawbacks as a staple food for muscular work, is to run a great risk of damage to health and efficiency'; yet the government has treated beer as a food. It is superfluous to cite testimony against alcohol, to demonstrate its deceptive food-value, or its injurious effects on the nerves and other functions. The Ministry of Munitions has shown the effects of drink on industrial efficiency. A report on the causation of industrial accidents reads as follows:—

The careless habit of mind can be diminished by a stricter sobriety. There can be no doubt that the less alcohol the worker consumes, the better it is for the quality and quantity of his work and for his accident immunity. This applies especially to alcohol by the day-shift in the dinner-hour, and the night-shift shortly before coming on to work. The anticipation of pleasures to come induces lack of attention and careless-

ness, and tends to produce accidents. This applies to the day-workers in the latter part of their shift. The night-worker, on the other hand, has his bout of drinking before he begins work. He comes to the factory in a state of pleasurable excitement, which has been increased in many instances by the consumption of alcohol, and so he starts work under conditions likely to induce the maximum of carelessness and inattention. As the night progresses, his excitement cools down, the effects of alcohol, if they exist, wear off, and by the time the last spell of work is reached, he has lapsed.

Such testimony, supported by other investigations, would have justified the Board of Control in pushing its war measures very much further. The Board is apparently satisfied that it has brought about a great decrease in consumption and still greater in drunkenness. It is true that there has been less consumption, partly because there have been fewer facilities for consumption. Decrease in drunkenness cannot be measured solely by the number of convictions. During the last four years and a half, an average of four million men have been in the army and out of the country, including many thousands who, under normal conditions, would be liberal consumers. Sailors and fishermen have been at sea during the war, and have had to practise enforced temperance. Wine and spirits have been let out of bond in small quantities and strictly rationed. No new customers were supplied, no credit was given, and no treating allowed. Another cause for the decrease in drunkenness is that beer and whiskey have been so diluted that the hardened drinker could never consume enough to make himself drunk. The final testimony against the case that restriction has led to sobriety is produced by the trade itself, which proves that the variations in restrictions bear no relation to the statistics of drunkenness.

VII

The prospects of drastic liquor legislation, or prohibition, in Great Britain are not encouraging. A small section favors prohibition, but arouses very little enthusiasm. The various reform societies are neither well-organized nor united. State purchase, which would have been possible early in the war, is now considered beyond the range of practical politics. Prohibitionists would not have the State touch the trade except to kill it. Complete suppression without a penny of compensation is their policy. Other temperance reformers were reconciled to purchase, if accompanied by a referendum enabling the people to say just how many, if any, saloons should remain open in their districts. Many of these reformers now fear that State ownership might have the effect of perpetuating the trade instead of gradually extinguishing it, for the reason that this excursion into State socialism would be alluringly profitable. They fear that the people would not vote for doing away with their own property, because it would be a fruitful source of revenue at a time when everything taxable is being squeezed to the uttermost. They are entirely opposed, on economic grounds, to the State's paying hundreds of millions for an industry and then proceeding to kill it off by degrees, losing the capital which it cost and the revenue which it brings. The average Englishman does not consider such a short-sighted policy either common sense or good business, and he is against it.

When we come down to the constructive programme of the temperance party, Americans will think that it is far from thorough. It is an effort to preserve that good which the Central Board has done, and to carry it further. 'The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches' was formed four years

ago, representing fourteen organizations differing on social, political, and religious matters. It has four joint presidents: The Archbishop of Canterbury, of the Established Church; Cardinal Bourne, Roman Catholic; Principal Selbie, who represents the 'Free Churches'; and General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army. This council has agreed on nine points:—

Sunday closing.

Restriction of hours for the sale of drink on week-days.

Reduction in the number of licensed premises.

Increase of the power of local licensing authorities.

Control of clubs.

Abolition of grocers' licenses.

Prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor to young people.

Local option, defined as the right of a locality to vote on the three options, 'No change,' 'Reduction,' and 'No license.'

The provision of alternatives to the liquor tavern.

The only real reform measure in the list is the application of local option; but everything depends on the system of voting adopted and on the size of the areas selected. Otherwise the reformers' programme means little more than the continuance of the system of control in force during the war.

When we remember the recuperation of the drink trade, its strength in elections, and the half-heartedness of the reform movement, there is little chance of Britain becoming dry in a hundred years. If the Labor party were to adopt state purchase, coupled with a democratic referendum, which would settle by popular vote how many, if any, saloons were to remain in a particular locality, then there would be a steady reduction in the number. Much will depend on the women voters. If there were a clean-cut issue on drink, the vast majority of them would vote for

reduction, if not for total prohibition.

There is not the slightest prospect of a reform movement in Ireland, where there are more saloons to the population than in any country in the world. But there is a chance in Scotland. The Scottish Temperance Act hands over the future of the liquor traffic to the people. It comes into operation in 1920, and under popular referendum allows the people to vote for the reduction of saloons in municipal areas according to the size of the majority in favor of

enforcing the act. If the majority is as much as two thirds, the vote carries total prohibition. There will be a national campaign in 1920, which may lead to striking results. It would be a curious anomaly if this great whiskey-producing country should be, in part if not entirely, prohibitionist. The commercial instincts of the Scot might be equal to such a revolutionary result, and might continue to make and export for others the spirit which they could no longer consume at home.

THE CONFEDERACY, FIFTY YEARS AFTER

BY NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON

THE time for the ideal history of the tragic episode of the Confederacy is not yet, but it is near. We are fifty years removed from the last gunshot. That luminous clarity with which sympathetic imagination invests the past has quietly dissipated prejudice, quietly dried up the mountains of exaggeration which are now crumbling into dust. Never again will the Confederacy be regarded, either as a last attempt to recover the Golden Age, or, on the other hand, as an irruption of the Powers of Darkness. A great, sincere, immensely human episode, it revealed itself long ago to dispassionate observers. But only lately, in time's fulness, through the perspective of fifty years, has its whole significance appeared. At last we see that the revelation sealed in Confederate history is not merely something broadly human, but also something peculiarly, illuminatingly, American.

It is by virtue of the fading of our

illusions with regard to Confederate history that the path to clear ideas becomes plain. Chief among these is the passing of the illusion that the Confederacy was at one with itself. The old notion of a spontaneous rush of the whole Southern people toward a single clear goal, all animated by one thought, all intelligently aware of what they wanted — this has to go. Rather, it is gone already. The fact that the Confederacy was a house divided against itself engrosses to-day the thought of its best-informed observers. We seek final intelligence, asking ourselves, Why were the Confederates divided? Why did Yancey, before the Confederacy was eighteen months old, make the reckless assertion that he saw little to choose between conquest by 'the Yankees' and a continuation of the existing régime? Why did Toombs, sincere though hysterical, declare that it made him 'sick' to fight for such people as

controlled the Confederacy? Why did Davis, in bitter protest against the course of his enemies, say that, if the Confederacy failed, it would have died 'of a theory'? Why did Georgia and North Carolina have their periods of almost open rebellion against the Richmond government? Why, in a word, did people who thought they were in harmony at the opening of 1861 know, before the end of 1862, that in many of their ideas they were widely divergent, that their harmony was tactical, not organic?

One cannot answer the question without glancing at two conceptions of the Confederate episode, both, I think, fallacious. These are the old-fashioned 'Northern' view — or what has been so labeled by its advocates, perhaps unfairly — and the new 'economic' view. One is the idea that the South rushed into secession to preserve slavery, — just that and nothing more, — while the other is the idea that it acted under compulsion of a group of vested interests, that these interests used slavery as one of the cards in their hands, but that they and their purposes are to be thought of almost, if not quite, as is 'big business' to-day. Both views do their small part in the way of final illumination, but both, in the main, are inadequate.

The invaluable researches of the United States Census Bureau have established the fact that only one third of the Southern whites belonged to slaveholding families. Only a small number of families held enough slaves to render the institution economically important in their lives. If they went into the war to preserve slavery, it was because of something behind it which slavery symbolized, not for the institution itself. Few Southerners, in 1861, would have suffered materially from the extinction of slavery. The motives of the others, the vast majority, form the great

crux, generally ignored. And as to the theory of a group of financial barons using slavery as an economic tool, and forcing their section out of the Union merely to win freer business scope for their own astute combinations, this theory splits on the rock of political geography. If such combinations of capital really existed, — if there was a cotton-trust, or a rice-trust, or a slave-trust, — the reality of the democratic temper in a very large part, at least, of the South, halts the student who would use this easy dogma to explain the movement of 1861.

The discovery that the Southerners held widely different views upon slavery — that the Confederacy lacked, as the corner-stone of its economy, a general agreement upon this vital question — is the first step toward a true conception of its history. There has not been sufficient distinguishing between the economic interest in slavery and the regard for slavery as a symbol, the belief that one had a right to hold slaves if one wanted to. And, again, there must be differentiation in the latter idea. It includes several distinct attitudes. Many a Southerner, accepting slavery as a social axiom, looked on interference with it — paradoxical as this still appears to some observers — as curtailment of the inalienable democratic right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Then, too, there can be no doubt that, in the minds of hosts of Southerners, the whole agitation against slavery seemed merely a foreign intervention in their domestic affairs. The precise theme of the intervention — whether the right to own a slave, or the right to wear a silk hat — mattered to these people nothing at all.

At least one other attitude is also clearly discernible. An acute observer, a Confederate veteran, once said to me, 'When I was serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, I took great inter-

est in finding out why mountaineers and poor whites, men who had never owned a slave, men who had no interest in slavery, were as keen for the war as any of us. I concluded that it was a war of caste. Rightly or wrongly, they had the notion that, if the North won, they would be reduced to the level of the negro. They were animated by an intense racial feeling. They fought for the racial idea.'

Here, then, are five clearly distinguished attitudes toward slavery, toward the economic corner-stone of the Confederacy. And they are so unlike that in expressing them irreconcilable differences might readily appear. For example: what of common thinking was there uniting the magnate wanting slavery for trust purposes and the peasant mountaineer conceiving slavery merely as a racial symbol? How easily these two might become enemies! In fact, the five attitudes here indicated have, if you look closely, but one genuinely common factor. All desired the silencing of external interference with the 'peculiar institution.' But as to how, among themselves, they should regard that institution, what common view can be found?

We have touched the heart of the matter. Whatever else it was, the Confederacy was a political movement, conceived in opposition. It was a negative movement. It was not, in the true sense, a creative expression of a people's life; it was a desperate attempt made by widely dissimilar groups to throw back powerful influences invading their territory. Again, its coherency was tactical, not organic.

It is this fact that gives to 1861 its distinctive color. For fifteen years, ever since the beginning of the Mexican imbroglio, the Southern politicians had fought a defensive battle without clearly appreciating what they were about. One of the overlooked duties of the his-

torian of American politics is to account for this lapse of the analytical faculty. Though the leaders of the South from 1850 to 1860 were not, to be sure, of the same calibre as its earlier leaders, they were men of conspicuous abilities. Toombs, Stephens, Yancey, Benjamin, Davis, these men had mind. Why did they fail to distinguish between the sort of bond that held them together — the bond of a common denial — and that other sort of bond, the lack of which became apparent soon after they seceded — the bond of organic union in creative assertion? The problem is part of a wider problem, of that lack of searching mentality which — if truth must out — troubles us at many a turn in the mid-century of American politics. A certain visionariness, a certain absence of realism, an easy belief in one's fate, joined with a universal literary tendency, vividly felt but not highly cultivated, — a rhetorical tendency, — explains much when conceived as the background of our mental being about 1850, about the time when the older, closer-knit intelligences — Calhoun, Webster, and the rest — passed away. It was in a mental atmosphere compounded in no small part of rhetoric, dogmas, and excessive optimism, that the Confederacy was born.

With the leaders united only in opposition, and with their positive beliefs held in abeyance while a negative programme, the work of an opposition, was pushed forward, the Southerners moved on from the point where their last great constructive genius, Calhoun, left them in 1850 — moved on, lacking constructive leadership, to the crisis of 1860. Their division into five groups, or more, on the subject of slavery gave no pause, apparently, to the leaders, to men like Davis, Yancey, Toombs, in whose thoughts we seek vainly for the subtle, deadly distinction between the political significance of denial and of assertion.

And not only was there no recognition of the inherent confusion on the question of slavery: there was also the same failure of the analytical sense on the other two subjects which, with the theory of slavery, formed the political creed of the hour: the doctrine of State Rights and the economic solidarity of the South. Had the leaders been different from their time, had they applied to their problems an intellectual severity from which the time had fallen away, who can doubt that the character of their episode — its color, so to speak — would appear to us, to-day, other than it is? But they were typical American politicians of the middle of the century. Accident gave them the opportunity to reveal through their actions what was then the typically American political temper. They seized their opportunity, and thus their tragic experiment has for subsequent ages an inexhaustible interest.

It is in their handling of the doctrine of State Rights that we discern with the greatest clearness their basic error, the confusion between a movement of denial and a movement of creation. And in this connection a shower of questions might be poured upon us. All of them would lead straight to the messages and papers of Jefferson Davis, or else to the utterances of his irreconcilable enemies. And all, at heart, contain one question: What did we mean in the old days when we talked of State sovereignty? On this subject, as on the subject of slavery, the Southerners had gone into a constructive movement, without making sure that they had common ideas on which to build. Their unity in denial on the subject of slavery had been paralleled by a unity in the negative use of a political theory. To check the Northern advance, they had employed the doctrine of State Rights. But, again, the same fatal defect that runs through all American thinking of

the mid-century, the rhetorical instead of the imaginative use of ideas had interposed to prevent ideas, in many cases, from coming fully home to their advocates. A strain that is almost dialectical — the political equivalent, perhaps, of the ultra-abstractedness of the Abolitionists — runs through the debates of the time, and allowed men to declare, with the accent of passion, ideas, the reality of which for their advocates was too closely connected with their rhetorical effect.

On this great question of their basic political theory many politicians were destined, in the course of the Confederate episode, to contradict, not only their fellows, but their own past. Who had asserted the State-Rights theory more emphatically than Jefferson Davis? And what among his papers is more interesting than that early message in which he vetoed a bill for accepting into the Confederate army forces raised by Texas and officered through the state authorities? From this time forward, the centralizing tendencies of the Confederate Executive, and the bitter reaction against them, are the central fact of Confederate politics. Conceptions of government, political ideals, clashed together for the control of a movement which, with every step of its advance, made plainer its lack of fundamental unity. And all this in spite of the fact that once upon a time all these men had used the same political phrases, professed the same political dogmas, met their opponents with the same train of argument. But when, at last, they had all embarked on that course where looking back was the vainest futility, they discovered how elastic, how ambiguous their theories were. For some of them, State Rights with all their implications — the uttermost stressing of the note of individualism — formed a real creed. To safeguard these ideas they were ready to die. But there

were others — and Davis himself may stand as their symbol — to whom, once Secession was effected, the separate rights of any one state disappeared, and the vision of a Southern republic — if need be, a firmly consolidated republic — arose in their place. To these latter, the martyrs for State Rights appeared mere visionaries, and their crushing a matter of course. To the true State-Rights men — the men in love with their own little countries, their states, who felt for them as passionately as any Greek or Belgian feels to-day — the Southern consolidationist was as odious as the Northern consolidationist, and both were monsters.

There is no understanding the Confederacy until we feel permeating it a double loyalty, an intense desire to preserve the general character of Southern life, and likewise an enthusiasm for preserving as a genuine political unit each little country, each sovereign state. The latter was the same feeling as that which now animates Bohemia, Montenegro, Belgium. But a time came when the two loyalties separated. And then the deepest tragedy of the Confederacy was revealed. The true State-Rights men found themselves in a false position. They could not go along with the Richmond government and save 'the country,' without lending themselves to a movement toward centralization, toward the rearing on the ruins of the Union of a consolidated Southern republic, omnipotent over its states. They could not draw away from that government, stand fast by the sovereignty of their states, without wrecking the general cause, paving the way for a Northern victory, for a revolution in the character of Southern life.

No history of the Confederacy can pretend to be illuminative that does not make intelligible the course of these despairing adversaries of Richmond. Among them few will serve better the

historian's purpose than a great figure, strangely neglected, Robert Barnwell Rhett. Few Americans have been more consistent. From early life, through a series of stirring episodes, he was guided ever by one inspiration — by a passionate attachment to his native state, South Carolina, and an intense longing to see her virtually independent. To-day, he would have made a grand leader of the Belgians. For Rhett, the doctrine of State Rights cloaked no ambiguities. His failures were not intellectual, but temperamental. To his bold and haughty nature, defeat was inconceivable. Advocating secession ten years before the war, he said, 'Smaller States have before us struggled successfully for their freedom against greater odds.'

At the inauguration of the Southern President, it was on Rhett's arm that Davis leaned as he entered the hall. But it was Rhett, his powerful following in South Carolina, his party organ, the *Charleston Mercury*, that, in a year's time, were bitterly opposed to the Richmond government. And as Rhett felt, in South Carolina, so felt all those in North Carolina who, at last, came to the very verge of open rebellion under Vance; so felt the powerful Georgia group, with Toombs and Stephens for their spokesmen; so felt Yancey in Alabama; and behind these a host of followers. Desperately, gallantly, these men fought on to uphold the sinking Confederacy, refused to make separate terms with the Union; but all the while, with as little faith in the Richmond government as in the Washington government, and fearful that the victory of Richmond meant the death of State Rights almost as completely as would the victory of Washington. It was in the crumbling of their ideal of separate State sovereignty, the perception that it was doomed any way they took it, — perhaps by conquest from without, perhaps by the consolidation of a military

despotism at Richmond, a despotism which soldiers would pronounce justifiable, — that their hearts were wrung and despair became their portion.

It is through the overthrow of the ideas of these men that the historian of the future will bring out the inner tragedy of the South. All the great measures of the Administration, — its conscription policy, its suspensions of the writ of habeas corpus, its bold*and sometimes ruthless seizures of property, its schemes to arm and emancipate the slaves, — these, and numberless others, always encountered some group whose sincere conviction compelled resolute opposition. Always, everywhere, a tactical, not an organic combination of forces! Few things are more sternly typical of the episode than is Davis's desperate attempt, aided by the great influence of Lee, to arm the slaves. Emancipation was to follow military service. So boldly had these Confederate 'progressives' departed from the programme of 1861!

But over against them arose all the questions that were doomed to arise. The groups that were really fighting for slavery fought this measure with the energy of self-preservation. The real State-Rights men saw in it one more blow at local independence, one more usurpation by the central government. All who wanted, for any reason, to maintain the utter subordination of the blacks saw the end of their purpose in the creation of a great number of free negroes, honorably discharged soldiers, decorated with the thanks of the Republic.

Thus, in a hundred ways, it becomes apparent that the brave men who marched so resolutely against the front of destiny, were all the victims of illusion, not merely the obvious illusion of underestimating the force against them, — serious as that was, — but chiefly of this subtler illusion, the failure to understand themselves. They had attempted creation when the creative force, the force of cohesion, was lacking. It is through considerations of this sort that the Confederacy will interest the future. The grand expression of a blind enthusiasm, driving on without correlating itself with the conditions of the problem it had to solve, and coming to a standstill in its own mind even before it was crushed from without — such is the episode as it is destined to stand in the gallery of the soul's heroic failures.

And yet, it has still a deeper significance. As this becomes more and more plain, the Confederate episode will overstep a paradox and will cease in the eyes of students to be narrowly Southern. Here, at last, is its final value to the student. It is a display, on a great scale, of the American character in statecraft. As history regains its insight, — lost temporarily in mere statistics, — as psychology, especially communal psychology, gives it a new color, the mere events of Confederate history, thrilling and dramatic as they are, will have less hold on men than the revelation of national character contained in the way its actors related themselves to their age.

CASUALTIES

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

TO MICHAEL

*If the fair promise of your coming's true,
And you should live through years of peace,
O son of mine, forget not these,
The sons of man, who died for you.*

I. ANGUS ARMSTRONG

Ghostly through the drifting mist the lingering snow-wreaths glimmer,
And ghostly comes the lych-owl's hunting-cry;
And ghostly, with wet fleeces in the watery moon a-shimmer
One by one the gray sheep slowly pass me by.

One by one, through bent and heather, disappearing in the hollow,
Ghostly shadows down the grassy track they steal;
And I dread to see them passing, lest a ghost behind them follow —
A ghost from Flanders follow, dog at heel.

II. ALAN GORDON

Roses he loved, and their fantastic names —
Gloire de Dijon, Léonie Lamesch,
Château de Clos-Vougeot — like living flames
They kindled in his memory afresh,
As, lying in the mud of France, he turned
His eyes to the gray sky, light after light;
And last within his dying vision burned
Château de Clos-Vougeot's deep crimson night.

III. JACK ALLEN

'I'm mighty fond of blackberry jam,' he said:
'It tastes of summer. When I come again,
You'll give me some for tea, and soda-bread?'

Black clusters throng each bramble-spray burned red,
And, over-ripe, are rotting in the rain;
But not for him is any table spread
Who comes not home again.

IV. MARTIN AKENSHAW

Heavy the scent of elder in the air,
As on the night he went; the starry bloom
He'd brushed in passing dusted face and hair;
And the hot fragrance filled the little room.

Heavy the scent of elder; in the night,
Where I lie lone abed, with stifling breath,
And eyes that dread to see the morning light,
The heavy fume of elder smells of death.

V. RALPH STRAKER

Softly out of the dove-gray sky
Drift the snowflakes, fine and dry,
Till braeside and bottom are all heaped high.

Remembering how he would love to go
Over the crisp and the creaking snow,
I wonder that now he can lie below,

If softly out of the Flanders sky
Drift the snowflakes fine and dry,
Till crater and shell-hole are all heaped high.

VI. ALBERT EDWARD HAWKINS

He bawled and shouted, like a silly lad,
Under the very shadow of Bagdad:

'Take me over the sea
 Where the enemy can't get at me!'
 He bawled and shouted to the starry sky:
 'Oh, my! I don't want to die:
 I want to go home.'

A slinking sniper shot him through the head;
 He spun round, homewards, with a silly stare;
 Then on the starry sand he tumbled dead;
 And lurking jackals snuffed the desert air.

VII. JACOB SMETHWICK

He sang in Little Pidgeley choir,
 With shining eyes and soul afire:
 'Jerusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys, when shall I see?'
 And, even in Jerusalem,
 He died of dysentery.

VIII. PETER PROUDFOOT

He cleaned out middens for his daily bread;
 War took him over-seas; and in a bed
 Of lilies of the valley dropped him, dead.

IX. JOE BARNES

To a proud peacock, strutting, tail in air,
 He clipped the yew each thirteenth of July;
 No feather ruffled, sleek and debonair,
 Clean-edged, it cut the yellow evening sky.

But he returns no more, who went across
 The narrow seas one thirteenth of July;
 And drearily all day the branches toss,
 Ragged and dark, against the rainy sky.

X. JIM PURDHAM

They fought and quarreled: fifty times a day
She cursed her marriage, and she wished him dead;
And then the war came — and he went away.
But sore she missed him; for no news she heard
From that day on, till, in some heathen land,
A bayonet stuck him; and they sent her word.

Holding the yellow envelope in her hand,
She fell down in a swoon, and never stirred —
Breathing her last; the telegram unread.

XI. PHILIP DAGG

It pricked like needles slashed into his face,
The ceaseless, rustling smother of dry snow
That stormed the ridge on that hell-raking blast.

And then he knew the end had come at last,
And stumbled blindly, muttering, 'Cheery-oh!'
Into eternity, and left no trace.

XII. NOEL DARK

She sleeps in bronze, the Helen of his dreams,
Within the quiet of my little room,
Touched by the winter firelight's flickering gleams
To tenderer beauty in the rosy gloom.

She sleeps in bronze; and he who fashioned her,
Shaping the wet clay with such eager joy,
Slumbers as soundly where the cold winds stir
The withered tussocks on the plains of Troy.

THE MILKY WAY

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

MILTON BLISS tipped the old rocker gently, and the yellow cat, clutching aimlessly, slid off on to the porch-steps, rose stiffly with a vain attempt at feline dignity, thought better of the square of bright sunshine in which she found herself, and with the magnanimity of her kind sprawled forgivingly at the feet of this rude disturber of afternoon naps. Her master dumped out the red cushion, coated with tawny hairs, and seated himself with a kind of subdued haste, manifested in tensity rather than in rapidity of action. The pages of the *Green Valley Herald* stuck under his hand, but he had it opened at last and found himself on the front page, just between 'News from the Front' and the mention of the Presbyterian church-supper.

Bliss had never seen himself in print before, and there was a strangeness in the words which he had penned as they spanned the lines set up in cold type. It struck him that he had expressed himself more neatly than he remembered; there was a terse elegance about the phrasing which he admired, and it set him thinking that, after all, it was not too late to settle down to the teasing joy of building words into magic sentences and paragraphs which should be read.

For the last thirty of his forty-odd years Bliss had pondered the same thing in a mild inquiring sort of way, which got him no further than the semi-occasional letters to Brother Henry in Milwaukee and Cousin Mattie in Portland, Oregon — letters which were, how-

ever, read admiringly by the whole family before they were solemnly licked down and deposited in that yawning crevice in the post-office wall. He often pictured Brother Henry and Cousin Mattie reading those letters in their strange and unfamiliar environment; it was a mild pleasure which relieved the dull monotony of dark winter evenings. The milk tinkling merrily into his pail and the steaming breath of the mild-eyed cows were no more his own than the white mountains of Oregon, with Cousin Mattie sitting somewhere in those eternal snows, his letter in her pocket.

But it vexed him that his best efforts could chronicle only the familiar comings and goings of Green Valley, and that, adorn and punctuate as he might, Mrs. Judge Brown's tea-party remained only a tea-party. Some time, he felt, and somewhere, he would find subjects more worthy of his adjectives.

Years before, when he had first begun to carry milk to Green Valley, before school in the morning and after school in the evening, he had not known there was so much life beyond. The soft horizons which spelled Wakerusa on the west and Little Creek on the north seemed at a distance which could scarcely be measured and surely not traversed. But now New York echoed in Green Valley, if only in the jargon of the traveling men; and San Francisco was but a few nights on the Limited; and of late the Great War had tightened the cords until Paris seemed no farther off than a trip to the county seat.

And yet Milt Bliss still peddled milk in Green Valley!

In the old days there was only a two-quart pail in each hand, one for the Flaggs and one for Abbie Barnes; but as the fame of the Bliss milk grew, so did the appetites of Green Valley, and presently Milton made over his old express cart to hold two great cans, a quart cup, and a bell. As the bell jingled its cheerful way through the shady streets, out would come each customer with her white bowl and her change. Then the ticklish business of pouring out the foaming quart was gone through with, the customer critical and alert, Milton confident and skillfully nonchalant, both with eyes fixed on the milky stream. The task accomplished, there was a moment for leisurely conversation, and all the movements of Lyddy Brown and her new beau, and all the incidents relative to the demise of George Hewitt's gray mare, were conscientiously and cheerfully detailed.

It was after Milton's father died that he bought the milk-wagon and painted it a bright and cheerful blue. Now he drove accompanied by from one to three small urchins, who dangled precariously from the steps and whose only excuse for existence was to 'help Milt move the big can,' and to 'run back with change,' reasons loudly proclaimed to doubting mothers.

So the years marched on, and Milton and the blue wagon, losing their first freshness together, took on the air of an institution, like the post-office and the Green Valley Bank. 'Once only was their punctual planetary course disturbed — that mild September afternoon when, passing the old O'Larry house, Milton heard frightened trampling and the swish of a raw-hide whip, and knew that Mike O'Larry was licking his horse again. Milton left old Nellie to nip delicately at the tall flowering weeds by the roadside, and went

to wreak punishment on the man who would lick a horse. As he explained to old Mrs. Flagg afterwards, in his slow drawl, holding his clenched fist up for her inspection, 'You see, those knuckles are hard, and the tendency was downward.' Indeed, Mike O'Larry wore a bloody head for some days, never washing off the signs of carnage until it became clear that the law refused to take action against Milton.

The yellow cat stirred in her sunny dream and stretched a lazy paw toward the rhythmically moving foot beside her, but Milton was reading his words aloud now in time to an unsung song:—

'To the Citizens of Green Valley. — I wish to state that after Saturday night I shall discontinue my Milk route for Reasons. Please Notice and Oblige,
'MILTON BLISS.'

As he came to the end of the line, he heard voices in the front room, and knew his sister was attempting to explain his course to some neighbor.

'I don't just know myself,' she was saying. 'Milt's queer, you know. Takes right after Uncle Jabe. Lately it's seemed to worry him getting up so early and all. I guess we're all getting on in years.'

Milton chuckled at her predicament and stooped to pat the yellow cat. He would let it leak out about to-morrow, but not before, and then there would be a week or two to taste the full flavor of the town's surprise. 'Getting on in years,' indeed, and he as sound and good as a nut — the examining doctor had said so himself. Once the uniform was on, they would all see how straight and true he had kept himself. See, and wonder, and admire; and Milton hummed a phrase from 'Marching through Georgia,' as he marched toward the barn, a pail in each hand.

All these years Green Valley had taken him and his wagon and his Jersey milk and his unfailing regularity just

as they did the phenomena of nature, and thought no more of them. He recalled those dark hours in the early morning, when he floundered to the cow-barn through the drifts, with never a lighted window in all Green Valley to hear him company. And those Sunday afternoons, when the other men sat about in lazy comfort, and he, shorn of his white shirt and gay tie, must take his accustomed way at his accustomed time, an unwilling cup-bearer. And the weary jokes they shouted at him on his rounds: 'Got through waterin' that fluid, Milt?' and, 'There's Milt startin' on his Milky Way. 'Most the only star in sight, hey, Milt?'

That night Milton sat up and read. Not guiltily, remembering that morning comes apace, but gayly and defiantly, with the grateful sense that there was no hurry. But *Travels in the Yellowstone* were less exhilarating than usual, and his mind flew about in a fluttering sort of way. Sometimes he was on shipboard, watching the gray waves break as he had seen them in pictures; and sometimes he was marching across a treeless and devastated country, and sometimes he was pursuing vast hordes of flying Germans. And all these pictures clothed themselves in verbal equipage so glowing and splendid that Milton thrilled, thinking of letters sent back to the *Green Valley Herald*. Fair and beautiful letters they would be, spelled out on the front page, with headlines for all the world to read, from Green Valley to Wakerusa. Dear Green Valley, which would read and praise! Kind Green Valley, which would send him forth from its midst with tears and cheers, panoplied in knitted garments three deep, just as they had Matie Evans and Nathan Flagg's nephew last month!

Milton started on his last trip two days later, knowing that the news was out, and there was the gayness of an-

tipication singing in his blood. The wheels went round in martial time — one, two, three, four — two quarts for Mrs. Jabe Miller; one, two, three, four — one for Sam White.

Mrs. Flagg hailed him from her doorstep, and came through her rows of tall larkspur to him waiting by the side of the road. Her spare, white-aproned figure looked frail and yielding, but her black eyes snapped as she faced him.

'What's all this nonsense I hear about your going to war, Milt?' she said.

Milt shifted weight from one leg to the other, growing appreciably redder. There seemed nothing to say, nothing which could be said to Mrs. Flagg, at any rate.

'A fellow sort of wants a change — Sort of gets tired adoin' the same thing thirty-odd years,' he drawled mildly.

Mrs. Flagg fixed him with her eyes. 'There ain't no such thing as change, Milt, not thisside heaven. Everybody's got his job, and he can't go squeaking off every whip-stitch, trying to get out of it. 'T ain't reasonable and steady. Take me! Nice thing it'd be for me to flounce out to California and leave my canned fruit to freeze and the Aid Society without any place to meet!'

'It's the war,' Milton put in vaguely. 'A fellow's got to do his bit.'

Mrs. Flagg met this sentiment with a 'pooh!' that sounded down the street. 'That's all right for boys, Milt. You're too old to go, anyway.' And with her fatal memory for dates Mrs. Flagg executed a mathematical sum before Milton could blink. 'June 4, 1874. That makes you forty-three. You're too old; they won't take you, Milt,' she announced. 'You stay right here and give us our milk same as always.'

With a triumphant note in her voice, as if disposing forever of a vexed issue, she turned up her walk.

All the marching rhythm went out of Milton's soul and left it middle-aged

and dull and fit only to peddle milk. He climbed heavily into the seat, and clucked to the white horse. Old Nellie stumbled over the cross-walk, and the cans lurched together noisily just as a small boy landed on the step and tumbled himself into the wagon, his flushed forehead beady with perspiration.

'Ran two blocks to catch you, Milt,' he panted. 'Ma would n't let me come till I'd finished raking.'

He squirmed on to the floor among the cans and swung his feet out the door.

'Say, Milt, are you really goin' to war? Gee! I'd like to go along.' And the small fists clenched.

Bliss nodded, a warm light coming into his eyes again.

'Say, Milt, did you see that German helmet in the drug-store window? Gee, I'd like to get one! S'pose this war'll just last till I get there? Scrubby Evans says there ain't a show, but I say you can't tell.' He was silent a moment, considering his chances. Then in a burst, 'Milt, s'pose you'll like to fight? The women say you can't never do it, that you won't even drown your cat's kittens. They say they don't see you a-chasin' the foe.'

The boy's brown eyes searched Milton's anxiously and then looked away. Bliss did not answer, and old Nellie stopped of her own accord before Jabe Miller's hitching-post, a relic of former placid surrey days.

'I got to drop off here, and get ma some oil,' the boy remarked uncomfortably, swinging to the ground. And then, a few yards on his way, he called back, 'But I told them to remember how you busted up Mike O'Larry.'

Milton waited hopefully as pretty little Mrs. Bessey waved her green parasol at him down the street. Her husband had just gone into service, and all the town praised her cheerful courage.

'Oh, Mr. Bliss,' she called, hurrying;

'do tell me it's not true that you're going to leave us.'

Bliss nodded, his eyes on her soft pinkness. He was not prepared for her next action, which was to sink suddenly and hopelessly on to the wagon-step and bury her face in her hands.

'I—can't—bear it,' she sobbed, 'just when baby's getting on so well on your milk, and there is n't any other decent milk in this town,—and we've had so much trouble with her, and—and—Harry's gone.' This last was lost in an uncontrollable gulp.

Milton felt helplessly guilty as the cause of that soft sobbing, but he could only pat her shoulder and wish that someone would come or that she would pull herself together. Jabe Miller, driving up a moment later, found them so occupied, and stopped to learn the trouble.

'That's right,' he declared heavily, when Milton had explained and Mrs. Bessey raised her tear-stained face. 'Must think he's some young feller in his twenties, a-wantin' to chase off to France! Must think he'll be a mighty spry young chicken in a unyform!' He poked the hapless Milton in the ribs. Then he added in a more serious tone, 'Us old middle-aged folks got to let the boys have it their way I'm thinkin'.' He rolled his pale eyes. 'Us'll better stick to home. Not but what it does you credit Milt, to want to help a bit. But we've got to stick to home.' And with a chuckle he flipped his broad-backed mare. 'Byelo.'

Things grew worse instead of better as the milk-wagon proceeded east on Center Street, and then turned into the home-stretch. Mothers who had waved a merry good-bye to their sons looked askance at Milton, and asked suspiciously, 'Who's going to give us milk now?' while the men on Main Street made merry with the notion of Milton in 'unyform.'

Isa Rann had just read an article on the value of milk as food, and the dangers attending its disuse; and she volunteered to bring it over that very night, that Milton might understand his place in Green Valley. 'If we stop drinking milk, we'll be stunted, Milton. All the races that don't drink milk are stunted. And if you go, there won't be any milk to drink.'

Her voice trembled, and all Milton Bliss's assurances that he 'was n't agoin' to take the cows too' failed to dim the vivid picture of a milkless Green Valley, weazened and shrunken.

But Milton's severest trial came to him at home, after the supper had been cleared away and the sister and brother sat cosily on the side porch with the yellow cat purring by their side. Down by the garden the shadows were growing purple, and the scarf of sunset sky deepened into dull orange and then into flame. Milton wondered if skies in France were more gorgeous.

Mary Bliss put by her knitting and spoke.

'Milt,' she said, 'if I thought 't was just patritism I would n't say a word. But you know, and I know, that you was always a great hand to want to get away from home. You had that notion from a boy. No, sir, if 't was just patritism I'd keep still, but if it's just an itchin' to see strange places you were n't never meant to, all I can say is that this is no time to be indulgin' your own wishes, with me and all Green Valley sittin' at home waitin' for you

to get back. Patritism's one thing and wantin' to get a free travel-ticket's another.'

Milton Bliss did not answer, and presently he rose and strolled off down the path that led to the barn. He felt strangely numb and indifferent. Green Valley grudged him his chance: it looked askance at him, and doubted his motives, and called him old. He felt at that moment as if it might be right, and a vision of himself, old and gray, but still pouring foaming milk from a quart cup against the drearily familiar landscape of Green Valley, confronted him. He swung himself easily up on the fence that bounded his little barnyard and heard the cows nuzzling in the straw. Overhead the stars popped out in the growing darkness, and a misty band showed clear through the heavens. Milton remembered the old joke and smiled to himself. Was his to be the Milky Way forever, when in all the rest of the heavens there were such bright, clear stars? Green Valley might laugh, but Green Valley should listen later!

'The women can milk you themselves,' he addressed the sleeping herd; 'I don't put it past them, and they've time enough, the Lord knows.'

He felt the great muscles of his forearm, and smiled, remembering Mike O'Larry's bloody head.

'I guess the years don't matter, if you've got the goods,' he muttered. And he right-about-faced and strode back to the house, whistling 'Marching through Georgia.'

LE ROI S'AMUSE. II

THE DIARY OF KING FERDINAND'S SECRETARY

BY FRANCK L. SCHOELL

SOFIA, *Thursday, August 18, 1910.* — Sofia: that name, to me, means walks about the marketplace and glances at — the costumes of the women, who are abominably ugly, with their Tartar jaws and their Kalmuck cheek-bones. Some wear wide breeches, baggy and many-colored, which look more like flowing skirts, fastened back by a pin or a seam between the knees. Sofia also means Biblical filling of pitchers at the fountain, or a young woman acting as cup-bearer to an old Jewish merchant perched between two enormous tin saddle-bags — on top of an apparently unstable pack-saddle which overhangs his donkey. But it means also, alas! many newspapers to be read.

We take the train for Cettigné at eight in the evening, for Ferdinand is to pay a visit to old Prince Nikita on the occasion of his approaching elevation to royal dignity.¹ Decidedly there is a race for royalty in the Balkans! It seems to me that of late every sovereign there, in turn, has received, or, rather, has appropriated, promotion.

FIUME, *Friday, August 19.* — We traveled all day. After leaving Serbia behind us and passing through Belgrade, we went up the Save, rode

through Slavonia, then through the whole of Croatia, stopping hardly anywhere except at Agram, where an excellent meal was ready for us at the buffet. The ride down to Fiume, through the marvelous forests of the Karst, is unique of its kind. Ferdinand is in his element: he is in a railroad car and looking through the window! That would be enough to put him in a good humor if he were out of temper. He acknowledges that he has always adored traveling, but never so much as since it has been, because of his 'profession,' less easy for him to move about. 'Nevertheless,' he adds, 'I believe I travel more than any other sovereign in Europe. I often do two thousand kilometres a month, sometimes more.'

ABOARD SHIP, *Saturday, August 20.* — Last night we embarked on a steamer of the Ungarisch-Kroatisch coast line; but we spent the night at anchor off Abbazia, for Ferdinand rejected the idea of a night-cruise, so that he may lose none of the landscape of the Dalmatian Islands through which we have been steaming slowly all day. We made land nowhere during the day, except at Zara Vecchia, to satisfy the pressing demands of the *chef* for fresh fish. Several Italian fishermen came alongside, quarreling as to which should receive the patronage of the royal customer, and Ferdinand, who insisted on doing

¹ In 1910, on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Prince Nicholas (Nikita), the principality of Montenegro was proclaimed a kingdom.
— THE EDITORS.

his own marketing, with the *chef* at his side, had some difficulty in choosing. He could not help arousing jealousies, but — let us render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's — the fish served at dinner was delicious and almost boneless.

A little before sunset Ferdinand sent for me, to read to him from the *Temps* the annual address of M. Lavissee at the distribution of the Le Nouvion prizes. He said that he enjoyed M. Lavissee's prose very much, and praised his 'patriotism without chauvinism' — as if he himself were an enlightened French patriot. Is he really one? Does he really feel that he is? I do not know, but I persist in believing him to be more European than French, and more ambitious than European. I always have the impression that he is too much in love with his own throne not to wish to enlarge its boundaries and to extend its prerogatives. He is a Frenchman with the French, but is he not an arch-duke at Vienna and a Saxon prince at Coburg?

CETTIGNÉ, *Sunday, August 21.*—The end of our cruise was worthy of its happy beginning. We were all up this morning at half-past four, at which time — just before sunrise — we might expect to see Ragusa Vecchia. We were impressed with the wild and genuinely Byronic picturesqueness of this old maritime town, set proudly upon its cliffs, encircled by a chaos of ancient fortifications, and dominated by a *campanile* of the true Venetian type. The harbor is majestic, and yet it seems so ridiculously small, despite its proximity.

Late in the afternoon, as we were approaching the Montenegrin coast, a yacht, dressed with flags, came toward us, to the strains of the Bulgarian anthem. It was the Crown Prince Danilo, coming to greet the august visitor, under a leaden sun. After waiting a while,

we were put ashore in small boats on a tiny pier, and betook ourselves to the princely castle — I was going to say the princely hovel — of Topolitza, which is only a few steps away. However, the site is admirably chosen: on one side, the dining-room looks upon a sea of sparkling blue; on the other, upon mountains more than fifteen hundred metres in height, which rise almost vertically about a kilometre from the coast.

We had no sooner arrived safely, than we had to rush at our trunks, change, and attend the grand official dinner given at the palace of the prince, soon to be king. With its white rough-cast walls and its rows of little rectangular windows, this palace looks more like a Lilliputian barracks.

The banquet was sumptuous. Is it true, as the Secretary of Embassy, Tchaprachikoff, whispered in my ear, that the whole dinner, and those of the following days, were ordered from Vienna, and simply warmed up at Cettigné? For my own part, I regard it as a joke.

The old Prince, tightly strapped in the new Montenegrin uniform, seemed to feel very ill at ease. The princess, his wife, seemed quite embarrassed, and did not utter a word. The princes, Danilo and Mirko, have extraordinarily strong and manly features, but manners slightly caddish. Their sisters, the princesses Xenia and Vera, are nobodies, which cannot be said of certain of their ladies-in-waiting, one of whom — an Englishwoman — is a superb creature. It is odd to see a lady of the English aristocracy transplanted thus to Cettigné. In fact, Ferdinand and his sons overpower the whole Montenegrin dynasty, as well by their physique as by their bearing and their marked personality.

After dinner, etiquette demanded the personal introduction of the members of the Tsar's suite to the Prince and the Princess. Then groups were formed in

the salon, the stiffness diminished, the Prince shook hands lavishly, the officers conversed freely with us. Among them there was only one who wore the old Montenegrin uniform: the military attaché at Paris who has just arrived from France, and has had no time to order the new costume. How much better he looked! The national dress is so much more becoming! It consists of baggy trousers gathered in at the waist by a broad belt, from which the barrel of a pistol protrudes swaggeringly; an amaranth jacket bespangled with gold and provided with two pairs of sleeves, one pair falling behind the shoulders; and, lastly, a coquettish little low-crowned, round cap, without visor.

CETTIGNÉ, *Monday, August 22.* — The Tsar is quartered at the Bulgarian Legation (they have had the greatest trouble to arrange a temporary bathroom for him), but the suite sleeps in the War Department. That sufficiently indicates the scanty comfort at our disposal. For fear of tumbling into the crudest realism, let us pass it over and return to our kings and princes.

The arrival of the King and Queen of Italy in the morning, and, later, of Prince George of Serbia, stirred up the enthusiastic *Jiveos* of the Cettigné populace, which had impressed me the day before by its great courtesy and pleasant faces — though the women lack beauty. The latter made graceful reverences to the Tsar all along the road.

Victor Emmanuel fades at once into the background beside his wife, Queen Helena, who bears herself like a queen. I confess to having kissed her hand without the least displeasure.

In the evening, a grand official dinner in honor of the King and Queen of Italy, and then the inevitable reception. Ferdinand played me the trick of sending me to Princess Vera on the pretext that she wanted to discuss 'affairs in

France' with me. Growing more facetious, he forced upon me as the starting-point of the interview, when we were left tête-à-tête, the famous address on the distribution of the Le Nouvion prizes, of which he evidently thinks a good deal. The princess had read it in the *Temps* with pleasure, she said. From Lavissee she passed quickly to Marcel Prévost, one of her favorites, asking me if I knew his *Jardin Secret*. To which I prudently answered in the negative, in order to afford her the pleasure of analyzing it and advising me to read it.

Tuesday, August 23. — This morning a grand review of the Montenegrin troops. They marched past the three sovereigns, very seriously, about three thousand strong, in their new khaki uniforms, which lack distinction, are ill-fitting, and worn with ill grace. The poor devils look exceedingly awkward thus disguised *à la Europe*. They are tall, lean, bony fellows. Their sentiments seem to be extremely loyalist — royalist, even, because there is a king, or will be within five days.

The afternoon brought an invitation to the Crown Prince's skating-rink — that is to say, a sort of garden-party. We looked on at the evolutions of the princes and princesses, and the near-tumbles of their ladies-in-waiting, who are not yet nearly as sure of themselves as their mistresses. I certainly did not expect to find a skating-rink here in Cettigné, of which the diplomats, when they leave for the West, say unkindly that they are starting for Europe.

I was struck with the unsociableness of the Bulgarian officers in the Tsar's suite, particularly of General Nicolaïeff, Minister of War, and General Paprikoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who did not open their mouths the whole afternoon. I wonder whether this shyness is natural, or whether it is deliberate.

In the evening the Tsar in his turn gave a grand gala dinner-party at the Bulgarian Legation. Frantic excitement on the part of Monsieur and Madame Koloucheff, who had me make out, unmake, then make out again a diagram of the order in which the guests were to be seated. We had to feel our way, before deciding on a final scheme.

After dinner we took leave officially of the good people of Cettigné, who seemed so happy to welcome us, and who are—as the Tsar himself said to me—so much less reserved and so much better talkers than his ‘ill-bred generals.’

Passing to other matters, he suddenly asked me bluntly what I thought of Madame de S——. What could I answer except that I thought her charming? But he shrugged his shoulders and protested: ‘What, you think her charming, with her horrible falsetto voice? I can’t understand how S—— could marry a woman with such a voice. How she does get on my nerves!’

Wednesday, August 24.—Having gone to bed at one in the morning, we got up before three, so that our motors could land us at Cattaro at eight. Those four hours of dust were very interesting. At first we rose above Cettigné, passing through a genuine ‘chaos of rocks. Nothing can give a better idea of it than a curious legend which pretends to explain this volcanic phenomenon. On one of the very first days of the Creation, Saint Peter went, by order of the Lord, to distribute all over the world, in equal proportions, rocks, stones, and pebbles, of which he carried a bagful on his shoulder. Hardly had he passed Cettigné when the bag burst—to the great despair of the apostle. Hence this inextricable mass of rocks.

We continued downhill to the Montenegrin village of Niegus, where we had early tea at the foot of Mount Lovcen.

One turn, two turns, and the bay of Cattaro opened before us. We gazed in open-eyed admiration. I shall not attempt to give the slightest description of the majestic panorama which passed and passed again before our eyes with the incessant winding of the road—an excellent road, which, it seems, owes its existence to Marshal Marmont, and was built about 1810. It is, therefore, just a hundred years old!

The arrival of our procession of motors at Cattaro was comical to the last degree: our eyelashes, eyebrows, ears, beards, moustaches, were absolutely white with dust. We dusted ourselves as well as we could, amid shouts of laughter, in which the Tsar condescended to join.

A small steamer took us to Zelenika, through narrow passages branching off from the harbor. A slight incident made this short trip very amusing. As I strolled about the deck, I discovered General Markoff, aide-de-camp to the Tsar, General Nicolaieff, and General Paprikoff sitting at a table, or, rather, sprawling over it, in a small salon, and snoring shockingly in concert. I hastened to point out this historic scene to Prince Boris, who almost had convulsions, and in a low tone called Stancioff (a younger brother of the minister) to the rescue, with his camera. Thus were immortalized in their ignominious attitude those whom the prince humorously dubbed ‘the three Graces.’ I have rarely seen anybody more crestfallen than the three Graces when they woke, surrounded by a laughing group, who thereupon indulged themselves to their heart’s content.

At Zelenika, a train *de luxe* was awaiting us on a narrow track. In this train we are to travel through the whole of Herzegovina and Bosnia.

After contemplating for the first few hours a landscape altogether like that of Montenegro, with the difference, how-

ever, that shrubs grow between the rocks, we entered the gorges of the Narenta, which are as fine in their kind as the descent to Cattaro. The Tsar never left the window, and did not tire of admiring the countless springs which gush from the walls of the cliffs in abundant jets of dazzling foam and find their way down even to Narenta. Now and then, a widening of the valley retards the vertiginous current, and peoples its winding bed with sand-banks, reeds, crouching washerwomen, little bathers black as negroes, long-billed herons, and, at times, even goats. Half an hour's stop at Mostar gave us time to hire carriages and drive between two rows of fezes and veiled women to admire the old bridge to which Mostar owes its name. The population is Slav by race, but has turned Mohammedan, to the great disgust of all the Christian Slavs, especially of Commandant Naoumoff, who spat with disdain when he saw those renegades crowding round our carriages.

Thursday, August 25. — Certain officials were awaiting the Tsar at the Sarajevo station, although he is traveling *incognito*. They escorted us, in motors, first to the municipal palace, which is in no wise remarkable; then to a height not far from the town, from which there is a most extensive and most beautiful view. Serajevo is built in a valley, whose slopes it climbs with its houses, its gardens, and especially with its numerous mosques, which give it the aspect of a genuine Arabian town. Returning to the town, we visited the principal one of these mosques, which dates from the sixteenth century.

After a luncheon as late as it was hurried, we returned to our cars. Tomorrow we shall be at Budapest.

PLESZO, *Friday, August 26.* — Not until this morning, in the station at

Budapest, did I know of our new destination — Pleszo. We arrived this evening, rather late. Long live Pleszo! and a room where one has more space than in a swaying car, and a possibility of getting a good wash! Three successive days of traveling are a little too much for a fellow.

Sunday, August 28. — I am leading my ordinary life at Pleszo, that is to say, I read newspapers, work now and then for an hour with the Tsar, when he summons me, or stroll in the forest, usually with Rotmistr Bogdanoff while Ferdinand and motors to Pustopolje, Pohorella, or Murany, always in quest of flowers or insects. Sometimes I go trout-fishing in the neighboring stream, some Bistritza or other. In Slav countries, one can safely say that one river in every two is called the Bistritza!

This afternoon I was lucky. I caught a trout every five minutes. I offered the yield of my rod to the Tsar, who scolded me for having run the risk of taking cold by standing motionless on the bank of my river. Nevertheless, that did not prevent our feasting on trout for dinner, he more than anybody. It is not the first time that I have noticed how afraid he is of colds and of anything contagious.

To-day, August 28, the Montenegrin kingdom is being proclaimed. The Tsar had me write two telegrams of congratulation, to the new King and the new Queen. At the same time I called his attention to a stupid article which appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse* on the subject of his visit to Serajevo. The Tsar, according to the author, made the return journey from Montenegro through Bosnia solely because he wanted to show his sons the capital of the provinces annexed by Austria, which annexation alone had made possible the proclamation of the independence of Bulgaria and its erection into a

kingdom. In addition, the article had some unkind remarks on the sentiments of Slavic solidarity expressed so emphatically in his toast at Cettigné, by a Viennese 'who must nevertheless have some love for Vienna left at the bottom of his heart.' Now, his distaste for Vienna and his distaste for Bulgarians in general are among the sentiments which the Tsar conceals least of all.

I must add that, at Cettigné, Ferdinand bore terribly hard on the Slav pedal. I should not be surprised if at the present moment a Serbian-Bulgarian-Montenegrin *rapprochement* were being arranged, which would naturally be directed against Turkey, and upon which Austria would look unfavorably. That would explain the bad humor of the journalist of the *Freie Presse*.

I hear that I have been made a chevalier of the 5th class of the Danilo Order, at the request of the Tsar. It seems that Nikita has decorated the whole of Ferdinand's suite in a lump. Funny business!

Monday, August 29. — Grand excursion on horseback to Szmreczyna, a hunting-lodge, and soon-to-be residence of Tsar Ferdinand, situated about 12 kilometres from Pleszo, at an altitude of fourteen hundred metres. From the dining-room there is a wonderful view of the Tatra, which unfortunately wore a hood of mist the greater part of the day. A whole new wing is being built, and will be finished by the end of the week. I should not be surprised if Szmreczyna, which is sunnier and higher, and has such a magnificent view, were destined by next year to supplant Pleszo, which, being too umbrageous and too damp, is only rented.

Sofia, September 1. — Here we are once more, back in Sofia, after some very agreeable last days at Pleszo. Ferdinand made a great part of the trip

through Hungary by motor, while I traveled by rail with Zlataroff, the comptroller of the civil list. Ferdinand 'leaves me in peace' (those are his own words) for ten or twelve days. He is to visit the battlefields of the Turco-Russian war of 1877, with the Duc d'Orléans and General Bonnal; then to hunt chamois in the Rhodopes. I asked his permission to spend a few days at Constantinople, but fate willed that he should read this morning in the paper that two cases of cholera have been reported at Stamboul; and he is so afraid of my bringing back the terrible disease, that he dissuaded me from going there. This is a polite way of forbidding me to take the journey. What luck! To console me, he invited me to use his library freely.

Thursday, September 8. — The Tsar's library is very beautiful. History seems to predominate. I was, however, surprised to find many books of which the pages have not been cut at all, or only partially. The fact is that Ferdinand — as M. Paléologue told me — has read very little. Indeed, when could he find the time to read? If his knowledge is encyclopedic, he owes it almost entirely to conversation and to his talks with specialists in every branch. To my mind, it is his greatest merit to have known how to take the fullest advantage of the innumerable opportunities of learning quickly and thoroughly which present themselves automatically to every king or son of a king. Has he a taste for ornithology? He is immediately brought into relation with distinguished ornithologists, who are only too glad to be able to communicate to him the better part of their science. Does he set foot in a museum? The attendant instantly telephones to the director, who hastens in person to place himself at the disposal of his august visitor. Ferdinand has known how to

make use of all these 'scholastic facilities' which do not fall to the lot of the common mortal. Moreover, the daily rubbing of elbows with ambassadors and prominent men has been for him the most wonderful of teachers of history. As he has a memory which borders on the miraculous, he has remembered much. As he takes delight in his knowledge, he freely shares it with his entourage. He feels a little like a chance possessor of a treasure of knowledge, the enjoyment of which he deems himself bound to pass on to others. That is the fine side of his character, even if one takes into account his indisputable penchant toward vanity. For my part, I am very grateful to him for the many things he has taught me.

Saturday, September 10. — This afternoon I amused myself by taking a walk down the avenue leading to the garden of the Kniaz Boris. All the beauties of Sofia are accustomed to show themselves there between six and seven. Gracious heaven! How ugly they are, and what a fuss they make! There is nothing more ridiculous than a Bulgarian lady doing her utmost to adjust her stride (which is naturally very long) to the diameter of her narrow skirt.

Tuesday, September 13. — The Tsar, who has just returned, gives audience to-day to the ministers of Greece and Italy, recently accredited to Sofia. The speeches which he has to make on receiving their credentials have given me any amount of trouble. Yet they are very short. How the words have to be weighed! How the polite phrases must be toned down, for fear that they may produce the effect of a request for friendship! I retouched my rough drafts half a dozen times before the Tsar let me make my final copy. A phrase which might be considered a little too friendly to Greece had to be approved by the

Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paprikoff, before being definitively inserted in the speech.¹

The Tsar asked me if I cared to accompany him to the grand manœuvres. I expressed my desire to do so, and he immediately selected my mount. We are to start to-morrow evening.

Thursday, September 15. — I woke at Stara-Zagora, the last station before Nova-Zagora, where we were to leave the train.

The first thing I heard on getting up was that the Malinoff ministry had resigned the previous day. I understand now why we did not leave Sofia till midnight, instead of at ten, as we had intended.

Two or three kilometres in four-horse coaches, through the inundated streets, full of mud-holes, of Nova-Zagora, brought us to the spot from which we were to watch the military operations. Ten more minutes on horseback, and we had overtaken the staffs, the umpires, the military attachés, etc., all grouped on an elevation overlooking the plain.

Those four hours of stationary observation did not seem to me too long. In the first place, I had the good fortune to meet several Bulgarian officers whom I knew, and one of whom, at least, Major Naoumoff, a Macedonian, has a keen sense of humor. Then I made the acquaintance of our military attaché, Captain Tabouis, to whom M. Paléologue had mentioned my name. He did not seem to be highly entertained. Lastly, I sought distraction by searching with my glass the successive bare crests of the Karadja Dag, which rise rapidly to a height of a thousand metres, and behind which one divines rather than

¹ In fact, the Turkish papers did not fail to make use of this speech to confirm the rumors, which had been in circulation some time, of a Greek-Bulgarian *rapprochement*. — THE AUTHOR.

sees, farther north, the whole Balkan range.

As for our little hill, it seemed so isolated in the surrounding plain, that I wondered if it were not simply a tumulus. I believe that if one should dig into it, one would find something.

I will say nothing of the manœuvres, for I did not understand much about them. Besides, Captain Tabouis assured me that their whole interest resides in the large number of troops engaged (50,000 — a number which has never before been reached in the records of the Bulgarian grand manœuvres), and in the working of the supply and administration services.

Friday, September 16. — We watched the manœuvres to-day from two observatories, for they fought till very late, and one of the parties was continually advancing. Our second location was about twenty kilometres from the first, and we covered the distance at a sharp trot. Ferdinand, who had been described to me as a poor horseman, has a very good seat. What impairs his reputation as a rider is evidently the fact that he needs help to get into the saddle because of his gout and his corpulence.

The artillery and the machine-guns were busy all day. The general assault on a hill near the banks of the Tundja brought the business to an end by six o'clock. This assault was very praiseworthy as the last effort of these soldiers, who had been manœuvring for more than twelve hours, had traversed nearly sixty kilometres in less than thirty-six hours, and were still suffering the unpleasant effects of a night spent in the open air in a pelting rain. From these manœuvres I carry away the general impression that the Bulgarian soldier is very well disciplined and of an endurance equal to any test. That is a great deal to say of any soldier.

Saturday, September 17. — Once more we spent the night in our train, standing in the midst of the oak forest at the gates of Sliven. The track being, of course, single, the branches touched the windows of our dining-car on both sides, and the grasshoppers, deafening but always musical, provided us with the finest of orchestras.

I shall remember the day as the most picturesque which I have passed for a long time, at least, from an artistic point of view. Accompanied by the Bulgarian director of railroads and by M. Karakachef (the former is very shrewd for a Bulgarian), I visited the old town of Sliven; and how interesting it is! It seems to be the best preserved town on this side of the Balkans. The director, who spent two years of study here a quarter of a century ago, and who has not been back since then, finds literally no other change than the addition of an occasional water-spout, from which the water gushes out among the gullies (to call them 'streets' or 'lanes' would be inaccurate) which separate the two irregular rows of houses. These little low houses are charming.

One of the villagers told us that, some years ago, the Tsar, then styled Prince, charmed, as I was, by a glance through the half-open doorway, entered the courtyard and inspected the interior, leaving a souvenir for the children and one fig less on the fig tree. The director still remembers the marriage of the proprietress some thirty years ago. She is a widow now. We too pick some figs upon her invitation. They are exquisite. We kept on through the same crooked alleys, — which closely resemble ravines, so abruptly does the village scale the side of the hill, — loitering before a shoemaker's shop or taking a snapshot of a *kolpak* merchant, crouching before his behatted forms and glaring at his apprentice, who is about as tall as a pint pot.

But we had to hurry back to our ambulant home, and prepare for the review which closed the manœuvres. There is nothing to say of it except that the soldiers marched past correctly, as any soldiers of any other European army would have done on a similar occasion.

I prefer to dwell longer on the evening, and especially on the half-hour preceding the gala-banquet, given in honor of the military attachés: it was rich in incidents of a nature to throw a vivid light on the habits, at times disconcerting, of the Tsar.

Now, we had been hearing all day of a *military* banquet of 120 covers to be given at the officers' club of the garrison. Being the only civilian allowed to watch the manœuvres, was I or was I not to take part in this ceremony? I expected not, and so, a little before half-past eight, hearing nothing more about the speech which I had prepared for Ferdinand two days before, and had sent him the night before, and having received no orders from him as to my participation in the banquet, I was quietly walking back and forth beside the train. Seized with a last doubt, I consulted General Markoff: he knew nothing, and sent me to Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, who knew nothing either, and who sent me to Comptroller Ankoff. Having succeeded in finding the latter, I learned from him at half-past eight — without excitement, for I am beginning to get accustomed to these surprises — that I certainly was to attend the banquet, 'by order of His Majesty.' He apologized profusely for not letting me know before. I rushed to my compartment, where I had taken out my dress clothes as a matter of precaution, and was busy buttoning my patent-leathershoes, when the Tsar sent me word that I was to wear a frock-coat. Everything had to be begun all over again. So I began, but had hardly unbuttoned my shoes when Stoyanoff

appeared in my compartment, armed with the famous speech which was to be delivered presently. 'The Tsar has corrected it; you must copy it, and legibly: there is very little time; the Tsar is ready and waiting.'

I knew that my hand was much too shaky to copy my speech legibly, although, by the way, it had hardly been changed. So I sent Stoyanoff to get the telegraph operator, to write at my dictation. A new difficulty arose: somebody had taken my inkstand, or to be more exact, — it was the last straw, — Ankoff had borrowed it for the Tsar. So, I, in my turn, borrowed one next door, not without difficulty, and the telegraph operator copied slowly and carefully, while I put on my coat and arranged my necktie.

And that was not all. The lieutenant-colonel and the general appeared. 'The Tsar is getting impatient; it is five minutes past nine.' What else could I do than continue my dictation to the last word, with the greatest equanimity? Was it my fault that the Tsar did not read my rough draft till half an hour before he had to make the speech, and that he got it into his head to have it recopied at the last minute because of a few corrections?

At ten minutes past nine we were at the club, and Ferdinand, with the speech in his pocket, made his appearance among a hundred or more Bulgarian generals and colonels in white jackets, and ten or twelve military attachés. The oldest of the attachés was an English colonel, whose red dolman was beside Ferdinand's white tunic at the table. I sat next to Weich (he too in uniform), who was in fine feather, and told me all sorts of racy Viennese jokes. The dishes for His Majesty and the military attachés had been prepared by the Tsar's cook in the car; on the other hand, the scullions of the club were entrusted with the mess of the small fry

among the Bulgarian colonels and generals. I tasted it out of curiosity, but was careful not to repeat the experiment. Weich followed my example: he stopped, as they passed us, the dishes with which the Tsar had been served.

Among all these Bulgarian officers I noticed few interesting countenances — at most, some faces of men of action. The predominant expression of almost all is brutality and lack of refinement. What a contrast between the Tsar, so aristocratic and so distinguished, and his people, so plebeian, so coarse! I had never been so struck by it.

When the moment arrived, the Tsar read his toast, or, rather, recited it, slowly and faultlessly. It is a pleasure to French ears to hear such pure French tones. Little inclined to chauvinism by nature, that evening I was almost proud that our language thus takes precedence of all others, even in this remote corner of the East.

After dinner Ferdinand shook hands in turn with all his guests, talking two or three minutes, sometimes longer, with at least half of his officers. Under a deluge of shrill tones, — how intolerable and noisy the military music was, which did not give us a moment's truce the whole evening! — in an overheated and pestilential atmosphere, standing for at least an hour and a half after a tiresome meal, the Tsar succeeded in preserving his amiability, chatted familiarly with one, talked promotion with another, military regulations with a third. I admire him. To be sure, it is his trade. To perform one's duties decently as king, it is at least as necessary to know how to flatter one's subjects as to invite their flattery.

The cold night-air had never seemed so delicious to me as when, some time after midnight, we crossed the club garden to our motors. Ferdinand must have experienced a pleasure analogous to mine, for his first utterance, as we

went toward the car was this, word for word: 'Good Lord! How my generals' boots stunk!'

A quarter of an hour later our train carried us off toward Sofia.

SOFIA, *Sunday, September 18.* — I woke at the station of Philippopolis. We made rather a long stop, for, true to his custom, the Tsar left the train to hear mass.

Breakfast in the dining-car was absolutely abnormal. Never have I seen Ferdinand so silent, so little concerned about concealing his political anxieties. All that he said was a few words as to 'the hell' which awaited him at Sofia. However, everybody knows that Ferdinand does not dislike to complain of the drudgery and the worry which dog his steps.

The ministerial crisis which seemed so to preoccupy him was soon to be settled: at eight o'clock in the evening, before going up to the dining-room of the Dobrovitch palace, I was told that the new cabinet had been formed without great difficulty, still under the presidency of Malinoff. Paprikoff and Salabachoff, being left out of the new arrangement, are consoled by receiving, the former the post of Bulgarian minister to Petrograd, the other, the corresponding post at Vienna or Berlin. Malinoff goes to Foreign Affairs; Mouchanoff (the one of the ministers who speaks the best French, and was most popular in Paris during the Tsar's last visit) passes from Public Instruction to the Interior. Of the two new ministers, Molloff and Slaveicoff, I know nothing except that they are said to be rather dull. Indeed, as I hardly know these various personages, and am entirely ignorant of their relations with the Tsar, I should have been very much embarrassed to comment upon all the changes, if M. Paléologue had not enlightened me as to their significance. It

would seem that the dismissal of Paprikoff, the Tsar's confidential man, is a personal set-back for Ferdinand, a blow aimed at his omnipotence, hitherto undisputed, in the Department of Foreign Affairs. The accession to that department of a man like Malinoff, who is not trustworthy and is an object of suspicion to the Tsar, may be interpreted as a step toward a Balkan war and toward the end of personal government.¹

Monday, September 19. — I was invited, by a cabinet circular, to appear 'in frock-coat and silk hat' at the orthodox service, to be celebrated on the broad Alexander Square in front of the palace, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reunion of Northern and Southern Bulgaria. (I remember the energetic and persistent snubs of Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, when, with the naïveté of a reader of atlases, I ventured to mention 'Eastern Roumelia' as a Bulgarian province. He would not listen to it. 'There is no Roumelia, there is a Southern Bulgaria,' he repeated. So much do they loathe that which recalls the Turkish domination, even though it was merely nominal!)

A platform of boards, and a few poles decorated with flags and bundles of pine branches — such was the sanctuary where this picturesque open-air service was performed. Five or six popes, long-bearded as becomes their profession, dressed in their sacerdotal garments of crimson and gold, recited their litanies and psalms confusedly, pausing from time to time to allow a discordant children's choir to sing. Then they had the Tsar kiss the sacred book, and — when she at last arrived — the Queen. The few words which the Tsar whispered in Eleanor's ear, if I may judge by the

angry glance which he simultaneously cast at her, looked to me like a scolding for her tardiness.

A march past of troops and clubs of veterans and gymnasts, who placed wreaths on the monument of Tsar Alexander II, the Liberator, held us up for some time at the park gate. The Tsar exchanged a few words with all his ministers, particularly with his two 'new ones'; then he beckoned to the Queen, who took his arm, stooping with him to examine the flowers in blossom. Does that not say clearly to anybody who chooses to understand, that the inanimate flowers of the park are more attractive to him than all the Bulgarian subjects in creation?

They are already discussing our approaching departure. Autumn hunting furnishes the Tsar with a pretext for another trip to Hungary. But I cannot take part in it, for I am due in England within a few days. So I shall leave the royal train at Budapest.

VIENNA, September 23, 1910. — The special train, which was supposed to leave Sofia on the 21st at two o'clock, did not in fact get under way until four in the afternoon. Shortly after breakfast, the Tsar sent for me to come to his study, and, after thanking me in a few words for my 'loyal and intelligent services,' and advising me in the most serious way 'to employ my mental gifts in works of charity and philanthropy,' he handed me two jewel-cases, and asked me, with infinite charm of manner, to 'wear these two jewels in memory of me.'

I did not fail to thank him as best I could, but I was decidedly touched. I cannot conceal from myself that the strength of his personality has drawn me to him more than I have been willing thus far to acknowledge. I judge him as I would judge anybody else. But at heart I find myself in sympathy with

¹ All this, of course, was merely the opinion of M. Paléologue. I heard a very different one given at Vienna four days later. — THE AUTHOR.

him, at times against my own judgment. Thus, I thought the solemnity of his manner during this short interview rather ridiculous; but that very solemnity moved me.

After dinner, as we were approaching Nisch, the Tsar sent for me again, this time because he wanted me to read him some French. He chose for this purpose three articles which, according to his custom, he commented briefly upon: 'The European Banker and his Eastern Customers,' by Gaulis, published in *L'Opinion*; a pretty little sketch by Marcel Prévost, in *Le Figaro*, on the civilizing influence of the earth (it was suggested therein, that, when armies are abolished, a year of ploughing and agriculture, should replace a year of military service); and, lastly, a short biography of M. Nelidoff, who had died two days before in Paris. Ferdinand seemed to think highly of this Russian diplomat. He considered him to some extent as his pupil, for M. Nelidoff had once been chief of the Russian legation at Sofia, and Ferdinand prides himself upon having 'trained,' in his capital, a whole phalanx of foreign diplomats, who were afterwards summoned to shine in that career, and to hold the most prominent posts.

This hour's tête-à-tête with the Tsar was delightful in every respect. He was more cordial, more familiar than ever, and I availed myself of the opportunity to tell him how grateful I, a young student, was for all that he had taken the trouble to explain to me and to teach me. He actually went so far as to apologize for the few moments of ennui which inevitably intruded themselves in my days, otherwise so full, and begged me not to bear him a grudge on that account, for it was not his fault. He also expressed a hope to see me again some time — and with that I left him. Truly, when Ferdinand chooses to be amiable, he is so to the highest degree.

Why should I not finish these notes with the fine achievement as a naturalist of which the Tsar proudly gave us an account at the last dinner of which I partook with him?

He remembered, it seems, that, in the days of his youth, on the Côte d'Azur and in the Esterel, he caught some butterflies of a tropical species very rare in Europe, and that they were hovering about some flowering arbutus. Now, during our recent journey to Herzegovina, between Zelenika and Gravesa, he noticed from the car-window a superb clump of arbutus in full flower, beside the railway embankment.

His entomologist's scent at once gave him an idea that butterflies like those of his youth might be found there; but the train was going at high speed, and we were already late — when were we not? So the Tsar did not order the train stopped, although he was dying to do so. But as soon as he was back in Sofia, he sent for two students of natural science whom he knew, gave them some money, and asked them, while they were making a more general investigation and collecting specimens of Bosnian and Herzegovinian flora, to find the famous clump of arbutus and search it, to see if his conjecture was well founded. The two students started, botanizing and naturalizing from morning till night, and sending back to the palace bags filled with flowers and plants. When they reached the clump of arbutus, which they found without difficulty, they had only to stoop to discover a nest with seven butterflies of the precise species mentioned by the Tsar. They succeeded in capturing five, the finest of which they placed in a little box made especially for traveling butterflies. Three days later the Tsar received it, alive, in his cabinet at Sofia. Ferdinand was overjoyed; he was never tired of admiring its bright coloring and its aimless fluttering from one piece of

furniture to another and from hangings to curtain.

The day of our departure for Hungary arrived: the Tsar was to leave Sofia a few hours later. Quick, a telephone to Sytniakovo, and Prince Boris hurried from the Rhodopes by motor, to take charge of the precious creature! On Prince Boris's arrival, great excitement! They shook the curtains; they knelt to look under the tables; they flattened themselves under the sofas. No butterfly! Despair of the Tsar and the prince, who parted with death in their souls — or almost that.

Nor was that the end of the adventure: at Tsaribrod, near the Serbian frontier, as he was sending back to Sofia the Secretary of Embassy, Tchaprachikoff, whom he had kept several hours 'on the gridiron,' Ferdinand received a telegram from Prince Boris, who mean-

while had found the butterfly and was returning in triumph to the Rhodopes with his facetious insect. And his father sent him a return telegram, giving him the most impassioned instructions, and the most minute information as to the diet of his winged ward: it must be fed exclusively on prunes dried in the sun and very slightly decayed peaches. Perhaps the little creature may have been able to live a week or two in this way. History is silent on the point.

And in the train which bore me away toward England I found myself meditating on the enigmatic and captivating personality of Tsar Ferdinand. I returned constantly to this ticklish alternative: Is Ferdinand a tsar led astray by his studies of plants and insects, or a naturalist led astray by the preoccupations of a throne? He will be a very clever man who can answer this question.

A CRITICAL GLANCE INTO THOREAU

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE most point-blank and authoritative criticism within my knowledge that Thoreau has received at the hands of his countrymen came from the pen of Lowell about 1864, and was included in *My Study Windows*. It has all the professional smartness and scholarly qualities which usually characterize Lowell's critical essays. Thoreau was vulnerable, both as an observer and as a literary craftsman, and Lowell lets him off pretty easily — too easily — on both counts.

The flaws he found in his nature-lore were very inconsiderable: such as his ignorance of the fact, until he built his Walden shanty, that the hickory grew near Concord; also, that he did not know there was such a thing as phosphorescent wood until he went to Maine; or, until he was forty years old, that the pine had seeds. If there were no more serious flaws than these in his nature observations, we could pass them by without comment.

As regards his literary craftsmanship, Lowell charges him only with having revived the age of *Concetti* while he

fancied himself going back to a pre-classical nature, basing the charge on such a far-fetched comparison as that in which Thoreau declares his preference for 'the dry wit of decayed cranberry vines and the fresh Attic salt of the moss-beds' over the wit of the Greek sages as it comes to us in the *Banquet* of Xenophon — a kind of perversity of comparison all too frequent with Thoreau.

But though Lowell lets Thoreau off easily on these specific counts, he more than makes up by his sweeping criticism, on more general grounds, of his life and character. Here one feels that he overdoes the matter.

It is not true, in the sense which Lowell implies, that Thoreau's whole life was a search for the doctor. It was such a search in no other sense than that we are all in search of the doctor when we take a walk, or flee to the mountains or to the seashore, or seek to bring our minds and spirits in contact with 'Nature's primal sanities.' His search for the doctor turns out to be an escape from the conditions that make a doctor necessary. His wonderful activity, those long walks in all weathers, in all seasons, by night as well as by day, drenched by rain and chilled by frost, suggest a reckless kind of health. A doctor might wisely have cautioned him against such exposures. Nor was Thoreau a valetudinarian in his physical, moral, or intellectual fibre.

It is not true that it was his indolence that stood in the way of his taking part in the industrial activities in which his friends and neighbors engaged, or that it was his lack of persistence and purpose that hindered him. It is not true that he was poor because he looked upon money as an unmixed evil. Thoreau's purpose was like adamant, and his industry in his own proper pursuits was tireless. He knew the true value

of money, and he knew also that the best things in life are without money and without price. When he had need of money, he earned it. He turned his hand to many things — land-surveying, lecturing, magazine-writing, growing white beans, and doing odd jobs of carpentering, whitewashing, fence-building, plastering, and brick-laying.

Lowell's criticism amounts almost to a diatribe. He was naturally antagonistic to the Thoreau type of mind. Coming from a man near his own age, and a neighbor, Thoreau's criticism of life was an affront to the smug respectability and scholarly attainments of the class to which Lowell belonged. Thoreau went his own way, with an air of defiance and contempt which, no doubt, his contemporaries were more inclined to resent than we are at our distance. Shall this man in his hut on the shores of Walden Pond assume to lay down the law and the gospel to his elders and betters, and pass unrebuked, no matter on what intimate terms he claims to be with the gods of the woods and mountains? This seems to be Lowell's spirit. But all this is a divergence from my main purpose. I set out to criticize Thoreau, not Lowell, and to look a little more closely into him than Lowell looked. In doing so, I shall treat him with the frankness that he himself so often employed; not that I love Thoreau less, but that I love the truth more.

I can hold my criticism in the back of my head while I say with my forehead that all our other nature-writers seem tame and insipid beside Thoreau. He was so much more than a mere student and observer of nature; and it is this surplusage which gives the extra weight and value to his nature-writing. He was a critic of life, he was a literary force which made for plain living and high thinking. His nature-lore was an aside; he gathered it as the meditative saunterer gathers a leaf, or a flower, or

a shell on the beach, while he ponders on higher things. He had other business with the gods of the woods than taking an inventory of their wares. He was a dreamer, an idealist, a fervid ethical teacher, seeking inspiration in the fields and woods. The hound, the turtle-dove, and the bay horse which he said he had lost, and for whose trail he was constantly seeking, typified his interest in wild nature. The natural history in his books is quite secondary. The natural or supernatural history of his own thought absorbed him more than the exact facts about the wild life around him. He brings us a gospel more than he brings us a history. His science is only the handmaid of his ethics; his wood-lore is the foil of his moral and intellectual teachings. His observations are frequently at fault, or wholly wide of the mark; but the flower or specimen that he brings you always 'comes laden with a thought.' There is a tang and a pungency to nearly everything he published; the personal quality which flavors it is like the formic acid which the bee infuses into the nectar he gets from the flower, and which makes it honey.

I feel that some such statement about Thoreau should precede or go along with any criticism of him as a writer or as an observer. He was, first and last, a moral force speaking in the terms of the literary naturalist.

Lowell criticized his philosophy, but Thoreau gave us a life more than he gave us a philosophy — the life of principle, as uncompromising as gravity or chemical affinity. If the things men live by and live for could not stand his acid tests, so much the worse for them. Moreover, he was contrary and disagreeable, which helps make us remember him. The herbs he preferred were bitter herbs; the woods he liked best were shrub-oak woods; the garden he prized most was a sphagnum

swamp; the road that best suited him was a cross-lots path, or a railway embankment, where he was pretty sure to meet no traveler.

Walden is probably our only, as it is certainly our first, nature classic. It lives because it has the real breath of life; it embodies a fresh and unique personality, and portrays an experiment in the art of living close to nature, in a racy and invigorating style. It is a paean in praise of that kind of noble poverty which takes the shine out of wealth completely. All the same, most of its readers would doubtless prefer the lot of the young men, his townsmen, to whom Thoreau refers, 'whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools' — things, he added, that 'are more easily acquired than got rid of.'

It is this audacious gift which Thoreau has, of suddenly turning our notions topsy-turvy, or inside out, that gives spice to his page and makes *Walden* irritate while it charms. We note such things more easily than we do the occasional lapses in his science. For instance, what can he mean when he says, 'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tingeing the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through a colored crystal?' Is it possible, then, to reach the end of the rainbow? Why did he not dig for the pot of gold buried there? How he could be aware that he was standing at the foot of one leg of the glowing arch is to me a mystery. When I see a rainbow, it is always just in front of me: I am standing exactly between the highest point of the arch and the sun, and the laws of optics ordain that it can be seen in no other way. You can never see a rainbow either to the right of you or to the left. Hence, no two persons see exactly the same bow, because

no two can occupy exactly the same place at the same time. The bow you see is directed to you alone. Move to the right or the left, and it moves as fast as you do. You cannot flank it or reach its end. It is about the most subtle and significant phenomenon that everyday Nature presents to us. Unapproachable as a spirit, like a visitant from another world, yet the creation of the familiar sun and rain! How Thoreau found himself standing in the bow's abutment will always remain a mystery to me.

Thoreau was not a great philosopher, he was not a great naturalist, he was not a great poet, but as a nature-writer and an original character, he is unique in our literature. His philosophy begins and ends in himself, or is entirely subjective, and is frequently fantastic, and nearly always illogical. His poetry is of the oracular kind, and is only now and then worth attention. There are crudities in his writings which make the conscientious literary craftsman shudder; there are mistakes of observation which make the serious naturalist wonder; and there is often an expression of contempt for his fellow countrymen, and the rest of mankind, and their aims in life, which makes the judicious grieve. But at his best there is a gay symbolism, a felicity of description, and a freshness of observation that delight all readers.

As a person he gave himself to others reluctantly; he was, in truth, a recluse. He stood for character more than for intellect, and for intuition more than for reason. He was often contrary and inconsistent. There was more crust than crumb in the loaf he gave us.

II

Emerson seems to have been the author of the legend, or superstition, that Thoreau lived on such intimate terms

with the wild creatures that, like the old saints, he possessed some mysterious power over them. He said of him, 'Snakes coiled about his legs, fish swam into his hands, and he lifted them from the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of his hole by the tail, and he rescued the foxes from the hunters.' Of course, Thoreau could do nothing with the wild creatures that you or I could not do under the same conditions. A snake will coil around any man's leg if he steps on its tail, but it will not be an embrace of affection; and a fish will swim into his hands under the same conditions as into Thoreau's.

As for pulling a woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, the only trouble is to get hold of the tail. The 'chuck is pretty careful to keep his tail behind him; but many a farm-boy, aided by his dog, has pulled one out of a stone wall by the tail, much against the 'chuck's will. If Thoreau's friends were to claim that he could carry *mephitis putrida* by the tail with impunity, I can say that I have done the same thing, and had my photograph taken in the act: the skunk is no respecter of persons. But, here again, the trouble is to get hold of the tail at the right moment, and, I may add, to let go of it at the right moment.

Thoreau's influence over the wild creatures is what every man possesses who is as gentle in his approach to them. Bradford Torrey succeeded, after a few experiments, in so dispelling the fears of an incubating red-eyed vireo that she would take insect-food from his hand; and I have known several persons to become so familiar with the chickadees that the birds would feed from their hand, and in some instances even take food from between their lips. If you have a chipmunk for a neighbor, you may soon become on such intimate terms with him that he will search your pockets for nuts, and

sit on your knee and shoulder and eat them; but you must remain immovable during the process, or he will scamper away. Why keep alive and circulate as truth these animal legends of the pre-scientific ages?

Thoreau called himself a mystic, and a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot. But the least of these was the natural philosopher. He did not have the philosophic mind, or the scientific mind; he did not inquire into the reason of things, or the meaning of things; in fact, he had no disinterested interest in the universe apart from himself. He was too personal and illogical for a philosopher. The scientific interpretation of things did not interest him at all. He was interested in things only so far as they related to Henry Thoreau. He interpreted Nature entirely in the light of his own idiosyncrasies.

Thoreau was not a born naturalist, but a born supernaturalist. He was too intent upon the bird behind the bird always to take careful note of the bird itself. He notes the birds, but not too closely. He was at times a little too careless in this respect to be a safe guide to the bird-student. Even the saunterer in the Holy Land ought to know the little brown mate of the indigo bunting, she contrasts so sharply with his striking hue. But this dreamer sees the black-throated blue warbler, with its languid, midsummery '*Zee-zee, zee-eu,*' as its mate.

Many of his most interesting natural-history notes Thoreau got from his farmer friends — Melvin, Hubbard, Miles, Minott, Wheeler; their eyes were more single to the life around them than were his; none of them had lost a hound, a turtle-dove, and a bay horse whose trail they were daily in quest of.

A haunter of swamps and river-marshes all his life, he had never yet observed how the night bittern made its booming or pumping sound, but

accepted the explanation of one of his neighbors, that it was produced by the bird thrusting its bill in water, sucking up as much as it could hold, and then pumping it out again with four or five heaves of the neck, throwing the water two or three feet — in fact, turning itself into a veritable pump! I have stood within a few yards of the bird when it made the sound, and seen the convulsive movement of the neck and body, and the lifting of the head as the sound escaped. The bird seems literally to vomit up its notes, but it does not likewise emit water.

Every farmer and fox-hunter would smile if he read Thoreau's statement, made in his paper on the natural history of Massachusetts, that 'when the snow lies light and but five or six inches deep, you may give chase and come up with the fox on foot.' Evidently Thoreau had never tried it. With a foot and a half, or two feet, of snow on the ground, and traveling on snow-shoes, you might force a fox to take to his hole, but you would not come up to him. In four or five feet of soft snow, hunters come up with deer, and ride on their backs for amusement; but I doubt if a red fox ever ventures out in such a depth of snow. In one of his May walks, in 1860, Thoreau sees the trail of the musquash in the mud along the river-bottoms, and he is taken by the fancy that, as our roads and city streets often follow the early tracks of the cow, so 'rivers in another period follow the trail of the musquash.' As if the river was not there before the musquash was!

Again, his mysterious 'night warbler,' to which he so often alludes, was one of our common everyday birds which most school-children know, namely, the oven bird, or wood-accentor; yet to Thoreau it was a sort of phantom bird upon which his imagination loved to dwell. Emerson told him

he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. But how such a haunter of woods escaped identifying the bird is a puzzle.

In his walks in the Maine woods Thoreau failed to discriminate the song of the hermit thrush from that of the wood thrush. The melody no doubt went to his heart, and that was enough. Though he sauntered through orchards and rested under apple trees, he never observed that the rings of small holes in the bark were made by the yellow-bellied woodpecker, and not by Downy, and that the bird was not searching for grubs and insects, but was feeding upon the milky cambium layer of the inner bark.

Channing quotes Thoreau as saying that sometimes 'you must see with the inside of your eye.' I think that Thoreau saw, or tried to see, with the inside of his eye too often. He does not always see correctly, and many times he sees more of Thoreau than he does of the nature he assumes to be looking at. Truly it is 'needless to travel for wonders,' but the wonderful is not one with the fantastic or the far-fetched. forcible expression was his ruling passion as a writer. Only when he is free from its thrall, which in his best moments he surely is, does he write well. When he can forget Thoreau and remember only Nature, we get those delightful descriptions and reflections in *Walden*. When he goes to the Maine woods, or to Cape Cod, or to Canada, he leaves all his fantastic rhetoric behind him and gives us sane and refreshing books. In his walks with Channing, one suspects that he often let himself go to all lengths, did his best to turn the world inside-out, as he did at times in his journals, for his own edification and that of his wondering disciples.

Thoreau was in no sense an interpreter of Nature: he did not draw out

her meanings or seize upon and develop her more significant phases. Seldom does he relate what he sees or thinks to the universal human heart and mind. He has rare power of description, but is very limited in his power to translate the facts and movements of nature into human emotion. His passage on the Northern Lights which Channing quotes from the journals, is a good sample of his failure in this respect:—

'Now the fire in the north increases wonderfully, not shooting up so much as creeping along, like a fire on the mountains of the north, seen afar in the night. The Hyperborean gods are burning brush, and it spread, and all the hoes in Heaven could not stop it. It spread from west to east over the crescent hill. Like a vast fiery worm it lay across the northern sky, broken into many pieces; and each piece, with rainbow colors skirting it, strove to advance itself toward the east, worm-like, on its own annular muscles. It has spread into the choicest wood-lots of Valhalla; now it shoots up like a single, solitary watch-fire, or burning brush, or here it runs up a pine tree like powder; and still it continues to gleam here and there like a fat stump in the burning, and is reflected in the water. And now I see the gods by great exertions have got it under, and the stars have come out without fear, in peace.'

Do we get any impression of the mysterious, almost supernatural, character of the Aurora from such a description in terms of a burning wood-lot or a haystack? It is no more like a conflagration than an apparition is like solid flesh and blood. Its wonderful, its almost spiritual, beauty, its sudden vanishings and returnings, its spectral, evanescent character — why, it startles and awes one as if it were the veils around the throne of the Eternal. And then his mixed metaphor — the Hyperborean gods turned farmers and busy

at burning brush; then a fiery worm; and then the burning wood-lots of Valhalla! But this is Thoreau — inspired with heavenly elixir one moment, and drunk with the brew in his own cellar the next!

How little Thoreau knew about the hive-bee when he thought it was more difficult to secure the swarm in seasons of much clover-bloom than in seasons of scarcity! Did he fancy that hunger would make the bees more docile and willing to be hived? Did he not know that, in a dearth of honey-producing flowers, as in times of great drought, the hive will not cast a swarm, and will kill the unhatched queens?

If he sees anything unusual in Nature, like galls on trees and plants, he must needs draw some moral from it and indulge his passion for striking expression and fantastic comparisons, usually at the expense of the truth. For instance, he implies that the beauty of the oak-galls is something that was meant to bloom in the flower; that the galls are the scarlet sins of the tree, the tree's Ode to Dejection — another example of the *Concetti*, to which Lowell referred. Yet he must have known that they are the work of an insect, and are as healthy a growth as is the regular leaf. The insect gives the magical touch that transforms the leaf into a nursery for its young. Why deceive ourselves by believing that fiction is more interesting than fact? But Thoreau is full of this sort of thing; he must have his analogy, true or false.

A striking example of Thoreau's exaggerations and confusion of metaphors is seen in his account in *Walden* of the visits to his hut of a certain philosophical neighbor whose discourse, he says, expanded and rocked his little house.

'I should not dare to say how many pounds weight there was above the atmospheric pressure on every circular

inch; it opened its seams so that they had to be calked with much dullness thereafter to stop the consequent leak — but I had enough of this kind of oakum already picked.' At the beginning of the paragraph, he says that he and his philosopher sat down, each with 'some shingles of thoughts well dried,' which they whittled, trying their knives and admiring the clear yellowish grain of the pumpkin pine. In a twinkling the three shingles of thought are transformed into fishes of thought, in a stream in which the hermit and the philosopher gently and reverently wade, without scaring or disturbing them. Then, presto! the fish becomes a force, 'like the pressure of a tornado,' that nearly wrecks his cabin! Surely this is tipsy rhetoric, and the work that can stand much of it, as *Walden* does, has a *plus* vitality that is rarely equaled.

'Let all things give way to the impulse of expression,' he says; and he assuredly practised what he preached.

One of his tricks of self-justification was to compare himself with inanimate objects, which is usually as inept as to compare colors with sounds or perfumes.

'My acquaintances sometimes imply that I am too cold,' he writes; 'but each thing is warm enough of its kind. Is the stone too cold which absorbs the heat of the summer sun and does not part with it during the night? Crystals, though they be of ice, are not too cold to melt. . . . Crystal does not complain of crystal, any more than the dove does of its mate.'

He strikes the same false note when, in discussing the question of solitude at *Walden*, he compares himself to the wild animals around him, and to inanimate objects, and says he was no more lonely than the loons on the pond, or than *Walden* itself.

'I am no more lonely than a single mullein of dandelion in a pasture, or a

bean-leaf, or a sorrel, or a house-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weather-cock, or the North Star, or the South Wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.'

Did he imagine that any of these things were ever lonely? Man does get lonely, but Mill Brook and the North Star probably do not.

III

That Thoreau was what country folk call a crusty person — curt and forbidding in his manner — seems pretty well established. His friend Alcott says he was deficient in the human sentiments. Emerson, who, on the whole, loved and admired him, says, —

'Thoreau sometimes appears only as a *gendarme*, good to knock down a cockney with, but without that power to cheer and establish which makes the value of a friend.'

Again he says, —

'If I knew only Thoreau, I should think coöperation of good men impossible. Must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort, and joy? Centrality he has, and penetration, strong understanding, and the higher gifts — the insight of the real, or from the real, and the moral rectitude that belongs to it; but all this, and all his resources of wit and invention are lost to me in every experiment, year after year, that I make to hold intercourse with his mind. Always some weary captious paradox to fight you with, and the time and temper wasted.'

'It is curious,' he again says, 'that Thoreau goes to a house to say with little preface what he has just read or observed, delivers it in a lump, is quite inattentive to any comment or thought which any of the company offer on the matter, nay, is merely in-

terrupted by it, and when he has finished his report, departs with precipitation.'

It is interesting, in this connection, to put alongside of these rather caustic criticisms a remark in kind recorded by Thoreau in his journal concerning Emerson:—

'Talked, or tried to talk, with R.W.E. Lost my time, nay, almost my identity, he, assuming a false opposition when there was no difference of opinion, talked to the wind, — told me what I knew, — and I lost my time trying to imagine myself someone else to oppose him.'

Evidently Concord philosophers were not always in concord.

Thoreau was the first man in this country, or in any other, so far as I know, who made a religion of walking — the first to announce a gospel of the wild. That he went forth into wild Nature in much the same spirit that the old hermits went into the desert, and was as devout in his way as they were in theirs, is revealed in numerous passages in his journal. He would make his life a sacrament; he discarded the old religious terms and ideas, and struck out new ones of his own.

'What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to become pure? May I not forget that I am impure and vicious! May I not cease to love purity! May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new and more perfect day! May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy!

'To watch for and describe all the divine features which I detect in Nature. My profession is to be always on the alert to find God in Nature, to know his lurking-place, to attend all the oratories, the operas in Nature.

'Ah! I would walk, I would sit, and sleep, with natural piety. What if I

could pray aloud or to myself, as I went along the brooksides, a cheerful prayer like the birds. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it.

'I do not deserve anything. I am unworthy the least regard, and yet I am made to rejoice. I am impure and worthless, and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. But I cannot thank the Giver; I cannot even whisper my thanks to the human friends I have.'

In the essay on Walking, Thoreau says that the art of walking 'comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of walkers. . . . I think I cannot preserve my health and spirits unless I spend four hours a day, at least, — it is commonly more than that, — sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements.'

Thoreau made good his boast. He was a new kind of walker, a Holy-Lander. His walks yielded him mainly spiritual and ideal results. The ten published volumes of his *Journal* are mainly a record of his mental reactions to the passing seasons and to the landscape he sauntered through. There is a modicum of natural history; but mostly he reaps the intangible harvest of the poet, the saunterer, the mystic, the super-sportsman.

With his usual love of paradox, Thoreau says that the fastest way to travel is to go afoot, because, one may add, the walker is constantly arriving at his destination; all places are alike to him, his harvest grows all along the road and beside every path, in every field and wood, and on every hilltop.

All of Thoreau's books belong to the literature of Walking, and are as true in spirit in Paris or London as in Con-

cord. His natural history, for which he had a passion, is the natural history of the walker — not always accurate, as I have pointed out, but always graphic and interesting.

Wordsworth was about the first poet-walker — a man of letters who made a business of walking, and whose study was really the open air. But he was not a Holy-Lander in the Thoreau sense. He did not walk to get away from people, as Thoreau did, but to see a greater variety of them, and to gather suggestions for his poems. Not so much the wild, as the human and the morally significant, were the objects of Wordsworth's quest. He haunted waterfalls and fells and rocky heights and lonely tarns, but he was not averse to footpaths and highways, and the rustic half-domesticated nature of rural England. He was a nature-lover; he even calls himself a nature-worshiper; and he appears to have walked as many or more hours each day, in all seasons, as did Thoreau; but he was hunting for no lost paradise of the wild; nor waging a crusade against the arts and customs of civilization. Man and life were at the bottom of his interest in nature.

Wordsworth never knew the wild as we know it in this country — the pitilessly savage and rebellious; and, on the other hand, he never knew the wonderfully delicate and furtive and elusive Nature that we know; but he knew the sylvan, the pastoral, the rustic-human, as we cannot know them. British birds have nothing plaintive in their songs, and British woods and fells but little that is disorderly and cruel in their expression, or violent in their contrasts.

Wordsworth gathered his finest poetic harvest from common nature and common humanity about him — the wayside birds and flowers and waterfalls, and the wayside people. Though he called himself a worshiper of Nature, it was Nature in her half-human moods

that he adored, — Nature that knows no extremes, and that has long been under the influence of man, — a soft, humid, fertile, docile Nature, that suggests a domesticity as old and as permanent as that of cattle and sheep. His poetry reflects these features, reflects the high moral and historic significance of the European landscape, while the poetry of Emerson and of Thoreau is born of the wildness and elusiveness of our more capricious and unkempt Nature.

The walker has no axe to grind; he sniffs the air for new adventure; he loiters in old scenes; he gleans in old fields. He seeks intimacy with Nature only to surprise her preoccupied with her own affairs. He seeks her in the woods, in the swamps, on the hills, along the streams, by night and by day, in season and out of season. He skims the fields and hillsides as the swallow skims the air; and what he gets is intangible to most persons. He sees much with his eyes, but he sees more with his heart and imagination. He bathes in Nature as in a sea. He is alert for the beauty that waves in the trees, that ripples in the grass and grain, that flows in the streams, that drifts in the clouds, that sparkles in the dew and rain. The hammer of the geologist, the notebook of the naturalist, the box of the herbalist, the net of the entomologist, are not for him. He drives no sharp bargains with Nature, he reads no sermons in stones, no books in run-

ning brooks, but he does see good in everything. The book he reads he reads through all his senses, — through his eyes, his ears, his nose, and also through his feet and hands, — and its pages are open everywhere; the rocks speak of more than geology to him, the birds of more than ornithology, the flowers of more than botany, the stars of more than astronomy, the wild creatures of more than geology.

Thoreau's merits as a man and a writer are so many and so great, that I have not hesitated to make much of his defects. Indeed, I have with malice aforethought ransacked his works to find them. But after they are all charged up against him, the balance that remains on the credit side of the account is so great that they do not disturb us.

Thoreau's work lives and will continue to live because, in the first place, the world loves a writer who can flout it and turn his back upon it and yet make good; and again, because the books which he gave to the world have many and very high literary and ethical values. They are fresh, original, and stimulating. He drew a gospel out of the wild; he brought messages from the wood-gods to men; he made a lonely pond in Massachusetts a fountain of the purest, most elevating thoughts; and, with his great neighbor Emerson, added new lustre to a town over which the muse of our Colonial history has long loved to dwell.

THE FEAST OF REASON

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

I

BERGSON said of miracles that they either are or are not. There is no middle course for miracles, as there is no middle course for facts. But the piquant feature of a miracle, the feature which sets it off from life's more prosaic occurrences, is that one cannot tell whether it is or is not. One can assert that it is a miracle, and be told that it is a myth; one can deny that it is a miracle, and thereupon be told that he is a materialist. The world has never agreed on miracles, and probably never will.

The world has never agreed on philosophy. But with philosophy the case is more complex. A miracle is, or is not, a fact. The ideas of philosophy are neither so direct nor so mutually exclusive. Philosophy deals with truth; and facts are mere excrescences of truth. Facts are unchanging and, once established, unassailable. They may be linked together, or evolved one from the other, in a chain which, we say, is true. But a chain of facts cannot make up a truth, and truth is not composed of facts.

This is not to be sentimental, or to indulge in any such generality as 'Truth is One,' 'Truth is Beauty.' It is to distinguish between inert, unalterable facts and dynamic truth, to which facts sometimes have been stepping-stones. A quality of truth is vitality, a nearness to human problems and the difficult life of all of us. The Garden of Eden story has become a question of fact or fiction; even if true, it is no

longer a truth. It has no vital concern for any of us, no influence on our thought and action. We live quite regardless of the first man and woman and the origin of sin. This is the difference between truth and fact; and truth, not fact, is the shuttlecock of the philosophers. Philosophy is interested in fact only as it corroborates and gives body to truth.

Almost everyone has asked — or if he has not asked, he has wondered — just what is the use of philosophy. Why does man philosophize? He philosophizes because it is his nature to; he does it in the same careless spirit in which on a country walk he swishes off the heads of the chicory flowers, those ragged, blue-eyed children of the fields: he does it with the ease and abstraction he puts into whistling. It is of no more use and of no more harm than either of these: it is a diversion, a universal *divertissement*. It is a rest and a refreshing for us all. Ask not why man philosophizes, but ask if his philosophy can ever lead him to the truth. Then you will be meeting him on his own ground; you will be loading his gun when you think you are spiking it; you will be letting down the bars to his favorite field of speculation.

There is no reason why philosophy should not lead man to truth; what Bergson said of miracles cannot be said of philosophic truth. Here it is a question, not of fact or fiction, but of more or less. It is inconceivable that all thought has been utterly unsound. It is impossible. The field of thought is

infinite; one can scarcely set foot in it without touching the hem of truth's garment. The question is, not whether man can reach truth by philosophy, but whether he can know it when he sees it, and whether he can bring others to a recognition of it.

This would be a simpler task were it not for an almost universal preoccupation of the human mind. Man is so provincial in his outlook that he cannot help believing his own carefully reasoned conviction to be self-evident, insistently credible to all. Doubt in another seems affectation. The orthodox think atheism a shameless path into the limelight; skeptics think orthodoxy a cringing fear of thinking. Every philosopher believes that his method, if scrupulously observed, will lead every other philosopher to a triumphant place at his side. The casual reader is often taken in by some such specious claim. His only hope in reading philosophy is to read it all.

A little philosophy is a dangerous thing, far more dangerous than a little knowledge. Philosophy is not knowledge, it is exploration; and a field half explored is a field not explored at all.

A little girl once opened, when the parental eye was closed, a book of ancient philosophy. She found therein these cryptic words, 'God is a spheroid, homogeneous throughout.' She was quite an intelligent little girl, and lost no time in looking up spheroid in the dictionary. She looked up homogeneous, too. But even then she could not understand how God could possibly be a body made up of similar parts having nearly the shape of a sphere. Everything she had ever known of God went to deny this. And when the parental eye was opened, it fell upon a little girl dissolved in tears and torn with doubts, a little girl whose world was upside down — as indeed any world would be which

of similar parts having nearly the shape of a sphere. She entirely forgot the great majority of men who have conceptions of God as different from that as her own originally had been, and quite as likely to be true.

There is nothing so misleading as a philosophic statement dissociated from the statements which lead up to it, color it, and substantiate it. A train of thought may be criticized on its own merit. A single, unsubstantiated idea repudiates analysis by becoming an epigram, with an epigram's inviolable surface. And much more compelling than a dissociated philosophic assertion is a dissociated philosophic negation. However specious it may be, it is inherently more potent, possibly because assertion stimulates while negation inhibits thought.

In the same way, a single book of philosophy may be convincing when it is read by itself, and appear ridiculous against the background of the history of philosophy. Mr. Wells's recent book, *God the Invisible King*, impresses quite differently the lay mind and the mind familiar with philosophy. The casual reader picks up Descartes's *Discourse on Method* and finds him asserting that the man who follows his method of reasoning will attain the certainty that he has attained. The casual reader might believe this. But, as a matter of fact, a whole school of men followed the method of Descartes; they split up and they wrangled, they fell into disputes and schisms. They cast upon reason the stigma that has so often been cast upon faith, and showed, what has often before been shown, that theories as well as creeds can be promoters of dispute. Descartes's great philosophical monument, 'I think, therefore I am,' has become a mere schoolboy's catchword for sophomores to startle freshmen with. It has a glitter, it is true, which fascinates the infant philosopher; but we

no longer use it as a platform to build upon. It has disappeared from modern philosophy just as the soliloquy has disappeared from modern drama. They are both important solely as facts of history.

In a similar vein Kant says, in his preface to the *Critique of Pure Reason*, 'I flatter myself that I have removed all those errors which have hitherto brought reason, whenever it was unassisted by experience, into conflict with itself.' Kant flattered himself, indeed. He removed those errors to the satisfaction of himself, perhaps, but they still exist to trip the average reasoner. Kant shouted his 'Eureka!' too soon. There is no such thing as pure reason — no more after Kant than before him. Reason is the same hundred-headed hydra it has always been, and every head snaps at every other head, and there is no end of error and no end of conflict.

Kant reasoned for himself, and for himself his reason is infallible. But it does not proselyte. That is one of reason's failings: it is not contagious. Many have read Kant, and a few have understood him. The world has marveled at him, and a few have accepted. He teems with ideas, and we reject or accept them just as we should do if they had occurred to ourselves. It does not concern us that he has reasoned them; if our reason cannot corroborate his, we can only reject him. We might corroborate him, and yet reject him. It was a Harvard professor of philosophy who said, 'A man may argue a thing from A to B, and from B to C, and from C to D — and then his whole being rises up and says, "Oh, pshaw!"'

Kant reasoned out a code of agnostic morality; but his code appeals no more and no less because he reasoned it than if it had sprung spontaneously from his heart. Rationalism, in the abstract, appeals to us all; but one man's rational-

ism is another man's butt. There is no such thing as 'reasoning together.' Reasoning is an individual performance. One may drag a man, by cross-examination and the laws of logic, into admitting something he does not believe; but he will not have been reasoning. A rationalized belief carries no more weight from man to man than an avowedly mystical belief — no, not as much.

Mysticism, because it is very close to poetry, weaves a kind of spell about the imagination. It is less trustworthy than reason; but it is true, in spite of this, that mysticism carries where reason halts. Take such an early mystic as Plotinus. His words still wing their way like swallows to our innermost spirit: 'This, therefore, is the life of . . . divine and happy men, a liberation from all concerns of earth, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the Alone.'

A flight of the alone to the Alone! The mere words themselves start one irresistibly upon his longing flight; they are telling and magnetic as nothing rational can ever be.

The rational is not the appealing. There may one day exist a philosopher who, knowing truth when he meets it, will be able to bring others to a recognition of it. All we can say now is, that his star has not yet risen. Kant, the greatest abstract reasoner up to date, could not, and none of his fellows can. They all know truth — truth as they know it; but they know conflicting truths. And even philosophic truth cannot contradict itself and still remain intact. To know philosophy is to mistrust it, and to cast about for something more stable — or at least more stabilizing.

Reason was never meant to take the plunge alone, not because it has difficulty in getting in, but because it has difficulty in getting out. It needs some-

thing to furnish equilibrium, something instinctive and quickening and spiritual, which we might, perhaps, call faith. The abstract is like a great Charibdis which has sucked in many a mind of promise, not to destroy, possibly, but to keep floundering. The idea that in setting foot upon the path of reason, we are 'setting foot upon the path of sin,' is now quite out of date. Our faculties, it is generally conceded, were given us to use — but not to misuse. And Pure Reason — to borrow Kant's paradoxical term — is much too pure to walk alone. When it does, it fails to arrive. Abstract reasoning, judged by the standards of modern efficiency, is either a recreation or a waste of time.

If philosophy had been, as science has been, a slow filling up of the scrolls of knowledge with items to which all the thinking world subscribed, and which some few of them reasoned about, we might fear its nihilisms and accept its negations. If philosophy had been content to proceed as the handmaid of science, confining itself to the work of adjusting old ideals to new discoveries, and preserving old optimism against new depressions, we should surely give it our uncompromising trust. If its history had been the history of a consistent endeavor to reconcile the good in religion with the new in science, instead of a disconcerted effort to unseat religion with the scientific wedge, there could be no quarrel between science and religion and none between religion and philosophy. And there should be none. In scientific investigation it is necessary to be free from religious bias; it is not necessary to be adrift from religious belief. But very few minds have been balanced enough to effect the one emancipation without effecting the other. In their scruple to avoid the stagnant sloughs of teleology, they have been drawn unresisting into the

stultifying depths of agnosticism and doubt.

It is the proper *métier* of philosophy to wait upon facts. Science investigates, philosophy generalizes. Darwin was both philosopher and scientist: it was in the former character that he scrutinized the ape, in the latter that he formulated his idea of Evolution. The philosopher has another function in the field of science — to prepare the way for the scientist, as Copernicus did in assuming that the movements of the heavenly bodies were merely a heavenly mirage — that it was the spectator who looped the loop, and not the sun; as Mendelieff did in positing what must have seemed to him, at first, almost a fantastic table of elements.

If philosophy had 'known her place,' she would be a power in the world. But she has dabbled too long in abstruse questions to which no complete and certain answer can be found. She has devoted too much time to wondering how man gets his conception of the outside world and whether his ideas are innate or acquired. As philosophy now stands, a confused mass of theories and contradictions; a lurking pitfall for great minds to be entrapped in, it cannot be regarded as very much more than a universal *divertissement*.

It is easy to explode the syllogism, the typical formula of reasoning in the abstract. The syllogism is handy for exposition and analysis, but not at all a method of progressive thought. We could not make a syllogism unless we knew the facts. 'All men are mortal,' we may say; 'Socrates is a man.' This is the pith, really the entirety, of the syllogism. It is our reason now which tells us that Socrates is mortal. But we have already known that, and said it less succinctly; we get no added knowledge by repeating it. In the same way, if we know two sides and the included angle of a triangle, our reason

can supply the other side. But it is supplying nothing new. We cannot reason in the abstract and be sure that we are right, unless we know our subject in totality.

II

Much has been sung in reason's praise; but even those who have called it the highest human faculty must grant that it is neither more nor less than human. The lower animals have not this gift, and God does not need it. He cannot be thought to reason, since He is the possessor of all truth. So here is another of reason's shortcomings: we cannot reason unless we possess a complete knowledge of our subject; and, possessing it, we do not need to reason. A further indication that abstract reasoning is either a recreation or a waste of time!

We cannot reason in boundlessness. As Lucretius himself said, that great rationalist, 'You can think of yourself as standing on the borders of infinity and casting a javelin beyond them.' Hobbes spoke of the uselessness of trying 'to measure our conception of the infinite with a finite yardstick like the reason.' Mathematically speaking, infinity has been losing more and more of its infinite meaning. Mathematicians have had to clear it of its meaning of illimitability, and consider it as a goal — a really attainable object; otherwise they cannot handle it. Thus infinity has come to signify a quantity which 'admits of a unique and reciprocal (one-to-one) correspondence between itself and one of its parts'¹ — whatever that may mean. But it means something determined, and as finite as infinity can be.

We cannot reason in boundlessness, and we cannot reason in the things of the spirit. As the infinite engulfs the reason, so the spiritual rejects it, by a sort of centrifugal force. The human reason cannot compass the thought of God any more than it can compass the thought of infinity. It plays with the thought of infinity; but it falls away crippled from the thought of God. The reason can dispense with God entirely, and has done so again and again. The most devout among us can rationally conceive a time when the world shall be only a ball of smoky fire, spinning uncertainly upon a tottering axis; when the life thereupon shall be but myriads of whirling cinders; when God shall be no more. But we cannot so conceive the infinite; we cannot really think of the illimitable as limited; we cannot rationally conceive a time when the mathematical verities shall be dead. Three straight lines between two points are inconceivable. The thought of a whole exceeding the sum of all its parts will never be thought. The explanation of this is clear: these and other mathematical laws were discovered through unaided human reason, and unaided human reason, having once set them up, can never destroy them. The human reason has never been able to grasp the thought of God, and hence it can quite readily dispense with Him. But He is none the less real for that, and none the more.

The reason can so comfortably dispose of God because the reason is not the fountain source of God. Man did not first perceive Him through the reason. He perceived Him through the spirit, more tempered by longing, more intuitive than reason, and even more human than that. The spirit, once having truly known Him, can never dispense with Him. And let the idea of God take a hold upon the reason, let the reason really become saturated with

¹ C. J. KEYSER, Essay entitled 'The Axiom of Infinity: A New Presupposition of Thought,' in a volume called *The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking*. Columbia University Press, New York.

it, let a man be able to reason to his own complete certainty the reality of a personal deity, and he will no more be able to waive it than the mathematician is able to waive the fundamental axioms. It will be, like them, a part of his integrity.

Now I, as the average mortal, care very little for the mathematical verities. There is a beauty in them, a kind of steadfastness, which I should be sorry to see dispelled. But I could sustain with a light heart the necessity of changing my entire conception of mathematics. I could soon and easily accustom myself to calling a triangle a quadrilateral — not calling it that, merely, but having it be a quadrilateral, having a triangle assume incontrovertibly the properties of a quadrilateral. I cannot reason it out; I cannot actually conceive of such a thing; but if it were to be proved to-morrow, I should be quite used to it by next week. And so, I believe, would most of us. But such a state of flux would drive a mathematician mad. It would bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. He has a love for these things; they are part of him; deprive him of these, and you deprive him of sanity. Most of us, that is, can reason God into smoke without offending the reason, because the reason has not comprehended God; and most of us could dispense with mathematics without hurting the spirit, because mathematics has no part in the spirit. But what the reason has appropriated she cannot bear to be deprived of: and what the spirit has made her own is necessary to her life.

'Our age is the . . . age of criticism,' said Kant; 'religion, on the strength of its sanctity, and law, on the strength of its majesty, try to withdraw themselves from it; but by so doing they arouse just suspicions, and cannot claim that sincere respect which reason pays to those only who have been

able to withstand its free and open examination.'

This is becoming less and less true in the case of the law; the tendency is to weigh and rationalize every phase of it. And quite rightly: for what is the law, if it be not the expression of man's reason? The tendency, too, is to rationalize religion. Up to a certain point, or rather, of a certain kind, this rationalization is good. We must be sure of our religion; we must at least be sure that it is our religion. Sincerity insists on this. But we possess the indisputable right to see where we are going, to measure the losses which an unguarded, untrustworthy process is inflicting on us. We are under no compulsion, from within or without, to toss into the jaws of an idol the faith that *is ours*. Apply the test of reason we must, to winnow out the wheat. But to rationalize our faith in the usual sense of the word, is to use a steam-roller on a bed of mignonette. It has been called 'digging the grave of faith with the tools of reason,' digging a grave in the very foundations of our faith, so that the whole beautiful superstructure, which has nothing to do with tools, which is made without hands, is undermined.

We cannot know the truth; we can only believe it. As Saint Anselm said, 'I do not understand in order to believe; I believe in order to understand.' We are of necessity like men cast into a boundless, unknown sea, and, like them, we can use this vast unknown to rest upon or to sink in. We can, by relaxing, make it bear us up; or, by struggling against it, cause it to engulf us. Faith is relaxation — it is resiliency. Faith is light and peace and a quiet heart, a cup of cold water to a thirsting throat. When faith expires, there expires too that power to rebound from misfortune, to rebuild out of ruin.

Faiths last, and reasons fail. With all their incongruities, it is the things

of the spirit which have stood the test of time. Through nineteen centuries the unauthenticated story of a miracle has held people most irrationally. It is a story which completely staggers the reason; but no reasoned theory has a record to compare with this. No reasoned theory will ever have such a record. No reasoned theory in its original potency has ever outlasted the lifetime of the reasoner.

Faith is not so much believing as the ability to believe; many a man has faith who has no creed. And if, in this larger sense, he have not faith, God help him!

There was a story of the Comrade in White — a miraculous figure seen at Nancy, in the Argonne, at Soissons, at Ypres, in the Valley of the Somme. He ministered to the wounded, healed the broken heart, and helped the dying man to peace. Although he was constantly shot at, he marvelously went unscathed. There is no virtue in believing this story. It would, perhaps, be superstitious to believe it; perhaps it would be gullible — and we hate to be gullible. But to be unable to believe this story, to have so chilled the spirit that we cannot believe it, speaks a spiritual torpor quite as poison-

ous as any intellectual torpor could be.

Your reason can never tell you whether such a story is true or false. It may tell you that you cannot believe it; but in that case the fault may lie with the story and it may lie with you. Your reason cannot tell you which. Your reason can never differentiate between cunningly devised fables and the truth. We have set the reason to keep watch over the senses, and it would be a wise precaution to set faith to keep watch over the reason. There is one thing which we can confidently assert — anything taught us by faith alone is nearer the vital truth than anything taught us by reason alone. It is sure to have at least the element of truth that the human heart reaches out to it.

The feast of reason is nothing but a barmecide feast, a sort of soufflé, if you like, of a fine consistency and flavor, and a pretty thing to toy with, but a frothy sort of diet for a hungry man. It is a pabulum which bulks large enough in the mouth, but mysteriously vanishes when you coax it to nourish you. Worse than that. It has the inherent property, which life, which the mere passage of time can quicken, of becoming ashes on the tongue.

ORCHID-HUNTING

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

My path led down the side of the lonely Barrack, as the coffin-shaped hill had been named. There I had been exploring a little mountain stream, which I had fondly and mistakenly hoped might prove to be a trout-brook. The winding wood-road passed through dim aisles of whispering pine trees. At a steep place, a bent green stem stretched half across the path, and from it swayed a rose-red flower like a hollow sea-shell carved out of jacinth. For the first time I looked down on the moccasin flower or pink lady-slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*), the largest of our native orchids.

For a long time I hung over the flower. Its discovery was a great moment, one of those that stand out among the thirty-six-odd million of minutes that go to make up a long life. For the first time my eyes were opened to see what a lovely thing a flower could be. In the half-light I knelt on the soft pine-needles and studied long the hollow purple pink shell, veined with crimson, set between two other tapering petals of greenish-purple, while a sepal of the same color curved overhead. The whole flower swayed between two large curved, grooved leaves.

Leaving the path, I began to hunt for others under the great trees, and at last came upon a whole congregation nodding and swaying in long rows around the vast trunks of white pines which were old trees when this country was born.

From that day I became a hunter

of orchids and a hunter of far-away forests and lonely marshlands and unvisited hill-tops and mountain-sides. Wherever the lovely hidden folk dwell, there go I. They are strange flowers, these orchids. When first they were made out of sunshine, mist, and dew, every color was granted them save one. They may wear snow-white, rose-red, pearl and gold, green and white, purple and gold, ivory and rose, yellow, gold and brown, every shade of crimson and pink. Only the blues are denied them.

Since that first great day I have found the moccasin flower in many places — on the top of bare hills and in the black-lands of northern Canada, where, four feet under the peat, the ice never melts even in midsummer. Once I saw it by a sphagnum bog where I was hunting for the almost unknown nest of the Tennessee warbler, amid clouds of black flies and mosquitoes that stung like fire. Again, on the tiptop of Mount Pocono in Pennsylvania, I had just found the long-sought nest of a chestnut-sided warbler. Even as I admired the male bird, with his white cheeks and golden head and chestnut-streaked sides, and the four eggs like flecked pink pearls, my eye caught a sight which brought me to my knees regardless for a moment of nest, eggs, birds, and all. Among rose-hearted twin-flowers and wild lilies of the valley and snowy dwarf cornels swung three moccasin flowers in a line. The outer ones, like the guard-stars of great Altair, were light in color. Between them gleamed, like the Eagle Star itself, a flower of

deepest rose, an unearthly crystalline color, like a rain-drenched jacinth.

Another time, at the crest of a rattlesnake den, I found two of these pink pearls of the woods swinging above the velvet-black coils of a black timber-rattlesnake. I picked my way down the mountain-side, with Beauty in one hand and Death in the other, as I romantically remarked to the unimpressed snake-collector who was waiting for me with an open gunny-sack.

Then there was the day in the depths of the pine-barrens, where stunted, three-leaved pitch pines took the place of the towering, five-leaved white pine of the North. The woods looked like a shimmering pool of changing greens lapping over white sand-land that had been thrust up from the South into the very heart of the North. I followed a winding woodpath along the high bank of a stream stained brown and steeped sweet with a million cedar-roots. A mountain laurel showed like a beautiful ghost against the dark water — a glory of white, pink-flecked flowers. Through dripping branches of withewood and star-leaved sweet-gum saplings the path twisted. Suddenly, at the very edge of the bank, out of a mass of hollow, crimson-streaked leaves filled with clear water, swung two glorious blossoms. Wine-red, aquamarine, pearl-white, and pale gold they gleamed and nodded from slender stems. It was the pitcher-plant, which I had never seen in blossom before.

From the stream the hidden path wound through thicket after thicket, sweet as spring, with the fragrance of the wild magnolia and the spicery of the gray-green bayberry. Its course was marked with white sand, part of the bed of some sea forgotten a hundred thousand years ago. By the side of the path showed the vivid crimson-lake leaves of the wild ipecac, with its strange green flowers; while every-

where, as if set in snow, gleamed the green-and-gold of the *Hudsonia*, the barrens-heather. The plants looked like tiny cedar trees laden down with thickly set blossoms of pure gold, which the wind spilt in little yellow drifts on the white sand. In the distance, through the trees, were glimpses of meadows, hazy-purple with the blue toad-flax. Beside the path showed here and there the pale gold of the narrow-leaved sun-drops, with deep-orange stamens. Beyond were masses of lambskill, with its fatal leaves and crimson blossoms.

On and on the path led, past jade-green pools in which gleamed buds of the yellow pond-lily, like lumps of floating gold. Among them were blossoms of the paler golden-club, which looked like the tongue of a calla lily. At last the path stretched straight toward the flat-topped mound that showed dim and fair through the low trees. The woods became still. Even the Maryland yellow-throat stopped singing, the prairie warbler no longer drawled his lazy notes, and the chewink, black and white and red all over, like the newspaper in the old conundrum, stopped calling his name from the thickets and singing, 'Drink your tea!'

I knew that at last I had come upon a fairy hill, such an one wherein the shepherd heard a host of tiny voices singing a melody so haunting sweet that he always after remembered it, which has since come down to us of to-day as the tune of Robin Adair. Listen as I would, however, there was no sound from the depths of this hill. Perhaps the sun was too high, for the fairy-folk sing best in late twilight or early dawn.

The mound, like all fairy hills, was guarded. The path ran into a tangle of sand-myrtle with vivid little oval green leaves and feathery white, pink-centred blossoms. Just beyond stood a bush with a death-pale trunk and leaves of bright arsenic-green. It was

none other than the poison sumac, which always makes me think of one of the haggard, terrible vitriol-throwers of the days of the Terror. Pushing aside the fierce branches, I went unscathed up the mound. At its very edge was another sentry. From under my feet sounded a deep, fierce hiss, and there across the path stretched the great body of a pine snake fully six feet long, all cream-white and umber-brown. Raising its strange pointed head, with its gold and black eyes, it hissed fearsomely. I had learned, however, that a pine snake's hiss is worse than its bite and, when I poked its rough, mottled body with my shoe, it gave up pretending to be a dangerous snake and lazily moved off to some spot where it would not be disturbed by intruding humans.

The pixies had carpeted the side of the mound thick with their wine-red and green moss, starred with hundreds of flat, five-petaled white blossoms. This celebrated pixie moss is not a moss at all, but a tiny shrub. Near the summit of the mound the path was lost in a foam of the blue, lilac, and white butterfly blossoms of the lupine. Little clouds of fragrance drifted through the air, as the wind swayed rows and rows of the transparent bells of the leucothoe. Beyond the lupine stood a rank of dazzling white turkey-beards, the xerophyllum of the botanists. The innermost circle of the mound was carpeted with dry gray reindeer moss, and before me, in the centre of the circle, drooped on slender stems seven rose-red moccasin flowers.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,

They have sought him over down and lea;
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

'T was bent beneath and blue above,

Their eyes were held that they might not see
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes;

Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie.

If only that day my eyes had been loosed like those of True Thomas. I too might have seen the fairy queens in all their regal beauty.

Wherever it be found, the moccasin flower will always hold me by its sheer beauty. Yet to my memory none of them can approach the loveliness of that cloistered colony which I first found in the pine wood so many years ago. Year after year I would visit them. Then came a time when for five years I was not able to travel to their home. When, at last, I made my pilgrimage to where they grew, there was no cathedral of mighty green arches roofed by a shimmering June sky; there were no aisles of softly singing trees; and there were no rows of sweet faces looking up at me and waiting for my coming; only heaps of sawdust and hideous masses of lopped branches showed where a steam-sawmill had cut its deadly way. Underneath the fallen dying boughs which had once waved above the world, companioned only by sky and sun and the winds of heaven, I found one last starveling blossom left of all her lovely company. Protected no longer by the sheltering boughs, she was bleached nearly white by the sun, and her stem crept crookedly along the ground underneath the mass of brush and litter which had once been a carpet of gold. Never since that day have I visited the place where my friends wait for me no more.

II

It was another orchid which, for eleven years, on the last day of every June, made me travel two hundred miles due north. From an old farmhouse on the edge of the Berkshires I would start out in the dawn-dusk on the first day of every July. The night-hawks would still be twanging above me as I followed, before sunrise, a dim silent road over the hills all sweet with

the scent of wild-grape and the drugged perfume of chestnut tassels. At last I would reach a barway sunken in masses of sweet-fern and shaded by thickets of alder and witch-hazel. There a long-forgotten wood-road led to my Land of Heart's Desire. Parting the branches, I would step into the hush of the sleeping wood, pushing my way through masses of glossy, dark-green Christmas ferns and clumps of feathery, tossing maidenhair. Black-throated blue warblers sang above, and that ventriloquist, the oven bird, would call from apparently a long way off, 'Teacher, teacher, teacher,' ending with a tremendous 'TEACH!' right under my feet.

At last there would loom up through the green tangle a squat broken white pine. That was my landmark. I would push my way through a tangle of sanicle, and beyond the trunk of a slim elm catch a gleam of white in the dusk. There, all rose-red and snow-white, with parted lips, waited for me the queen flower of the woods, the *Cypripedium reginæ*, the loveliest of all of our orchids. Two narrow, white, beautifully curved petals stretched out at right angles, while above them towered a white sepal, the three together making a snowy cross. Below this cross hung the lip of the flower, a milk-white hollow shell fully an inch across and an inch deep, veined with crystalline pink which deepened into purple, growing more intense in color until the veins massed in a network of vivid violet just under the curved lips kissed by many a wandering wood-bee. Inside the shell were spots of intense purple, showing through the transparent walls. The other two white sepals were joined together and hung as one behind the lip.

I had first found this orchid while hunting for a veery's nest in the marsh. At that time nothing was showing except the leaves, which grow on tall, round, downy stems. They were beau-

tifully curved at the margin, and were of a brilliant green, a little lighter on the under side than on the upper, and, at first sight, much like the leaves of the well-known marsh hellebore. That day was the beginning of a ten-year tryst which I kept every summer with this wood-queen. Then, alas, I lost her!

It came about thus. The marsh in which she hid was part of a thousand acres owned by a friend of mine, who was an enthusiastic and rival flower-hunter. Each year, when I visited my colony of these queen orchids, I sent him one with my compliments and the assurance that the flower belonged to him because it was found on his land. I accompanied these gifts with various misleading messages as to where they grew. He would hunt and hunt, but find nothing but exasperation. Finally, he bribed me, with an apple-wood corner cupboard I had long coveted, to show him the place. It was not fifty yards from the road, and when I took him to it he was overcome with emotion.

'I'll bet that I have tramped a hundred miles,' he said plaintively, 'through every spot on this farm except this one, looking for this flower. Nobody who knew anything about botany would ever think of looking here.'

The next year my wood-lady did not meet me, nor the next, and I strongly suspect that she has been transplanted to some secret spot known to my unscrupulous botanical friend alone. Moreover, he has never yet paid me that corner cupboard.

I never saw the flower again until last summer I visited a marsh in northern New Jersey, where I had been told by another orchid-hunter that it grew. This marsh I was warned was a dangerous one. Cattle and men, too, in times past have perished in its depths. For eight unexplored miles it stretched away in front of me. After many wanderings I at length found my way to

Big Spring, a murky, malevolent pool set in dark woods, with the marsh stretching away beyond.

Not far away, in a limestone cliff, I came upon a deep burrow, in front of which was a sinister pile of picked bones of all sizes and shapes. The sight suggested delightful possibilities. Panthers, wolves, ogres — anything might belong to such a pile of bones as that. I knew, however, that the last New Jersey wolf was killed a century or so ago. The burrow was undoubtedly too small for a panther, or even an under-sized ogre. Accordingly I was compelled reluctantly to assign the den to the more commonplace bay-lynx, better known as the wild-cat.

On these limestone rocks I found the curious walking-fern, which loves limestone and no other. Both of the cliff brakes were there, too — the slender, with its dark, fragile, appealing beauty, and its hardier sister, the winter-brake, whose leathery fronds are of a strange blue-green, a color not found in any other plant. Then there was the rattlesnake fern, a lover of deep and dank woods, with its golden-yellow seed-cluster, or 'rattle,' growing from the centre of its fringed leaves. The oddest of all the ferns was the maidenhair spleenwort, whose tiny leaves are of the shape of those of the well-known maidenhair fern. When they are exposed to bright sunlight, all the fertile leaves which have seeds on their surface suddenly begin to move, and for three or four minutes vibrate back and forth as rapidly as the second-hand of a watch.

Farther and farther I pushed on into the treacherous marsh, picking my way from tussock to tussock. Now and then my foot would slip into black, quivering mire, thinly veiled by marsh-grasses. When this happened, the whole swamp would shake and chuckle and lap at the skull-shaped tussocks and the bleached skeletons of drowned trees which show-

ed here and there. At last, when I had almost given up hope, I came upon a clump of the regal flowers growing, not in the swamp itself, but on a shaded bank sloping down from the encircling woods. Three of the plants had two flowers each, the rest only one. Among these was a single blossom, pure white without a trace of pink or purple. Although it was only the thirtieth of June, several of the flowers were already slightly withered and past their prime, showing that this orchid is at its best in New Jersey in the middle of June, rather than at the end of the month, as in Connecticut. The perfect flowers were beautiful orchids, and had a rich fragrance which I had never noticed in my Connecticut specimens. Yet, in some way, to me they lacked the charm and loveliness of my lost flowers of the North.

III

It was a cold May day. The Ornithologist and myself were climbing Kent Mountain, along with Jim Pan, the last of the Pequots. Whenever Jim drank too much hard cider, which was as often as he could get it, he would give terrible war-whoops and tell how many pale-faces his ancestors had scalped. He would usually end by threatening to do some free-hand scalping on his own account — but he never did. He had a son named Tin Pan, who never talked unless he had something to say, which was not more than once or twice during the year. The two lived all alone, in a little cabin on the slope of Kent Mountain. On the outside of Jim's door some wag once painted a skull and crossbones, one night when Jim was away on a hunt for some of the aforesaid hard cider. When the last of the Pequots came back and saw what had been done, he swore mightily that he would leave said insignia there until he could wash them out with the heart's blood of the

gifted artist. They still show faintly on the door, although Jim has slept for many a year in the little Indian cemetery on the mountain, beside his great-aunt Eunice who lived to be one hundred and four years old. Lest it may appear that Jim was an unduly fearsome Indian, let me hasten to add that there was never a kinder, happier, or more untruthful Pequot from the beginning to the end of that long-lost tribe.

On that day the Ornithologist and myself were on our way to a rattlesnake den, the secret of which had been in the Pan family for some generations. In past years Jim's forbears had done a thriving business in selling skins and rattlesnake oil, in the days when the rattlesnake shared with the skunk the honor of providing an unwilling cure for rheumatism. Our path led up through masses of color. There was the pale pure pink of the crane's-bill or wild geranium, the yellow adder's tongue, and the faint blue-and-white porcelain petals of the hepatica, with cluster after cluster of the snowy, golden-hearted bloodroot whose frail blossoms last but for a day.

That very morning a long-delayed warbler-wave was breaking over the mountain, and the Ornithologist could hardly contain himself as he watched the different varieties pass by. I recall that we scored over twenty different kinds of warblers between dawn and dark, and I saw for the first time the Wilson's black-cap, with its bright yellow breast and tiny black crown, and the rare Cape May warbler, with its black streaked yellow underparts and orange-red cheeks. The richly dressed and sombre black-throated blue and bay-breasted were among the crowd, while black-throated greens, myrtles, magnolias, chestnut-sided, blackpolls, Canadians, redstarts, with their fan-shaped tails, and Blackburnians, with their flaming throats and breasts glow-

ing like live coals, went by in a never-ending procession.

All the way Jim kept up a steady flow of anecdote. I can remember only one, a blood-curdling story about a man from Bridgeport, name not given, who caught a rattlesnake while on a hunt with Jim, but who let go while attempting to put it into the bag, whereupon the rattlesnake bit him as it dropped.

'Did he die?' queried the writer and the Ornithologist in chorus.

'No,' said Jim proudly; 'Tin and I saved his life.'

'Whiskey?' ventured the writer.

'Not for snake-bites,' responded Jim simply.

'Well, how was it?' persisted the Ornithologist, hoping to learn of some mysterious Indian remedy.

'Well,' said Jim, stretching out his tremendous arms like a great bear, 'I held him tight and Tin here burned the place out. It took two matches and he yelled somethin' terrible. I told him we were savin' his life, but the fool said he would rather die of snakebite than be burned to death. You would n't suppose a grown man would make such a fuss over two little matches.'

Finally, we reached the den, a ledge of rocks near the top of the mountain, where for some unknown reason all the rattlesnakes for miles around were accustomed to hibernate during the winter and to remain for some weeks in the late spring before scattering through the valley. The Ornithologist and I fell unobtrusively to the rear, while the dauntless Pan led the van with a crotched stick. Suddenly Jim thrust one foot up into the air like a toedancer, and pirouetted with amazing rapidity on the other. He had been in the very act of stepping over a small huckleberry-bush when he noted under its lee a rattlesnake in coil, about the size of a peck-measure — as pretty a death-trap as was ever set in the woods.

By the time I got there, Jim had pinned the hissing heart-shaped head down with his forked stick, while the bloated, five-foot body, as big round as my arm, was thrashing through the air in circles, the rattles whirring incessantly.

'Grab him just back of the stick,' panted Jim, bearing down with all his weight, 'and put him in the bag.'

I paused.

'You're not scared, are you?' he inquired, while Tin, who had hurried up with a gunny-sack, regarded me reproachfully.

'Certainly not,' I assured him indignantly, 'but I don't want to be selfish. Let Tin do it.'

'No,' said Jim firmly, 'you're company. Tin can pick up rattlesnakes any day.'

'Well, how about my friend?' I continued weakly.

The Ornithologist, who had been watching the scene from the far background, spoke up for himself.

'I would n't touch that damn snake,' he said earnestly, 'for eleven million dollars.'

At this profanity the rattlesnake started another paroxysm of struggling, while his rattle sounded like an alarm-clock. When he stopped to rest, the Ornithologist raised his price to an even billion — in gold. It was evident that I was the white man's hope. It would never do to let two members of a conquered race see a pale-face falter. Remembering Deerslayer at the stake, and other brave white men without a cross, I set my teeth, gripped the rough, cold, scaly body just back of the crotched stick, and lifted. The great snake's black, fixed, devilish eyes looked into mine. If, in this world, there are peep-holes into hell, they are found in the eyes of an enraged rattlesnake. As he came clear of the ground, he coiled round my arm to the elbow, so that the rattles sounded not a foot from my

ear. Although the rattlesnake is not a constrictor, and there was no real danger, yet under the touch of his body my arm quivered like a tuning-fork.

'What makes your arm shake so?' queried Jim, watching me critically.

'It's probably rheumatism,' I assured him.

Suddenly, under my grip, the snake's mouth opened, showing on either side of the upper jaw ridges of white gum. From these suddenly flashed the movable fangs which are always folded back until ready for use. They were hollow and of a glistening white. Halfway down on the side of each was a tiny hole, from which the yellow venom slowly oozed. I began tremulously to unwind my unwelcome armlet, while Tin waited with the open bag.

'Be sure you take your hand away quick after you drop him in,' advised Jim.

'Don't you worry about that,' I replied; 'no man will ever get his hand away quicker than I'm going to.'

Whereupon I unwound the rattling coils from my arm, and then broke all speed records in removing my hand from the neighborhood of that snake. This was my first introduction to the King of the Dark Places, the grim timber-rattlesnake, the handsomest of all the thirteen varieties found within the United States.

On my way back from the den it was Jim Pan who pointed out to me on the lower slope of the mountain the beautiful showy orchid (*Orchis spectabilis*). Between two oblong shining green leaves grew a loose spike of purple-pink and white butterfly blossoms. This is the first of the orchids to appear, and no more exquisite or beautiful flower could head the procession which stretches from May until September. I find this flower but seldom, usually because I am not in the hill-country early enough, although once I found a perfect flower in

bloom as late as Decoration Day, a left-over from the first spring flowers.

It was Jim, too, that day, who quite appropriately showed me the rattlesnake-plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*), with its rosette of green leaves heavily veined with white, from the centre of which in late summer grows a spike of crowded, greenish-white flowers. Under the doctrine of signatures, these leaves are still thought by many to be a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Personally, I would rather rely on a sharp knife and permanganate of potash. In the same group as the rattlesnake plantain are several varieties of lady's-tresses, which grow in every damp meadow in midsummer and early fall. Little spikes of greenish-white flowers they are, growing out of what looks like a twisted or braided stem. Of them all the most interesting to me is the grass-leaved lady's-tresses (*Gyrostachys praecox*), where the flowers grow round and round the stem in a perfect spiral.

As I went on with my hunting, I learned that not all of the members of the orchis family are beautiful. There is the coral root, with tiny dull brownish-purple flowers, which one finds growing in dry woods, often near colonies of the Indian pipe. The green and the ragged-fringed orchids are other disappointing members of this great family. Yet, to a confirmed collector, even these poor relations of the family are full of interest. In fact, the second rarest orchid of our American list, the celebrated crane-fly orchid (*Tipularia unifolia*) has a series of insignificant greenish-purple blossoms which look as much like mosquitoes or flies as anything else, and can be detected only with the greatest difficulty. Yet this very summer I am planning to take a journey of several hundred miles on the off-chance of seeing one of these flowers. Nearly as rare is the strange ram's-head lady's-slipper (*Cypripedium arietinum*),

the rarest of all the cypripedia and belonging to the same family as the glorious moccasin flower and queen flower. The lip of the ram's-head consists of a strange greenish pouch with purple streaks, shaped like the head of a ram.

There are scores of other odd, often lovely, and usually rare, members of the great orchis family, which can be met with from May to September. There is the beautiful golden whip-poor-will's-shoe, in two sizes (*Cypripedium hirsutum*, and *Cypripedium parviflorum*), and those lovely nymphs, rose-purple Arethusa (*Arethusa bulbosa*), and Calypso (*Calypso borealis*), with her purple blossom varied with pink and shading to yellow.

IV

One of the fascinations of orchid-hunting is the fact that you may suddenly light upon a strange orchid growing in a place which you have passed for years. Such a happening came to me the day when I first found the rose pogonia (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*). I was following a cow-path through the hardhack pastures which I had traveled perhaps a hundred times before. Suddenly, as I came to the slope of the upper pasture, growing in the wet bank of the deep-cut trail, my eye caught sight of a little flower of the purest rose-pink, the color of the peach-blossom, with a deeply fringed drooping lip, the whole flower springing from a slender stem with oval, grass-like leaves. To me it had a fragrance like almonds, although others have found in it the scent of sweet violets or of fresh raspberries. It is the pogonia family which numbers the rarest of all of our orchids, the almost unknown smaller whorled pogonia (*Pogonia affinis*). Few indeed have been the botanists who have seen even a pressed specimen of this strange flower.

Two weeks after I found the rose pogonia I came again to visit her. To my astonishment and delight, by her side was growing another orchid, like some purple-pink butterfly which had alighted on a long swaying stem. It was no other than the beautiful grass-pink (*Limodorum tuberosum*), which blooms in July, while the pogonia comes out in late June. The grass-pink has from two to six blossoms on each stem, and the yellow lip is above instead of below the flower, as in the case of most orchids. Years later I was to find this orchid growing by scores in the pine-barrens.

Last, but by no means least, is the great genus *Habenaria* — the exquisite fringed orchids. Purple, white, gold, green — they wear all these colors. He who has never seen either the large or the small purple fringed orchid growing in the June or July meadows, or the flaming yellow fringed orchid all orange and gold in the August meadows, has still much for which to live.

It was with an orchid of this genus that I had my most recent adventure. I had traveled with the Botanist into the heart of the pine-barrens. There may be places where more flowers and rarer flowers and sweeter flowers grow than in these barrens, but if so, the Botanist and I have never found the spot. From the early spring, when the water freezes in the hollow leaves of the pitcher-plant, to the last gleam of the orange polygala in the late fall, we are always finding something rare and new. On that August day we followed a dim path that led through thickets of scrub-oak and sweet pepper-bush. By its side grew clumps of deer-grass, with its purple-pink petals and masses of orange-colored stamens. Sometimes the path would disappear from sight in masses of hudsonia and sand-myrtle. Everywhere above the blueberry bushes flamed the regal Turk's-cap lily, with its curved fire-red petals. On high the stalks

towered above a tangle of lesser plants bearing great candelabra of glorious blossoms.

Finally, we came to a little ditch which some forgotten cranberry-grower had dug through the barrens to a long-deserted bog. On its side grew the rare thread-leaved sundew, with its long thread-like leaf covered with tiny red hairs and speckled thick with glittering drops of dew; while here and there little insects, which had alighted on the sweet, fatal drops, were enmeshed in the entangling hairs. Well above the line of strangled insects, on which it fed, a pink blossom smiled unconcernedly. Like the attractive lady mentioned in Proverbs, her house goes down into the chambers of death.

As we followed the dike, the air was sweet with the perfume of white alder. The long stream of brown cedar-water was starred white with gleaming; fragrant water-lilies. In a marsh by the ditch grew clumps of cotton grass or pussytoes, each stem of which bore a tuft of soft brown wool, like the down which a mother rabbit pulls from her breast when she lines her nest for her babies.

At last, we came to the abandoned cranberry bog. Suddenly the Botanist jumped into the ditch, splashed his way across, and disappeared in the bog, waving his arms over his head. I found him on his knees in the wet sphagnum moss, chanting ecstatically the mystic word 'Blephariglottis.' In front of him, on a green stem, was clustered a mass of little flowers of incomparable whiteness, with fringed lips and long spikes. One petal bent like a canopy over the brown stamens, while the other two flared out on either side like the wings of tiny white butterflies. It was the white-fringed orchid (*Habenaria blephariglottis*). Beside her whiteness even the snowy petals of the water-lily and the white alder showed yellow tones.

Like El Nath among the stars, the white fringed orchid is the standard of whiteness for the flowers.

Three great blue herons flew over our heads, folded their wings, and alighted not thirty yards away — an unheard-of proceeding for this wary bird. A

Henslow sparrow sang his abrupt and, to us, almost unknown song. The Botanist neither saw nor heard. All the way home he was in a blissful daze, and when I said good-bye to him at the station, he only murmured happily 'Blephariglottis.'

RED SEED

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Now perhaps there is Peace.

But dare you say that you know it? . . .

The Wind caught a wild red seed,

And is wild to blow it

Far—far—far—

Over crags, soft pastures, dead sands.

It will plunge and leap to a fire

In white frozen and hot green lands.

The Wind will fan it, and fan it.

The fierce red stems will flash.

For the secret seed that began it

Is flame — sheer flame — and no ash.

So it will snatch and devour.

And only God knows when

He will reap its rank red flower,

Lest it bite and burn all men.

Now perhaps there is Peace.

But dare you dream that you know it? . . .

The Wind caught a wild red seed —

He will blow it — and blow it — and blow it.

INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION DURING THE WAR

BY JOSEPH P. COTTON AND DWIGHT W. MORROW

IN the earlier years of the war, each of the nations fighting against Germany was compelled to carry on a separate war. Great Britain, France, Russia, and, later, Italy, each with its separate military command, and its individual types of munitions, maintained its separate front. And this was true, not only of the military activities of the Allies, but of their whole economic life, and also (and most important) of their systems of transport and supply, which included the import of food and raw materials on which they were all so largely dependent. As the war went on, the lesson of coöperation was forced upon them; but not until the third and fourth years did they finally admit that not only all their strength, but the joint use of all their strength, was essential. And after it was admitted, a long time elapsed before it was understood.

With the increasing absorption of the people and industries of the Allied nations in the business of war on so vast a scale, they required an enormous increase of importations. And by the spring of 1917 the German submarine campaign had produced a tonnage situation so acute that, in that year and in 1918, it was possible for the Allies to import only those bare necessities which permitted them to live and carry on the war, and it became essential that all waste of tonnage should be avoided. It was that condition which finally forced organized and efficient machinery for international coöperation.

In the earlier years of the war, the help in money and ships which Great

Britain gave to France and Italy was given sporadically, as the need arose, and for the most part without defined plan. Help was given — but often at the last moment, to ward off catastrophe. The decisions as to economic coöperation between the Allies were thus often dictated by panic rather than by plan, and at times, by competition between panics. The ships which Great Britain allotted to France and Italy were operated without any general plan for the economical use of tonnage — and thus a cargo of wheat going from the East to England might pass in the Mediterranean a cargo of wheat going from America to Italy. Neither ship need have entered that danger-zone at all. The lack of unified control of ships involved a disastrous waste of tonnage. More, since Great Britain (herself strong and free from invasion) was usually in the position of donor called on by the other Allies for aid, and was also the judge of how much could be spared from her own need, it was inevitable that there should at times have been misunderstandings between the Allied governments — on one hand the feeling of unequal sacrifice, on the other, the suspicion of unequal effort. Each of the Allies was surprisingly ignorant of the economic needs and the economic sacrifices of the others, and often underestimated both. Nor were the usual methods of communication well designed to avoid such misunderstanding.

To meet these conditions, and largely because of them, there was gradually developed a comprehensive system and

machinery of international coöperation in providing the ships and the imports. It is with that system of international coöperation in the matter of transport and supply that this paper deals.

The earliest conspicuous instance in which effective machinery for coöperation between the Allies was worked out was the Wheat Executive. The Wheat Executive was formed in 1917, by representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy, sitting together in London. Its function was to make a comprehensive plan for the breadstuff supply of the Allied nations and to supervise the execution of the plan. The Wheat Executive proceeded in its work on very simple and sound lines — first, to ascertain the respective needs of the Allies, and then to ascertain and divide the available supply. The representative of each country presented the minimum cereal needs of his people, tabulating the rate of consumption, the home-production, and the deficit to be imported. This statement was criticized by the representatives of the other Allies, and a yearly programme of importation for all the Allied countries was outlined. Then the possible sources of supply were examined and apportioned to the programme, and the deficit shared. The programme was thus established on the firm foundation of the respective needs of the Allies.

With this programme proposed by the Wheat Executive and approved by the respective governments, that body was then in a position to go to the British Ministry of Shipping and ask for an allotment of tonnage, furnishing reasons for the request which no one was in a position to refute. Where before there had been three applicants clamorous for ships, who must be appeased, each (for the sake of safety) overemphasizing his story of the dangers of starvation, there was now one request with a reasonably clear programme.

Once that programme was established, the Wheat Executive performed two other functions: it formed buying and shipping agencies in the exporting countries, which served all the Allies without competition, and simplified the system of financial credits between the Allies and the relations of the treasuries. It also kept watch over the execution of its programmes, and saw that the supplies were shipped and received and the deficiencies fairly shared.

It must not be supposed that this system, which at the end of the war controlled a large and complex business organization all over the world, was built up at once. No programme, however carefully made, could be more than a sound general guide; no system of division could work with entire fairness. But, on the whole, the Wheat Executive worked well, and for the cereal year September 1, 1917, to September 1, 1918, at the time when the Allied countries were nearest to starvation and the submarine campaign was at its height, the Wheat Executive performed its function with surprising success. This success did not come because that body had broad powers; indeed, its members exercised very little direct authority. Their success seems to have come from two things: first, that in daily conference the members representing Great Britain, France, and Italy came to know and trust each other and thus to found an antidote against misunderstanding; and second, they discovered that, as usual, the difficulties of their task lay in ascertaining the facts of their problem — that, once the facts were understood, it was not so difficult to persuade their governments to adopt a comprehensive and sensible plan of action. The Wheat Executive was by no means the first international organization on economic matters, but it initiated the first satisfactory machinery for international coöperative action.

The United States came into the war in the early part of 1917. Its entrance made a great change in the economic relations of the Allies. Up to that time Great Britain had given financial help very largely for the foreign purchases of France and Italy. From that time, the United States became the chief source of Allied credit, and, until the armistice, practically extended credit to all the Allies (including Great Britain) for all the food and goods which they could obtain and ship from the United States. And, coincidentally, as the submarine campaign grew more effective and the Allied shipping losses heavier, it became necessary for the Allies to draw an increasing amount of their food and raw material from America, the nearest source of supply.

The entrance of the United States introduced a further complication. It soon became evident that the movement of the American Expeditionary Force to France would make a new and heavy drain on British shipping, and that this programme must be correlated with the other transport programmes. The general problem of transport and supply then took on entirely new phases and new seriousness, and became the most difficult problem of the war.

At the end of 1917, the representatives of the Allies and the United States held the meeting now known as the Paris Conference, with the object of coördinating the efforts and organizing the strength of all the nations fighting against Germany. The official report of the Conference reads in part as follows:

The Special Committee for Maritime Transport and General Imports of the Inter-Allied Conference of Paris has decided, by unanimous resolution of the delegates of the United States of America, Great Britain, Italy, and France, that it is necessary to arrange a form of coöperation between the Allies to secure the following objects:—

(a) To make the most economical use of

tonnage under the control of all the Allies;

(b) To allot that tonnage as between the different needs of the Allies in such a way as to add most to the general war-effort; and

(c) To adjust the programmes of requirements of the different Allies in such a way as to bring them within the scope of the possible carrying power of the tonnage available.

To secure these objects (the report states) a board composed of representatives of each nation, with complete power over a common pool of tonnage, was proposed, but rejected because it was thought difficult for any country (especially America or Great Britain) to delegate absolute power to dispose of its tonnage to a representative of an International Board 'on which he might be outvoted'; also because such a board would not tend to efficiency. The report proceeds:—

The Allies are accordingly agreed:—

(a) That America, France, Italy, and Great Britain will all tabulate and make available to each other a statement showing in detail, as nearly as possible in the same form, each class of requirements for which tonnage is needed; and, secondly, the tonnage now available and likely to be available in future through new building, etc. These requirements having been classified (showing the source of supply, etc.), and having been adjusted (1) to secure a reasonably uniform standard of adequacy, both as between classes of commodities and as between countries, and (2) to bring the total within the carrying capacity of the Allies as a whole, will form the basis on which the general allocation of tonnage will be determined. The calculation will be revised at convenient intervals, in the light of losses, new building, war-requirements, and other factors in the problem; but it will be an essential feature of the scheme that, subject to such periodical re-allocation, each nation shall manage and supervise the tonnage under its control.

(b) That the neutral and internal tonnage, obtained through any channel and by whatever country, shall be used in such a way

as to increase to an equal extent the tonnage in direct war-services, the extra tonnage being allotted so far as practicable to the most urgent war-need of any of the Allies. The method of allocation will be worked out later, but the principle is recognized that it is urgency of war-needs, and not the method by which the tonnage has been obtained, that is to be the criterion.

(c) That steps shall be taken to bring into war-services all possible further tonnage, such as that in South America, etc.

(d) That control over cargoes carried shall be such as to ensure that they satisfy the most urgent war-needs in respect of which the tonnage has been allotted.

To carry out (a) and (b) above, Allied bodies for the different main requirements for food, for munitions, and for raw materials will be formed on the model of the Wheat Executive, America being associated with these bodies.

It being necessary, in order to obtain decisions by the respective Governments, that each country shall designate one or two Ministers, — the United States one or two special delegates, — who will be responsible towards their respective Governments for the execution of the agreements arrived at, and who will meet in conference as Allied representatives, as may be necessary from time to time, whether in Paris or in London, according to the circumstances of the case, either on their own motion or at the request of the Executive Departments, it was resolved that, for the purpose of carrying out the common policy above indicated, the appropriate Ministers in France, Italy, and Great Britain, together with representatives of America, shall take steps to secure the necessary exchange of information, and coördination of policy and effort, establishing a permanent office and staff for the purposes.

When one remembers how gloomy the Allied cause was at the date of the Paris Conference, and the professed aim of the Conference to pool the resources of all the nations against Germany, the first reaction one gets from the report is surprise that the Conference did not pool shipping, or at least

create a unified command for ships in war-service; and particularly that the United States — which had a small percentage of the total shipping of the world — not only did not urge such a pool, but opposed it.

In accordance with the action of the Paris Conference, the Allied Maritime Transport Council was formed in February, 1918. At various times thereafter, various programme committees, covering the whole range of imported commodities, were formed. At the time the armistice was signed, programme committees were functioning (some of them more effectively than others), dealing with the following commodities: wool, cotton, hides and leather, tobacco, paper, timber, petroleum, flax, hemp and jute, coal and coke, cereals, oil-seeds, sugar, meats and fats, nitrates, aircraft, chemicals, explosives, non-ferrous metals, mechanical transport, and steel.

The working of these various bodies in practice was most interesting. Representatives of the Allied nations would meet and state their import requirements of a given commodity. Instead of dealing at arm's length, through Foreign-Office memoranda and diplomatic channels, they sat around a table, and the representative of each nation would be in a position to criticize the demands of the others, and, in turn, to receive their criticisms of his own programme. Many of the misunderstandings which had resulted from incomplete facts were thus avoided. When the detailed programme was agreed upon, a nation was better able to curtail its requirements because of accurate knowledge of the sacrifices made by the other nations. And the astonishing feature was, that usually agreements were reached as to the programmes. It was no small achievement that, in the fall of 1918, when shipping was short and food certain to be scarce, the representatives of the food-

controllers of Great Britain, France, and Italy (who were responsible to their people for food-shortages) agreed as to their respective shares of the food which should be imported, and agreed to share further cuts to provide space to bring American soldiers to France. It was a remarkable example of how helpful the work of a fact-finding body can be, even if the power of final decision be not delegated to it.

The Allied Maritime Transport Council did not control the various programme committees. The Food-Committees reported to the several food-controllers, and the Raw Material Committees to the Ministers of Munitions and the War Industries Board. Inasmuch, however, as ships were the limiting factor, it was essential that, when the committees had reduced their programmes so far as seemed to them possible, there must be further reduction if the total programmes exceeded the amount of transport available. The result was that the Transport Council, in 1918, received the programmes of all the committees, and made adjustments to bring the supplies within the carrying capacity of the ships; but in practice that meant re-routing of the world's tonnage.

Moreover, it was not only the programmes of the Allied countries that were dealt with. Through control of the sources of supply, a very real control was exercised over neutrals. An effort was made to ascertain their needs, and to see that those needs were supplied as equitably as possible, having in view the world-shortage and the conflicting needs of the Allies and of other neutrals. The control over neutral imports, and (largely) the acquisition of neutral ships for war-service, were in the hands of the Blockade Committee, with which a representative of the United States War-Trade Board sat in a central coördinating committee,

which was charged with planning the blockade against Germany.

It must be constantly remembered that the representatives of the various countries on the programme committees and the Allied Maritime Transport Council did not have power finally to bind their respective governments. They could only recommend action; but since the decisions depended largely upon the facts, the finding of the fact tended more and more to determine the decision. Many newspaper references to the Allied Maritime Transport Council and the programme committees, and some books and magazine articles have given the impression that they were international bodies controlling the vital necessities of life. This is not accurate. Each nation settled its own affairs, but its manner of exercising its control was greatly affected — especially in the European countries which had been longer in the war — by the findings of the programme committees and the Transport Council.

A few cases will illustrate the range of subjects covered by these inter-Allied bodies and the nature of their recommendations. Early in the war, as we have said, wheat from India went through the Mediterranean to England, passing on the way wheat going from the United States to Italy. Under the Wheat Executive and programme committees, wheat from India stopped at Italy, and the corresponding amount of wheat that would have gone from America to Italy went to England or France. This was not only a saving of ships, but an avoidance of an unnecessary submarine risk in the dangerous Western Mediterranean. During the first years of the war England's oil-supply had come in very large quantity from the oil-fields of the Far East. American oil companies had built up a large market in China, and were carrying oil from the Atlantic seaboard to

China. A re-routing, which was about to go into operation when the armistice was signed, was arranged through the Petroleum Conference, by which the American oil should go to England and the oil from the far eastern points should go to China. Early in 1918 Italy was desperately short of coal. Through the Transport Council an arrangement was made by which coal was sent from Southern France to Italy, partly by an all-rail route, and partly by rail to Marseilles and then by ship to Italy. To take care of the coal needs of France, which would have been seriously imperiled by this diversion of coal to Italy, large shipments of Cardiff coal were sent across the Channel to the northern French ports. The March 21 (1918) drive of the Germans precipitated a very serious coal question. The principal coal-supply of France was in the Pas de Calais district. The German military success reduced the output of the mines in this district and prevented the shipment of coal therefrom to the south of France, because of the interruption of traffic on the main railway line to the south. An arrangement was therefore made by which the English army got its coal from the French mines in the northern district, and English coal was sent by ships to the southerly ports of France.

Following the creation of the Maritime Council in 1918, there also came into existence other inter-Allied organizations — the Allied Food Council, the Munitions Council, the Blockade Council, and the Finance Council (which dealt only with American purchases, but was formed before any of the others and had a longer service and tradition behind it). These bodies were functioning with varying efficiency when the armistice came. Some of them were very young — certainly they were becoming increasingly valuable and efficient, and played a considerable

part in making possible the supplying of tonnage for the American troop-movement to France. In all, the experience seems to have been the same — that a small international body, which sat constantly and concerned itself with the ascertainment of the facts of any situation, was of great assistance in securing intelligent joint action.

In all these international bodies which sat in 1918 the United States was represented, and to all the principles of international coöperation with the Allies in the war the United States assented. In actual practice, however, the United States government did not accept the results of the Allied councils to anything like the same degree as the European Allies; nor can it be fairly said that our action was largely influenced by these councils, or that our government listened to their studies of the facts or their plans. The most difficult task in international action always is the learning that the representatives of other nations can be as high-minded or unselfish as one's self, and that task always takes time.

It is notable, again, that neither in the United States nor in Great Britain and France was there at any time effective coöperation between the military and civilian transport and supply systems. The armies of France and Italy particularly depended almost wholly on the inter-Allied organizations for imports of food (the British army to a much smaller degree and the United States army very little), but no army got to the point of submitting its demands for general criticism, nor did any army seriously consider the general problems of waste of tonnage or supply. Thus, to the end of the war, the British navy sent some of their own coal to their ships in the Pacific at an almost unbelievable waste of tonnage, for no other reason than that the navy is sacrosanct; and every army piled up huge

reserves of food and supplies which were always asserted to be essential to winning the war. Perhaps they were, — certainly no one begrudged anything that might serve the fighting forces or make for their security. The purpose of the reference is, not to indicate selfishness, but simply to point out that the exigencies of the Great War were never enough to drive the armies on the Western front to a common general supply-system — much less to any system of coördinating that supply with the needs of the very hard-pressed civilian populations. Toward the end of the war only, after the unified command came into being, an Allied army-supply board began the job of pooling supplies of all the armies in those commodities, such as forage, of which the armies were shortest. Coöperation between the quartermasters' departments brings up quite the same difficulties as coöperation between nations.

But the surprising thing, to anyone familiar with the work of the international coöperative organizations during the war, was the amount which was actually accomplished by the several widely different nationalities working together in the face of appalling difficulties. It is fair to say of these organizations: —

First, that they served an important immediate purpose in getting a fair division of essential imports among the Allies and keeping them all united.

Second, that they emphasized again the value of constant 'common counsel,' and the examination of facts in international affairs, as contrasted with the unsatisfactory form of advocacy usually known as diplomacy.

Third, that they were highly instru-

mental in convincing the government officials of the European Allies that the project of a league of nations gave promise of success.

Fourth, that the form of the Covenant for the League of Nations proposed by the committee of the Peace Conference was largely influenced by the experience of the inter-Allied bodies described in this chapter. This is clearly brought out in the published statements of the representatives of Great Britain and Italy in the Peace Conference. It has not been emphasized or clarified in any official statement in the United States; and many of the members of our Senate, in their discussions in the session which ended on March 4, 1919, seem to have lost sight of the fact that the main function of the Executive Council of the proposed League is, not to bind any participant by a majority vote, but to study and report on the facts, and by constant common counsel to make easier agreement for action by the nations. Only in a few exceptional cases, which are expressly stated in the proposed Covenant, can the Executive Council, or indeed the League itself, act otherwise than by unanimous agreement. It is in its reliance on the value of the international understanding to prevent disagreement, and its significant omission of anything like an international police force which would attempt to coerce agreement, that the proposed Covenant gives most promise of success. That was the chief lesson of international coöperation during the war. And it is hardly to be expected that the nations of the world at peace will find the problem easier of solution than the nations fighting against Germany found it during the war.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND THE GERMAN MIND

BY LOUIS GRAVES

I

PSYCHOLOGISTS, amateur and professional, have been seeking during these last five years to sound the depths of the German mind. Painstakingly they have raked over and sorted the data bearing upon the subject, and have sought to interpret to us the mental processes of a people who seemed to most of the world suddenly to have gone mad. Men and women who have dwelt among the Germans for a long time, as well as hurried travelers of the tourist sort, have recounted their experiences and impressions, each contributing his or her bit to the effort to solve the puzzle. None of what might be called the secondary aspects of the war, no aspect save the immediate and transcendent problem of the fight itself, has continued, perhaps, a source of such keen speculation and interest. Nobody in America so lowly or untutored, so lacking in curiosity, that he has not asked himself and his neighbors, what goes on in a German's head?

Until recently, those who might pretend to speak with the authority which comes from contact with the object of study have been limited to that fraction of our folk that we are accustomed to call, somewhat snobbishly, the upper class—meaning, either persons of education who are conversant with German history and literature, or persons whose means have enabled them to indulge in foreign travel. Now, all at once, a quarter of a million Americans, a true cross section of our population, have been set

down among the German people. From having information and opinions handed down to them, as it were, these men, some of them rich, most of them poor, some of them highly educated, most of them boasting not even a high-school record, find themselves in the very midst of our late enemies, seeing them face to face and perforce forming their own judgments of them.

This circumstance is not going to bring any definite answer to the question. There is not any definite answer—even the fondest devotees of psychology have never claimed that it is an exact science. The members of the army of occupation, when they return home, will not all have seen the same things, nor will they all think alike. On some points, however, they will be in substantial agreement. At any rate, the first-hand observations of so many Americans, typical Americans, create a genuine addition to the data we had before.

It would be indeed reckless for any one man to assume to speak for all the men in our army in Germany—to set down exactly what conclusions they have formed. There are too many of them. But I have had an unusual opportunity, since I came to Coblenz a few days after our advance-guard reached the Rhine, to hear a great number of representative views. It so happens that my particular assignment has carried me constantly back and forth through the occupation area, and has brought me into speech with hundreds of officers and enlisted men in all kinds

of situations. Also, my official duties have required me to converse with many Germans.

The Americans entered Germany after months of the most unbelievable hardships and the fiercest sort of fighting. In the fury of attack and pursuit, clambering over mountains and through woods under shell and machine-gun fire, frequently they had had almost nothing to eat for two or three days at a time. They had been footsore, shivering, and rain-soaked; they had slept in trenches and shell-holes, amid the foul stench of gas; themselves face to face with death, they had been surrounded by the wounded, the dying, and the dead. To these men this country, unscarred by war, with its homes and fields as peaceful as if the war had never been, seemed a very heaven of comfort. Now they found themselves installed in rooms with real beds. (They had begun to think that beds did not exist except in dreams!) And, with the supply system again restored to normal, they began to have three meals a day. Those who have never been without these simple comforts, who take them for granted and therefore never give them a thought, can never realize what they meant to the fighting divisions which constitute the army of occupation.

When our troops crossed the border in early December, they expected, naturally enough, to find the people sullen and resentful. They even looked for a certain amount of actual hostility, of the sort that a conquering army meets in individual civilians who cannot control their feelings. To their astonishment, they were greeted by smiles and kindnesses. What the inhabitants were required to do, in the way of providing assistance and quarters, was done, not as if under compulsion, not even with signs of reluctance, but with the eagerness of friends. Now, for four years the

men and women of Germany had been hearing and giving heed to a gospel of hate toward Americans. At first it had been because we were sending food and munitions to the Allies, and then because, being 'the dupe of England,' and 'a nation of dollar-grabbers' who desired only to safeguard our loans, we had ourselves entered the war. It could be set down as a fact — so most of us reasoned and still reason — that these people could cherish toward us no real friendship.

Thus, the quality of the Germans that first impressed itself upon the Americans, after we got settled down and had time to think of the matter at all, was their caninness. Their puzzling mixture of phlegm and intense emotionalism has often been dwelt upon. Here we found a turn of mind that was mere business sagacity. The war was over; the men whom they had fought were here, their masters. What could possibly be gained by throwing obstacles in our way and stirring up our anger? Obviously nothing. On the contrary, was there not much to be gained, perhaps, by making our stay easy and agreeable? This is the way we believe they worked it out. And who can deny, even with the 'perhaps' suggesting a confession of possible disappointment in the hope of positive advantage, that it was an eminently sensible decision?

Unquestionably their prudence was stimulated by, though not mainly due to, fear. However much they might justify the deeds of their own invading armies on the ground of military necessity, they were well aware that these deeds had been such as to create in their enemies a spirit of revenge. They did not know that the doctrine of *Schrecklichkeit* was not favored by other nations as by their own. True, they reassured themselves that this was peace (or a sort of one) and not war, and that therefore the occupation was to be a

peaceful one; but they were not taking any chances, and they were determined to prevent, by all possible friendliness, any evil to themselves. The surprise of many of their number at finding the Americans mild-mannered and considerate, and honest payers for wares bought, was in some cases downright ludicrous.

I do not mean to be understood as doubting that many individuals, humble peasants or tradesmen, in whose houses the men were quartered, performed acts of kindness out of natural goodness of heart. That sort had never been hard haters anyway, except in moments of stress or acute personal loss; never thoughtful and consistent haters. Many a tiny Christmas tree was mounted in a soldier's room, and many a stray native egg was offered as a reinforcement to an army breakfast, from no ulterior motive. But the disposition to extend favors that were not looked for ran through all strata of the population, to a degree that put sincerity as a motive out of the question. Sleek merchants who, you knew well, had been despising and deriding Americans in 1917 and detesting them in 1918, bent over their counters with smiles and unctuous good-days; wealthy householders of Mainzer Strasse or Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse received officers into their homes as if these officers had been their own returned from the war; a man who had, a month since, been a Prussian officer, seeing you about to pass with your cigar unlighted, stopped with a bow and a smile and proffered a match.

Too wide generalization is deceptive, and unfair. It is always necessary to modify. Just as there were Germans who were friendly without design, so we found Germans who accepted the humiliating entrance of a foreign army with reserve and dignity; not friendly, not unfriendly; obeying our army's

regulations, and providing what was demanded of them, but without any pretense in word or manner that they welcomed our presence. They were the sort who came nearest to meeting our approval. But they were not a common sight. If there had been more of them, that would have been more dangerous 'propaganda,' so far as winning over the Americans was concerned, than was the usual attitude we encountered.

Soon after our arrival the army authorities put into effect a rule against social intercourse between soldiers and inhabitants. Statements have been published that, despite this, there has been a great deal of fraternizing — that is the official term. In the homes where the men are billeted, where they are in close contact with German families who go out of their way to minister to their comfort, without doubt there has been much friendly association. Especially is this true in small villages where there are no shop-windows and no diverting street-life to take the soldiers out of the house.

During the first month or two of the occupation, before the schemes for recreation and entertainment were under way, and the periodical holidays at leave-centres were arranged, there was more of this mingling than there is now, in the spring. From the beginning, however, it has been more with the women and children than with the men: the result of an easily understood yearning, on the part of a lot of homesick boys, for the sort of atmosphere they knew in their own homes.

There is little intercourse of the kind the army commander sought to prevent, the kind that might lead to 'poisoning the minds' of the innocent and unthoughtful. One does not see groups of soldiers and German men sitting and talking together, in the restaurants or on the streets, or elsewhere. What are the topics of conversation

when the Americans talk to the natives in their houses can be only conjectured; but from my knowledge of the American soldier, I venture to say that, with the little that he has picked up of the language, he spends considerably more of his time telling the Germans of the advantages of living in America than he spends listening to them tell of the virtues of the Fatherland. I believe that a certain general was right when he said that the Americans, not merely by what they said, but by their behavior, especially toward women and children, had done more proselyting for American ideas than the Germans had done for theirs.

From the beginning, the inhabitants were outspoken in their hope that the Americans would plead their cause at the Peace Conference, to the extent of standing out for more lenient terms than France or England would seek to impose. Their truly childlike frankness in giving voice to this hope, as well as to their desire for early food-shipments from across the sea, made it plain, to the least suspicious of men, that their o'erweening friendliness had a motive behind it. Here was another attribute of the German mind that impressed itself upon the soldiers: craft in the conception of a policy combined with an execution so guileless as to defeat that same policy. The simplest doughboy could not fail to see the connection between benefits conferred and benefits expected.

'The French and English are our enemies, the Americans are our friends,' a youth of twenty-one said to me as he offered me some of that rare commodity, sugar, with an ingratiating smile. This was only a few days after the troops' entrance into Germany, and not six weeks after the Americans and Germans were fighting to the death along the Meuse.

The Germans in our zone were con-

tinually drawing comparisons between the Americans on the one hand and the French and English on the other, always to our advantage. They told us how pleased they were that it was the Americans, instead of either of our vindictive allies, who had come to occupy their district. (Incidentally, from several visits to both the French and English areas, I know that the armies there are no whit more severe than our own in their treatment of the inhabitants). They lost no chance to refer to kinsfolk who dwell in New York, or Philadelphia, or whatever the place might be, and to accent the consequent hold that America had upon their affections. Along with these compliments and declarations of good-will went always the refrain, — not left to the imagination, but expressed in plain words, — 'We are looking to America to keep the others from being too hard on us.'

It appeared to some of us surprisingly credulous in the Germans to expect that, even if they did make an agreeable impression upon the soldiers, this would have any appreciable effect on the temper of the delegates at Paris, who were already setting about their work and would surely not modify their views because Private John Doe, or several hundred of him, might write home that the householders at Putzenbach or Neider Bieber or Cottenheim had been very kind in providing candles and clean sheets. Yet, had the motive not been made so plain, it is conceivable that the policy might have had valuable ultimate results for Germany, in softening American dislike; fair words and kind deeds might possibly have served to dim the soldiers' recollection of German crimes, and to send them home, an army of apologists, to spread the doctrine that the Germans were not so guilty as they had been painted. But, as it was, the whole thing was too obvious. Change

the name in Kipling's line, and it tells the story of their success in winning over the soldier: —

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet
that Tommy sees!

There are those in the army who are convinced that this campaign of conciliation was directed from a high central source; that, as soon as the occupation programme was agreed upon, and before we actually came into Germany, the injunction to be friendly to the Americans was passed down through provincial chiefs to *Bürgermeisters*, and through them to councils and boards and lesser officials, and so was spread among the people themselves. The unanimity of the inhabitants' conduct, the similarity in their methods of approach and in their language, at widely distant places, certainly lent color to such a conclusion. The other view is that the excessive cordiality was simply the instinctive action of several hundred thousand persons to whom self-protection and self-interest dictated this as the wisest course. Whichever is true, it tends to confirm the impression, gained during the war, that there is something like a collective German mind cased in a fixed mould.

II

I have used the past tense in describing the attitude of the Germans, though the army of occupation is still in being, and the Americans are still billeted in German homes. The reason is that, two or three months after the Armistice was signed, there came about a perceptible change in the bearing of the inhabitants.

Together, the two motives that had inspired them, hope and fear, ceased to exist. They learned, even the lowliest of them, that the American representatives at the Peace Conference were

showing no disposition to condone the attack of 1914, or to waive the obligation of Germany to make good the wholesale destruction and theft of property. And they found that there was no bodily harm to be feared from the Americans, who, in obedience to their commanders, everywhere conducted themselves with soberness and forbearance. As they had before asked themselves, 'What is the use of keeping alive the foreigners' dislike?' so they could now ask themselves, 'What profit is there in assuming a cordiality we do not feel?'

Those who had been kind from the heart remained so; but the smirks and smiles of the others faded away. No longer was evident the scrupulous stepping aside, the unrequired and unwanted lifting of hats, the determination to be polite on all occasions. The natural resentment of any population at the presence of foreign troops came to the surface. This new behavior did not take the form of actual resistance — without army or arms, the inhabitants were too helpless for that. The majority of them committed no overt offenses. But there were numerous instances of what the soldiers call run-ins. Americans were ostentatiously scowled at, or bumped into, or addressed with sneers. Directions to local authorities were not carried out with alacrity. A high official of one district had to be placed under arrest for failure to comply with an order from Army Headquarters.

As a result of these incidents, officers and soldiers alike are setting this down as another characteristic German trait: servility under a firm hand (or the fear of one) and insolence under mild treatment. Now, the American soldier lapses easily into extreme mildness. In ordinary day-to-day intercourse, that is his normal state. And when he came into Germany, realizing that he was

among a people who had suffered defeat, he had no desire to rub it in. When he saw they were making no trouble, he was immensely glad of it. The easy-going ways of both the officers and their men, a great many Germans mistook for softness. Of course, it was not that, — if the German civilians had been more familiar with the details of the Argonne-Meuse fight they would not have made this error, — and when the population threw off its mask of friendliness the Americans in turn threw off their mask of softness. True to form (the Americans are saying), the Germans have responded promptly to a display of firmness. Through fines for disobedience of the army's regulations, a few sharp reminders addressed to city and village big-wigs, and one does not know how many unrecorded encounters in which fists played a part, the people are having impressed upon them these two simple facts, namely, that American orders are to be obeyed, and that the American flag and American officers and soldiers are to be treated with respect. As proof of the need of such a demonstration there is the manifesto issued by the Bürgermeister of Coblenz, reminding the people that they must obey the rules of the military government and act with proper courtesy toward the Americans. The highly placed began to realize sooner than their more humble fellow citizens that insubordination would not be tolerated.

'It has become known,' said the Bürgermeister, in the notice published in the local newspapers, 'that in the last few days fights have taken place between civilians and American soldiers. In one of these loss of life has resulted. It has been reported that American soldiers have been repeatedly insulted by civilians. The causes of these incidents remain in doubt, but all citizens are emphatically warned that serious results may come to the many from the actions

of a few. The population is urgently requested to refrain from thoughtless acts in dealing with the Americans, and to exercise the utmost self-control.'

At the same time that it has insisted that the German civilian leaders must maintain the good conduct of the people, the army command has informed them that any improprieties or acts of violence on the part of Americans are to be reported at Headquarters. That the discipline and general behavior of the troops has been excellent, cannot be questioned; but nobody pretends that every one of a quarter of a million soldiers is a model of virtue and restraint, and the inhabitants are given to understand that a soldier who takes advantage of his position to impose upon them will be properly dealt with.

A most surprising discovery of the American soldier last winter was that the Germans did not consider themselves defeated. He had pursued them steadily for weeks; he had seen them captured by the thousand; he had seen vast quantities of their cannon and machine-guns fall into our hands; he had been informed of the meagre force they had in line at the place where our next great offensive was to be made; and he knew the exacting terms of the Armistice. To him nothing was plainer than that they had been thoroughly beaten. Yet he had to pursue a conversation with a native only a few minutes to learn that the Americans were not here as conquerors, but simply by 'agreement,' or 'arrangement,' whatever that might mean.

'We were never defeated; we merely withdrew, in perfect order, in accordance with the terms of an understanding with an enemy who outnumbered us,' said a citizen of Coblenz to a New York newspaper correspondent at Christmas-time.

The newspapers of late November carried large headlines announcing the

imminent passage through the city of 'our unconquered army.' The passage was not called a retreat, or even a withdrawal. It was a *Heimkehr* (home-coming). The people were reminded that they were to greet the troops 'as conquerors.' In copies of the newspapers of the day, after the troops entered Coblenz, in their march eastward, I find glowing descriptions of the flags hung from windows, the cheering of crowds along the sidewalks, and the scattering of flowers in the soldiers' path.

Most conversations between Americans and Germans have turned upon some unexciting topic, like the probability of rain on the morrow, the coldness of a room, the affection of the military palate for eggs, or the scarcity of soap. But there have been discussions of war and peace and world-affairs in general. In these the Germans have usually preserved a genial, chatty tone, as if to say, 'Oh, well, the rather unfortunate episode is all past now; let us talk it over as we would relate our dreams of last night — and why cherish any ill-feeling about it?' Now and then, however, a chance remark, or, maybe, a deliberate prod, will generate a sudden heat; words will come forth in an avalanche, and you will be hearing that Germany is still unconquered, that the war was forced upon her by a world of envious foes, and that America would never have entered the war if it had listened to Germany's side and had not been deceived by England.

In comments upon the Germans' present attitude, I have often seen it described as 'unrepentant.' That, it certainly is, in the opinion of what I feel sure is the vast majority of the army of occupation. But should this fact, if it is a fact, cause any surprise, or, in itself, any special *new* condemnation? A nation that would fight such a war as Germany fought for four years,

and in such a way, could hardly be expected to turn really contrite, all at once, just because the promised victory did not come. Those who thought she was right before still think so, and are sorry, not for the war, but for the failure to win it. We do not say that many of them will not look upon the thing differently in the future. But such changes of heart take time; and there has not been time enough yet.

A question that a good many of us are asking is: How many Germans are there who did *not* really think their country was right in the war, who did *not* sympathize with its purposes, but whose voice was necessarily stilled while the fight was on? If the number of these is as large as some profess to believe, then there may indeed soon be a liberal Germany. We read of the National Assembly at Weimar, and of the great voting strength of so-called liberals and radicals and republicans. But meanwhile, from Berlin and other places in the Fatherland, — even from that same National Assembly at Weimar, — we hear rumblings that sound very like echoes of the old German spirit.

And here, in the American zone, we find Von Ludendorff unpopular only because he failed, the Kaiser pitied as a martyr, and Von Hindenburg a popular idol, and are left with the feeling that all these parties, the Centrum, the People's Democratic, the Majority Socialists, and the rest, are shadowy things, made up of just — Germans. By compulsion they may be kept from continuing exactly the same sort of Germans we have known in the past; they may be patched-up and made-over; but we here are not expecting to see any genuinely changed Germans until, possibly, the children who are now the playfellows of our American soldiers have become men and women.

A POST-MORTEM OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

A POST-MORTEM examination of the patient often reveals the cause, or causes, — before that only imperfectly understood, — of the fatal illness. Of course, sometimes it does not. The case of the collapse of militaristic Germanism is one that urgently calls for examination after the event. We need to find out, for the sake of knowing what not to do or be, as much as we can of what Imperial Germany did, or was, that brought her to a timely end.

There may be some who will remonstrate that this end has not come yet, and that a present post-mortem examination of Germany is premature. In all truth, Imperial Germany is not wholly dead. But sometimes, for that matter, neither is the more usual subject of a post-mortem wholly dead at the time of the examination. The human body does not all die at one moment: it dies by parts, by organs, by tissues, one after another. For example, the amoeboid white blood corpuscles, the most independent parts of the body, go on moving and functioning long after the heart has stopped beating. The army was the heart of ante-mortem Germany. It has stopped beating. And it is revealing some curious phenomena during its decomposition.

II

The happenings in Brussels in 'Revolution Week,' November 10 to 17, are interesting and suggestive in this con-

nection. I did not get to Brussels until several days after its evacuation by the Germans; but my wife was there before the last crazy caravan of mixed German soldiers seized Belgian cattle, and looted Belgian household belongings, piled high on gun-carriages, munitions-wagons, passenger hacks, and hucksters' carts, went out; and she has described to me some of the extraordinary performances of the disintegrating German army in Belgium. Also, many friends in Brussels have told me many things that happened in those last amazing days of German occupancy. I need to refer to a few of these happenings in order to add to the post-mortem which I have been able to make personally, since the armistice, in Belgium, North France, Poland, Austria, and Germany.

Hauptmann Graf W—— had been my escort officer at German Great Headquarters in Charleville, in 1915 and 1916. It was he who, as described in an earlier article in the *Atlantic*,¹ broke in on my attempt to explain one night while dining, at his invitation, with a group of Headquarters officers, just what it is that America understands by democracy. I had proceeded but a little way in my explanation, when he interrupted, rather violently, with the exclamation, 'Democracy — bah! — license, lawlessness, anarchy!' On his hurried way from Charleville to Germany after the armistice, he passed through Brussels and talked with one of our C.R.B. men.

He was still boasting, — entirely

¹ 'A Belgian Wilderness' (March, 1916).

characteristic of him, — but it was a strange, new boast that he uttered. Always, at Headquarters, he had upheld against me the great advantage — nay, the absolute necessity, if a people was to be well governed and successful — of a military autocracy. If America wished to be great, or if she had for the moment the seeming of greatness but wished to assure its continuance, she should acquire as soon as possible a Kaiser and a General Staff. Germany was the greatest nation in the world, because she enjoyed these particular blessings; of course, incidentally, her people, her Kultur, and all the rest were the best, and so forth, *ad nauseam*.

But Graf W—— had learned, surprisingly quickly, a new boast. Germany was now really going to be the greatest nation, because she had a splendid new government, a real democratic government; not a pseudo-democracy like America's, where the President was more of an autocrat than any monarch in Europe, but the most real thing in democracies conceivable.

My astonished C.R.B. friend stammered out a question. 'Do all the officers at Great Headquarters and all the other officers say this, too? Do they all think as you do?'

'No, not all; some are fools. But sixty per cent of them do; and the other forty per cent — well, they don't count.'

This may seem hard to understand. But I know Hauptmann Graf W—— very well, and many others like him. It was the acceptance of authority, the cringing to power. The Kaiser had run away; so had some of the General Staff; the others were rapidly changing their uniforms for mufti. The 'real democracy' was in power — therefore, knuckle down to it. This is not to say that there are no Germans who believe in democracy and want it. Only Hauptmann Graf W—— is not one of

them. He accepts the real democracy — if it can give the orders.

Some of the leading German officers and officials in Belgium, men of the Governor-General's staff, gave an edifying exhibition in Brussels shortly before scurrying away. The German soldiers, at the suggestion, and with the moral support, of a group of Soldier-Council emissaries from Hamburg and Berlin, took control of the army in most of Belgium on the day before the armistice. The insignia of rank were stripped from the officers' uniforms, or the officers were ordered to strip themselves of their insignia, which they did, and a Soldaten-Rath was established in Brussels, under the leadership of Private Einstein. This council requested the attendance at one of its meetings of half a dozen of the highest German officers and officials in the city, men who had been the rulers of Belgium for four years, whose word had meant life or death to German soldiers and Belgian civilians up to this very moment. They came to the meeting — early. They were there before Einstein. When he came in, they rose from their chairs and stood respectfully until he was seated.

Amazing? It was beyond words. I can hardly write this. It is too good to be true. Yet it is the truth. These were the men who had shot Miss Cavell and scores of the fearless Belgians; the men who had brutalized thousands of German soldiers; the men who had insulted, times unnumbered, the Americans of the Relief Commission. How many times, for the sake of the work, we had accepted from them, unanswered, with faces burning from anger and shame, a brutal or insulting remark! How we had almost come to fear them! They could do anything. Even now something — is it fear? — keeps me from writing their names.

Private Einstein had learned the language of command, not by using it,

but by hearing it, by having it growled or barked at him. He used it now. The others knew it, too. And they knew the proper response. Each knew how to lift impassive face to it, hands down on trouser-seams. Private Einstein gave each the opportunity to practise a little all that he had so long practised.

Then he told them what to do and what not to do. He said that he was informed that the jails in Namur had not yet been opened. Would Governor H——, Governor of all Walloon Belgium, see to it that the prisoners — British, French, Italian, Russian — were all released by night? Governor H—— would see to it. Would Graf R——, who had lived in the same house with Governor-General von Bisping, and used this familiar intercourse to rise to great power in Belgium, do this other particular thing that Private Einstein wished done? And would Baron von der L——, chief political adviser of the successive governors-general of Belgium, and a widely known figure in German diplomacy and official intrigue, do that other thing? The humble servants of Private Einstein assured him that they would.

Is this credible? It happened.

In the few days after that meeting these men disappeared from Belgium. They slunk away in concealing civilian clothes to Holland or Germany. Haughty Rupprecht, Crown Prince of Bavaria, escaping the bullets shot into his house, took refuge in the Spanish Legation, whence he was taken, under the Spanish flag, to the Dutch frontier.

A few officers not so high in rank and not so easily convinced of the advantage of the new democracy — some of the foolish forty per cent, perhaps — resisted feebly. They continued to wear their uniforms and insignia, and tried to give orders to their men. Some of them were shot, and others shot at. From the Palace Hotel, former convi-

vial headquarters of German officers back from the front on leave in Brussels, and now taken possession of by the soldiers, a machine-gun spat bullets across the square into the windows of the Cosmopolite, last hold-out of the recalcitrant officers. The soldiers, the Soldier-Councils, were giving the rulers of Germany their first lesson in the 'splendid new democracy.'

It is apparently not necessary to observe — which, nevertheless, I do here, parenthetically — that this is not exactly our idea of democracy, for the officers had no representation in it. It was dictatorship, just as the former autocracy was. The rule of the proletariat alone is no more democratic than is the rule of the nobles alone. Bolshevism is not democracy. It is the exchange of the tyranny of kings and nobles and general staffs for that of the bottom rung in the political and social ladder. Russia illustrates this now; Germany will illustrate it to-morrow if the Spartacists have their way.

But to return from the parenthesis. One other Brussels happening must be recorded. It is the departure of the German occupying troops.

On 'Liberation Sunday' (November 17) my wife watched for three hours, from a curtained window on the Boulevard du Regent, that strange procession of beaten conquerors passing by. The significant thing to me about this procession — in special connection with the point I am laboring — is that, despite the uprising of the soldiers and degradation of the officers during the last week before the evacuation, when the troops moved away, — with their final loot, — they were led and kept in line by officers! It was the effect of long tradition and ingrained habit reasserting itself. In taking up familiar performance again, the soldiers needed, or thought they did, or just accepted without need or thought, some kind of con-

trol. They wanted somebody over them, somebody to rely on, someone to order them; they wanted to be reassured by the familiar bark. Which has its significance to be considered in any attempts to estimate just how far democracy will really come to its own in new Germany.

III

At the time of this writing Noske, Minister of National Defense, is the strong man of the Majority Socialist administration of Germany, and the man on whom chiefly depends the hope of a continuing orderly or semi-orderly government. By the time this is published, he may not be; before then he may be assassinated; he almost certainly will be, if the Spartacists can get to him. But now he is the strength of the government. Why? Because, although he is a Socialist and a man risen from the ranks, he uses the control methods of the old régime. He wields the Big Stick; he controls by force. The Germans understand his ways. He orders them, and sends troops to enforce his orders. The Ebert-Scheidemann *bloc* has a large majority in the National Assembly, and the Majority Socialists have a larger number of voters than any other German party, but this alone is not sufficient to give them control. They must have a Noske, and the Noske method of prevailing upon the people to accept their decrees. The splendid new democracy will do very well, and Hauptmann Graf W—— and his kind will see its reasonableness and advantage — as long as it can give, and enforce, its orders.

The way to control Germans and Germany, to make decrees valid, to make promises and agreements binding, to make treaties sacred, is by force. This the French know very well, and this is why France goes panicky to-day

when she sees, or thinks she sees, any signs of any releasing of the grip that the world has on Germany. The attainment of the present moment has cost her such sacrifice, and so weakened her, — despite her great success, — that any surrender of control spells danger and horror to her. The Great Menace is removed; it must never, never return. That is the dictating note in all the international politics of France to-day.

But Germany is more broken than France seems to realize. Perhaps I can even say, she is more changed. Anyway, for a strong nation to be broken is to be changed. When our first food-mission to Poland reached the Swiss-Austrian frontier on New Year's Day, we looked for possible trouble from the Austrian border officials with regard to our passports and papers, and the numerous bags and boxes which contained our food and special traveling conveniences. But no Austrian officials appeared to look at our papers or examine our baggage. When, made bolder by this, we demanded that somebody stamp our passports as seen, so that any later inspection by the police in Vienna, or in passing out through the northern Austrian frontier, might not lead to trouble for lack of these *visés*, we were told by representatives of a Soldaten-Rath, 'We are a republic now; anybody can come and go; any goods can come and go; you don't need any papers; we don't want to look at anything.'

To be sure, this was in Austria, not Germany; but it was in a land of German ways. And it was a great change from other days.

I cannot put into words the profound impression of brokenness that Vienna and the Viennese made on me. I had already, in Berne, on a trip some weeks earlier, gained at long distance the beginnings of this impression. For Dr. Taylor and I (representing the United States Food Administration) had met

there certain official and unofficial representatives of Austria and Germany, who had come to Berne to put the facts of their pressing need of food before whomever of neutrals and enemies they could reach. These men were pitiful in their despair. And yet there were flashes now and then of their old insolence, especially on the part of the Germans. Muehlton, the famous ex-director of Krupp's, who had been compelled to flee to Switzerland for daring to try to tell the German people some unpalatable truths during war-time, said, —

'You must be careful; you cannot push Germany too far; you must not treat her people too hard. The world must reckon with Germany's intrinsic greatness; it must not overlook the importance of her Kultur; the world will always need Germany.'

And with the characteristic national naïveté and utter lack of comprehension of the realities external to himself and Germany, he asked if we did not think it an auspicious time to institute a propaganda among the children of America, to collect funds for the feeding of the children of Germany, as we of the C.R.B. had done so successfully in earlier days for Belgium!

Vienna itself — *die lustige, schöne Stadt Wien* — is the most depressed and depressing great city of Europe that I have seen. Its people show a fatal apathy; broken, with no initiative to help themselves, waiting for someone to come to their aid, and apparently hopeless of that. It is really horrible. Such, at least, is my impression of Vienna in January and February last.

Brussels in the darkest days of her four years' isolation and martyrdom was never like this. Warsaw in November, 1915, when I saw her soon after the iron hand of Von Beseler had closed on her, nor in January of this year when I

saw her again after she had been released for two months and was struggling all unaided to find herself, with her country without food or clothing, without work for her workmen, without stable government, without recognition, and trying to fight on three fronts against Bolsheviks, Ruthenians, and Germans — Warsaw was not like this.

And, finally, a great difference is apparent in Germany herself. Perhaps we cannot say that Germany is broken, as we can certainly say of Austria; but if the French could see more of the interior of Germany, — see Munich, Leipzig, and Berlin, as I have recently seen them; see the kind and quantity and quality of the food the Germans have to live on; see the clothing and shoes they have to wear; see the type of men at her head whom she has to depend on for guidance and control; see the extraordinary difference between the small, almost unrelated, groups of voluntary soldiers under officer adventurers whom she has to depend on as an army to quell her food and labor riots and preserve her from Spartacist uprisings, as compared with that terrible machine of precision and power which swept through Belgium and into France in 1914, and held those ravaged lands through all the long years until the débâcle came, — if the French could see more of all this, they would not be so panic-stricken in their fear of a possible swift recuperation of Imperial Germany and an overpowering German army.

From my window in the Adlon I used to watch almost each day, during my two weeks of February in Berlin, the march past of the guard, down Wilhelmstrasse, at noon, on its way to relieve the morning squad at the Chancellor's palace. The band played well, but the soldiers marched poorly. People of the street walked along beside them and chatted with them; urchins ran through

the column; the leaders and side guides were men from the ranks. Few officers' uniforms were seen on the streets; they were not healthful clothes to wear. We saw a good deal of a Major von S—, attached to the Foreign Office. He arranged for us most of our food conferences with the government officials. When we saw him in his own rooms, he wore his uniform, with the broad red Staff stripe down the trousers; when we saw him in other offices, or on the street, he was in mufti. The insolent Prussian officer no longer lords it down Unter den Linden; his uniform and sabre are taboo; he, himself, in mufti, is unrecognizable — and glad, for his health's sake, to be so.

All over Berlin are placards signed by Major X or Oberst Z, calling on men who wish to be soldiers to enroll themselves 'with me, to join my crowd. You will be lodged, fed and paid by the Government, and commanded by me. There is something in it for all of us.'

These are the *freiwillige* bands that compose the German army to-day: almost independent groups, loosely disciplined, with the German counterparts of the old Italian *condottiere* to lead them; these are the 'Regiment Gerstenberg,' 'Regiment Reinhardt,' 'Regiment Oefen,' that one reads of in the newspapers as appearing here and there, where trouble rises, to machine-gun the illegal food-sellers, the 'Wild-Haendler,' of the Moabit, or the Spartacist rioters in Hamburg, Halle, or Leipzig. They do not compose an overpowering German army, nor are they likely to. To be sure, one of these *condottiere* may turn out to be a man of magnetism and ambition; he might possibly gather round him many of these groups and tie them together; he might, possibly, become a military dictator. It is a contingency to reckon with. But it is a remote contingency.

IV

Under-Secretary of State von Braun once made a notable little speech during the war, in which he presented to the Reichstag — and, incidentally, to the German people and the world — the irrefutable facts which proved that Germany could not be starved into a breakdown; that, if the Allies were counting on the blockade and the food and raw-material shortage to win the war, they were doomed to bitter disappointment; and, finally, that, if the Allies did not make an early peace with Germany, something awful would soon happen to them.

The second official interview that Dr. Taylor and I had in Berlin, in February, was with Under-Secretary of State von Braun. On this occasion he made us a notable little speech, in which he presented the irrefutable facts which proved that Germany's breakdown was due, practically, entirely to her shortage in food and raw materials, and that unless something were done quickly to relieve the existing terrible situation, she would simply explode into revolution and Bolshevist anarchy, and the Allies would have to face the awful something that such a catastrophe in mid-Europe would entail.

This illustrates one of the difficulties which faced those who attempted to learn anything about Germany's condition before the débâcle by listening to German declarations about it, and which faces those to-day who would try to know something of Germany's present condition by taking a German official's word for it. Official lying seems to be the great German national sport. Under-Secretary of State von Braun lied to the German people and the world when he made his Reichstag speech. But that has little importance for us now. What does have importance is, how much are he and the others

lying now, when they pretend to reveal in all candor the German situation which must largely determine the attitude and action that the Allies and America have to take toward Germany now and for some time to come.

With regard to this, I may say at once that I think Under-Secretary von Braun lied less to us in Berlin in February than he lied to the German people and the world during the war. We have certain extrinsic proofs of this.

There is no doubt in my mind that the blockade did effective things to Germany, especially from the early part of 1917 on, that is, after America came into the war. By our action toward the neutral states contiguous to Germany, we helped tighten the blockade to the real pinching point.

Some of these effective things are revealed by our post-mortem: they can be expressed in figures; to begin with, certain German official figures. This, of course, puts the presumption strongly against them. But, strangely, they are confirmed by certain German figures which we have been able to get unofficially. In addition, the American War-Trade Board, the American military and naval intelligence services, and our diplomatic representatives in those neutral countries nearest to Germany and most actively in commercial relations with her during the war, were able to obtain information which was not only of important use during the war, but is now very serviceable in checking up the figures that the German Government is presenting, to make out its case of present need and its plea for practical pity. With these figures of our own in our hands, we were able to ask pertinent questions of the Berlin officials, and to check effectively these officials whenever they seemed inclined to dash off into the national official sport which I have referred to by the ugly word.

Also, certain testimony for the fig-

ures is apparent to the eye in Germany to-day. These things seen on the streets are less amenable to expression in figures, but they have a real value in connection with any statistical considerations. They reveal something of the likelihood or unlikelihood of that which the figures purport to prove.

For example, one sees fewer strongly convex Germans now than in the old days. This is an obvious fact that helps to give reality to the otherwise bald and unillustrated statistical statements concerning shortages in meat and fats and bread and beer. Wooden collars and cuffs, paper shirts and skirts, and shoes with wooden soles and cloth or paper uppers, are not articles that one chooses to wear when textiles and leather are plentiful. But Germans wear them. Nor do the principal hotels of Berlin, Munich, and Leipzig use paper tablecloths and napkins by predilection, or for economy's sake alone. The other kinds are simply too scarce.

But, after all, we must have recourse to figures to make our post-mortem revelations really informing. Let us begin with meat and fats, which the blockade, according to Von Braun's Reichstag speech, was not hitting very hard, and anyway, if it was, was not doing much harm to, because of the sufficiency of home production. What is the story to-day of the facts of yesterday?

The Germans are willing, nay, anxious, to admit that, while the pre-war importation of meats and animal fats and the concentrated feedstuffs for producing them amounted to more than 900,000 tons annually, the 1917 importations were only 5000 tons, and the 1918 (first ten months) only 2000 tons! And as a consequence of this effect of the blockade, and of other meat-limiting conditions, the German meat-ration during the months just preceding the armistice was on the average only 135 grams (4.75 oz.) per head per week for

the city populations, which is just about one eighth of the average pre-war consumption. Also, this meat was much inferior to the pre-war meat, and the protein-supplying eggs and fish were not available to take its place. The meat-hungry people raided the game preserves of the Kaiser, and even ate the familiar and famous Berlin swans which used to paddle so pridefully and Prussianly on the Spree and Havel.

While the pre-war average annual German consumption of eggs amounted to 425,000 tons, of which 40 per cent was imported, the war-time use of eggs was reduced to an amazing degree. In 1917 the imports of eggs amounted to but 40,000 tons (instead of the pre-war annual average of 170,000 tons), and in 1918 (first ten months) to but 17,250 tons. Also, because many hens were killed on account of the shortage of meat, and there was little grain available to feed those left alive, the native production of eggs was much reduced. In Berlin, for several months before the armistice, but one egg a month was available per head of the population.

As to fish, the figures tell a similarly sad story. While of the pre-war average annual fish consumption of 577,000 tons, importations were relied on to the extent of about 361,000 tons, these imports were cut in 1917 to 161,000 tons, and 1918 (first ten months) to 97,830 tons. Also, the native fish-catch was greatly lessened.

Coupled with this shortage in meat, eggs, and fish was the shortage in butter. During the last months before the armistice, the quantity of butter available in Berlin per week was not more than that which had been available per day before the war. And there was but little vegetable oil and fat to make up for the lack in animal fats. There was practically a total stoppage of the importations which before the war had provided over 82 per cent of the 188,500

tons of vegetable oils and fats annually used. Of the 1,600,000 tons of oleaginous fruits and seeds imported in pre-war time, but little more than one one-hundredth could be imported in 1917.

Finally, in this group of protein-carrying and fatty foods, milk demands a special paragraph. A shortage of milk works its greatest harm to the growing children, and therefore any country suffering from food-shortage makes its greatest effort (or should make it) to maintain its milk-supply. But Germany was in the unfortunate position of depending for the production of nearly one half its milk on imported concentrated feedstuffs. The blockade played havoc with these importations. The annual average of 5,180,000 tons in 1912 and 1913 was reduced to 59,000 tons in 1917, and to 41,000 in the first ten months of 1918. The absolute minimum milk requirements for Germany are estimated at one and three fourths million litres; in the last year of the war not more than one and one fourth million litres were available.

All this frightful shortage in meats and animal fats made Germany in war-time, perforce, a land of vegetarians. Rice, after the stocks existing at the beginning of the war were used up, was practically altogether lacking. The importation of dried legumes was cut from an annual pre-war average of 310,800 tons to 1700 tons in 1917. So on bread and potatoes fell the burden of keeping the German people alive through the war. And they had a thankless task.

In the first place, there was not enough of them; in the second place, sometimes the potatoes, and always the bread, were of poor quality. The necessity of 'stretching' the grain by milling it at a high percentage — going from the usual 70 per cent, first to 72 per cent, then 75 per cent, then 80 per cent, then 82 per cent, and in the last year of the war to 94 per cent! — and

by mixing with this high-extraction wheat and rye flour other meals such as potato, bean, pea, barley, oats, rice, and fine turnip meal, together with finely ground bran, resulted in a bread almost unedible for many. Even starving people will balk at turnip-bread. It was, indeed, the terrible 'Kohl-Rüben Zeit' — epoch of turnips — of late 1916 and early 1917 which did more to unsettle the German confidence in such speeches as Von Braun's than anything else. It is from that time, when, in the face of a failure in the potato crop of 1916, it was necessary to have recourse to the abundant supply of turnips to replace the lacking potatoes, and when these turnips were also used as substitutes for many other foods, even to the extent of making turnip-marmalade and turnip-coffee, that the marked increase in mortality and morbidity among the German civil population appears. Which introduces us to a new set of figures, — German official figures, it must be confessed, — which we are not in a position at present to check up as effectively as we can the figures of reduced importations. Indeed, we must wish, for humanity's sake, that they are, as is probable, exaggerated.

In the first place, the malnutrition of the people resulted in a marked reduction in weight. Statistics collected from all towns of over 5000 population reveal an average loss per person of 20 per cent in weight. Losses of even 50 per cent were not rare. The consequences of this 'emaciation, caused especially by shortage of albuminous foods were,' according to an official report, '(1) reduction of physical and mental capacity of the individual; his will-power and mental balance were gravely affected; (2) the reappearance of suppressed or controlled diseases; (3) rapid increase of other diseases; (4) irregularities in female functions, and a general tendency toward infertility;

(5) retarded recovery in all cases of illness; (6) marked increase in mortality and morbidity, especially among the aged and the youth of school age.'

As to the actual mortality in the civil population, it is declared that, while the year 1914 showed no increase over 1913, there was in 1915 an increase of 9.5 per cent over 1913; in 1916, 14 per cent; in 1917, 32 per cent, and in 1918, 37 per cent. The great increase began in December, 1916, in the Kohl-Rüben Zeit. These percentages indicate a total number of deaths in 1915-1918 of nearly 800,000 more civilians — the losses of soldiers are entirely excluded — than would have died if the death-rate of 1913 had remained the annual average for the four war years. The increase was greatest proportionately in the age-group 5 to 15 years (55 per cent over the 1913 rate), and next in the 1 to 5 years group (49½ per cent over 1913). Tabulated by disease causes, the most notable increase was from tuberculosis, which, from a rate of 16 per 10,000 deaths in 1912 and 15 per 10,000 deaths in 1913, jumped to 18 per 10,000 in 1916, 25 in 1917 and 27.5 in 1918, or, in this last year of the war, almost double that of 1913.

Because of lack of disinfectants, rubber bed-spreads and gloves, sufficient bandages, and the like, and, in general, proper cleanliness, the deaths of women in childbirth are declared to have increased from a rate of 22 per 10,000 infants born in 1913 to 30.8 in 1917 and 36.75 in 1918. This matter of the lack of proper rubber appliances, cotton bandages, and certain over-seas drugs, as quinine, cocaine, menthol, camphor, ipecacuanha, etc., as well as the great shortage of soap, is held to have had serious consequences to the ill and injured everywhere in the country. The pre-war use of soap was about 10 kilograms of laundry and toilet soap per capita per annum. But early in the war a ra-

tion of 250 grams monthly of a wash-powder for laundry use, containing only 4 per cent of fat, had to be established; and from January, 1918, only 125 grams of this laundry powder plus one 50-gram cake of toilet-soap, containing 75 per cent of clay, could be allowed. 'Many attempts to replace soap by fatless washing substances were made, but these preparations proved quite unsuitable for bodily use, and of a limited utility only for laundry purposes.'

This last-quoted sentence invites a few further remarks on the subject of *Ersdtze*, a word which all through the war was a word of boasting, and now has become a special word of confession and whining. The truth is that the substitutes did n't substitute. The vaunted German science and ingenuity simply could not make the needed bricks without straw. Speaking of the shortage of leather and textiles for clothing, the German authorities admit to-day that, despite all attempts, 'we have not succeeded up to the present time [January, 1919] in supplying the civil population with a single really useful substitute [for leather or textiles]. The paper textures which appeared on the market were, to say nothing of their high prices, a disappointment.'

And the testimony, both official and unofficial expert, is the same with regard to substitutes for the usual foods and metals. The leading scientific men of Germany with whom we talked admitted this with little hesitation; the people in the street admitted it with less hesitation, and in terms of no doubt. The number of these substitutes ran into the thousands; they turn out to have been practically as many disappointments.

V

These few post-mortem revelations present to us some of the reasons why Germany broke. We have examined

in detail only the food-situation; a detailed examination of the situation as regards metals, oils, rubber, leather, and other necessities for the maintenance of her railways and motor-transport, and her munitions and miscellaneous war-factories, would reveal the same condition of cumulative difficulty leading inevitably to disaster. And all this is apart from the actual military situation on the Western and Southern fronts, where just plain military defeat was coming as certainly as anything in war can be certain.

The only wonder is that Germany was able to go on as long as she did. And Germany herself now wonders how she was able to do it. The explanation is one of psychology, of the official and self-deception of nearly a whole people, and of an almost superhuman endurance of an almost impossible situation, on the basis of the promise — and a blind faith in this promise — of an early cessation of the situation and a complete compensation for the sufferings endured. A few Germans saw, some time before the break, the reality of things and the certain disaster that impended from this reality. But they were few and they had to keep silent. The two or three who did try to speak out either got quickly out of the country, or into prison. If there was freedom of anything in Germany during the war, it was not freedom of speech.

One of the most revealing books concerning the internal situation in Germany during the war-time is Kurt Muehsam's *Wie Wir Belogen Wurden*, a fully documented account of 'the official deception of the German people' by means of the press-control. The book was published in Munich as soon after the armistice as it could be put through the press. It is a book of damning revelation of German official lying, German official stupidity, and German official culpable ignorance, not merely

of facts, but — more important — of the significance of facts known. It helps to reveal the singularly artificial character of the control of the German nation by the rulers of Germany, a control to which, nevertheless, the mass of the people, from ignorant peasants to most erudite of professors, submitted tamely for amazingly long.

Muehsam lays bare, by actual citation and quotation, the whole censor system, absurd in its attempt to controvert all truth, criminal in its success in hiding sufficient truth to wreck the nation. It was a system that went far beyond saying that truth might not be printed, for it included saying what untruth should be told.

For example, to show its attitude toward a single critically important matter, on May 17, 1918, the official news agency gave out for publication in all the newspapers a statement that 'the number of American fighting troops in France is, according to reliable official information, to be estimated at about ten divisions — only four of these are at the front. The total of all those behind the lines as well as in them is at most from 150,000 to 200,000 men. Press notices concerning these facts should state therefore that America has not been able to meet its expectations in the way of sending troops, and the earlier estimates of the German General Staff as to what America could do have proved to be true. However, in order not to let the enemy know how well informed we are, the actual figures given above should under no circumstances be mentioned'!

Now, as a matter of fact, there were, at the time this was given out to the German press, nearly one million American troops in France. Was the General Staff just lying, or was it just ignorant of the facts? The latter supposition is almost inconceivable. In any event, the giving out of this false information

to the German people was both stupid and criminal.

In a remarkable *Censor Book*, issued in March, 1917, general instructions, including explicit prohibitions and recommendations, were given concerning the press treatment of a long series of subjects, arranged alphabetically and running all the way from 'Aalandfrage' to 'Zensurmassnahmen.' These presumably permanent instructions were added to a thousandfold by the special instructions issued constantly by a so-called 'Press Conferenz,' which, beginning in 1914 with weekly sittings, soon became an almost continuously sitting institution, and, in addition, by other confidential detailed instructions with regard to particular matters of the minute, which were constantly issued by no less than a score of separate official bureaus and war offices.

The *Censor Book*, under the head 'Lebensmittel,' forbade the publication of any declarations or suppositions that 'our economic holding out may not be possible.' It also forbade the comic papers from making the food-shortage the subject of jests.

Under 'Zensurmassnahmen,' it was forbidden to print any news concerning measures taken to enforce the censorship! In a word, in the face of, and by means of, what was notoriously the most radical and criminal censorship ever instituted, it was attempted to cover up the existence of any censorship at all.

On September 22, 1914, just after the first battle of the Marne, the 'Press Conferenz' gave out to the newspapers and the people of Germany the following announcement: —

'The general military situation in the West is good. No retreat or backward push has taken place as a result of any tactical advantage of the enemy. Our movements were entirely strategic, for the preparation of new successes, and were not forced by the enemy.'

On the next day this general thesis was repeated, with certain interesting additions, — amazingly absurd additions, as a matter of fact, — one of them being a prohibition to the press to say anything about the backward movement of the German troops, 'in order that the enemy may be left in his present embarrassing great uncertainty' about these movements!

When the Luxburg *Versenkt ohne Spur* affair was a few days old, the worried Berlin Foreign Office issued a rather petulant special instruction to the press, to the effect that, although the Entente was continuing to publish new telegrams, the Foreign Office desired all references to the Luxburg affair to 'disappear from the German press once and for all.' On March 16, 1917, the press was given the statement that the injuries to the German ships in American harbors had been successfully accomplished. 'For example, the giant steamer Vaterland has been made completely unusable for America.' On July 27, 1917, the press was notified that it should refer to Russia as still a brave antagonist. 'The successes of our troops are much depreciated if our press continues to speak of the Russian Army as without strength or power of resistance'; which was exactly its condition at this time.

On August 29, 1918, a long instruction to the press was issued, announcing the retirement from the Marne, for ten to twelve kilometres, of Boehn's army, but forbidding any immediate publication of the fact. The news was told the press so that preparation could be made 'if the Entente should announce this retreat as a great success, as was probable,' to meet 'the urgent necessity through the press of creating a proper understanding and of quieting the public.' It was further stated to the press that the Marne operations had resulted in a failure, both on the German and

Entente sides, to carry out the planned movements, but 'in any discussion of the situation the failure on the German side is not to be mentioned, while that of the Entente is to be strongly brought out and emphasized.'

But we cannot dig further into this mine of decaying 'blood and iron.' The odor is too repellent. Let us turn to one other, and, for this paper, final matter for post-mortem consideration. Can we find an answer — and the true answer is of great significance — to the question: Do the Germans now know that their débâcle was a military one as well as an economic and political one?

Returning from Berlin to Paris in February, I found myself alone, in a compartment on the train from Cologne to Spa, with a German locomotive engineer on his way to help advise the German armistice commission about the delivery of railway engines and cars to the Allies. He was an unusually intelligent man, or seemed so, and was very frank in his talk.

We were discussing the German revolution. He agreed that it was a good thing for Germany; it had to come; the old régime had to go; the time had certainly come for it to go.

'But,' he added, 'what a pity they did n't put off the revolution a little longer.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Why, because we should have won the war soon, and then we should have been in so much better shape. You know, we were not beaten in a military way. It was just our breakdown behind the lines.'

And he then, unintentionally, gave some proof of the conditions 'behind the lines,' when he paid ten marks to a passing Scots soldier for a cake of Sunlight soap. The occupying troops along the Rhine can pay many bills with a few bars of soap. That is one thing the blockade did.

But the idea that Germany was not beaten by arms is not limited to the man in the street. In a speech before the National Assembly at Weimar, a Minister of the Majority Socialist government was interrupted by clamorous approval when he declared, 'We were not beaten; we gave up.'

For the sake of stopping further bloodshed in Europe, and to end the privation and suffering of the civil population of Germany, the unbeaten army of Germany 'gave up'!

Now this would be more important in its significance for the future of Europe if the people of Germany were not tired of Germanic militarism; tired of it and, I really believe, finished with it, at least in its aspect as a policy and means of foreign aggression and conquest. It costs too much; it demands too heavy sacrifices. Germany and Germans are too bound to the tradition of control by force, for any government to maintain control in Germany without recourse to force. Germany herself will have to be controlled by force, from inside or outside, for a long time to come. But German force is, to my mind, also for a long time, and, let us hope, forever, no menace to the outside world. German militarism, as we have understood and feared and hated it, is a thing of the past.

German royalism and German militarism are one and the same thing, or at least so tied together, so much a part of each other, as to be inseparable. I asked a German officer, an official in the Foreign Office, what he thought about German royalism. He answered frankly, —

'I am a royalist. I believe that a royalist government is the best one for Germany. But if a movement were begun to restore the Kaiser, I would not take part in it. It would be hopeless, and only hurtful. The German people will not have a kaiser; they are through with kaisers and kings.'

And it certainly looks so. They have got rid of the whole lot they possessed, — or were possessed by, — and they show no signs of wanting a new lot. And they are not more friendly to the only slightly lesser kaisers and kings of the General Staff and the military hierarchy altogether. And it is not simply because these men lost the war — although winning it would have made them still masters; but because they started it and kept it going; because, in a word, they were, to the people, German militarism.

Now, if the German people wish to hug to themselves the fond delusion that they were not beaten in a military way, but at the same time do not want, and will not have, any more of German militarism, as we understand it, then I do not know that there is much use in our wasting breath or printer's ink trying to explain to the German people that they really were beaten in a military way. Perhaps, as I hear many people over here say, there would have been some kind of advantage in sacrificing a few more tens of thousands of lives and limbs, and postponing peace a little longer, by having no armistice and going ahead with the horror until most of Germany's soldiers were killed or captured. But thoroughly as I believe that teaching Germany and punishing Germany and breaking Germany by war was necessary and right, I do not believe that we ought to have killed any more Germans, or any more of our own sons, or France's or England's sons, than were actually necessary to be killed to do what has, I believe, really been done, which is the smashing of German militarism, the removal of the Great Menace to European and world-peace, and the establishment of a concert of the nations, not for a balance of power, but for an end of war.

Hence, as pacifist, or hater of German militarism, or believer in the chas-

tisement of Germany for the unspeakable woe she has worked, whichever I am, or all that I am, I can find some satisfaction with the web the Fates have woven. I have seen the German-made horrors of Belgium and France and Poland, and now I have lived to see the self-made horrors of Germany. I have seen the Belgians and French struggling, almost hopelessly, it seemed, as they were driven back and ever farther back by the field-gray locust swarms;

and yet I have seen the King come back to Brussels, and a French general ordering the terms of Germany's self-conducted humiliation. I have seen destroyed Ypres and wrecked Soissons; but I have seen Vienna dead in life and Berlin begging for bread. I have seen that the mills of the gods do grind. This may sound vicious; it is really only human. And it includes the thought that such justice is needed to help bring the light into the dark places of this world.

THE TEMPORAL POWER

BY L. J. S. WOOD

PRESIDENT WILSON has been to see the Pope, and many persons are putting this fact with other facts, and concluding that there is at last a chance of the old 'Roman Question' being settled. The moment, they say, is opportune; indeed, it is unique. The world is on the point of resettling itself; surely, while it is regulating the position of, say, Esthonia, it will not overlook the position of the Holy See. This plea is being put forward urgently, if quietly and soberly, by Catholics all over the world. They maintain that the situation of the Pope is 'abnormal'—using the word in the Italian sense, as meaning irregular, not properly regulated; that there is something wrong. Whether we like the Pope or no, we cannot now get away from the fact that he and his three hundred million Catholics exist and count for something in the world. Even those who like him least hold meetings and write books to point out the danger of him. And the interest

taken, in Italy particularly, and in the world generally, in everything the Pope says and does, is a patent fact. It seems, then, worth while, even at the risk of adding an extra subject to the innumerable problems that have to be solved, to study the old 'question,' in order to find out if there is anything wrong; if so, whether it is possible to put it right; and whether it would be to the advantage of the world that it should be put right. The facts and the opposing points of view being, fortunately, fairly clear, an attempt will be made here to study them as objectively and dispassionately as possible.

The subject seems to divide itself easily into three parts: the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Past is 1870, when the 'Roman Question' came into being. The Present must cover the changes in the situation that have come about during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the last four, years. The Future involves a study of possi-

ble relations between the Holy See and Italy and the world, with the 'abnormal position' of the first-named regulated and the 'question' dead.

I. THE PAST

The entry of Italian troops into Rome by the breach of Porta Pia was the culminating stage in a process which had been going on for over ten years. In 1859 Piedmont and Napoleon III had driven the Austrians out of Lombardy; the Unification of Italy had begun. Revolutions broke out in Central Italy; the Austrian garrisons evacuated Bologna and Ancona; then came the first Italian advance into Papal territory. The Peace of Villafranca between the French and Austrian emperors contained the suggestion of an Italian Confederation under the nominal presidency of the Pope; in reality, it could do nothing to stay the inevitable march of events. Efforts were made then and later to induce Pius IX to cede part of the Papal territory, but he stood firm.

Still the process went on. Less than two years after Villafranca, on March 27, 1861, after Naples and the South had been joined up, the Turin Parliament voted the 'Unity of Italy, with Rome as its capital.'

During the political intricacies of the years that followed, Italy was slowly closing in on Rome from north and south. The war of 1866 added Venice to National Unity. Then there was hesitation; a final effort to induce the Pope to yield met with the same firm refusal as before; and on September 20, 1870, Italian troops broke down the walls of Rome; Pius IX ordered the resistance to cease and retired to the Vatican, whence no Pope has issued since.

Now, if we want to get a just conception of a case, it is as well to face facts, and there is no getting away from the

fact that, although the occupation by Italy of Papal property may have been inevitable; although the rulers of Italy may have had the soundest reasons for their showing that it was inevitable; and although a large part of the world seemed, by making no objection, to agree with them — still it was wrong. The Pope was legitimate sovereign of his territories, and Victor Emmanuel broke down the walls and took possession of his city, Rome.

We who have just cheered President Wilson from the station to the Quirinal, where he has been the guest of the King of Italy; we who only three months ago were proud and happy to stand in the square outside the old palace, and join the Romans in that wonderfully affectionate greeting they gave their King as he came back from the war — we may find a difficulty in realizing that less than fifty years ago the Pope was living there, that conclaves were held there. If a reminder is necessary, there are the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul on each side of the entrance, and the Virgin Mary overhead; and the historical fact is that in 1870 it was the residence of the Pope, and that King Victor Emmanuel broke through the city walls and came and sat down in it.

On the last day of 1859 the Emperor Napoleon appealed to the Pope for a voluntary cession of part of his territory as 'the solution most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See.' The Pope's reply, sent on January 8, and published to the world in the *Encyclical* of January 19, 1860, was 'Non possumus.' He could not give up 'what was not his'; by abdicating the provinces in the Emilia, he would be 'violating the solemn oaths by which he was bound' and giving a sanction to 'pernicious principles which would weaken the rights of all sovereigns.' His reply to King Victor Emmanuel's letter of September, 1870, was practi-

cally the same. 'He could not agree to certain demands or admit certain principles.' The City of Rome, in fact, the States of the Church, the temporal possessions of the Papacy, were a sacred trust placed in the Pope's hands by Divine Providence to guard on behalf of the Church. He simply could not give them up. But, inasmuch as Divine Providence leaves the making of history in human hands, as an inevitable part of the unifying of Italy, it came about that Piedmont possessed itself of the States of the Church and the City of Rome; the Pope from the Vatican, the King from the Quirinal, looked at each other across the Tiber, and the vast religious buildings of the city formed most convenient homes, when the occupants had been expelled, for the ministries, schools, libraries, law courts, and other public offices of the young kingdom. One has to recall these facts in order to get a fair notion of the controversy which has kept Italy and the Papacy at loggerheads for half a century, with mutual recrimination by extremists, of 'Usurper' and 'Perennial enemy of Italy.'

II. THE PRESENT

But when we come to consider the controversy between Italy and the Holy See and Catholics, we find that far more important than the material occupation of the temporal possessions of the Pope is the resultant question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See. That is the real crux. The Papacy, the Pope, the Church, the Holy See, can live without this or that particular piece of territory; but the Supreme Pontiff must be possessed of complete liberty and independence, effective, apparent to the world, and satisfactorily guaranteed. For many years this side of the question was generally disregarded; yet it is the one that really matters. The facts of the material oc-

cupation were under men's eyes, and to most people the whole question was summed up in the phrase 'Temporal Power.' If, however, it is to be understood, there must be a realization that Temporal Power was not an end in itself, but a means to an end, and that end was the liberty and independence of the Holy See.

The Catholic contention may be summed up thus: The Pope must be free and independent; he is Sovereign Pontiff, and cannot be a subject of anybody. He must have, too, an effective and apparent guaranty of that liberty and independence. Divine Providence gave him what is called 'Temporal Power,'—possessions, armies, the attributes of civil sovereignty,—and for a thousand years these served as guaranty. Now Italy has taken these away; the Pope is not free and independent; even if he is shown to be so on paper, there is really no effective and apparent guaranty.

Italy replies at once: 'There is: there is the Italian law of May 13, 1871, better than any guaranty the Papacy has ever had; the best that could possibly be devised for it.'

There is the point of difference between Italy and the Holy See. Throughout the whole process of unification Italy professed the utmost respect for the Pope. In his speech at the Turin Parliament, when the unity of Italy with Rome as its capital was announced, Cavour said, 'If the overthrow of the Temporal Power was to prove fatal to the independence of the Church, then I should state without hesitation that the unity of Rome with Italy would be fatal, not only to Catholicism, but to Italy herself.'

'Free Church in a Free State,' was Cavour's motto. By the separation of the temporal and spiritual authority 'the independence of the Pope would be placed on a far surer foundation than at

present.' So Italy took Rome and passed its Law of Guaranties; the Pope declined to accept it; and that is, fundamentally, how things have been ever since. The protest of Pius IX has been continued without lapse by Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, each one of whom has repeated it immediately on ascending the throne of Peter. Fundamentally the situation to-day is exactly as it was in 1871.

That is seen at once whenever the 'question' comes up for serious consideration. A pronouncement on the subject was made at Palermo in November, 1915, by the present Prime Minister, Signor Orlando, at that time Minister of Grace, Justice, and Cults. The Pope replied to it in a Consistorial Allocution ten days later. More recently, Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, replied to a question asked in Parliament by a Catholic Deputy on the subject of the famous clause XV of the London Agreement, made when Italy joined the Allies, by which France, Britain, and Russia promised to support Italy in any protest she might make against the presence of a representative of the Pope at the Peace Congress. The three utterances make it quite clear that there is no change at all, fundamentally, in the position to-day from that of 1871.

We have the Catholic contention that the situation of the Papacy is abnormal. Says the Pope himself, 'More than once already, following in the footsteps of Our Predecessors, we have lamented that the situation of the Roman Pontiff was not such as to grant him the use of that full liberty which is absolutely necessary to him for the government of the Church. But who is there who does not see that this has become far more evident in the present circumstances?'

On the other hand, Signor Orlando had said that while 'the Fundamental Law of the State which recognized the

special sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff' had provided perfectly for his liberty and independence in time of peace, it had not been framed to deal with the event of Italy being at war. But Italy had faced and overcome the resulting difficulties, so that whereas in old times 'the sacred character of the Head of the Church had not prevented the Temporal Sovereign from undergoing persecution and violence, imprisonment, and exile, from Gregory VII to Boniface VIII and Pius VII, during the present frightful storm, which has not spared the most accepted principles or the most powerful empires, and which has proved the little worth of the most solemn international pledges, the Sovereign Pontiff governs the Church and carries on his sublime ministry with a fulness of rights, a liberty, a security, a prestige, altogether worthy of the truly sovereign authority belonging to him in the spiritual domain.'

Baron Sonnino repeated the same strain. Under the Italian law of 1871 the rights, the liberty, and the independence of the Pope are guaranteed far better and more effectively than they could be by any other means. Yet the Pope and Catholics say that the Law of Guaranties is no guaranty at all.

Evidently it becomes necessary to study this Law of Guaranties. And the first thing that jumps to the eye is the intention of the framers to give the Pope sovereign rank. His person is sacred and inviolable: any attempt against him, or provocation to commit the same, meets with the same punishment given to such attempts against the King. According to Article 3, the Italian Government pays sovereign honors to the Supreme Pontiff in the territory of the realm, and preserves to him the preëminence of honor paid to him by Catholic sovereigns. He can retain the usual number of guards

attached to his person. Later clauses further confirm the Pope's sovereign standing, in granting to envoys of foreign governments accredited to him all the prerogatives which belong to diplomatic agents according to international law. Italy gives the Pope the right to have his own post and telegraph offices; if he uses the Italian service, no charge is made.

In Article 4, however, we begin to see the limitation complained of by Catholics. The Italian Government sets aside, in favor of the Holy See, an annual sum amounting to \$645,000, for the support of the Sovereign Pontiff, 'the maintenance, ordinary and extraordinary, and the custody of the Apostolic palaces and their dependencies . . . for the ordinary maintenance and custody of the Museums and Library. . . . This sum cannot be diminished even in case the Italian Government shall hereafter undertake the responsibility of providing for the expenses of the Museums and Library.'

By Article 5, the Sovereign Pontiff, besides the endowment established in the preceding article, 'continues to enjoy the Apostolic Palaces of the Vatican and the Lateran, with all the buildings, gardens, and plots connected with them, as well as the Villa of Castel Gandolfo, with all its appurtenances and dependencies. The said palaces, villas, and annexes, together with the Museums, Library, and archæological collections therein existent, are inalienable, and exempt from all taxes or burdens and from expropriation on any ground of public utility.'

Men break into your property, take forcible possession of your house and grounds, except one room to which you have retreated. They tell you that you may 'continue to enjoy' possession of that room, and offer you an annual sum of money for its upkeep. The room and its furniture are 'inalienable'; you have

no right to dispose of them, but the new owners of the property will not take possession of them, though they may some time 'undertake the responsibility of providing for the expenses of their upkeep.' That is, rather crudely put, how Catholics interpret the Italian Law of Guaranties; and the conclusion they draw from it is that it gives the Pope, not the position of a sovereign, but that of a tenant at will of the King of Italy. Neither the law nor the money has ever been accepted by the Pope, and the latter goes back every six years into the Italian treasury.

But the Catholic objection goes even deeper than the dispositions of the law itself. The Law of Guaranties, they say, as a guaranty of the liberty and independence of the Pope, is not worth the paper it is written on. An Italian Parliament passed it: an Italian Parliament might revoke it to-morrow. The fact that it is called a 'fundamental law of the kingdom' does not save it from the possibility of revocation. Indeed, — to contemplate a more revolutionary contingency, — it is only a few weeks since a motion was put before the permanent Parliamentary committees for the calling of a Constituent Assembly. It was a snap motion, with no chance of being considered seriously at this juncture, either by Parliament or by the nation; but in nearly every committee it found supporters — in some even a majority. That the liberty and independence of the Sovereign Pontiff should depend on the transient will of a Parliament is inconceivable. To call it a guaranty is absurd.

The answer to this is difficult to find. The Italian answer, the bald statement that the Pope's liberty and independence are guaranteed better and more effectively by the Italian law than they could be by any other means, is in reality no answer at all. That, even in these difficult times of war, Italy had main-

tained the Pope's privileges, his liberty and independence, is true enough; but neither is that an answer. Pope Benedict XV, in the Consistorial Allocution in which he replied to Signor Orlando, bore witness to the 'good intention that those who are governing Italy have shown to eliminate the inconveniences'; but, he went on, 'that very thing shows clearly that the situation of the Roman Pontiff depends on the civil powers, and with a change of men and circumstances it also can be changed and made more difficult. No man of sense can affirm that a situation which is so uncertain and so subject to the will of others is indeed that which is suitable for the Apostolic See.'

There seems to be a deadlock to-day as in 1871. But just as the controversy came about then through the human means by which Divine Providence works, so by human means circumstances have changed very much during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the past four, years. A lot of water — two generations of it — has flowed under Tiber bridges since the troops of Victor Emanuel II made the famous 'Breach of Porta Pia,' and a great revolutionary war has come, to put a finite seal on the change which perhaps was still indeterminate till the war made people think.

When Italy took possession of Rome, Prince Lancellotti closed the great front gates of his palace until such time as the old order should be restored, and they have not been opened since. He was not alone in thinking that the occupation would be temporary. Numbers doubted New Italy's ability to maintain itself, and looked forward to the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope over Rome. And the difficulties of the country were indeed enormous. Its expenditure was exactly twice its revenue; and even as late as 1894, when Baron Sonnino took in hand

the reorganization of finances begun by Quintino Sella, its annual deficit was nearly twenty-five millions sterling.

How it has held on and prospered, we have seen; of its still latent capacities we have learned something during these four years of war. In any case the official Papal attitude, from 1871 onward, was clear and — it may be said, in consideration of what has been outlined above — natural: the new kingdom was not recognized; in official Catholic publications allusion was made, if it became necessary, to the King of Sardinia or to the Duke of Piedmont, who was called 'Colui che detiene,' the Usurper; Catholics were forbidden to take any part officially in the life of the nation; Catholic sovereigns could not come to Rome to see the King. It was a clean-cut refusal to recognize.

A volume would be required to record all the incidents illustrating the gradual progress from the situation of 1871 to that of to-day. It may suffice here to show the contrast by noting just one or two recent facts. One is the practically official meeting of Italy and the Pope in the great thanksgiving service at the church of Araceli, on the Capitol, after the Italian victory. The occasion and the choice of church made it official; it was organized by the authorized Catholic associations of the city; the religious representative of the Pope in Rome, his Cardinal Vicar, officiated, assisted by the chief Master of Ceremonies, who directs none but Papal functions; and among those invited and present was the representative of the King, the Duke of Genoa, Lieutenant Governor of the city, who came in full state, with Quirinal carriages and royal cyclist escort.

Another fact: the meeting of Cardinal Bacilieri with the King at the review at Verona; a spontaneous action on the part of the Prince of the Church. Another: the presence of the Queen and

Royal Family at Cardinal Maffi's service of thanksgiving in Pisa Cathedral; a spontaneous action on their part, which the Cardinal reciprocated by addressing them personally in the course of his sermon. Another: the presence — undoubtedly with the highest ecclesiastical authority — of the official Catholic societies and associations, with their banners, in the great patriotic victory demonstration in the Piazza of the Quirinal, and in the second great demonstration when the King returned to Rome — to the Quirinal, which was the Pope's palace in 1870. Another — and politically, perhaps, the most significant: when the Pope sent out his Peace Note in August, 1917, he asked the British Minister to the Vatican, Count de Salis, to communicate it to those of the Allied sovereigns and rulers with whom he, the Pope, had no diplomatic relations, among them 'The King of Italy.' Just these facts may serve to give an indication of the distance that has been traversed since 1871.

The truth is that Italian Catholics *must* take their share in the life of the nation. They themselves feel it, — they insist on being good Catholics and good Italians, too, — and it is but common sense. The old 'abnormal' régime, which was summed up for them in the political sphere by the ruling 'Neither electors nor elected' — this will not do to-day. It has been disappearing slowly. At the 1913 election, the Papal prohibition against voting for deputies for the Italian Parliament — 'It is not expedient' — had disappeared in practice, though in theory, 'Non expedit' was still the rule. Church and Government were in complete agreement that it was very expedient; indeed, that all good men should use their votes to keep down the subversive element in the Chamber. For many years, though in theory there has been no 'Catholic Party,' there has been a small group of

'Deputies who are Catholics.' For two years, one of them has been a minister of the Italian Crown. This necessity that Catholics should be, and act as, full citizens has been there, if indeterminate, for some time: the war has lifted it to actuality.

The announcement has just appeared of the formation of the 'Italian Popular Party' in Parliament. This is, in fact if not in name, the Catholic Party; the whole press sees this, and Catholic Deputies do not hesitate to acknowledge it. One of them, Signor Camerini, describes the new departure as 'the official consecration of this most important historical evolution, the conquest by Italian Catholics of full and unquestioned exercise of their rights of citizenship.' Officially the Holy See is not involved; it accepts no responsibility for the programme and actions of the new party, which is autonomous, purely political, and in a quite different category from the 'Popular Union' and other officially authorized Catholic organizations. Nevertheless, it is quite impossible that Italian Catholics should have initiated this movement without the knowledge and tacit consent of the Holy See, and it means, in point of fact, that the 'Non expedit' has gone by the board: Italian Catholics are now at liberty to take part openly and without subterfuge in the life of the State.

The change had to come. The 'abnormal' situation of the Papacy, the conditions of semi-hostility between Pope and King (while in point of fact they have the utmost respect for one another), have done untold harm to Italy, and they have been a nuisance to the world, creating over and over again perfectly unnecessary misunderstandings in countries — Ireland, for instance — where the Pope has many spiritual subjects. There has always been unofficial communication between the Vatican and the Italian Government. The

affairs of the everyday life of the city and kingdom have necessitated this, more particularly on special occasions, such as conclaves, when Italy undertakes the protection of the Princes of the Church who come to Rome to elect the new Pope.

There is now no hostility on the part of the Italian Government toward the Holy See; its 'dispositions' as a government, indeed, are quite excellent. The good will of the Holy See may at least be deduced from instances cited above, to which may be added a document recently issued, primarily on the subject of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire, but containing a statement of principle not without general significance. In a letter to his Cardinal Secretary of State, the Pope protested against the assumption that the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire must necessarily cause displeasure to the Holy See. More than once, he pointed out, he had urged Italy's right to her unredeemed provinces; and he went on, 'The Church, a perfect society, which has for its one and only aim the sanctification of men in all times and all countries, while it adapts itself to different forms of government, so it accepts without difficulty the legitimate territorial and political variations of the peoples.' Later on in the letter, he referred, as he has done more than once before, to Italy as 'Our beloved country.' Strictly speaking, of course, there can be no parallel in the mind of the Pope between the breach of Porta Pia in 1871 and the 'legitimate variations of the peoples' in 1918. Still —

III. THE FUTURE

Before studying possible solutions, it will be as well to eliminate the impossible. Therefore let it be said at once that the old 'Temporal Power' is dead. Theoretically, the Pope may be per-

fectly justified in his contention that it was the guaranty of his liberty and independence for a thousand years, and that, if Italy and the world expect him to renounce all claim to it, they are bound to put something satisfactory in its place. But for all practical purposes it is dead. Everyone must realize, including Catholics and the Holy Father himself, that the civil sovereignty of the Pope over the old States of the Church, or even the city of Rome, is impossible. As people say, 'If you gave Rome to the Pope, what could he do with it? He would most certainly ask you to take it back again.' Sovereign the Pope is, and always will be; but the old Temporal Power is dead. Let the ground be cleared of it.

The Holy See claims that it must have sovereign liberty and independence, apparent to the world and satisfactorily guaranteed. There is every indication that, if a way were found by which that were assured to it, it would ask no more. It would settle on those terms. It insists that, even if the dispositions of the present Italian law were satisfactory, the guaranty is insufficient. Very well, then: let us, without authority from either side, and purely as impartial observers, see whether the Holy See's complaints cannot be remedied without treading on Italy's susceptibilities.

The text of the law reads as if it were intended to certify the sovereign independence of the Pope; but in points such as the phrase 'continues to enjoy,' it fails to do so. Now, surely it should not be impossible, in consideration of the change that has come about in nearly half a century, that Italy should draw up a document which would satisfy the claims of the Holy See without hurting the feelings of any patriotic Italian. (There are a few extremists on both sides who will not be satisfied, to whom any suggestion of an understanding is

obnoxious. These must be put out of court. They must be given to understand very clearly that their unnatural prejudices are not to be allowed to hinder a solution of the old problem which will be to the advantage of the world at large.) Such a document should enunciate in unmistakable terms the free and independent sovereign possession by the Holy See of certain territory; for, presumably, certain specified territory there must be. The extent does not matter, whether it be the States of the Church or as much as the Pope can put his foot on, so long as it is his. Otherwise he becomes the subject of someone. The present law mentions the Vatican, the Lateran, the Castel Gandolfo villa, and the gardens, plots, etc., round them. It has been suggested that that might be amended to include St. Peter's and a certain acreage of the present unoccupied ground behind the Vatican, to give the Pontiff a little more room to breathe, and perhaps to put up a house or two as residences for Cardinals of Curia, or for other purposes in connection with the ecclesiastical administration of the Holy See.

Presuming that that satisfies the first complaint of the Holy See, and that Italy agrees, we arrive at the crux of the question, that of the guaranty. Many solutions of this difficulty have been excogitated from time to time. One of them, brought forward and considered, but rejected, thirty years ago, and revived as a quite new suggestion last month, was that of the 'Strip to the Sea.' The idea was that a strip of territory, reaching from the Vatican to the Mediterranean, should be given to the Pope, in order that he might be able to get on board a ship and go to the ends of the earth if he so desired, without passing through Italy — in any case, that his communications with the outside world should be free. A hundred years ago that might have been consid-

ered as a solution, but it is not one now.

All said and done, there seems to be but one solution approaching satisfactoriness — that of an international indorsement by the world at large of the agreement between the Pope and Italy. Italy hates the phrase 'Internationalization of the Roman Question'; she regards it as a private matter between the Pope and herself. She resents any outside interference as derogatory to her sovereign rights and dignity. It may be questioned, first, whether her own actions in 1871 and previously justify her in that point of view; and, secondly, whether, by an international indorsement of such action as she might take in 1919, she would not really raise, not lower, her position. The Roman Catholic Church certainly is not national, not English, or Dutch, or Italian, or of any one country; it is international, spread over all the world. The Pope is Pope to the simplest Irish girl out in Australia, just as much as to an Italian Cardinal in the Roman Curia; his authority is the same over the one as over the other; his communication with the one for religious purposes must be as free and untrammelled as with the other.

This international character, and the necessity of the independence of the Papacy, have been recognized again and again: by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston in 1849, by many Italian statesmen, by Cavour himself, and most explicitly by the circular of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs to His Majesty's ministers abroad in August, 1870, seeking the 'adhesion of Catholic governments, now that Italy 'was called upon to regulate with the Catholic world the conditions of the transformation of the Pontifical Power.'

The reply of the powers was an acknowledgment of the communication of the Italian Government, but Italy has never from that day to this received

from any single power a definite sanction of the settlement which she arranged for the Pope's position, but which has not been accepted by the Pope. Diplomatically the question can be reopened to-morrow. An account has been published of an incident at the Berlin Congress, when the Italian representative, Count Corti, endeavored to obtain the diplomatic sanction of the powers to the Italian occupation of Rome. He was told by M. Waddington, Lord Beaconsfield, and Count Andrássy, that, if the question were so much as laid before the Congress, they would at once leave the assembly. Italy, by submitting the question to the world, did admit its international character.

Would it be in the least derogatory to her rights and dignity that the world should now indorse any arrangement that she might come to with the Holy See? At present there is no agreement: Italy has made a settlement unilaterally, the Pope has not accepted it, and the world is looking on, conscious of a sore spot. But, presuming an arrangement made, Italy could announce to the powers that a settlement had been arrived at to the complete satisfaction of both parties; the world would give its cordial adhesion, with a feeling of relief that the sore spot had been healed; the Pope could make the same announcement, and the world's agreement would be the one thing necessary for him, the guaranty. Italy would no longer be the 'Usurper'; she would become the world-acknowledged protector of the Papal privileges, rights, and sovereignty — surely an improved position compared with that she holds now.

And the world would have reason to congratulate itself on the removal of a perennial fount of international complications and misunderstandings. We need only look back on the use Germany has made of the Roman Question

in bringing influence to bear, first on the Holy See, then on Italy, to enable her to gain her own ends, to see the advantage of a settlement. In the good religious times of Catholicism in Germany, Bismarck, seeing that his *Kulturkampf* had failed, that he could not terrorize the Catholics, that, indeed, he could not govern without their support, did not hesitate to make the journey to Canossa. Germany suddenly became, not the enemy of Catholics, but the patron of the Pope. Pressure had to be brought to bear on Italy to get her into the German orbit. Catholics, therefore, in Italy and the world over, learned of the iniquities of the behavior of the Italian Government toward the Pope, whose person even was not safe in Rome and who might have to leave the Eternal City and take refuge — in Germany, his champion before the world. It was the utilization of the Roman Question for political ends, holding it over the head of Italy, at that time practically alone and weak. Germany, too, in the early days of seemingly triumphant victory, and in fury against Italian neutrality, announced that one of the results of the war would be the settlement of the Roman Question in a way that Italy would not like at all. It was never sufficiently remarked here in Rome how significant was the Pope's retort through Cardinal Gasparri: 'Not by foreign arms but through the realization by the Italian people where their true interests lie.'

But in the spring of 1915, when Germany was playing for the continuation of Italian neutrality as against her intervention on the side of the Allies, at the time when Von Muehlberg was still busy at the Vatican, the note changed. It was not the Vatican, but Italian neutralists, Clericals and others, whom Erzberger, under Bülow's orders, was courting. Later, when the die was cast, the note changed back again, and first

the Jewish, then the Catholic, press in Germany informed the world of the danger threatening the Pope through revolutions in Rome and the incompetence and ill-will of the Italian Government. Catholic opinion in Spain during the first years of the war is an object-lesson.

Nothing is more certain than that, if the old question remains unsettled, German intrigue will seek to use it; nor can it be expected that the feeling of disgust at the hypocrisy and lies of the Central Empires now prevailing at the Vatican will always remain strong enough to see through and resist the forceful subtlety which had gained the ear of the Holy See in 1914. As an example of international misunderstandings, one trifling incident may be illuminative. Only a year ago a well-read and cultivated Englishman expressed to the writer his conviction that the desire that the Pope should have the Temporal Power given back to him was at the root of all the troubles in Ireland. That is absurd. Still, it would do no harm to the British Empire if the Catholics in it, Irish included, knew that Great Britain had supported a settlement which the Holy See regarded as satisfactory.

Exactly what the Holy See would regard as satisfactory is an unknown quantity; it depends entirely on the judgment of the Pope. It may at least be regarded as certain that it would welcome a solution brought about — to quote again Cardinal Gasparri's official statement — 'not by foreign arms but by the triumph of those sentiments of justice which the Holy See hopes will spread more and more among the Italian people in conformity with their true interests.' As long ago as 1887, Leo XIII expressed practically the same wish. In his Consistorial Allocution of May 23 of that year, he hoped 'that the zeal for pacification with which We are

animated toward all nations might prove useful to Italy in the way in which We are bound to wish.' What that way was, he explained immediately after, when he expressed the hope 'of seeing swept away at last the fatal dissension with the Roman Pontificate, but saving always the claims of justice and the dignity of the Holy See, which had been injured, but not so much through the violence of the people as through the plotting of sectaries.'

From which side is the initiative to come? Considering the facts of 1870 and the preceding years, it is perhaps too much to expect the Holy See to make any advance. And anything that looked like pressure on the part of the Powers might well be resented by Italy, who is perhaps more sensitive on this than on any other one subject. Great changes like this come about through a previous confidential understanding; but it would seem that the initiative must come from the Italian side. Then the unknown will reveal itself: the extent to which the Pope, regarding only the interests of the Church, 'the perfect society which has for its one and only aim the sanctification of men in all times and in all countries,' will, under the changed circumstances, relax the rigidity which made Pius IX refuse to consider any compromise.

If what is called the 'Internationalization' solution were to succeed in bringing a remedy to the long-existent sore, it would serve to accentuate and extend the international character of the Holy See and to avert a possible cause of misunderstanding: the fear on the part of one or more powers that the Papacy might be an Italian institution, at the service of Italy for her political ends. From its position in Italy it must always be more Italian than anything else; but of late years it has been becoming more and more international. It is gaining a far wider outlook on the

world, getting more and more in touch with distant countries, understanding their conditions and their points of view.

When Pius IX was elected Pope, in 1846, there were sixty-four Cardinals in the Sacred College. Thirty of them were in Rome; seventeen others were in various parts of the Papal States; eight occupied archiepiscopal sees in other parts of Italy; there were three in France, and one each in Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. There may have been two or three non-Italian Cardinals in Curia, but at the most the 'foreigners' did not amount to a dozen. To-day there are sixty Cardinals (not counting the two whose names have not yet been published to the world and who are considered almost certainly to be 'foreigners'). Thirty-one of them are Italian, twenty-nine foreign, distributed among France, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Portugal, the United States, England, Ireland, Canada, Brazil, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. (It has been noted here with satisfaction that the official *Annuario* of the Holy See does not this year speak of Austria-Hungary or of Germany, but of the States which composed those two empires — Bavaria, Bohemia, etc.) A few years ago it happened that the foreigners in the Sacred College momentarily outstripped the Italians. In other departments of Curia the process is going on, too, though more slowly, but the rate of progress is increasing yearly.

When Pius IX was elected Pope, the world was in ferment, as it is to-day. There is ample evidence to show that he would not have opposed the prevailing demand for reform had it been put forward reasonably. He did indeed institute notable reforms in the govern-

ment of the States of the Church. But it was a question of principle, and it is doubtful if any permanent settlement could have been arrived at then, in view of the inevitableness of the Unification process and the determination of Cavour. None the less is it a fact that reasonable reform, reasonable agreement, was killed by the Bolsheviks of the day — 'sectaries,' as Leo XIII called them.

That must not occur again. Pius IX's intentions were excellent; his efforts were killed by the extremists on the other side, and the Church retired into its 'Non possumus.' There is every reason to believe — even judging alone from his official words and actions — that the views of the present Pope are moderate, his intentions generous. It would be disastrous if extremists were to be allowed to-day to repeat their success of the eighteen-forties and succeeding years. There will certainly be fanatical opposition here to any reconciliation project which an Italian government may consider. Trusting the country and taking a bold stand, a government could sweep aside such opposition, — numerically and intrinsically insignificant in proportion to the noise it makes, — as Salandra and Sonnino, trusting the country, swept aside, in May, 1915, the dishonest opposition to Italy's just war. On its side the Holy See would have no difficulty in keeping in order the few, the very few, who still look with a jaundiced eye on Italy. The wrong done from the eighteen-forties on, left a train of results which have worked untold harm to Italy and created misunderstandings in the world at large. Presuming that there is now a conciliatory spirit at the Vatican, surely it is possible for Italy, backed up by the world in Peace Congress assembled, to close that era and cure its sore spot.

THE FUTURE OF SEA-POWER

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

SEA-POWER is emerging from this war with a higher prestige than ever, but with somewhat chastened ambitions. In no previous war has sea-power exercised a more decisive influence than in this; in no previous war has there been, relatively to its magnitude, so little fighting between the battle-fleets of the combatants. The military side of naval power has been almost completely obscured, and may never come to the front again; but what we may call the civil side has been more important and decisive than it has ever before been in history. In the future sea-power will be as important as in the past, but it seems clear from the events of this war that it will assume very different forms.

Before the entry of America into the war, few would have ventured to assert so confidently that the future of sea-power as England understood and as Captain Mahan expounded it, would be as great as its past. In December of 1916 and the opening months of 1917, the destruction by the German submarines was at its worst; and if at the end of the war we could say with any confidence that we had taken the measure of the submarine, it was due in no small measure to the decision of the United States to throw in their lot with the Allies. There were other reasons for this decision than the German outrages at sea; but it was these, more than the misconduct of Germany's army in Belgium and elsewhere, more even than the

abuse of American hospitality by German diplomatic and consular agents, that convinced America that she could not remain neutral. History has thus refused to repeat itself. Toward the end of the Napoleonic wars, the United States went to war against us on behalf of the freedom of the seas, as they understood that phrase. In this war she fought on our side against the catchword of the freedom of the seas, as it has been put into practice by Germany, but in support of the reality of the free seas as she has understood it. The long controversy between the two countries on the laws of war at sea has thus ended in a reconciliation, which, based on common danger, will, it is to be hoped, develop into something permanent and complete.

It was fortunate for England that Germany, ever since she began to aspire to sea-power, had had at the head of her Admiralty, a man so completely destitute of original ideas as Admiral von Tirpitz. In the long period of naval competition that preceded the war, nothing was more remarkable than the convention by which every Admiralty sought to find out what every other Admiralty was doing, and to do the same thing itself. To read the Parliamentary debates and the newspaper discussions of that time, one would have thought that the art of naval war had been reduced to a sum in simple arithmetic. In certain circles of naval opinion the idea apparently was that the object of having a navy was rather to avoid battle.

The Dreadnought itself would seem to be an application of that idea. It was to be so fast that it could show its heels to everything else on the sea; and secondly, it was to have such long-range guns that nothing could ever come near it without being destroyed. Naval battles, if there were any, were to be won, not by closing with the enemy, but by keeping as far away from him as possible. But, as might have been foreseen, the object of the enemy with an inferior fleet was precisely the same, namely, to keep as far away as possible; and the greatest of our naval problems, namely, to force an enemy to fight who did not want to do so, and to fight on our own terms, was never approached. It is, in fact, impossible to discover a single point at which Dreadnoughts constructed and developed on these ideas came into contact with the real needs of England as an island power. Just as the chancelleries of Europe envisaged foreign politics as a game of chess played according to certain arbitrary rules of their own, so naval war, before this war began, was to be a new war-game, played, not in accordance with the facts of human nature, but in accordance with a code of rules which people supposed, without much thinking, would be observed by the belligerents. The game of 'capping Dreadnoughts,' which was pursued with so much vigor before the war, has as much — and as little — to do with the real problem of naval operations, as they were revealed in this war, as a Punch and Judy show has to do with the facts of human nature.

The result was that the ships that people quarreled so much about before the war, were never heard of during its progress, except incidentally, in battles like that of the Dogger Bank and Jutland, which were quite indecisive. The battle of Jutland, indeed, proves that the main idea on which the Dread-

noughts have been built was ridiculously unsuited to the conditions of naval warfare in northern waters. In an action fought at distances of ten or twelve miles radius, a Dreadnought is doubtless supreme — in fighting other Dreadnoughts; but, in the North Sea, she is also, in nine days out of ten, nearly blind at that distance. On the other hand, if she closes the distance, she is apt to lose all the superiority which her builders thought to attain; and in the middle distances she suffers under the same disadvantages, owing to her lack of secondary armament, as those of a soldier of the Macedonian phalanx, with his long lance, in conflict with the short sword of the Roman legionary. At the end of the first day of the battle of Jutland, the British fleet had the Germans all but surrounded; but the distances were so great, owing partly to the fear of submarines, and partly to the design of the Dreadnought, that the German ships in the thick mist had no difficulty in slipping through. The battle would not have ended so in the pre-Dreadnought and pre-submarine days, when capital ships would have come to closer quarters.

Thus the Dreadnought, conceived altogether without reference to the problem of how to force an enemy to fight against his will, proved itself quite incapable of making use of the one opportunity with which chance has presented us in this war of forcing a decisive fleet action.

Happily, the Germans were obsessed with the same ideas that we were, and with very much less justification. It is at any rate an intelligible principle for the greater sea-power to have such a preponderance of Dreadnoughts that any fleet action with it is hopeless; in other words, to win the war at sea without the necessity for any battle at all. But it passes comprehension how Germany could ever have hoped to use

her capital ships for any purpose at all against numerical superiority, and, therefore, why she should have had any at all.

But had Germany before the war proceeded on the plan of building up a fleet that was not merely a copy of ours, but embodied ideas of her own, and expressed a naval strategy of her own, she would have done terrible mischief in the surprise and confusion of the first few months, and might conceivably even have overthrown our naval power. She understood the use of mines from the very beginning, but it was only gradually, and, as it were, by accident, that she tumbled to the tremendous importance of the submarine and the torpedo. At the beginning of the war, a very large fleet of submarines, such as she possessed later and used with full realization of its power, might have driven our fleet out into the Atlantic. This fact stares us in the face from every page of Admiral Jellicoe's book. As it was, we were given time to devise counter-measures, and the enemy, to make up for the opportunity he had lost at the beginning, began to make war on all sea-borne commerce without distinction, with the result that he made an enemy of every neutral that dared oppose him. The greatest naval victory gained in the last ten years was Lord Fisher's success in bluffing Von Tirpitz into the belief that sea-power lay in Dreadnoughts and in other capital ships. Had Von Tirpitz been less of a conventional Father Neptune, he would have seen that, for Germany at any rate, sea-power lay in smaller craft. Victory is won always by differentiation, never by imitation.

II

Shall we say, then, that sea-power lies in multiplication of the smaller craft — light cruisers, destroyers, and

submarines? More than all naval craft, these have done the bulk of the work. For one battle in which capital ships have been engaged, these have fought a hundred; and in addition they have had the task of protecting battleships, of carrying on the blockade, and of protecting convoys and trade-routes. It would have paid us at any time in the war to have had ten destroyers and submarines for each Dreadnought. And yet the naval usefulness of these craft had very strict limitations, even in this war; and in future wars they will be still greater. When there are no longer any huge overgrown battleships for them to menace, and when the destruction of commerce is a thing of the past, as it is to be hoped it will be after this war, the natural rôle of submarines will be in coast-defense. The submarine, skillfully used, has, in fact, made invasion — at any rate, of a protected coast — extremely difficult. The submarine, moreover, is a comparatively cheap craft, and a poor nation, by the help of it, may make itself the equal of the strongest naval power so far as the protection of its coasts from invasion is concerned. Similarly, the rôle of destroyers is likely to be reduced, when we realize President Wilson's ideal of the free seas.

The plain fact is that sea-power consists, not in multiplication of fighting ships, but in the mercantile marine. The fighting ships are the mere insurance premium of sea-power. Sea-power itself consists in the freedom to use the communications of the sea, alike for the purposes of military expeditions and for the needs of peaceful commerce. The great revelation of the war, alike on sea and on land, has been the enormous and preponderating influence of what may be called the civilian element of power in war. In England, at the beginning of hostilities, the army was regarded as a profession, governed by

purely technical rules, which at no point came into contact with civil life. It came on the British people as a great new discovery that wars were won in the factory and in the laboratory, quite as much as in the field; and that the state of war was not a negation of civil life, but rather the application of the efficiency acquired in civil pursuits to the different but still analogous tasks of war.

The German ideal of a nation in arms has, in fact, been justified, though not in the sense of its expositors. War is, and will always be in the future, the application of the whole mind and energy of a nation to the task of defeating its enemies. It will never be again, except, of course, for mere police wars, the work of a military caste. The vice of German militarism is that it combined the enlistment of the whole forces, intellectual and material, of a nation, with the dominance of a caste. Our own, and preëminently the American, ideal of military efficiency has been the adaptation of civilian virtues and civilian efficiency to the purposes of war. It is the militia ideal of an army as distinguished from the professional ideal.

When wars attain a certain magnitude, and are prolonged, it is obvious that this is the ideal that promises the surest success. The stock of purely military ideas accumulated by the profession is exhausted almost as soon as its human material of a highly trained, professional standing army. It must renew its strength by close contact with civil life, and the civilian soldier is ultimately the deciding element in any war between nations in arms. Everyone sees and understands the application of these principles to war on land; indeed, they are the chief subject-matter of our quarrel with Germany; for when we talk about overthrowing German militarism, what we mean — among other things — is the establishment, for the

purposes of a great war, of a civilian soldiery as opposed to that of a professional army. What is not generally understood is that the same principle applies equally to war at sea. Here, too, the real maker of victory is, after all, not the admiral, not even the crews of our battleships and destroyers, but the merchant mariner. Without him, our navies might be supreme on every sea, but there would be no naval power, no ability to use the highways of the sea to support the nation's life. If the submarine menace, though still serious, has no longer any chance of being fatal, we owe it mainly to the merchant marine. And the chief contribution of America to the naval power of the Entente was, not her battleships and destroyers in European waters, but her shipyards and the new merchant service that she placed at the disposal of the Entente. There can be no naval power without a merchant marine; there can be no real supremacy at sea without a large, contented seafaring population.

At the Conference at Paris after the Crimean War, when the rules for maritime war were under consideration, America refused to consent to the abolition of privateering, because, as she said, it would weaken the natural protection of a power that had not a great navy. Just as England on land has always been the champion of the rights of a civilian population against an invader, so America at sea has similarly championed the rights of the privateer at sea.

The course of the war has proved America to have been right. During this war practically the whole of the merchant marine has been in a sense privateers. Letters of marque have been in effect issued to them by their governments, not indeed to wage war on the enemies' shipping, but to do work of even greater national importance — to bring in supplies for the susten-

ance of the people and the maintenance of the army, and to defend themselves against enemy submarines that should try to interrupt them. Not only have these privateers been necessary to supplement the strength of the weaker naval powers, as America foresaw, but the greatest naval power of all — Great Britain — has found itself under the necessity of using them to the greatest possible extent.

III

What then is the future of sea-power, or, rather, what objects do we expect it to serve in the future? Are we, in future wars, to drift in our adaptation of the old principles of naval power to modern conditions, as we have done in this one, or are we to have a clearly defined policy from the outset, leaving nothing to chance, but providing for every contingency that can be foreseen?

The old functions of naval power were, roughly, these: (1) to prevent invasion; (2) to defeat the enemy's naval forces if they put to sea, or, failing that, to keep them penned up in their harbors; (3) to deny to the enemy any military advantage from the use of the sea by his own ships or by the ships of neutral powers; (4) to blockade the enemy's coasts, irrespective of the military advantage to be derived from the blockade.

The first and second of these functions will remain unchanged, so long as fleets exist at all; but in the light of the experience in this war, the means of discharging them are likely to be very different. It can no longer be said that an immense preponderance of capital ships is necessary to protect a country from invasion. It is not the German Dreadnoughts or cruisers that have prevented us from landing on the shores of Belgium or Germany, but the fortifications, the mines, and the submarines.

Nor is it our Dreadnoughts and cruisers that have prevented an invasion of Britain, as is shown by the fact that for the greater part of the war they have been stationed in northern waters, well away from the area of the narrow seas in which, if anywhere, the enemy might be expected to attempt a landing. For a considerable period at the beginning of the war, indeed, as Admiral Jellicoe has told us, the Grand Fleet was not between us and Germany at all, but in the western seas. The submarine and the mine between them, abominable as their misuse has been in this war, have undoubtedly made it easier to repel invasion. The smallest naval power, if it has sufficient industrial resources to make mines and submarines and to erect shore-fortifications, is secured against the strongest naval power; and on the whole that is not a bad thing for the world at large. At any rate, so far as the military action of the fleet is concerned, no one can contend that it is an instrument of aggression. And on that fact is based the British contention that sea-power is an instrument of liberty. Right here is the *differentia* between German militarism and British sea-power.

But the main controversy of the future will arise as to the discharge of the other two functions of the navy, namely, those of military and of commercial blockade. Ever since the days of Benjamin Franklin, the United States has insisted that warfare on sea-borne commerce, as such, is indefensible; that the condemnation, and still more the destruction, of merchant ships and cargoes at sea is as wrong as the confiscation of private property on land; and that the highways of the sea cannot reasonably be barred to sea-borne commerce for civilian as distinct from military use.

This distinction between civilian and military commerce in modern war is

doubtless a very difficult one to maintain; still, a great deal of the law of contraband is based on the distinction, and more law than the law of contraband. To bomb barracks and forts is legitimate; to bomb unfortified towns is inhumane. To take the supplies of an army is the object of every general; to lay waste a country is cruel. If you say that you cannot keep up the distinction, then you accept the evil logic to which the German mind has succumbed in this war, and must come to the conclusion that, with the introduction of universal service, the distinction between soldiers and civilians is obsolete; that it is as fair war to terrify towns as to strike panic into the enemy's lines; that killing babies in their cradles is as permissible as bombing soldiers in their billets.

Where America has failed to carry out to its logical conclusion a principle which is as old as American politics itself is in not perceiving that this distinction necessarily implies the abolition of commercial blockade as a legal institution. If you are preventing the enemy's merchant ships from leaving his ports, or neutral ships from going into his ports, by the establishment of a blockade, it seems illogical and perverse to say that the enemy's ships should be immune from capture if they do manage to get out to sea. It is a worthless concession to exempt private property at sea from capture, if one of the main objects of your naval policy is to prevent it from ever getting to sea at all.

And this difficulty lies at the very heart of the controversy with regard to the freedom of the seas. The freedom of the seas is one of the oldest and greatest of America's political ideals, and reasonable Britons do not allow their views in regard to it to be prejudiced by the horrible and cruel caricature Germany has made of it in this war. But

it is certainly in need of restatement. On the one hand, the American doctrine of the immunity of private property at sea from capture needs to be considerably modified. On the other hand, the law of blockade, which Great Britain has always maintained in its full severity, should be considerably mitigated. We cannot separate the reform of the law of capture at sea from the reform of the practice of blockade.

The three principles of any change of law that will work at all appear to be these. In the first place, the list of contraband will have to be very greatly extended. If war, as Clausewitz taught, is only a form of politics, and if success in war is best assured by the adaptation of civil efficiency to the new conditions, as has been argued in this article, it follows that we must greatly extend the list of contraband. The distinction between absolute and conditional contraband should be swept away, for it has never been found to be workable. Instead, we ought to have a list of contraband articles to which all belligerents must adhere, and which cannot be added to except by permission of some international court. Instead of an international prize court, what we want is rather an international court to decide what additions, if any, can legitimately be made to the established lists of contraband. Any ship, whether belligerent or neutral, carrying these articles within an area defined by proclamation, should be liable to capture and condemnation by the prize courts of the captor. All other commerce should be perfectly free.

Secondly, the existing laws of naval war give an unfair advantage to the Continental power which has railway communication with a neutral country, as compared with an island power which must import everything from overseas. This advantage should be neutralized by an extension of the law of continuous

voyage. The old doctrine of continuous voyage contemplated only a voyage between seaports. For example, a hundred years ago, if England had been at war with Germany and at peace with France, a ship carrying contraband, say, from New York to Hamburg, but touching at some neutral port on the way, was still good prize for a captor, even when on its way to the neutral port and before it had left the neutral port for a hostile destination. The ultimate destination would determine the character of the cargo. This system has been worked out in this war in the case of Holland and other small neutral countries. But it would also have to be applied equally to the great countries. If, for example, we were at war with Germany and France were neutral, a cargo of contraband which could be proved to be destined for German use could not escape capture and condemnation on the ground that it was consigned to a French port and intended to be sent thence by rail to Germany. The system of rationing would present enormous difficulties in the case of great commercial countries, and these arrangements again might properly be left to be scheduled by the same international court which decided the lists of contraband.

Lastly, subject to the exception of contraband articles, commercial blockade should be abolished, and only a strictly naval blockade maintained. All goods consigned to ports used as naval bases — and shore-fortifications might reasonably be held to bring any port under that category — should be subject to condemnation as contraband, and the ships carrying them made liable to confiscation. All goods, except contraband consigned to other than naval ports, would be free.

With these provisos and safeguards, Great Britain might well consent to adopt the American principle, the free-

dom of the seas, and the last outstanding cause of difference between the two countries would then be removed. If this war has proved anything, it has proved that the retention of the right of capture has not paid this country. In a recent letter to the *Times*, Lord Inchcape, Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, advocated a shipbuilding crusade for Great Britain. The British Mercantile Marine, he estimated, will have lost at the end of the war from one fourth to one fifth of its 1914 tonnage, even with allowances made for new construction and for confiscation of German ships. On the other hand, America, Japan, and Holland have added considerably to their ocean-going fleets. It is an extraordinary paradox that a war in which the British Navy has been so indisputably supreme in the military sense should promise to end in really serious anxiety for the preservation of the supremacy of our mercantile marine. Clearly, under existing practice of capture and destruction, military supremacy at sea does not make for commercial supremacy.

It will be said that this destruction is the consequence of the German submarine campaign, which will not be repeated in any future war. But even so, it is doubtful whether the same or better results could not be achieved by surface craft. The Germans have shown singularly little enterprise in their war on commerce. Whatever may once have been the case, it is certainly no longer true that the law of capture tends to draw merchant shipping to the flag of the country with the supreme navy. The submarine campaign has driven this fact home with indisputable force. But if Germany had never sunk a merchantman with her submarines, but had used small surface craft to prey on commerce, it would still remain true that the law of capture is against the

interests of an island country, in proportion as it is more dependent on overseas supplies and presents, in its larger mercantile marine, a bigger target in a *guerre de course*. If, to take a most unlikely supposition, we were ever at war with France, and she were to make a really enterprising use of small surface craft in preying on our commerce, such a war would deal a blow to the supremacy of our merchant marine every whit as great as that of Germany's submarines in this war. The only question is, how to reconcile the security of our commerce in war with the maintenance of the power to punish an enemy for gross infraction of the law of war and of humanity.

Mr. Wilson, before leaving the Conference for America, is said to have told a party of American newspaper-men that the question of the freedom of the seas no longer existed as a cause of difference between America and England. He does not seem to have explained this somewhat hard saying further, and there are no signs that either England or America has modified its traditional views on the laws of war at sea. We must suppose, therefore, that what Mr. Wilson meant was that both the American and English doctrines are in process of fusion into a new law, which will combine the principles contended for by each. Is such a fusion possible? It is not only possible, but, thanks to the League of Nations, it seems now almost within sight.

The terms of this fusion have not, so far as is known, been worked out, and it is an interesting exercise to draft an imaginary agreement which will reconcile the American and the British traditions of the sea. Such an agreement might run something like this: —

Article 1. The law of naval warfare in the future shall vary according as the war is waged with the sanction of the League of Nations, or without its

sanction. Wars waged with the sanction of the League are hereinafter styled public wars, and those waged without such sanction, private wars.

Article 2. In public wars, the full blockade, as practised by the Allies in this war, shall be permitted. Such wars being waged in defense of the common law of humanity, neutrals have an equal interest with the belligerents in securing their just termination, and they shall therefore contract to give no assistance to the enemy by land or sea, directly or indirectly, but shall enforce a pacific blockade against him.

Article 3. In private wars, the operations of blockade shall be restricted to the enemy's naval ports and to the service of actual operations against the enemy's armed forces. Commercial blockade in private wars is hereby declared to be abolished, and there shall be full liberty of commercial intercourse between belligerents and neutrals, subject only to the prohibition of trade in contraband of war.

Article 4. The only lists of contraband which are binding on neutrals shall be lists drawn up by a naval committee attached to the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations, and such lists shall be revised from time to time.

Article 5. Sinking of merchantmen by belligerents is prohibited, unless it be the only means of preventing a breach of blockade legally established. Merchantmen are good prizes of war only in execution of a judgment of the International Prize Court.

Article 6. Where ships or cargoes are neutral property, they shall in all cases before condemnation be adjudicated upon by the International Court.

Article 7. The International Court shall be set up by the Executive of the League of Nations and shall be a permanent part of its machinery.

A few notes of explanation may be

added to this tentative draft. A sharp distinction, it will be seen, is drawn between wars sanctioned by the League and wars which are not. No wars will be sanctioned by the League except against a power or powers which have defied the provisions of the Covenant, or in defense of laws governing the conduct of war. The principal provision of the Covenant provides for an interval between the quarrel and the blow sufficiently long for the people to prevent war if they are minded to do so. If they are not so minded, they have become *participes criminis*, and as such have forfeited all right to civilian exemption from the operation of war, and have become liable to the rigors of the full blockade.

The distinction between the civilian and private citizen, and a soldier or sailor or agent of the government, is no longer tenable in such cases. Moreover, neutrals in such a war must not be allowed to draw any private advantage from their neutrality, but must coöperate with the League in establishing a blockade, and must submit to a rationing system for the satisfaction of their domestic needs.

In public wars, the law under this draft is the traditional law of the British Navy. On the other hand, in pri-

vate wars the American principles are adopted. The distinction between civilian and soldier is preserved and maintained in its full rigor, and also the right of neutrals to trade as they will with the belligerent. The only restrictions on neutral rights are those of the law of contraband and of the doctrine of continuous voyage. But as neutral rights could be completely abrogated if the belligerents were free to promulgate their own lists of contraband, the only binding lists are those promulgated by the League itself; and similarly, in regard to the doctrine of continuous voyage, the onus of proof that a cargo consigned to a neutral port is really destined for belligerent use is upon the belligerent who intercepts it. These general principles can also be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to operations of the belligerents in the air. The writer submits that if they are adopted, not only will Great Britain be made secure in her defense, but an old cause of difference between her and the United States will have been removed. Moreover, the offensive use of sea-power will not have been abandoned, but it will be kept in reserve for use, not in private quarrels between nations, but as a rod in pickle for nations that offend against the common rights of humanity.

A CECIL IN BRITISH POLITICS

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

It is typical of Lord Robert Cecil, and of his family traditions, that he resigned from the Lloyd George Administration on a point of conscience. Indeed, the family is distinguished for conscience—for a delicate sense of soul. Such nicety of rectitude is unhappily infrequent in this wicked world, and, some skeptics would say, particularly so among politicians. None the less, there is something quixotic, to many of his countrymen, in the fact that he severed himself from front-rank politics at a period when his presence would have meant so much to his own career, because of his objection to Welsh Disestablishment. 'Oh,' said the worldly-wise, 'it is impossible. No one resigns for so quaint a motive—not in the twentieth century. Divorce of Church and State, especially in a little country where Nonconformity is proverbially strong—what could be more appropriate, or better accord with the principles of justice, of free expansion, of abolition of privilege, of equality for all?'

Yes, such arguments would have seemed unanswerable if they were applied to an ordinary man. But Lord Robert Cecil is not ordinary—far from it. That is why the incredulity expressed in people's faces at the reason given did not respond to the realities. They could not understand—because it was outside their daily experience. Suddenly to jerk one's self from office for such a reason was so fabulously impossible, so incredibly unreal, to a generation that is less and less churchgoing. It was as fantastic as meeting a lion in

the path on one's way to the Hampstead Tube.

Recently I talked to a distinguished American diplomat about Lord Robert Cecil. He had met him frequently at the Foreign Office, when his lordship was Minister of Blockade, and, later, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. 'I admire him immensely,' he said. 'We get on together splendidly—until I come suddenly against a stone wall. Behind that wall what is passing? I do not know. I can only guess. He has dropped back into past centuries, it seems to me, in my modern mind. He has become mediæval, as remote from earthly things as a monk in his cloister. It is charming, but it is also disconcerting. Honor and high principle belong to such an attitude, but it is not of to-day.'

Lord Robert stands for that aloofness from the present, for that detachment from material things, which marks a lofty disinterestedness. Like all his family he is clerically minded, set on High Church ritual. The little black cross on his watch-chain betokens his beliefs and his refusal to conceal them. It is the symbol of his sincerity. When those beliefs clash with politics and his career, so much the worse for both of them. His faith is not an adjunct, but a guiding inspiration. It explains him. It explains why, when the eyes of the world were fixed upon him, when even voices from unlikely quarters called for him to be sent to Paris as one of the British delegates, he chose the way of retirement. As head of the British sec-

tion of the League of Nations, he remains a servant of his country, but he has ceased to direct its policy. For to Lord Robert there is a thing more precious than rubies, more estimable than pure gold, and that is the satisfaction of his scruples. Welsh Disestablishment is to him something not to be measured by worldly expediency or success, or even by the logical trend of politics. In his eyes it is the rupture of a contract, the breaking of a plighted troth, the snapping of a link binding to God, and to a nation's spiritual development.

Doubtless, also, he sees a dangerous precedent in the measure removing the Established Church from its position of privilege in the Principality. After Wales, England and the blood of all the Cecils will be up to the fighting-point when that discussion comes before the Mother of Parliaments. That it is inevitable makes no difference. It is inevitable in the terms of modern progress, but is not to be approved merely on that account, for it may be progress away from heaven.

His brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, is the champion of the Church in the House: a man greatly respected for his unbreakable opinions; a splendid speaker, with an impressive appearance and a conviction that shines, invincibly, from the countenance. He is as fearless as he is disinterested. When his cousin, Mr. Balfour, was Premier and seemed to be flirting with Protection in the guise of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, Lord Hugh, as a free trader, warned him of the danger of such practices. And the House secretly enjoyed the spectacle of the Hotel Cecil, as it has been scoffingly called, divided against itself. Family counts for a great deal with the Cecils, but not above principle.

Yet Lord Robert is in many ways modern and democratic. He appreciates scientific development, and is not

in the least interested in customs merely because they are old. He is engagingly frank, an enemy to secret and tortuous diplomacy. One felt this when received by him at his weekly talks with the press, which he inaugurated at the Foreign Office during the war. You might meet him in this semi-public manner many times without becoming aware of his idiosyncrasies as they affected his daily conduct, and formed part of his spiritual being. You would only be struck by his earnestness, by his power for cool and detached thinking, by the ready grasp of his mind, by his insight and sympathy, by the great qualities of his intellect. But the visitor, if in the least observant, will certainly note his delightful and unique mannerisms. He will walk suddenly out at you from in front of the blazing fire, in the large, comfortable room that gives on to the Horse-Guards Parade, as if he were going over the top — over your body; but the movement is only apparently dangerous, and presages no harm. It is intended merely to mark a mood, to translate a phrase into appropriate action. Another of his mannerisms is even more humorous. Enconced in the depths of a low easy-chair, he thrusts out his long legs in front, and reclines at such an angle that he seems to be sitting on his neck. This is rather a Parliamentary attitude, often pictured with a delightful whimsicality by Harry Furniss, in *Punch*, in the old days.

His voice and phrasing, also, belong to Parliament, where his affections most deeply lie. He has the forensic manner gained in public speaking, an incomparable practice in dialectics which comes from electioneering, and the gift of swift and incisive reasoning developed at the Parliamentary Bar. In that field he greatly distinguished himself, coming to it, as most men do, from the Common Law. The Court of Parliament,

composed of the legal lights of both Chambers, is peculiarly amenable to the sort of eloquence that Lord Robert knows how to employ. His lofty generalities, his generous appeals to reason and the spirit of adjustment, made him an acceptable advocate before such a tribunal. Indeed, it is in arguing before a committee of his fellow men that Lord Robert particularly shines, not only because of his personal qualities, but from the prestige surrounding his great name. For the shadow of the glory of Lord Salisbury, his illustrious father, rests upon him; his brows glisten, already, with laurel.

But though he was successful in his cases, and particularly in arbitrations, where he showed special ability, he did not seem, to his friends, quite happy in this work. His thoughts, they suspected, were always turning to the sphere where his father shone. There is no family in England other than this which has given three great public servants to the Crown. The famous Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, was descended directly from Lord Burleigh, who held the highest post in the land: Chief Secretary of State and Lord High Treasurer under Mary and Elizabeth; and Viscount Cranborne, the present Marquess of Salisbury became Lord Privy Seal in the Balfour Administration. John Adams's family in America presents some analogy, but its line of distinction does not reach to the spacious days of good Queen Bess.

Lord Robert seemed to be hankering after political life in the midst of legal activities. Though his sharp and leaping mind gave him an unquestioned advantage in convincing judges or in straightening out disputes, atavism was playing with his heart-strings, and secretly but surely drawing him to Downing Street, to the anvil where foreign policy is shaped into enduring form.

Lord Robert was somewhat poor as

a cross-examiner, notwithstanding his powers of pure logic. I have heard his performance in this direction described as 'woolly.' He has not the born lawyer's Satanic gift of making the best of bad points. He eschewed them, for they disconcerted him; he was never able to turn them to his ends. His mind rejected this sort of inferior suggestion — the doubtful argument. He was not an Autolycus, who could gather up trifles and gratefully stow them in his bag. 'You put that on me,' he would declare to a baffling witness, as if astonished at such intention to get the better of him. Indeed, it was a sort of formula with Lord Robert. His astonishing integrity is his strong point as a man, but it does not always serve in court. How removed from him is all desire of gain is shown by the fact that he renounced an income of £7000 or £8000 a year, to enter politics. As under-secretary he received hardly a fifth of that. And now, by an explosion of his superb scrupulosity, he has sacrificed place and power, — at least for the moment, — the stepping-stone to higher things.

His tastes are simple. Though he has married a peer's daughter and is himself the scion of a noble house, he lives in a modest villa on the banks of the Thames, not far from the Tate Gallery, and leads a life of austere regularity and unremitting toil. There is nothing in the unpretentious door and equally plain interior, into which one is shown by a maid-servant instead of by the usual butler, to suggest the abode of a famous politician. He has the family disregard for all coquetry. It was dominant in the late Lord Salisbury, who never minded in the least about his clothes. He was so unconventional in his appearance that, when living at Beaulieu, he was refused admittance to the gaming rooms of Monte Carlo. When he gave his name and quality to the clerk in the office, the latter said,

'Oh, we have had several of that name here to-day!' It was only later that he learned his mistake, when a horrified Britisher informed him that he had turned away the Prime Minister of Great Britain. 'How was I to know that so shabby-looking a man was a great nobleman?' asked the native; and, from his point of view, the defense was unanswerable. A messenger full of apology ran after the Marquess, but it was characteristic of him that he would not return; nor did he attempt again to enter the Temple of Chance.

His son Lord Robert is just as indifferent to externals. His soft felt hat is as floppy as his father's and as shapeless. His overcoat has no particular cut. If your eye travels to the shoes, you notice how broad and unfashionable they are. The rough-ribbed socks are evidently not held in place, but allowed to sink at will. That disdain for the valet in human nature, for which we like him all the more, showed itself at Eton. He was there for five years, and became captain of his house during the last part of the time. He was not popular, because he showed no particular aptitude for games, but principally, I think, because he would not bow the knee to Baal. The traditions of the school were stronger then than now. That he defied them showed a positive heroism. Etiquette, indeed, thirty or forty years ago, had a terrible importance in the eyes of the average boy in the great English public school. Then he was a reformer: intractable upon certain points involving questions of ethics and personal conduct. This is rarely a spirit that gains friends for a lad, and Cecil had no great following, though those who were attracted to his sturdy character were extraordinarily faithful. He had in him the stuff that makes a fighter — particularly against odds; though I fancy that he would say of himself in those days, that he was wanting in tact.

As a small child he had a serious illness, and seemed likely to die. The specialist summoned said, 'The boy is worth saving; he will be a great man some day.' He was, as a contemporary says, 'like polished steel,' sharp and finely set, ceaselessly active in body and mind, not much given to erudition or to poring over books, but practical in his speculations, and determined to do his utmost to advance the cause in hand.

At the Foreign Office, he gained the reputation of an untiring worker. He was at his desk in Downing Street shortly after ten, and did not leave it, except for an interval for lunch, until eight o'clock. His time was spent in receiving diplomats and attending to the office routine. But often in those days of his Cabinet position he had to attend Parliament, where, as Minister or as Under Secretary, he had to stand fire from members of the House whose knowledge of foreign affairs was less conspicuous than their desire to obstruct or undermine the position of a Cecil. Afterwards, in the quietude of his room at the Foreign Office, Lord Robert would diagnose the opposition. He glowed a little from the fight, and would particularize the points with the zest of a schoolboy recounting his first successful 'mill.' It is clear that he revels in dialectics and forensic power.

'Ah!' he would say of a certain opponent who had been particularly pertinacious at the sitting of the Commons, 'really, he should know better. He knows very well that I cannot give the information he asks without assisting the enemy. He is a "bad" man' — using the term, of course, in a technical sense. That was always his first thought: whether any word of his in the heat of political argument would encourage the Germans. No sounder, shrewder patriot ever sat on the ministerial bench. Of his shrewdness I had ample opportunities to judge in my con-

versations with him, which arose from his readiness to help to enlighten the British public on points of foreign policy. He was singularly accurate in his estimate of German policy. He knew whither it tended, what was the meaning of it, when to others it seemed contradictory and obscure. He would put his finger on certain signs and was rarely misled in his reading. I remember, notably, how clearly he foresaw the German collapse. He was very well informed about events, and was clear in his interpretation of them. To his mind there was no doubt about the genuineness of the peace overtures — long before others had cleared their mind of skepticism on the subject. He knew the hopeless case of the enemy, and that if he had put out feelers for peace, it was because he meant to obtain it.

I found him, also, well inspired in regard to Russia. He was never greatly attracted by Kerensky, even when that volcano was in his most eruptive state. When, finally, the burning mountain became a heap of ashes, none was less surprised than Lord Robert. Perhaps he felt that a speaker of extraordinary volubility and facile eloquence is rarely a practical statesman. He had read, also, with disconcerting vision, the inwardness of the Bolshevik movement. This, however, did not prevent him, if I mistake not, from suggesting the Prinkipo meeting between Peace Conference representatives and delegates from the Russian governments. It is the British principle to recognize 'de facto' governments, — there have been few exceptions in history, — and, probably, his keenly trained mind realized that, while the project gave no excuse to the Bolsheviks to continue their practices on the ground that they were outlaws and unrecognized, and therefore was good in principle, it was in itself unworkable because of the inherent bad faith of Lenin and Trotzky.

It cut the ground from much soft sawder among British sympathizers; it exposed the Bolsheviks to the judgment of their generation in Russia, marked by the refusal of respectable governments to associate with them. I think he saw all this, and still felt justified in a much-criticized course.

Lord Robert is the rare combination of the critic with the enthusiast. He is one of the few diplomats who have really believed in the League of Nations as a working concern. His zeal for this magnificent conception springs, not from airy ignorance, but from the profound conviction born of knowledge of European conditions. His great political science, as well as his love for the subject, made him, indeed, an ideal figure for a Peace Commissioner. This was said in most unlikely quarters — such is his transparent competence. Yet it is strange that Cecil, aristocrat of the aristocrats, in whose blood runs the very principle of class government in England, and of law and order as evolved in centuries of tradition, should be an apostle of the New Times — a dreamer of dreams, a believer in modern miracles, in the abolition of war by the creation of a new order of things, in the erection of a super-nation, which should call the world to witness before it chastened anyone in the name of a common civilization and common moral standards. One does not expect, somehow, a visionary from the dim corridors of the Foreign Office, but a sharp suspicion and the wisdom of the serpent. It is not the place, you would say, for generous ideals, for a beatific vision of the unseen world.

Yet, although constitutionally addicted to abstract reasoning along practical lines, Lord Robert is a prophet. Democrat he is, also, in a peculiar, almost a religious sense. He was favorable to female suffrage, but one has to remember Welsh Disestablishment as

the touchstone of his modernity. To us it seems a boundary mark of the centuries, something curiously outworn, a hoary survival of another age, incompatible with human progress, with the development of man. To him it is the living symbol of Christianity among the people.

That is the root difference between his lordship and you and me. He is as remote in that particular as a knight of King Arthur's Round Table is from the common man. Indeed, the Cecils are knights looking at life from the turret-window of a castle. Occasionally they descend to take a part in the joust, and return dusty to their window. But the armor soon gleams spotless as before.

It is this aloofness, this inveterate seclusion of soul, which prompts many to ask whether Lord Robert, notwithstanding his good stout sword and his lusty blows, is sufficiently of his generation to serve, say, the ends of Labor or of some ministry socially advanced. Only the future can tell, but I admit to a robust confidence in his destiny. If, as is likely, Labor rules in the England of to-morrow, it will, I suspect, be as keen to find competence as any of its predecessors. Now, Lord Robert's special province, the foreign field, is not open to everyone. Even without esoteric diplomacy, there is much to learn for the most diligent student. The head of the British section of the League has a good deal of his father's skill in untying knots and in ability to impress foreigners. Indeed, when I see him sitting in the big room at the end of the corridor on the first floor of the Foreign Office, overlooking St. James's Park and the glimmering lake, — Mr. Balfour's present official quarters, — I think, inevitably, of the illustrious figure in white marble at the foot of the stairs, wearing the Oxford Chancellor's

robes. Lord Salisbury in this very room presided over Cabinet meetings; that flowing mantle seems to have descended upon his son.

He has Roosevelt's enjoyment of a tussle for its own sake. At meetings at Hitchin in front of his constituents, fencing with obstructionists in the House of Commons, or gayly standing up to be fired at by press correspondents, he is always the perfect Bayard without fear and without reproach. For all his old-world attitude upon certain questions, almost inseparable from such a family, connected so intimately with British history and development, he is, I am sure, capable of leading the hosts of Democracy into some new Promised Land. But he will be no mere time-server, but a conscientious, faithful servant of the Law. Whether or not he assumes the rôle of his cousin, Mr. Balfour, none can seriously question his success as Blockade Minister. The present state of Germany proves it. Yet there could be no greater certificate of his tact and firmness than that he brought no power in, on the other side, by reason of excess of zeal. Neither America nor Scandinavia could complain that this son of England's great Foreign Minister regarded lightly his responsibilities, or blustered in interpreting them. Courtesy was his habitual method. So delicate a business intrusted to less able hands might have worked incalculable harm to our cause. It would seem that this wise and accomplished statesman, in the splendor of his talents, had ever before him the possibility of American intervention as the Champion of Right. If for no other reason, his *doigté* and *savoir faire* in this special business of restricting imports would make him acceptable to Washington in the post of Lord Reading, if such is to be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BY-PRODUCTS OF HIGHER EDUCATION

ONE of the twenty-five or thirty greatest state universities in America is spread out all over the better part of our town, which is four times farther from Boston than from Chicago by rail, and forty times farther from Chicago than from Boston as to its state of mind.

Here everything is taught that mortals know, plus much that mortals guess at; and the campus squirrels impartially accept love-offerings from the palms of youngsters representing every state in the Union and all the nations of the world.

Here, too, flourish some extraordinarily interesting human types who, while sustaining no relation to the University beyond the fact that they live within sound of her clock-chimes, have been curiously influenced by the great school, and are known to more students than any member of her thirteen faculties.

I have been waiting, with increasing impatience, for a book to appear dealing with these eccentric folk who are to be found in every academic community. Surely, the delay of such a work is not due to dearth of data or lack of a market. It is in the hope that some clever imagination may be stirred to the point of analyzing these 'by-products of higher education' that one ventures to hint at the alluring possibilities of this subject by citing a single example.

Persons who have been given to observing, of late (see recent reflective literature), that there is no longer any conflict between Science and Religion,

need to be informed that until our Aunt Polly Briggs retires from the field no such conciliation is possible.

Many years ago, this quaint little old lady is said to have besought heavenly illumination to direct her to the most effective process of protecting religious beliefs from the baneful effects of modern scientific declarations. The vision vouchsafed her, as a reward of her supplications, led Aunt Polly to the inauguration of a campaign fashioned after Joshua's siege of Jericho; and in conformity to that programme she began to attend such lectures as she considered most dangerously subversive of faith, where she occasionally asked questions, to the discomfiture of the scientists and the undisguised delight of their disciples.

Of course, the customary regulations anent the attendance and conduct of classroom visitors are written in our by-laws; but these rules have never been rigidly enforced, and since Aunt Polly's supernal commission involved her inspection of so many scientific redoubts that considerable time was required to make the rounds of all the works, she never appeared in any one lecture-hall with sufficient frequency or regularity to be rated a nuisance.

Moreover, Aunt Polly was not a noisy, controversial old shrew. Had that been true of her, it would have been an easy matter to put her out, — on further reflection, I am not so sure of that, — but her queries were always offered in a quavering tone of such bland and childlike innocence, and she was so pathetic a little figure in her old-fashioned gown and diminutive black bonnet, that the instructor who had attempted

to deal harshly with her would have invited the reproach of the students, in whose opinion Aunt Polly was not a visitor, but an institution.

She never talked back. That was the exasperating feature of her inquisition. She simply asked her naïve question in a sweet, tremulous treble, and accepted the reply with quiet resignation; whereupon there would ensue a dense silence, to which the class invariably offered its respectful contribution, and in that eloquent silence the banal stupidity of the professor's answer would stand forth, in high relief, like the smile of the storied cat, long after everything else in the lecture had faded into total eclipse.

Dr. Preston Clarke, our well-known anthropologist, at the close of a fascinatingly interesting address concerning our early ancestry, — a discourse which alluded to Father Adam only in a facetious phrase, — would be fondling his clay model of the flat cranial roof of the exhumed *Pithecanthropus*, and murmuring something about 'proof conclusive' that our kind had been antedated by a pre-human type. At this point, Aunt Polly would avail herself of the first full pause, — faculty men always vocalize their punctuation: 'ah' having the value of a comma, 'er' being the equivalent of a semicolon, 'um,' of a period, etc., — and while all beholders held their breaths, she would inquire, meekly, 'Might that not have been the head of an idiot?'

Now, for Dr. Clarke to reply, solemnly, 'No, madam; this skull could not, by any possibility, have belonged to an idiot!' would almost amount to predicating precisely the opposite of his own glistening dome. He understood the futility of entering upon a lengthy explanation, for there would be no visible reaction. Aunt Polly would say no more. His brief answer would be the exact truth, spoken in the spirit of a scientist: 'We conjecture that this was a normal

skull.' But 'conjecture' is always an awkward word to use in either a major or a minor premise, especially if one expects to say 'therefore' somewhere in the conclusion.

There would be nothing further from Aunt Polly. She had done her bit. Having again marched around Jericho, she could put back into camp and call it a day's work. Some youth in the back row would relieve the blistering silence in his immediate zone, by whispering to his neighbor, 'Aunt Polly has spilled the beans again!'

Or, Professor John Henry Browne, our celebrated geologist, in the course of demonstrating his belief that our little planet was once a molten mass which has but recently cooled sufficiently to permit the presence of life upon its surface, would be saying that the internal heat of the earth, at a depth of twenty-eight miles, is known to melt granite; whereupon Aunt Polly could be depended upon to ask, 'How deep is the deepest hole anybody ever dug?'

Professor Browne knows exactly how deep is that hole, for he has been there. He has often told the class all about the famous hole. It is a very, very deep hole — all of six and one fourth miles in depth. There is nothing to do but repeat this fact, which he does. Aunt Polly makes no comment. Neither doth she blow upon the ram's horn. But another trip has been made around Jericho.

There is a rumor to the effect that, not very long ago, a small and select group waited upon Aunt Polly and informed her, gently but firmly, that her continued visits to the lecture-rooms would be contingent upon a definite promise to refrain from disturbing lecturers with questions, and that she promised.

At all events, Aunt Polly no longer makes inquiries. But she still attends lectures, being partial to geology and

anthropology. She sits in the front row, a little apart from the unbelievers — a Nemesis spirit. When anything is said that puts a crimp in the opening pages of Genesis, she heaves a sobbing sigh, so full of heart-break and the eloquence of saintly sorrow, that he is a well-poised sage, indeed, who can lightly toss a flippant fling at 'the early Hebraic mythology.'

If Aunt Polly's endurance equals her zeal, one trembles for the fate of the besieged Jerichoans.

NIPPON-AMERICAN: IDEALISM AND IDIOM

We had a Japanese in my class in college; and when, in the annual *Record*, a pertinently disrespectful quotation was sought for each member of the class, the editors went to Tennyson for Nakamura's tag. It ran, —

Would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Since those days, life in a university of the Pacific coast has often brought the verses to mind, as there has passed through the classroom a succession of delightfully eager and quick-witted students from Japan, whose expression has been frustrated — now pathetically, now with splendid, striving joy — by the mysteries of the English tongue. They know what the struggle means, and buckle on their armor for it valiantly. Witness the following composition, called by the writer

STUDY OF ENGLISH (FOR JAPANESE)

No Japanese will ever say that English is easy. The language is not easy at all for us as an American or an Englishman, as they learn French or German. The most of Japanese are very anxious to learn or to know. But the English is hard although they are learning, and on that they are not so happy than they are working. If they worked, they can take a money, and can do any-

thing which they can in their mind as they think. So the most of Japanese does not understand the English well, even their own things. What a pity! According to their grow they will know themselves about them, the language is necessary, and were not right. Then the ages comes much upon them; the time is late to learn the English. What a pity! Not pity, it is the shame of Japanese. So I must study the English within the youth, with my best.

It is hard to define a certain quality of temperamental attractiveness which marks the great number of these students from Nippon. A part of it would seem to be the unashamed admission of that joy in being alive, and in sharing that joy with others, which is normal for youth, but which young America does not care to confess. This is well represented in the two following essays, of which the first is concerned with the experiences of a newly arrived freshman at the students' club maintained by his countrymen. No hazing here, it will be seen!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS AT COLLEGE

The first impression which I have received in my home here is the inexpressible friendship and love among the students. This impression I have received on the first night I arrived here. The older students were sitting around the dinner-table at my arrival, as it was the dinner-time, and took me by the hand, some stretching their hands over the table from the opposite side. I was a little hesitating on that moment, because every student looked at me so intently, laying their nives and hooks on the table; but in a while I learned that every body was kind and hospitable toward me, as their joyous, smiling faces showed, and I was so comfortable in my chair.

A beautiful flower was smiling at the centre of the table, and a red-faced tomato-salad waiting for me with a beautiful, sweet and fresh odor. George Washington's portrait was looking down upon us from the wall, and a Holy Bible half opened on the desk beneath the portrait of Washington.

The white cloth pictured me the clean, unspotted hearts of students and their warm shake-hands interwoven in my heart the kind friendship among us.

I really wish that I could tell you how beautifully the moon shone upon us when we went out into the yard after our dinner. We sat down in our chairs under this moonlight and told a funny stories from each one's hospitable heart.

MONDAY MORNING

The fresh bright sunlight refracting through the window in my room, on the September morning shining upon my face and the books on the desk which is placed near my bed. The birds singing a sweet song outside on a tree in garden. It is unusual things as it is this morning; the blind of the window was up, and the birds are singing outside at so early morning.

These sudden occurrences broke my soundless asleep, on the morning of the second Monday of instant. 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it is the Monday. On this day, at the earliest of the morning, my plan for this week must be established; otherwise I am a-conquered by the things with which I am going to encounter.' As, for a while, I was thinking of last week, and of this week, forming a program for the day and of the week, the second disturbance on the faint mind is performed by an alarm-clock which, as I set it up during the preceding evening, started his noisy music from seven o'clock. Instantly I had jumped out from the bed and changed the clothes, then, after shaving and washing the face, I set the things on the table in order. With cheerful, cloudless, and rejoicing heart, I sitting myself to the table, and put the program on a paper as well as stamped in the bottom of my mind.

I think it will be agreed that there is something contagiously heartening in such a remedy for 'blue Monday' affections as the nature of this writer reveals.

The next selections reveal Shakespeare as seen through Japanese eyes and displayed in an examination-paper. They may leave something to be de-

sired, yet they at least convey the dramatic movement of the tragedies which the writer is analyzing.

OTHELLO

Othello a Moor and a brave general marries with Desdemona a fair angelic maiden. Now Othello's fellow general Iago a villain became jealous with the matter and tries to destroy Othello. In consequence Othello kills his innocent devoted wife Desdemona. And says Othello, 'Oh, misery, now I have lost my wife!' He stubs himself, fall down. Emilia (wife of Iago): 'Oh, what a devil thou art! she is innocent!' Desdemona dies in saying something faintly, 'Othello! I am innocent!' Othello dies also. End. It is a villain play.

HAMLET

Hamlet a prince of Denmark; his father killed by his uncle, and who became the king, and to whom mother of Hamlet marries. Hamlet a prince, a skeptical philosopher, knows the situation very well. Polonius (an aged subject to the king) whose daughter Ophelia, a pretty innocent maiden, fell in love with Hamlet long since. Hamlet kills Polonius by mistake. Before that time Hamlet pretended as a crazed person in the purpose of revenge. Now he left home. Ophelia lost her father and her lover, in consequence she became a broken heart, in singing:—

'He is dead and gone;
His fluxen hair is white as snow;
Cockle hat on his head, and oh!' etc.

She drowned and dies. Finally Hamlet and Leartice (son of Polonius) make a duel fencing; Leartice stubs slightly Hamlet, and he himself fall down and says: 'Dear Hamlet, revenge! Revenge the king!' Then Hamlet stubs the king, the king fall and dies. Hamlet: 'Helecio, my friend, revenge is done!' Hamlet fall and dies. The end.

The Japanese student is of course highly poetical in his way of looking at things, but does not often attempt to express himself in English verse. When he does, the results are by no means always contemptible. The following little

lyric seems to me, quite apart from its struggle with idiom, to be not only high-souled, but structurally a true work of art.

SELF-RELIANCE

I have my hands to work,
Which my mother brought them up;
They are my only reliance.
Whatever may it be,
I fear not.

I have my feet to walk,
Which my father strengthened them;
They are my only standpoint.
Whatever may it be,
I evade not.

I have my mind to think,
Which my Lord gifted me;
This is my only guidance.
Whatever may it be,
I stray not.

I shall conclude with a pretty piece of adjective description which came in a personal letter from a student who had lately, for the first time, made his way still farther from home, across the continent to the Atlantic shore. Writing of his impressions of the journey, he said, 'Chicago I did not like at all; it seemed like a wild beast, ready to devour me; but Boston is *tame and genteel*.'

POETRY BY THE PENNYWORTH

'FOR SALE — Beautiful poems, 35 titles, all new, 35¢. Peter Wilson, Junior, R.F.D. 3, White Mount, Georgia.'

For some weeks this item, persistently recurrent in my home-paper advertising columns, has cheered my heart, for I perceive that there are others who, like me, regard poetry as a commodity worth purchasing. I am comforted also to observe that poems may still be had cheap; the price of singing has not gone up with the price of living; where could one buy thirty-five eggs, 'all new,' for thirty-five cents? But when the gener-

ous 'Junior' named his price, did he regard himself as a giver or a getter? Exactly how does a Parnassian reckon his worth in dollars and cents to a Philistine public?

The relation between a poem and a penny needs subtle arithmetic on a poet's part, as also it demands some canny ciphering on the part of the purchaser. A certain present-day poet was once accustomed to leave to the buyer's conscience the amount due him. I do not know whether this poet still trudges highway and byway as once he did, offering to sing his rhymes in exchange for bread; but when he did so sing, I wonder how it worked. Did he feel that he received his singing's worth in supper? Did his listeners feel that they received their suppers' worth in singing?

Payment for poetry is a matter as precarious for the purchaser as for the poet, because people who pay good money for verse usually have very little money for verse or anything else. Only poor people buy poetry, or want to. The number of inglorious Miltons is small compared with the number of inglorious Mæcenases who would be princely patrons of poesy if Providence had not made them paupers instead. Rich men are too thrifty to risk their dollars on rhymes; and unfortunately for that poor man who loves a lyric as the drunkard loves a dram, the bookseller is also too canny to venture his money on the exhibition of any lyric wares not tested by time. Bookshop counters do not afford us pauper-purchasers the opportunity to taste and sample before we buy, since it is not the Classics that we want, for long since they became flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; but we crave the magic and the melody of present-day song. Poetry by mail-order is hazardous, for often enough some fugitive rhyme that has lured us with promise proves the only one of its kind, and the book turns

blank in our hands, when we had thought we were buying beauty, and had gone without boots and beefsteak to buy it, too! Yet whether the result of purchasing poetry from a publisher's catalogue, 'sight unseen,' be delight or delusion, we who have an unquenchable thirst for the wine of song will probably go on daring our last dollar for the draught divine.

I began to be a drunkard on my seventh birthday. On that date there came into my life a volume called *The Child's Book of Songs*. Before that time poetry had rung about my head, but somewhat over my head, too; now first I entered my into heritage of sheer inebriety. At seven I was rawly sensitive to the Weltschmerz: perhaps a little playmate had been whipped; perhaps there was sinister crêpe fluttering on a neighbor's door; perhaps remorse for my sins shook me with wild tears — in the *Book of Songs* there was glorious forgetting! 'Souls of poets dead and gone' welcomed me to their Elysium from a world, even at seven years, too grim and gray. That book walked and worked and slept and played with me — always alone, for I knew better than to ask any companion to share my orgies of joy. Alone in some secret spot I declaimed 'The Battle of Ivry,' or shuddered as the high tide crept up the coast of Lincolnshire, or, daughter of Netherby, I was swept from dance-lit hall to starlit midnight flight, the bride of Lochinvar. Thus first I tippled drink divine; and ever since I opened the wrappings of that fateful gift-book, to find the wine of wonder, every volume of poetry has seemed to me a sealed flagon of fairy mead. Ever since then I have been insatiably athirst; alas for the obduracy of life, which always, before I may lift the draught to my lips, prosaically demands, 'Show me first your penny'!

Have you ever pared down a budget

with a view to buying song with the scrapings — deleting furbelows and feathers, and even shoe-leather, in order to have perhaps a whole frenzied fiver to spend on poesy? For five dollars you may buy at least three whole poets and a fraction of another. Fortunately for such as I am, the new wine is still cheap. Only the old poets, long bottled and labeled, are put up in fancy editions. For pence blessedly few one may envisage Ralph Hodgson's Eve: —

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass,
Up to her knees.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger-tips.
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

For less than one round silver dollar
one may be enwrapped in the wizardry
of Walter de la Mare: —

'Twas autumn daybreak gold and wild,
When past St. Ann's grey tower they shuffled;
Three beggars spied a fairy-child
In crimson mantle muffled.

The daybreak lighted up her face
All pink and sharp and emerald-eyed.

For but a few shillings one may throb
to the immortal pulse of Israel in Lola
Ridge's 'Ghetto.' Is he not worth buy-
ing, her patriarch of the push-carts?

His soul is like a rock
That bears a front worn smooth
To the coarse friction of the sea,
And unperturbed he keeps his bitter peace.

What if a rigid arm and stuffed blue shape,
Backed by a nickel star,
Does prod him on,
Taking his proud patience for humility —
All gutters are as one
To that old race that has been thrust
From off the curb-stones of the world —

And he smiles with the pale irony
 Of one who holds
 The wisdom of the Talmud stored away
 In his mind's lavender.

For less than the cost of a dinner one may walk with Francis Ledwidge down a leafy alley melodious with blackbirds and white with thorn in blossom. Surely for such as him there are green Irish lanes in heaven — 'If it were not so, I would have told you!'

Surely a day must dawn when earth's merchantmen will no longer stupidly sell their young poets, both those mute and those musical, to that red customer, War.

I saw with open eyes
 Singing-birds sweet
 Sold in the shops
 For the people to eat,
 Sold in the shops of
 Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
 The worm in the wheat,
 And in the shops nothing
 For people to eat;
 Nothing for sale in
 Stupidity Street.

I have perhaps sufficiently proved my claim to inebriety. That first cup, at seven, yet fires my veins with thirst. Two characteristics of that infantine indulgence persist. For one, I still, for the most part, drink alone. Few people can share my uncritical abandon to sheer joy, I, who

When a bird sings me heart-music,
 Don't 'spicion the size of its throat.

Others rebuke me that I desire new wine rather than be content with the old. I grant that the world would not be the same place without Wordsworth, or Keats, or Browning; but surely the older poets, now securely immortal, remembering their hard entrance into fame, would have their lovers welcome new singers. I hold there is strength and sparkle in the wine that our young poets are pouring; and yet so few of my acquaintance share my conviction that, when a fresh pennyworth of poetry comes to me from the publishers, I still, as at seven, quaff in solitude.

In another respect the poetry of to-day appeals in the same way that poetry first affected me; it is still to me romance and release. The world at present is dark with portent and pain. But in the murk how many young singers are chanting to an unseen morning! Probably these are not great poets, but they are brave and sincere, and often they are jocund with an inexplicable confidence. The wine of their singing is a magic dawn-draught, strengthening one against the darkness of the night. There is striking individuality in the notes one hears, as if little birds, each alone in his dark covert, should, each alone, break forth with his own message of hope, each severally convinced of sunrise. A pennyworth is small price to pay for such high hopefulness, and for the faith that, when there is such confident choring, there must surely be a dawn.



Carriso as Canio



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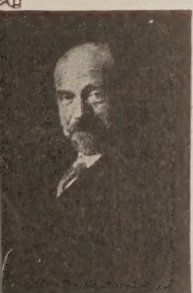
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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of the following trained judges: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield, Massachusetts, Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.

Books Selected This Month

The Years Between (*Kipling*). The Arrow of Gold (*Conrad*). The Day of Glory (*Canfield*). Blood and Sand (*Ibañez*). The Undeclared (*Snaith*). The Secret City (*Walpole*). Proposed Roads to Freedom (*Russell*).

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1919. 12mo, xvi+159 pp. \$1.50.

IF the Great War had found the Kipling of *The Barrack-Room Ballads* or *The Seven Seas*, what would his response have been? No one who turns to *The Years Between* can escape the question, for Kipling's past achievement has made it impossible to read him now except by his own light. The old, uncanny power of making mechanism live never before met such a challenge as in the aeroplane and the submarine and the tank — war hurtling or lurking or crawling in steel through all the elements at once. Neither India, nor Egypt, nor African *kopjes* could match Flanders in its apotheosis of the lovable, laughable, tragic, and glorious figure of Kipling's own creation — the British soldier of the earlier songs. The peculiar gift of striking through the senses to the very core of sense itself — what unheard-of scope was there not for that? Yet the book is relatively bare of all these things. So far as poetry is concerned, the war seems to have touched the springs of Kipling's supremely individual imagination either remotely or not at all.

Could it, indeed, have been otherwise? It may well be that the ancient fire is too much to expect just now. Even to Kipling, perhaps, the war was too overwhelming and too near. Nothing else ever came so close; the old themes had matured less, and so were possible to sing. The tremendous impact of the events themselves has stunned, it would seem, the creative faculty. *The Years Between* gives promise of years yet to come, and what we miss now may be still in store.

Yet nobody but Kipling could have written the book. The Kipling at whose hand the raw

materials of a leader somehow took to themselves the lilt of the music-halls and the direct and pungent diction of the street, and swept, like ballads, the Five Nations and the Seven Seas — that Kipling, despite our *quantum mutatus ab illo*, is still here. There is nothing, to be sure, that has the amazing carrying power of things so unlike as 'The Truce of the Bear' and the 'Recessional,' in the long array of poems devoted to the Venezuela incident, the veterans of the Indian Mutiny, the Declaration of London, Joseph Chamberlain, Edward VII, Lord Roberts, Jutland, Mesopotamia, Munition Factories, Spiritualism, Slackers, Spies, the Dominions, Ulster, the Entry of America, and the diabolisms of the Hun.

But the familiar, magical rhythms fall on the ear once more in 'A Song in Storm,' 'Zion,' 'The Holy War,' and 'The Irish Guards'; even as in 'France,' 'The Sons of Martha,' 'A Pilgrim's Way,' 'Natural Theology,' and the grimly laconic 'Epitaphs,' there is the old, unforgettable vividness and trenchancy of phrase.

Yet it is still other forms — 'My Boy Jack,' 'To Lyde of the Music Halls,' 'For All We Have and Are,' 'Gethsemane' — that will call most readers back to read again. For the impression which persists is, after all, that of no simple poem. It is rather the spirit of England — not this time of England triumphant, but of the England which we have come to know so well, indomitable, with her back to the wall, carrying on.

J. L. L.

THE ARROW OF GOLD.

By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1919. 12mo, iv+385 pp. \$1.50.

'THAT fellow is a primitive nature, but he may be an artist in a sense. He has broken away from



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¶ **H. M. HYNDMAN'S** authorized **CLEMENCEAU: The Man and His Time**, is hailed on all sides as the right book at the right time. The *Atlantic Monthly* calls it, "a graphic sketch, a faithful study and an honest portrait . . . Interesting, and growing in interest, until we are shown in a mighty crisis how the hour and the man of the hour meet."

¶ "As a background for intelligent understanding of current discussion," says the N. Y. *Evening Post* of **ISAAC DON LEVINE'S THE RESURRECTED NATIONS**, "the volume serves a useful purpose." A book that gives the essential facts about the national claims of Poland, Armenia, Jugoslavia, Arabia and fourteen other nations freed by the Great War.

¶ The N. Y. *Sun* describes **OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY'S** notable volume of short stories, **GOOD SPORTS**, as "a treat to the lover of skilful story telling." Another striking example of "skilful story telling" is **GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S THE AVALANCHE**. "A mystery story and a good one," says the N. Y. *Telegraph*. "Mrs. Atherton has woven her tale so cleverly that the reader is kept in the dark until it is time for him to be given light."

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his conventions. He is trying to put a special vibration and his own notion of color into his life; and perhaps even to give it a modeling according to his own ideas. And for all you know he may be on the track of a masterpiece; but observe: if it happens to be one, nobody will see it. It can be only for himself. And even he won't be able to see it in its completeness except on his death-bed. There is something fine in that.'

These remarks, spoken in all casualness by a certain 'confirmed' Bohemian, about the young adventuring hero of *The Arrow of Gold*, have a still more probingly truthful application to Mr. Conrad himself. The masterpiece of his career — of which his books are only one large phase — is not visible as a complete thing, even thus far, for the reason that it is always becoming a somewhat different masterpiece. Every new achievement gives a different coloring to the whole, reëdits the beginnings and all the midway stages. This is the striking difference between Conrad and other mortals. His youth is always becoming a slightly different youth, as he becomes more and more deeply an artist in the contemplation of it. So with all his past. Not only did he break away from his conventions: he has likewise broken away from all his previous breakings-away, become detached from all his earlier detachments. *The Arrow of Gold* re-creates the significance of his youth, of youth itself; it redistributes the elements which make up one's image of the whole man. His past exists as something for him to have present adventures in, not as something over and done with and standing fixed in the memory. *The Arrow of Gold* is one of the most astounding of all the subsequent spiritual adventures — the most astounding since *Nostromo*.

Because, in this author, all the consequential adventures are of the spirit and not of the body, it is going to be amusing to watch the impudently intrusive, clue-hunting, biographical sort of critic break his teeth on *The Arrow of Gold*. The tale is of Marseilles in the middle eighteen-seventies, and it is the love-story of a young seafaring adventurer, who serves the cause of Don Carlos de Bourbon, Pretender to the Spanish throne, by smuggling guns to the Legitimist forces.

It is true enough — so far as the fact goes — that the events and characters teem with exact details caught up out of one phase of Conrad's own past, a phase which is plainly recorded in *The Mirror of the Sea*. But it is also true that the reality of Conrad is elsewhere than in such resemblances. They have nothing more to do with his present meanings than the arrow of gold in Doña Rita's hair has to do with the quintessence of that most glowingly intense of the women he has created.

Conrad's personality will seem in time as enigmatical as that of Shakespeare, because it needs

to be read, not in the light of biographic facts, but in the light shed on those facts from the depths of a nature which constantly grows, changes, and deepens. And the laws by which these processes go on in such a nature are to the last degree inscrutable. W. F.

THE DAY OF GLORY.

By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1919. 12mo, iv + 259 pp. \$1.00.

HERE is a book for those who wish to quicken their understanding of France. He who reads its few pages to their end will have come to the exquisite joy of November eleventh at Paris. He will have walked in Paris that day; have been swept in the current of its crowd; have marked the young French soldier, oblivious of the concourse, lay his humble flowers on the statue of Strasburg; have heard the singing; have seen, not heard, the fine band playing in the Tuileries Garden, its music drowned in the roar of rejoicing. Yet this book presents itself not at all as an ode of victory.

Nor is it, like so many books of this war, an expression of hasty opinions. The author, with restraint and skill, makes us believe that we have seen what she more directly has seen. There is the story of Jeanne, the wife, the mother, suffering in body and spirit for her family, for France, yet not succumbing. Her husband returns from the front on leave, then is gone once more. The story is as simple as that happening was common in France. Yet the story becomes in this book as individual as any instance of that recurring story, which in flesh and blood any one of us might have encountered.

Then there is the chronicle of the work during the war of a French woman-doctor, Dr. Nicole Girard Mangin. In these pages we see the beginning of the battle of Verdun as it appeared to a hospital immediately behind the lines. Possibly, if the reader had never read elsewhere of those days, he might accept from this report, as from any other single report, an impression incomplete and misleading. He might picture only the despair, the confusion. Let him remember that a hospital sees things the most dire.

Of the other four chapters, 'Some Confused Impressions' and 'The Day of Glory' particularly help the reader to feel that he has been in France. The former tells of a day near Château-Thierry, July 18, 1918, of what the author saw there, and, more particularly, of what she heard from American soldiers. The other departs from the custom of the earlier chapters, in that the emotions of the author are more intimately recorded. But the departure is only apparent: the emotions of an individual after the salvo from Les Invalides were not private: they were general to a nation. They were Paris. D. S.

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BLOOD AND SAND.

By VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie; with Introduction by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1919. Crown 8vo, xii + 356 pp. \$1.90.

WRITTEN in 1908, this relentless picture of the Spanish bull-ring surpasses in definite artistry *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, through which the author first arrested American attention. The latter is almost a treatise; the earlier book is almost an epic, but an epic transmogrified, celebrating the sinister glories of an unworthy national pastime, the sordid heroism of folly.

The cloudy, ruminant quality of *The Four Horsemen* is here replaced by a sharp objectivity of treatment. The three or four great scenes of the bull-fight, sun-filled and hot, and crowded with color as a Sorolla, are heightened and interpreted by innumerable, vivid minor sketches, some of them merely blocked in, others finished in brilliant detail: Juanillo, the ragamuffin, haunting the slaughter-house and playing *torero* with the oxen; El Nacional, the indifferently expert *banderillero*, sketched in few strokes, — yet how well we know him! — the fanatical revolutionary, the sober family man, full of passion and ignorance, hating the church and lauding the panacea, education; Doña Sol, an impressionist picture of a corrupt fine lady, beside whose cold viciousness the ugly sins of Juan fade into peccadilloes; a night-scene by the roadside, with the herd rushing past to the morrow's torture; the procession in Holy Week, so gay and unconsciously blasphemous. All these, and more, vivify the crowning episodes.

In true epic fashion, the story opens with Juan at the zenith of his career. We assist at the *torero's* toilet, we follow him through the gala streets of Madrid to his supreme triumph in the bull-ring. Reminiscent narrative takes us sketchily through childhood, youth, marriage, to wealth and the tottery heights of popular fame. Then begins the decline, culminating in the tragic sequence of bull-fights in the last three chapters. The bewildered cowardice of the hero, the fickle brutality of the populace, the bloody details of the ring — nothing is spared us; and yet these lavish horrors are reported with a grim, unimpassioned distaste and Latin directness which give almost the effect of restraint and understatement.

In this book, as in *The Four Horsemen*, the reader feels himself hampered by the translation; a subtle something in the tenses of Spanish narrative verbs would seem to baffle the translator; certain nuances of grammar, in the author's delicately reminiscent style, must evade English

idiom, for the effect is too often clumsy and jarring. Fortunately, the power of the book is too genuine to be concealed beneath the stiff, foreign veil.

F. C.

THE UNDEFEATED.

By J. C. SNAITH. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1919. 12mo, vi + 340 pp. \$1.60.

WITH none of the noise and fanfare of the popular war novel, the author of *The Undeclared* shows the war as a calm and inexorable spirit that brings out the half-smothered bestness in people. To re-create life for them is the romantic mission and accomplishment of the war spirit, which also so mercilessly destroys. It is this irony of war which interests Mr. Snaith.

Demands for bestness were made upon Blackhampton, the exact centre, geographically speaking, of England; upon Josiah Munt, self-made, prosperous Britisher, a man full of blowing enthusiasms and prejudices, of terrific energy, of unabating intensity in work and feeling; upon William Hollis, dreamer, financial and domestic fizzle of sixteen years' standing, the straggling end of an old family of fighters and poets, rejected son-in-law of Josiah, and worthless investment in the eyes of his wife, Melia; upon Melia herself, rejected daughter, childless wife, drudge and malcontent. So on in Blackhampton, so on all over England. The call came: Josiah Munt concentrated his huge forces and, as Mayor of Blackhampton, became the 'incarnation of the "carry-on" and "get-things-done"' spirit; Bill Hollis enlisted, threw his dreams into the melting-pot of actualities along with poets, artists, and other 'failures'; and Melia 'carried on' the green-grocery at home.

Thus the war became a melting-pot of worthlessness, and a crucible of personal realization. Josiah Munt all over the country saw the war making assets of qualities which their practical minds had formerly regarded as useless; old prejudices slipped from them, new standards were conceived by them. The Mayor of Blackhampton became thoroughly softened, humanized, and gruffly kind as friend and father. William Hollis rediscovered the romance of life through the realities of war, let free the long-imprisoned artist in himself by the side of his trench-mate, the great Stanning, R.A., lived with Melia a few brief months of life glowing with beauty for both, and then went back to the others for the last giving of himself.

This ironic admixture of romance with realism gives the book the restraint and balance which raise it above the treachery of optimism of the ordinary war novel. And Mr. Snaith gives real characters and events, permeated by his own insight and feeling.

H. T. F.

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Once again Mr. Wilson comes to the fore with our old friend, Ma Pettengill, "the Mixer." These stories of Red Gap have a wide appeal for, as William Dean Howells says, "The details are of a richness kept from rankness . . . a pleasant mockery which could not be easily imparted at second hand . . . upon the whole a fresh contribution to the stock of American humor." Net, \$1.50.

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THE SECRET CITY: A NOVEL IN THREE PARTS.

By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1919. 12mo, 386 pp. \$1.60.

MR. WALPOLE is a novelist who responds sensitively to both persons and places; perhaps more sensitively to places than to persons. In the definably new phase of his work represented by *The Dark Forest* and *The Secret City*, the chief of his powers seems to be the evocation of an intensely real atmosphere out of the accord between persons and their environments.

The environment of *The Secret City* is the Petrograd of the 1917 Revolution, a city which is to Mr. Walpole what others commonly deny it to be — the heart of Russia. The central persons are Semyonov, the Russian sensualist and cynic of *The Dark Forest*, turned mystical idealist by the death of the woman he loves, craving reunion with her in death, yet too proud to take his own life; Markovitch, a futile, impractical, pathetic man whom Semyonov manages to hound by spiritual tortures into killing both Semyonov and himself; Vera, the wife of Markovitch, a placid and maternal young woman made suddenly torrential by the passion of love; Lawrence, the inarticulate Englishman who returns her passion; Nina, the young sister of Vera; Grogoff, the anarchist with whom Nina lives when she has run away from her family; Bohun, another Englishman, young, quixotic, and absurd, who rescues and marries Nina; and Durward, the mild-mannered, self-effacing Englishman of *The Dark Forest*, who is there again as observer.

But it is Petrograd in revolution, Petrograd expressing in revolution the multifarious aspects of the chaotic Russian temper itself, which is the most real character of all. The Russians in the book are children of the city; the English characters are drugged with the sense of its crowds and its emptiness, its tumults and its silences. It is characteristic of Mr. Walpole's peculiar gift that he should have undertaken to write about some Russians, and left instead a more vivid impression of Russia; that he should have started from the idea that there is 'a secret city in every man's heart,' at whose altars 'the true prayers are offered,' and ended by making the actual physical city more mysterious than even the hearts of men.

W. F.

PROPOSED ROADS TO FREEDOM.

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1919. 12mo, xviii+218 pp. \$1.50.

It is high time that something came to hand to rescue Mr. Bertrand Russell from the repu-

tation of being a visionary and pacifist crank. That a thinker gifted with so rarely individual and balanced a mind should be associated with careless and wayward thinking is a kind of intellectual tragedy. The book under discussion, however, will go far toward restoring the author to his rightful rank. No present-day book of social criticism is more in touch with the realities of life, or more skeptical of visions of all kinds.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part, headed 'Historical,' consists of three chapters entitled, respectively, 'Marx and Socialist Doctrine,' 'Bakunin and Anarchism,' and 'The Syndicalist Revolt.' The spirit in which these chapters are treated is less that of criticism than of exposition, a field in which, as readers of Mr. Russell's *Problems of Philosophy* know well, the author has few equals. Such criticism as there is to be found figures more as an occasional 'aside.'

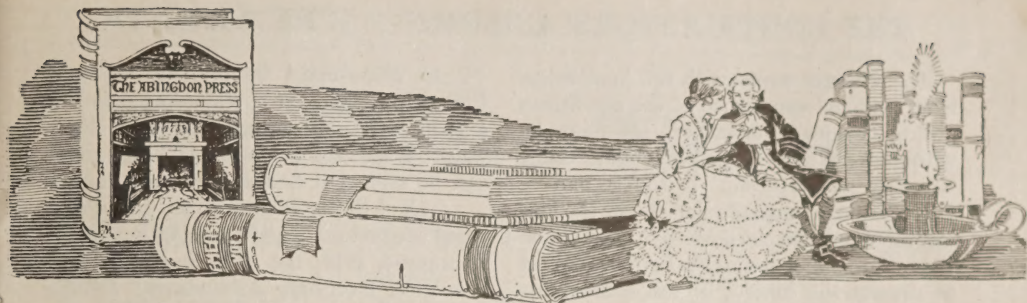
Once having established the history and principles of three proposed roads to freedom, Mr. Russell applies them to human life and nature as he sees them. The succeeding chapters are headed 'Work and Pay,' 'Government and Law,' 'International Relations,' 'Science and Art under Socialism,' and 'The World as It Could Be Made.' With admirable impartiality he points out the dangerous stretches of his metaphorical roads, and if they appear to lead to a social quagmire, we are told so on the spot. His treatment of Marxian Socialism is surprisingly critical. Anarchism he dismisses, after having analyzed it with sympathy and without prejudice, as an impossible dream, and he gives certain aspects of syndicalism short shrift.

Although Mr. Russell gives a number of hints as to the constitution of 'The World as It Could Be Made,' he spares us — and this is not the least attractive element of the book — any detailed study of his own particular Utopia. He is content to declare that the destructive and cruel chaos of the day cannot continue, and that some form of communal action must take its place. This action he connects with the new English development of Guild Socialism.

The book has a grip upon reality which it nowhere abandons.

At a time when three great empires have undertaken the experiment of communistic government, it is of greatest importance that we should have first-hand information concerning the charters and ideals of such governments. Mr. Russell's book supplies this information, and is by far the best thing of its kind available.

H. B. B.



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WITH THE CHILDREN IN LEWIS CARROLL'S COMPANY

By WILLIAM V. KELLEY

Whoever loves children will surely find in this sunny volume much innocent merriment and unfeigned satisfaction. The author’s playful attempt to prove a case of dissociated personality against Charles L. Dodgson, the grave mathematician and Oxonian cleric, and Lewis Carroll, creator of Alice in Wonderland, will doubtless be turned by many readers against himself, the courtly and dignified Editor of the *Methodist Review*, and the author of these frolicsome, almost hilarious, pages. “All lovers of lads and lassies and literature,” declares *The Methodist Protestant*, “will fail to read this only at the cost of their own impoverishment.”

12 mo. 140 pages. Cloth. Net, 75 cents, postpaid.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JUNE ATLANTIC

The **Villager** writes with full knowledge, from personal experience of the conditions and tendencies he describes. His name he withholds, if only for his neighbors' sake. 'Coretta and Autumn' is the second of **Olive Tilford Dargan's** sketches of the hill-folk among whom she lives. We can avouch the entire competence of the **British Liberal** to discuss the subject of the momentous step about to be taken in this country. In England he has been well known for the better part of a generation as investigator, editor, and writer. **Nathaniel Wright Stephenson** is Professor of History at the College of Charleston, South Carolina.

* * *

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, one of the best-known contemporary British poets, has been an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic*. His last contribution was 'Fire-light,' in the issue of April, 1916. **Hearty Earl Brown**, who made her bow to *Atlantic* readers with 'The Marrying Time,' in October last, is an associate professor in the State University of Lawrence, Kansas. In the autumn of 1920 it will be sixty years since **John Burroughs's** first contribution appeared in the *Atlantic*. No other writer, we believe, living or dead, with the single exception of Mr. Howells, has been represented in the magazine over so long a period, and very few have exceeded Mr. Burroughs in actual bulk of contributions, to say nothing of their quality. In this number we conclude **Franck L. Schoell's** shrewd account of his experience as secretary *ad interim* to the ex-Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Ferdinand himself, the papers tell us, has written for reservations to a Swiss hotel!

* * *

Cornelia Throop Geer was graduated at Barnard (Columbia) College, and was for a time instructor in English at Bryn Mawr. She will be remembered as the author of the two delightful stories, 'Pearls before Swine' and 'The Irish of It,' which we printed in October, 1917, and March, 1918. Her present paper is in soberer mood. **Samuel Scoville, Jr.**, of Philadelphia, is, as he writes to the editor, 'a lawyer with a fondness for scribbling, and have done during my odd moments quite a bit of writing. . . . I am

"Chief Woodsman" for the Boy Scouts of Philadelphia and the surrounding counties, and have tried to interest some ten thousand boys in the out-of-door things which can be seen and heard near their homes. . . . All of the incidents in my nature articles are actual experiences of my own.' In August, 1918, the *Atlantic* printed Mr. Scoville's 'Everyday Adventures.' **Fannie Stearns Davis (Gifford)** is a poet and essayist of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, happily familiar to *Atlantic* readers. **Joseph P. Cotton**, a practising lawyer in New York City, acted as chief of the Meat Division of the Food Administration, and for upwards of a year was Mr. Hoover's representative in London. **Dwight W. Morrow**, also a lawyer by profession, is a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., with a distinguished record for useful service abroad during the war. **Captain Louis Graves** is on duty at Headquarters of the Third Army of the American forces now in Germany.

* * *

Since the signing of the armistice, **Vernon Kellogg's** activities have rather increased than diminished. As an official of the American Relief Administration, concerned with the distribution of food-supplies in all the hunger-ridden districts, he has, as he writes the editor, 'been into Switzerland and Holland and Italy, and in Poland and Germany (Berlin, Munich, Leipzig),' and has 'had lots of talks with Germans and with people who have had both war-time and post-war contact with Germans.' Dr. Kellogg has just returned to the United States. **L. J. S. Wood** has for the past decade lived in Rome, where he has devoted much study to the politics of both the Quirinal and the Vatican. He is the Rome correspondent of the well-known British Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*, and has written occasionally for the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. A Roman Catholic by faith, he is regarded as a critic of fair and liberal mind. Last summer the *Daily Telegraph* printed a series of articles from his pen on 'The Vatican and the Allies.' **Herbert Sidebotham**, a favorite and trusted contributor to the *Atlantic*, was long military editor on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. He now holds a similar position on the staff of the

For These Times—

THE DAY OF GLORY

By Dorothy Canfield

With the same broad human appeal of *Home Fires in France*, Dorothy Canfield enlarges the picture to include glowing portrayals of the A. E. F. and of that day of glory when the peace news came to Paris. \$1.00 net.

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A book that with much humor has also much humility. It is touched with many a whimsical turn of thought and phrase, and lit with a pervasive glow of indirect mental illumination. "Robustly spiritual," says the *Boston Herald*. \$1.25 net.

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By Richmond Haigh

Based on first-hand materials gathered in the course of many years spent with the natives of South Africa, the *Saga* is almost an Ethiopian scripture, and in addition it is an engaging tale that holds the interest from beginning to end. \$1.30 net.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JUNE ATLANTIC

Times. Charles Dawbarn is special diplomatic correspondent of the *London Chronicle*. His last article, 'Foch in the Midst of War,' appeared in the October, 1918, *Atlantic*.

* * *

From the Faroe Isles, a little Danish colony in frozen northern waters, which is irregularly reached by a packet from Leith, comes a letter which shows how vividly the old world has been shaken to its remotest corners in these last years.

Last winter [so the letter runs] was a terrible one. We had no petroleum for fourteen months; no bacon or salt pork for eighteen months, and we have none now [March 24, 1919], but are promised three litres of petroleum a month. No such difficulty has ever been known here. For weeks the gales continued without pause — all milled up in gray snow fog and the light dim from ice-bound windows. Only fish-liver oil to burn, that smelled to heaven. We all became of an Eskimoish oiliness. It was necessary to say a dozen times a day, 'Think how much better off we are than those in Belgium!'

We had no celebration at the signing of the armistice. The Faroes are neutral — officially — and then we had been deceived by the first false rumor and had little faith in the second message. It was only a few words. (There is no Associated Press here.) It was tacked up on the outer wall of a little cottage, and a crowd quickly gathered. Some asked me, 'Can it be true?' and others said, 'God give it be truth!' And some wiped their eyes, and that was all. And I said, 'Guds ske lov!' (God be praised!) in Danish, and went home and washed my dishes in my attic, and did n't want to wave flags or shout.

Several years on helpless barren little islands, with submarines going round and round, murdering without mercy, have a repressing influence. What I wanted was a dim old church — the kind that old marketwomen go to with big baskets — and there to cry all the tears that it did n't seem best to cry all these four years and more. But there was nothing of the kind on hand; so I just washed dishes.

Washing dishes! How perfectly the domestic ritual expresses the feelings of the writer!

* * *

A friend of the *Atlantic*, whose important duties render him familiar with the correspondence of the American people with their Secretary of the Treasury, culls for our benefit a few bright flowers of democratic

speech. The writers' allusions are commonly directed toward the amount of pay allotted by the Department to dependents of soldiers. A common intensity runs through the appeals.

We have another war baby in our house. How much more do I get?

Dear Mr. McAdoo: I have a wife and four children. Should I have more or less?

Please send me my allotment. I have a little baby and knead it every day.

You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best fighter I ever had; now you will have to keep me or if you don't, who in h—— will?

My boy is in France, where he is liable to be hurried into maternity any minute.

A practical mother who had imperfectly understood her boy's elevation to the command of a platoon writes, —

My boy has been put in charge of a spittoon. Will I get more money now?

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

Please send me a wife's form.

Now, Mrs. Wilson, I need help badly, see if the President can't help me, I need him to see after me.

To whom it may concern: Please return my marriage certificate. Baby has n't eaten in 3 days.

An extract from a boy to his mother: —

'I am writing in the Y.M.C.A. with a piano playing in my uniform.'

You have changed our little girl into a boy. Will it make any difference?

Please let me know if John had put in his application for a wife and child.

I am writing to ask why I have not received my elopement money. His money was kept from him for the elopement I never received.

Just a line to let you know I am widow and four children.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.

Dear Mr. Wilson: I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no answer, and if I don't get one from you, I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself.

How natural and normal is this comment!

I received \$61 and I am certainly provoked to-night.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JUNE ATLANTIC

I did not know my husband had a middle name and if he did I did n't think it was none.

You ask for my allotment number. I have 4 boys and 2 girls.

I received my insurance polish, and have since moved my post office.

Could honest, human irritation against form letters be more concisely expressed than in the indignant satire of this reply?

Question: Your relationship to him?

Answer: Just a mere aunt and a few cousins.

* * *

An *Atlantic* subscriber, living remotely in a little-known corner of the world, writes this pleasant word of thanks for the tributes which the *Atlantic* has printed to merchant ships and sailors, whose heroism has too often gone unrecognized.

I have a feeling of personal gratitude to Mr. Cropley for his papers on the men of the merchant marine. When I return, I shall go on a pilgrimage to the home of an old man — seventy-five years old — who has brought a rusty old hooker, all camouflaged in grays and pale yellows, green and black, chased by submarines again and again. His crew is all of old men, useless for fighting, men from sixty to seventy-five, except one lad who is responsible for the single gun. I wish I could do something more than shake the master's brave old hand and say 'Thanky,' for that one old ship has been the only means whereby I have heard from the outer world these last two years — that and one other, which went down last fall. The sea-devils were never so bold nor so impudent as during the very last days of the war in these waters.

* * *

An interesting suggestion comes to us from a friend at Anvic, Alaska.

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

The November number of the *Atlantic* has lately been received here. Mr. Cushing's article on the Coal Dilemma is captivating in its interest and style, and doubtless he is correct in saying that 'it has never been any part of our political scheme to stimulate in any definite way the production of anything'; yet there is an exception to every rule, and it is to the credit of our national legislature, that on one occasion at least it obeyed the promptings of an admittedly altruistic temperament and subsidized an industry that seems destined to have a future.

The introduction of the domestic reindeer from Siberia, begun somewhat more than thirty

years ago under the auspices of the Bureau of Education, has proved to be good business as well as sound philanthropy. It is stated that the original importations numbered twelve hundred. Their descendants now number over one hundred thousand. The industry has been firmly established among the Eskimos of the coast; and now, after some discouragements, seems in a fair way to succeed among the Indians of the interior of Alaska also.

Already the market for reindeer products has been extended to Seattle, and combinations of capital have been formed to promote production on a larger scale.

When one considers the vast extent of country available for herding deer, and probably of no use for any other purpose, and also the fact that for a long time annual shipments of frozen beef have been made to the mining districts of the great interior of Alaska, it is not difficult to understand why the efforts of small capital have already been throttled by selfish combinations of large capital and influence. Some of us who are not personally concerned are very sore over this matter.

It is to be hoped that the really fine spirit that characterized early legislation on the subject of the reindeer industry may be continued into the future. Certainly, it would be a romantic development of Dr. Jackson's project if the hungry denizens of Ogden and Chicago were to be fed from the opulent barrens of Alaska.

I am very truly yours,

JOHN W. CHAPMAN.

* * *

This account of amateur circulation work in France comes to us from a Y.M.C.A. centre, through a friend hitherto unknown.

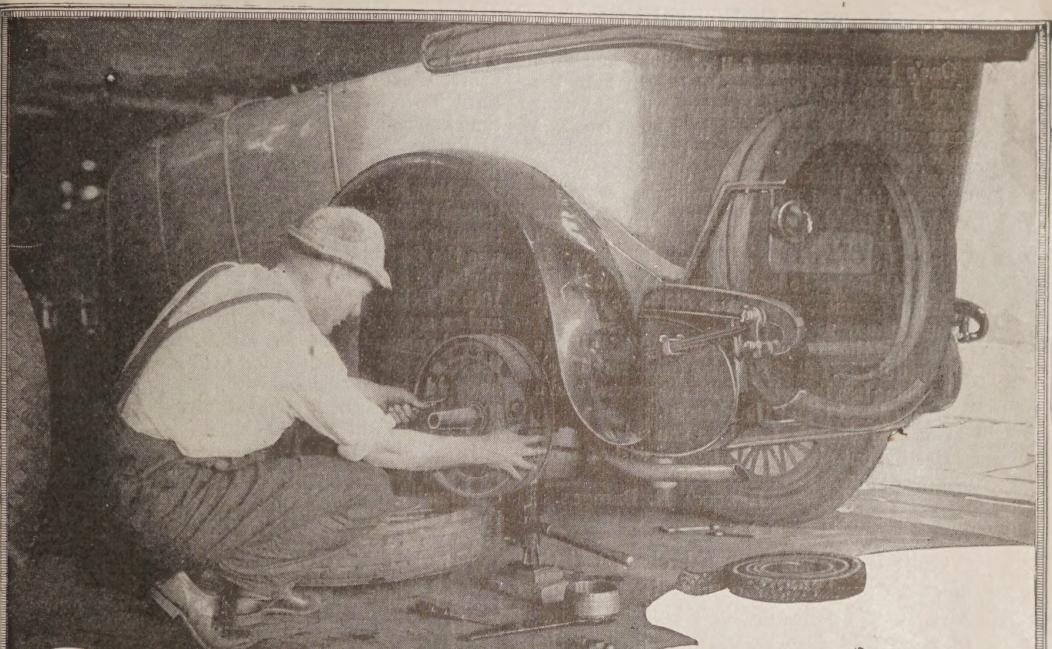
DOULEVANT LE CHÂTEAU,
HAUTE-MARNE, FRANCE,

March 6, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I've just looked through the February number, from the first page to the last. It's too late for me to read anything, as I have a busy day ahead and it's late; but I just want to *feel* the pages, and to see who was present. I can hardly wait for time to read it, but it is such a joy to see the dear old yellow cover on the table in my little billet, as I run in and out to my big old warehouse of a 'Y' hut.

You can never guess how I got this copy. There is a company of a labor battalion stationed near here — negroes, with two white officers; they are cutting wood. I had a chance to get a graphophone for them, also wanted to take some papers and oranges to the lieutenant, who had been sick. As I was leaving, the medico asked if I would like any new magazines, and proceeded to give me a handful *and the Atlantic!*



Don't let him camouflage your brakes

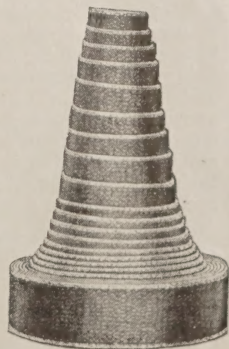
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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JUNE ATLANTIC

One's busy days are full of vivid contrasts. when I went to Cirey-sur-Blaise, to take the graphophone, it was a cold rainy day, and I went down with the wood detail, in a huge truck. I made my visit while they loaded wood. The lieutenant was billeted in a big old square stone house, which had been the miller's. From his windows I could see fascinating glimpses of the château — the château, you remember, in which Voltaire lived for years and wrote his plays. It was most alluring to look down the vistas to the beautiful grounds, even if one did have to do it through the rain.

The next time I came to Cirey-sur-Blaise it was a beautiful day, full of sunshine (most rare here), and I came in a limousine, with the general and a party, and had tea at the château.

Good old *Atlantic*, I do love you so!

Hastily, but always with best of wishes, most cordially yours,

REBECCA R. BRIDGES.

* * *

Optimism is an unusual characteristic of educational criticism nowadays. To us Mrs. Reed's paper on the education of her four-year-old son was encouraging; but the following letter raises still larger hopes.

I have just read with interest, but with no surprise, Mrs. Reed's account of her son Erik's early education. I say, 'with no surprise,' because the children of my generation (I was born in 1844) read when they were between four and five, and, so far as I can recall, with no special effort on the part of their parents. This task was generally undertaken by the nurse who, in those halcyon days, made life a delight for her charge. Can I ever forget the dear creature who read to me the *Scottish Chiefs*, and awoke interests that have permanently influenced my life!

I said I was not surprised by Mrs. Reed's article; one thing in it, however, did greatly amaze me, and that was the inordinate length of time consumed in a process which is a matter of hours only, and not of days, weeks, and months. That the normal child can be taught to read in a day is attested by the experience of the Wesley family narrated in Southey's *Life of Wesley*. As I have never heard the passage cited in any of the pedagogical discussions which it has been my misfortune to hear, I quote it, for the benefit of parents who do not desire their children to spend four or five years in sorting colored worsteds, making paper patterns, and learning to button their clothes. Mrs. Wesley thus describes her peculiar method in a letter to her son John: —

'None of them [her children] were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled; and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from

9 to 12, or from 2 to 5, which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; but the reason I thought them so, was because the rest learned them so readily, and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old the 10th of February; the next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse; then to read it over and over till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; so on to the second, etc., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did.

'Easter fell low that year, and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson, he knew wherever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well.

'The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters they were first put to spell and read one line; then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at schooltime, without any intermission; and before we left school, each child read what he had learned that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what he had learned that day.'

How perfectly simple was Mrs. Wesley's method, involving no acrobatic training on the part of parent or child, and no extensive bibliographical outfit!

* * *

As we seek other information from our files, the following pregnant inquiry leaps to our eyes. We pass it on, in all its palpitant color.

EDITOR, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR, —

Does the law of Sex divide the spiritual from the material universe as contended by Sidney C. Tapp in his *Truth about the Bible*? Does the sex control the mind, and is all evil in the sex and no sex in soul life as contended by this man? Is Tapp a theological and philosophical quack, or has he solved the greatest question of the ages? He has defied every law of biology and every creed of theology, yet there is something about the man's idea that remains with you as the truth. I stagger beneath the load of the cold logic of his philosophy.

His idea is creating quite a mental disturbance among the thinkers of my people and I would be pleased to see your views or the opinion of some other critics as to Tapp's Sex-Law of the Bible.

Sincerely yours,

J. S. H.



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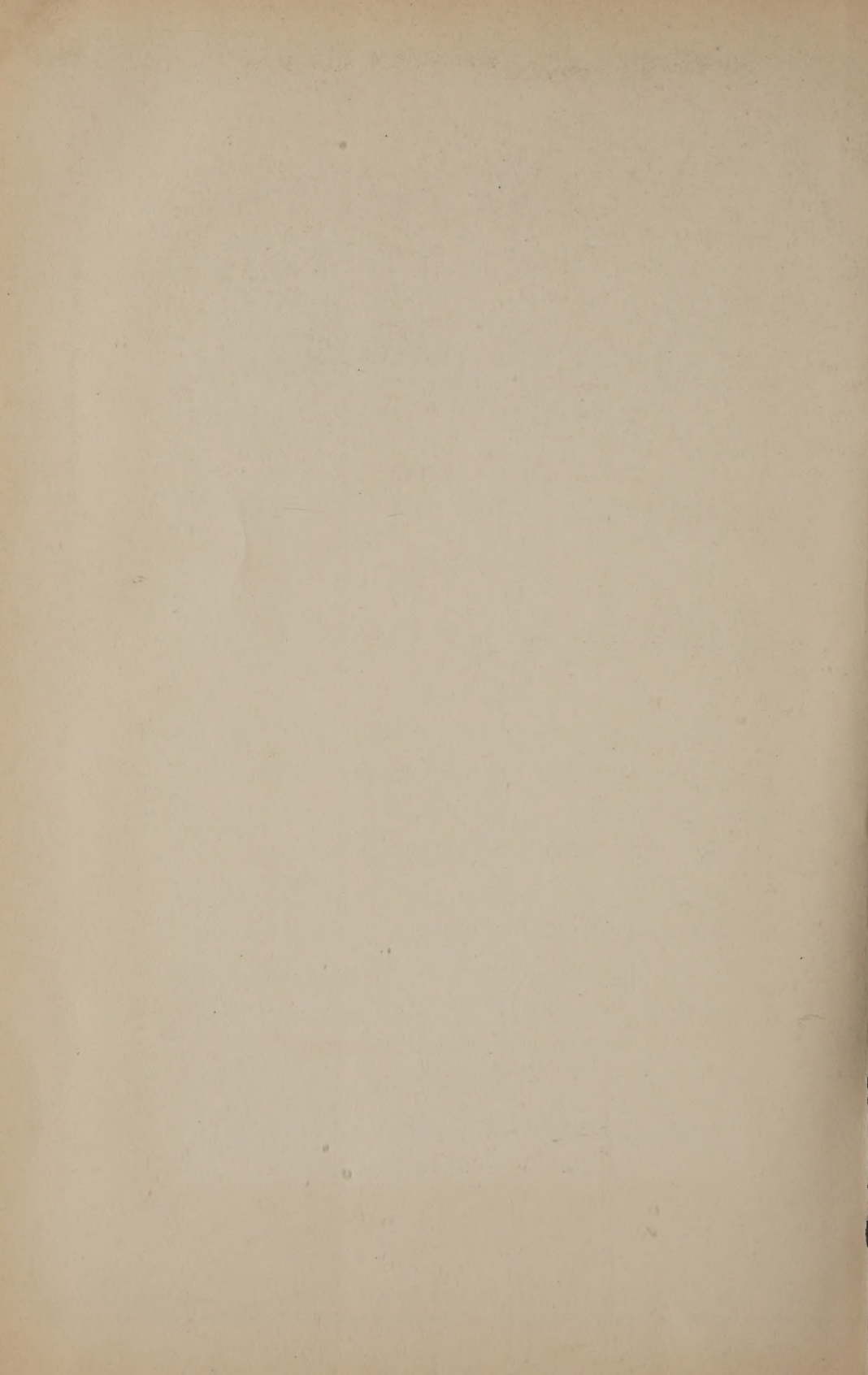


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